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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND,

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

The noblest men I know on earth,
  Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
  Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And thereby win a prouder fame
Than follows kings' or warriors' name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
  To carve the stone, or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
  The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble Working Men,
  Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
  Who drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL, 335, STRAND;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot send out this, our Fourth Volume, without acknowledging that we look back on our labours during the past year with feelings of honest exultation and heartfelt gratitude. We rejoice in the assurances constantly conveyed to us of the very favourable reception given to our weekly messenger, not only by the Working Classes, but by the middle, and by not a few of the upper classes also. To all these friends we feel grateful; and, as sincere gratitude induces a disposition to return benefits, we renew our pledge to provide, during the year 1851, such entertainment as shall show that we are anxious to prove ourselves the Friends and Instructors of all classes.

London, 335, Strand.

INDEX.

THE WORKING MAN.

Apprentices—Duties of Masters, 57, 85; Duties of Apprentices, 118, 148.
Happy Marriages, How to secure, 225.
Peace and War. 29.
Knowledge, Taxes on, 253, 281.
Unhappy Marriages, 197.
War injurious to Trade, 6.
Woman, Influence and Value of, in the ranks of the Industrial Classes, 169.
Working Classes and Persecution, 309, 337.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

Narratives of their Trials, Sufferings, and Virtues:—
Baker, Narrative of the Life of a Journeyman, 141, 176, 200, 229.
Factory System. The Three Homes: A Tale of the Cotton-spinners, 1, 32, 60, 89.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

By Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, or George Copway, 113, 145, 173, 206, 256.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Clubs, Artisan, 275, 301.
Correspondents, Notices to, 278, 302, 327.
Contributions, Foreign, 301.
Crystal Palace, Completion of, 299.
Exhibitors, Foreign, 352.
Inventions, Copyright of, 277.
Introduction, 269
Lodgings, Preparation of, 300.
May-day, 1851, 299.
Mechanics' House, 352.
Prices of Exhibited Articles, 260.
Prospects of War and its Effects, 326.
Provinces, Gleanings from the, 324.
Public Amusements near the Exhibition, 326.
Supplemental Exhibition proposed, 277.
Space, Increase of Exhibiting, 300.
Terms of Admission, 299, 325.
The Building, 352.
Trains, Cheap, 274.
Visitors expected, 274.
Works, Strike at the, 299.

NARRATIVES.

Dixon, Harry; or, Nine Times in Prison, 303.
Fortune Found, and a Fortune Lo t, 19, 38.
Grave, Wordsworth's; or, What one has, and what one does with it, 129.
Low Spirits, A Cure for, 94.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.

Coronation Ceremonial, 238.
Curiosities, Miscellaneous, 188.
England, Champion of, 238.
High State and Royal Household Functionaries, 317.
Mitred Miniatures, 124.
Oath, The Royal, 260.
Peers' Porrtaits, 124.
Portraits, Political, 14.
Royal Loves and Likings, 344.
State, Great Officers of, 287.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Cartwright, Major, 104.
Cobbett, William, 132.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, Birthplace of, 10.
Raffles, Sir Thomas Stamford, and the Javanese, 211, 248.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Elephant, 151.
Geography, Physical, 45.
Lion, 69, 220.
Ocean, Freshwater, 329.
Ostrich, 331.
Pulse, The, 222.
Sea Water, Distillation of, 74.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Martha Makepeace's Letters:—
Treatment of the Sick, 51.
The Way to keep a Husband, 154.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

Arrowroot, Preparation of, 55.
Broth, Calf's-foot, 54.
Beef-tea, 54.
Drink, Refreshing, 55.
Gutta Percha, Solution of, 111.
" " Soles, mode of fastening, 111.
Jelly, Mutton Shank, 54.
Pudding, Excellent, 251.
Pork, Baked Spare-rib of, 251
Ditto, Roast, 251.
Rabbit Fricassee, 251.
Soup, Economic, 251.
Toast and Water, 55.
Washing Crystals, 111.
Water Gruel, 54.

POETRY.

Autumn, 80.
Act well thy Part, 295.
Blind Old Milton, 221.
Child's Pillow, 26.

Fairy Gifts, a Christmas Ballad, 312.
Life's Guiding Star, 164.
Song of the Sunbeam, 138.
Work, 175.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abraham's Birthplace, 134.
Clock, The, 101.
Coming Age, 330.
Damp Beds, 330.
Diggings, 55, 140, 251.
Elephant, 151.
Executions, Public, 245.
Eye Injurers, 41.
,, Preservers, 71.
Gardening, Origin of, 82.
Goat, Utility of, 333.
Household Pets:—
The Cat, 214.
The Dog, 184.
Instrument, Curious, 37.
Influence, Woman's, 27.
Jack of all Trades, 172.
Jenny Lind, 109.
Kew, Royal Gardens at, 23.
Leeches, Mechanical, 121.
Little Suggestion, 9.
Lion, The, 69, 220.
Large Throat, 306.
Marvellous, Matthew Marvel's Lectures on the, 265, 292, 331, 355.
Microscope and Telescope, 82.
Museum, British, 284, 314, 348.
Ostrich, Swiftness of the, 264.
Parson Frank's Homilies:—
Contentment, 182.
Friendship, 122.
Intolerance, 107.
Nature, 328.
Purity, 157.
Remorse, 209.
Scandal, 21.
Pay your Debts, 237.
Physical Geography, 45.
Pulse, The, 222.
Rhinoceros Hunt, 117.
Route, Overland, from Bank to Charing-cross, 66, 97.
Sea Water, Distillation of, 74.
Selections, Humorous, 139, 167, 223.
Shakespeare, An Evening with, 75.
Switzerland, Watch Trade in, 96.
Trade, War injurious to, 6.
Things worth knowing, 258, 291, 334, 359.
Thought, Symbols of, 217, 242.
Voyage Back, from Westminster Stairs to London Bridge, 152
Watch, The, 340.
Weekly Calendar, 28, 56, 84, 112, 167, 195, 224, 252, 280, 308, 336, 360.

JUVENILE CABINET.

Canton, 27.
Nettles, 49.
Rain-making, 165.
Spikenard, 83.
Young, Counsels for the, 164.

PORTFOLIO.

Apt Simile, 194.
A Hint, 139.
Britain, Primitive Races in, 195.
Business in Business, 194.
Customs of other Nations, 81.
Cocoa-nut Tree, 110.
Class Interests, 194.
Consistency, 194.
Expenditure, 194.
Good Humour, 194.
Habitations, Mankind classified by, 81.
Kind Word, the Strength of a, 139.
Men and Women, 194.
Reading, 194.
Syphon Filter, Bird's, 166.
Sugar, 167.
Sympathy, 194.
Succeed, the Way to, 111.
Tact and Talent, 166.
Upholsterer Bee, 194.
Vice, 139.
Waves of the Atlantic, 139.
Wear your Learning like your Watch, 166.
Women, Social Influence of, 194.

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Apples, 163.
Anemone, 193.
Annuals, 335.
Box Edging, 192.
Budding, 164.
Brocoli, 162.
Cabbage, 163.
Cape Bulbs, 193.
Carrots, 162.
Cauliflowers, 163.
Celery, 279.
Cherry-stones, 164.
Christmas Rose, 335.
Coleworts. 162,
Cyclamen, 335.
Dahlias, 193.
Endive, 162.
Filling up, 279.
Grafting, 164.
Gooseberries, 307.
Heartsease, 192.
Hellebore, 335.
Hoeing, 279.
Hyacinths, 193.
Lettuce, 163.
Magazan, or Long-pod Beans, 279.
Onions, to dry and keep through the Winter, 162.
Parsnips, 162.
Parsley, 163.
Pears, 163.
Plums, 163.
Pruning Apple-trees, 307.
,, Gooseberries, 307.
Turnips, 163.
Tulips, 193.
Trenching, 279
Winter Aconite, 335.
Weeding, 279.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 40.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.]

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE THREE HOMES:

A TALE OF THE COTTON SPINNERS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN AMONG THE SPINDLES.

PART THE FIRST.

MANCHESTER FORTY YEARS AGO—THE PLOUGH AND THE FACTORY—HARRY SPARKES—HIS WIFE, CHILDREN, AND HOME—THE INJUNCTION AND THE PROMISE—THE FACTORY—THE STEAM-ENGINE—A CONTRAST—BREAKFAST TIME—BABY'S MIXTURE—THE BABY'S NURSE—THE MOTHER'S RETURN—THE HORRIBLE EFFECT OF QUITTING AN INFANT—MARY SPARKES—CHARLES GOES TO SCHOOL.

FORTY years since, when our tale commences, *Manchester* was a very different place to what it is now; and though in the present day many improvements might be introduced which would greatly tend to the amelioration of its working classes, the visitor would gather little of its past history from its present appearance. Forty years ago, Manchester was unlighted, undrained, and unventilated; and where splendid mansions and villa residences are now to be seen, there existed but bleak moor and barren mountain. And if the face of the country has changed, the appearance of its inhabitants has undergone an even greater transformation; for with the improvements that have taken place in the social life of Manchester, and the amelioration made in the condition of the factory workers, a spirit of progress has been evolved, a determination to improve has been elicited, a light has shone into the minds of its thousands, which, it is to be trusted, will never be dimmed or put out.

Though Manchester is a very ancient place—it was a Roman fortress, called *Mancunium*, or *Manucum*,—and even in the time of Camden, the great historian, was reckoned of no small repute for its cotton and woollen manufactures, it is only within the last half century that it has risen in the scale; and forty years since, the dreariness of its streets, the filthiness of its habitations, and the low state of its educational and religious establishments, were only equalled by the wretched and improvident habits of its people, and especially of its factory population. Market-street—or, as it was then called, Market-street-lane—was a poor, narrow, miserable-looking way, dimly lighted at night by a few thinly-scattered oil lamps; and Salford, the Westminster of Manchester, had then only a partial existence. And though as early as 1421 it had its college founded by Thomas Delawar, the first rector of its first parish church; and though in 1781 a literary and scientific society was formed; yet neither religion nor education had, till within a comparatively few years, found a welcome in the homes or inclinations of the great mass of its people.

With this slight introduction, the reader will not wonder if we tell him that, at six o'clock in the morning of a dull October, Manchester, forty years since, presented but a very dreary and miserable appearance; and, like other manufacturing towns at that time, had no great attractions for the visitor, and, especially, none for the early riser. The weakened power of the autumn sun, hardly yet visible above the horizon, was insufficient to pierce the clouds of smoke which rose in every direction from the newly-lighted furnace fires; and the leaden hue of the atmosphere appeared to set in even more than usually ghastly contrast the pale faces of the dingy men and scantily-clad women and girls who were passing through the streets on their way to work, and whom the sound of the factory-bell—now heard far away in the distance among the hills and valleys, and now resounding close at hand in the crooked highways or the close fetid courts—

View of the Glass Palace in Hyde Park, for the Great Exposition of 1851.

This Building, designed by Mr. Paxton, will be 1,848 feet long by 456 feet broad, and 64 feet high. The number of columns, varying in length from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet, is 3,300. There are 2,224 cast-iron girders for supporting galleries and roofs, besides 1,128 intermediate bearers or binders, 358 wrought-iron trusses for supporting roof, 34 miles of gutters for carrying water to the columns, 205 miles of sash-bars, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. The building will stand on about 8 acres of ground; but provision will be made for a large increase of galleries, if necessary. The gallery will be 24 feet wide, and will extend nearly a mile. The length of tables or table space for exhibiting will be about 8 miles. An idea may be formed of the unprecedent quantity of materials that will be employed in this edifice from the fact, that the glass alone will weigh upwards of 400 tons. The total amount of contract for use, waste, and maintenance is £79,800. The total value of the building, were it to be permanently retained, would be £0,000.

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sent hastening on their way; and just as the four horses of the noted "Regulator" dragged the lumbering old vehicle across the rough uneven stones every other morning throughout the year — for the wonders of railroads and steam-carriages were as yet unknown—the same scene of dreary squalidness and gloom might be witnessed by the observant passengers,—if there were any very observant, after passing a whole day and a long night upon the road—about the same time, whether it were summer or winter.

And it might, probably, have entered the mind of the observant passenger in question to compare the condition of the agricultural labourer with that of his fellow in the factories; and as he went to his comfortable bed, or sat down to his no less refreshing breakfast, his cogitations might run somewhat in this fashion:—"The farm-labourer goes out into the green fields and wooded lanes to his employment, and drinks in the pure air of the morning, and the healthy exhalations of the newly-broken ground; but the factory operative leaves the close atmosphere of his miserable dwelling—often a single room in a crowded court—to find himself still surrounded by the unhealthy miasma of narrow streets and pent-up habitations; and after a walk of a mile or two, enter on his daily toil in a factory as close and unhealthy as his own home. The labourer sings as he goes to his work, and carols a merry stave at the plough's tail; but the forlorn-looking men and women of this wretched town have no leisure in the great cotton-mills for any such enjoyment."

And it is just possible that had the observant passenger noticed Harry Sparkes, as he went on his way to the great Mr. Richardson's mill, on that same morning forty years ago, he would not have been far wrong in his calculations; but as the old stage coach has been superseded by the railroad train, and as the dull oil-lamp has given place to the jet of brilliant gas, so likewise has the appearance of the town, and the manners of its inhabitants, changed for the better. And, alas! for the picture of contentment and happiness enjoyed at the plough-tail—there are, in the present day, more songs sung in the cotton factories, amid the ceaseless din of machinery, the tramp of feet, and the burr and whirl of innumerable straps, rollers, and bobbins, than e'er are heard in the green fields, be the labourers never so merry. But as our observant friend could not have anticipated this; and as Harry Sparkes is still on his way through the murky streets; and as his wife and daughter worked at a mill much nearer their dwelling, and were enabled consequently to stay at home a little longer than he; and as the course of the story takes us there naturally—we will just peep into the open door of Sparkes' lodging, and leave our observant traveller comfortably seated at his breakfast.

It is quite an ordinary room, by no means badly furnished; with a tea-caddy on the table, a tolerably good show of crockery on the shelf that served for dresser, curtains at the window, and a few common prints in gaudy gilt frames hanging about the walls, the principal of which represented a prodigal son in red and blue feeding half a dozen green swine out of a yellow trough filled with scarlet husks. But, in spite of this finery, the apartment had an air of discomfort and disorder at little variance with its pretensions; nor was it to be wondered at, for the mother of the child in the cradle and the little boy on the floor, and the spare, thin girl standing by the door eating a slice of very white town-made bread, was obliged to work in the factory as well as her husband; and, as it was nearly six o'clock, the mother hastened to quiet the little babe before she went with Mary, her daughter, to her daily labour.

"Mind, Charles, dear," said Mrs. Sparkes, as she again put the babe in the cradle, "you look well after your little brother."

The boy looked up into his mother's face and smiled, and there was such a beautiful expression of confident protection in his look, that it satisfied the mother; and she kissed the boy, and went towards the door with her daughter.

"But, Charley," said she, stopping a moment at the door, "if the baby cries, be sure you give him a little of the cordial," taking a bottle from the chimney-piece and putting it within reach of the child-nurse. "Mind you don't give him too much; and if you are a good boy I will give you a bull's-eye when I come home."

With this parting injunction and promise. Mrs. Sparkes re-adjusted her shawl, and set off with little Mary, having first, however, locked the door, and put the key in her pocket.

She had done this so often, that it never struck her as being improper. It is true that a neighbour's babe had lately been burnt to death, and another had been seriously ill from an overdose of the *cordial*, but it was the custom of so many to leave their infants in the care of children; and, as it was impossible to take it with her, and equally impossible to stay at home herself and mind it, she easily reconciled herself to what appeared inevitable, and left her babe in the care of the child with perfect confidence, and went to her work at the mill, and took her place as a "tenter," having

first left her little daughter, who was only ten years old, at another factory, where she was working as a "tearer" for a shilling a week.

Let us look for a minute into the factory. It is almost impossible to describe the sight, much less give a distinct idea of that complicated mass of human ingenuity; but step into the engine-house. There before you, with its wheels and cranks, and straps, and bolts, and screws, and pulleys, is the mighty engine; and beside it, and connected with it, is the boiler, beneath which, in that comparatively insignificant furnace fire, is the motive power, the influencing principle which puts all the machinery in action. The shaft, which gradually rises and falls up and down the whole height of the building, in reality does all the work; it tears the cotton in one story, cards it in another, draws it in another; and having set in motion innumerable wheels in the eight stories of the mill, this mighty labourer is not ashamed to blow the bellows in the adjoining outhouse, where the water is boiled for the workmen's breakfast. But man is not a passive agent in such a scene. He who digs, or saws, or hammers, has not only to guide the instrument, but to impel it as well; but here the steam gives the impulse, and supplies the power, the operative standing by, to direct, govern, and watch the mighty impelling force. There is no hurrying in a factory; the work goes on in perfect order. Each takes his place, and tranquilly, generally silently, sets about his duties, in a calm, methodical manner, that bespeaks his perfect acquaintance with the work to be done, and a perfect confidence in his own ability to do it. At the time we speak of there were many, very many, grievous blots in the factory system; and it is yet far from perfect: but the excessive toil and undue pressure upon the human frame, once the scandal of the cotton mills, is, thank God! at present almost unknown. The slight, undeveloped form of the factory child is now more seldom seen; the pale, tallowy face of the factory operative is known only by tradition, or observed amongst the few sots and drunkards who still disgrace the manufacturing towns; the undrained, unventilated mill, where the heat was intense in summer, and the cold unbearable in winter, has given place to light, commodious, airy buildings, whose ventilation and drainage are, in the majority of instances, superior to that enjoyed in the palaces of the rich—and certainly superior to anything found in the agricultural counties, either at home or abroad. The cellars in Manchester no longer boast their tenants at 3s. 6d. a week, but the steady operative lives in a neat and respectable house of his own. The youth of Manchester are better cared for now than they were then; the women and children have greater comforts, and the operatives themselves dwell in a purer moral atmosphere than was ever dreamed of by their fathers. We are no apologists for the factory system; we would gladly do our best to amend some of its yet great evils; but when we hear the "good old times" cried up to the skies, and the dull present day condemned, we cannot help comparing the present condition of the factory labourer with what it was forty years ago. Then he earned high wages, and spent them in the public-house, or the Tom and Jerry shop; indeed, so much was this the case, that the bar-parlours at the taverns were the express places set aside for the cotton spinners; and while they were thus improvident in their habits, they allowed their children to vagabondize about the streets, untaught, unshod, uncombed, and in rags and filth; but a bare-legged child in a factory is now never seen; and for the habitually drunken and debased, you must look among the disciples of things as they were. Manchester and her populace have improved together; and where large masses of people are brought together, it would be strange, indeed, if there were not some good spirits, some sober, honest, upright, well-principled men, to be found amongst them. They have been discovered in the manufacturing districts in no small numbers; and it is to the credit of the town, no less than to the men themselves, to be able to say that some of its richest merchants and mill-owners have been factory boys!

But while we have been thinking, the people about us have been working, and the time has been passing; and just as we are about to address the overseer, the factory clock strikes eight, and the engine stops. With it stops all labour in the mill for half an hour, and the operatives get their breakfast. The noisy spindles are silent and motionless, and the living masses who but just now filled all the avenues of the building are now pouring indiscriminately down, either to the places set apart for breakfast, or they hurry to their own homes, to get it there.

Among the latter was Mrs. Sparkes, who lived but a short distance from the mill. Hastening home, she found everything as she left it. The baby had but just awoke, and she and Charles got their breakfast. When she had finished, she took up the child, and the poor little thing that had lain quiet so long, suddenly set up a loud and continuous cry. Mrs. Spakes could not by any means pacify it; and to add to her perplexity, the factory bell began to toll in the midst of her

fruitless efforts. She knew that if she was too late she should have to pay a fine, and that she had only five minutes to spare. What was she to do? Alas! Mrs. Sparkes did not hesitate for a moment; she only did what thousands around her would have done—what she had often done before, done apparently with impunity. "Give me the baby's mixture Charles."

The phial was speedily forthcoming, and the noxious sweetened draught administered. Mrs. Sparkes, like many others, was aware of the nature of the drug; but, like many others, she strove to justify its use to her own conscience under the plea of necessity; and the Godfrey's cordial, or, as it is called in slang affecionate terms by both sellers and consumers in Manchester, and other places "Mother's quietness," Baby's cordial, "Soothing syrup" and so on, soon produces its effect, and enables the thoughtless mother to leave it again to the care of her son Charles, a child six years of age.

"There's a dear!" said she, applying the spoon to the infant's mouth "all gone."

The cry was hushed; the little form became heavy, the eyes gradually closed, and she had the satisfaction of leaving the baby in a sound deep sleep. In a minute more she was gone, and Charles was once more left to his thoughts.*

Very vague and unreal are the thoughts which sometimes pass through the mind of a child; they rush through it impetuously; exciting it to sorrow or to joy; causing the hearty laugh or the little sigh; but they leave no lasting impression on the mind. How many years of our life seem afterwards as a mere dream! Sometimes, however, a circumstance occurs which comes before the mind with such startling vividness that nothing ever obliterates the impression that it makes. Who does not, in manhood, recall some scene of his early childhood, remembering its most minute particulars, and carrying the recollection of it even to the grave?

And that forenoon Charles played a part in a transaction which for many years haunted him, filling his mind with horror, and even in the most prosperous days of his after life calling up thoughts of sadness and sorrow.

His little brother, who for several hours had been quite still, now gave a violent shriek, which at once startled Charles off his stool. He ran to the cradle, to see what was the matter; there he saw the infant struggling desperately, with its face almost black, and its mouth foaming. They were no ordinary struggles, and no common cries! The sight quite stupified him. He could do nothing but burst out crying himself. Crying and sobbing violently, he sat by the side of the cradle. He could not remove his eyes from the child; the look of agony and pain frightened and amazed him, but he could not forbear gazing on it. Presently all was silent; he thought his brother was asleep, and rocked the cradle to promote his slumbers. After a while he laid his hand on the baby's face; it was cold and clammy; the very touch seemed to thrill through the little fellow's whole frame. He did not know what to think, but he felt certain that something dreadful had happened. Still all was silent.

O that silence! What would Charles have given that anything could break that silence! "When will mother come?—I wish mother would come!" he cried again and again. At last he heard footsteps at the door, and the lock was undone. His mother came; she went straight to the cradle, and immediately uttered a fearful cry. Charles looked at her; and it was that expression of horror on her countenance, and that cry, that will haunt his recollection to his dying day.

The mother had come back—and found her baby dead!

This sad event produced altogether a change in the course of Charles's life. He was now sent to school. It was no great anxiety for the good of the little boy's body or soul, that made his parents send him there; Sparkes was a drunken, improvident fellow, who spent all when work was plenty, and was obliged to put up with all kinds of privations when it was dull. His wife was little better, for by her slatternly, untidy ways she made his home so uncomfortable, that he used frequently to say that she drove him to the public-house. Such people as these were not likely to think much about their children's ways, indeed they had let his sister grow up without any kind of education; they had put her into a factory at a very

* In Preston 21 druggists sold in one week:—

	lb.	oz.	dr.
Godfrey's Cordial	23	5	5
Infant's Preservative	18	4	0
Syrup of Poppies	16	9	0
Opium	1	1	1½
Laudanum	7	8	2
Paregoric	0	9	0
Making a total of Narcotics	66	1	5½.

Appended to the return made by the largest of these vendors is the following note:—"Such preparations are only given, we believe, to enable the mother to work at the factory."—When we take into consideration such facts as those stated by the Registrar of Deansgate, in Manchester, when he tells us that in one district nearly 200 children died in one year without any reasonable attempt being made to save them;" the miserable little wretches having been soothed and stupified in their sickness by opiates; when we endeavour to realize in one week, in its full horror this foul and unnatural state of things, can we feel surprised at the deliberate declaration of the Registrar, that in Manchester in the course of seven years there perished 13,362 children over and above the mortality natural to man?

early age, an earlier age, indeed, than is now allowed; so that, though she was now a fine, strong girl, she was ignorant of everything that was likely to be useful and good. But, as little Charles was too young to work, and could not be safely left alone, he was sent to school.

Poor fellow, he cut a very shabby figure when he came the first morning to Mr. Pearce's school. He did not know his letters. How should he? No one had taught him. He was so accustomed to be alone that he was quite scared at the sight of so many boys. And his outward boy, too, bore a marked resemblance to his inward attainments. His mother was all day at work, and so was his sister; so that neither had any time, even if they had any inclination, to mend his clothes and make him tidy or decent before he went.

Truly to be pitied is any child who goes to school for the first time, especially one who goes under such circumstances as Charles did. But he was very fortunate in his master. His kind look and considerate language soon made his new pupil feel more comfortable. Mr. Pearce was a man admirably suited for the station in which he was placed. Though only an ordinary scholar, he was a thoroughly-good man; his heart was in his work, and while he was most anxious to teach his boys all that was beneficial to the situations they would most probably occupy, he was not satisfied with imparting mere book-knowledge. He tried to make his pupils his friends, to gain their confidence, and used it for the purpose of forming their habits and correcting their ways. He had been in a factory himself, so that he could set before them a picture of its peculiar temptations. His, too, was a small school; this was a very great benefit to his scholars.* So that after Charles had been some little time there, he found himself surrounded by influences, which directed his mind into an entirely different channel. He found, too, in Mr. Pearce what he had all his life been a stranger to; he found something in his master to love and admire, because he knew he had an interest in his welfare. He had experienced nothing of this sort at home. His father he seldom saw except on Sundays, and then he would be in bed half the day, and generally get tipsy in the evening; or, if he was not, he would sit and mope in the chimney-corner with his knees close into the fire, and roar and swear at him if he did the least thing to annoy him. He saw his mother and sister more frequently, but after all they were very little with him; there was nothing of that watchful, anxious care which a mother can give to her children, and which, when properly and judiciously directed, often makes an impression upon the character that hallows and softens it throughout life. Much that poor Charles lost at home was made up to him by Mr. Pearce. It was from him that he got his first ideas of right and wrong; from him that he heard of his God and his Bible. Mr. Pearce it was who taught him his little prayer, and who told him of that bright home, when, after the toil and turmoil of this world, the traveller finds his rest. And this good man did not let his boys wander about the streets in the interval between the breaking up of school and the time when the factory work was over. If the parents were at home the boy was allowed to return, if not he kept him at play.

These were happy days for Charles!—happy because he profited by them, and made a good use of his time. They did not, however, last very long; he was soon taken into a factory. Happily for him, the law just then passed which obliged young children to be so many days in the year at school. Sparkes cursed the law and those who made it, as you may well imagine; for, of course, his boy's wages were not so high as they would have been could he have worked full time. Still he could not escape it, so that now his boy became what is usually called in a school "a short timer." But this did not continue for long; and to all appearances Charley did not seem likely to encounter many influences for good in his present occupations.

"I am sorry you must leave me, my dear boy," said the good Mr. Pearce, on taking leave of his quondam pupil; for he knew that however bad the children of the factory operatives may be at first, they gradually acquire a taste for order and study; and he felt that Charles was going where he would not be very well cared for.—"Do not forget what you have learnt. I am the more sorry because you were beginning to improve. Still, my boy, if you can come to me occasionally of an evening, I shall be happy to push you forward with your books; or, if you cannot come to me, you can at least stay at home and read. I will lend you any books I have; and in reading, my lad, you will make friends of your own who will never reproach you, or be offended if you slight them ever so much. Besides, a love of books will keep you from temptation—the dancing-shops and the publics." The schoolmaster said this kindly, for he knew the evils that resulted from places

* This will be apparent when we consider that, in some schools, the number of the scholars is too great for the superintendence of a single master—this is an evil requiring correction. The following schools have one superintendent only:—St. John's, Blackburn, 140 boys; St. John's, Bolton, 115 girls; Emanuel, Bolton, 230 boys; Trinity, Bolton, 260 boys; School at Burnley, 210 boys;—making, with several other schools in Manchester and other manufacturing districts, an aggregate of 3,677 scholars under 25 teachers! The plan pursued by Government of paying pupil-teachers and monitors, is, however, a great improvement on the old system, and has been found to work extremely well. It is highly expedient that the schoolmaster should impress on the scholars the duty of abandoning the errors of the parents and forming habits of their own.

of promiscuous resort, especially to young people.

"I'll ask father," said Charles, sobbing; "I don't know what he will say. I know he does not hold to schooling, but I will do anything to keep with you." Charles did not much like speaking to his father about going to school of an evening. Though clever, intelligent, and of much good sense, he was a timid, retiring boy, so that his heart misgave him when he came to the point.

His father and mother were evidently much annoyed that evening, but as it happened the cause of their annoyance was very much in favour of their son's request. Mary, now a fine girl of fifteen, had left home that very day and had gone to live with a neighbour. She had always worked at a mill separate from her parents, though they had received her wages; and she now threw off her allegiance and said she meant to keep herself. They had tried to get her back, but the issue was that she had been very abusive, and declared that if her father attempted to take her away by force, she would go on the town at once. And it is a fact that, at the time of which we write, more than four thousand girls annually estrayed and were lost in the streets of Manchester. All this did not make Sparkes or his wife in a very good humour, so that they both felt inclined to be very angry when Charles humbly preferred his request.

"Thou'st had schooling enough; ye know too much by half," said his mother, "don't talk to me about schooling."

It might have been partly out of contradiction to his wife, and partly from conviction of its good; but Charles was very much astonished to hear his father say—

"Well, I'm all for his going; he is a good boy, and schooling has made him a very different chap from other boys. He is quite another child from his sister; she is always giving us trouble, and you may depend upon it no good will come of her. But this little fellow has never given us any anxiety since Mr. Pearce had him.

"Thank you, father, thank you," cried Charles, "then you will let me go," and, throwing his arms round his father's neck, he kissed his rough grimy face.

Mrs. Sparkes could not resist this; the warmth of her natural feelings, long stifled, long smouldering, kindled up afresh. "Come and kiss me, my dear boy," said she, you shall go to school as often as you like; it has been only there that you learnt to love your parents."

(*To be continued.*)

WAR INJURIOUS TO TRADE.

We showed, in a recent number, that in all wars the people have to find the principal part of the money and the men. Our operatives have, *first*, to toil hard to earn the treasure which rulers dissipate in powder and ball; and then, *secondly*, the blood which these quarrelsome gentlemen think proper to shed must be drained from the veins of the masses. Of all folly, cruelty, and madness, war is the most hateful, abominable, and destructive. It pours out the blood of the strongest citizens like water, and wastes the wealth of the nation in smoke; and all this is done to gratify the pride, malice, or ambition of rulers, who feel pretty sure that however thickly the balls may fly, their own heads will be safe, and at the same time have a firm persuasion that their families will be enriched by the spoils of the battle-field. Hence, in all contests, the position of the aristocracy and of the masses is just the reverse. The former will be safe, the latter will bleed; the former will be enriched, the latter impoverished. In wars, the working classes have *nothing to gain*, but *everything to lose;* even victory leaves them to groan under a burden of taxation far heavier than any impost that a foreign conqueror would venture to exact;—while, on the other hand, the gentry and nobility have everything to gain and nothing to lose; and whether we are defeated or triumph, their sons come away from the field enriched with spoils or pensions. Their pay and rewards, also, are taken chiefly from the pockets of the working men and women of the day; so that additional taxation to meet the expense of the war does not really cost them a penny. We wish our artisans and peasants to understand

this question, and no longer allow themselves to be the dupes of the drum, the fife, and the recruiting sergeant. We intend to show, in this paper,

THAT WAR INJURES TRADE.

Man is the most needy of all creatures. The horse constructs for itself a winter's dress, which is equally fit for wet or dry, day or night, out of the food it eats. The birds and fowls drop their feathers, but neither applies to the tailor or milliner for another suit; out of the seeds they consume they produce robes and plumage of a texture and beauty which throw the apparel of a Solomon into the shade. The animals require neither ploughing nor sowing, neither weaving nor cotton-spinning; mines, factories, furnaces, fires, workshops, nor bakehouses: but man is full of wants. Houses, fuel, furniture, clothing, cookery, vehicles, and books, are necessaries of life, if we would make him what a human being ought to be. The productions of one country are rarely sufficient to supply his need. An Englishman, in what we should call comfortable circumstances, surrounds himself with the bounties of Providence drawn together from every quarter of the globe. Take from his meals, from his furniture, from his clothing, and his library, everything which is not English, and you leave him poor and miserable indeed.

Here the wisdom and bounty of Providence appears. Animals have no wants which the soil on which they were born does not supply. The silkworm can live and rear its family, and construct its cocoon, in a mulberry tree. A few yards of space will suit it better than the range of the universe. The white bear, the reindeer, the elephant, the horse, the eagle, and the hippopotamus, have their own locality, from which they cannot move without risk. Hence the flocks and the herds of England transact no business and hold no intercourse with their fellow-creatures of other lands. They have no commercial treaties nor tariffs among them; no agents or ambassadors in other countries, to sell their manufactures, purchase goods, or watch over their interests. But if you confine man to a small circle you may starve him in body and mind. He is the creature of all climes; he was made *for all the world*, and all the world was made for him. Wherever he goes he has something to sell or something to buy. Barter and traffic are no small part of his calling on earth; in which not only his physical but also his intellectual and moral nature are called into full play. Were there no trade and intercourse between mankind there could be no morality. Justice and benevolence are intended to sanctify the relations, associations, and dealings of the human family. Give us cultivated fields, skilful artisans, good manufactories, industrious workshops, well-manned ships, unrestricted commerce, free-trade with all the world, and pure morality and philanthropy to regulate our proceedings, and we can place every comfort within the reach of every child of Adam, and thus mutually enrich and bless each other.

Such is the natural arrangement and order of Providence. But WAR steps in and prevents our doing good to the world. It sows discord among brethren. It tells the Englishman not only to turn the key on every boon he possesses which might bless the French, but also to bar his own doors against every comfort which France might bestow upon him. Under such influence, he cuts off his nose to spite his face. He is like the sulky child, who pouts over his bread and butter, and chooses rather to go with an eager appetite. PEACE, universal peace, is humanity, is patriotism, is sound policy, is justice, is benevolence, is philanthropy, and one of the brightest attributes of religion. It is the genius of industry, trade, science, and happiness. It cultivates the fields, works the factory, crowds the exchange, clothes, feeds, and enriches all. Like a ministering angel, it supplies all the wants of

humanity. Under its wing, everything is safe and happy. It is the world's vast ÆGIS, and when universal, "Every man shall sit under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid." Let peace prevail, and the whole earth is secure. Its shield yields a stronger safeguard than all the towers, citadels, cannons, arms, and implements of destruction that have ever been invented. William Penn, without sword, spear, or bulwark, dwelling in a barbarous land, surrounded with savage hordes, is safer than Xerxes in his pavilion, guarded with the arms and artillery of a million of fighting men.

Not only is there *safety* but there is *wealth* in peace. All riches, as we have shown, arise from labour. Even the gold of California is of no use until it has been gathered and worked. How the human moles toil and perspire, and even die, in the "diggins." If we would have the comforts of life, we must work for them. But war calls away the mechanic from his trade and the peasant from the field. It "beats the ploughshare into a sword, and the pruning hook into a spear." Instead of utensils for the service of humanity, it calls for instruments of death. It puts out the furnace, shuts up the factory, and locks the workshop. It tells the operative that he shall not ply his art to clothe and bless the people of other lands, and that other nations shall not enrich him. Hence the anvil is silent, and the shuttle stands still; the rulers have quarreled, and the people must be idle, be taxed, and bleed, and starve. Hands are redundant, labour is scarce, and wages are low. Peace, on the contrary, sets everything free. We are safe everywhere, can go where we please, and buy and sell as we like; and, as a consequence, employment increases, wages rise, and the masses have placed within their reach all the comforts and conveniences of life. The seeming prosperity that we had during our years of war arose from our borrowing money and spending it extravagantly. We have now to pay dearly for their folly and dishonesty.

It may be said that we have had a thirty-years' peace, and yet have realized few of these blessings. But the reply is easy. We have not been at peace yet. We cannot be said to be at peace so long as we have a standing army. Europe, at the present hour, teems with soldiers, bristles with bayonets, and roars with cannon; and, therefore, gives no symbol of peace. And then we have our indirect taxation, our tariffs, and our custom-house dues, by which we prevent the nations from trading with us on equal terms. No sooner had we, "in the name of the Holy Trinity," signed the peace of 1815, than we went into the senate-house and commenced a new warfare on the trade and productions of the world; and when we could no longer desolate and destroy by cartridges and ball, we determined to carry on the work of slaughter and demoralization by means of corn-laws and restrictions on commerce, and actually have slain more with our tariffs than we did with our artillery. We are not yet at peace; the world is not at peace. We must disarm—abolish our customs—make taxation direct, and allow all men to buy and sell in our markets, and carry on a trade with the world, and thus allow the bounties of Divine Providence to flow into every bosom, and then we shall be at peace and realize its blessings. Need we say that, to accomplish this, we must have a new race of senators, and that we shall never have these until our operatives obtain the franchise; therefore, it is the duty of all to become FREEHOLDERS, and thus bring out fully the principles of our representative government.

Further, to promote the principle of peace, the idea that *fighting is* VALOUR must also be discarded. "If an ass kicks me, shall I kick him again?" said a philosopher of old. Asses may use their heels, and bears their teeth, but in which of our

squares or churches do we find any statue erected to donkeys or wild beasts? There is more moral courage in the prayer of the dying Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," than, in the combined valour of all the soldiers that have ever fought and bled. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," exhibited more real heroism than has ever been displayed by all the rage and physical force of all the troops of ancient and modern times put together. It requires more courage, and exhibits more valour, to *forgive* than to *revenge* a wrong; and further, if the nations with which we fight are weaker than ourselves, then we are *cowards* to attack them; and if they are stronger, we are *fools*. When a great boy fells a little one to the earth, people call him a coward, and not a hero; and when a little one attacks a stronger, who will beat him, they upbraid his folly. If, as we boast, we are superior to other nations in strength and valour, then we are cowards to fight them, and every battle is a disgrace to us, and lets us down. If the people that have offended us are stronger than we, then what simpletons we must be to leave the adjustment of the dispute to a battle, where the odds are against us, when we might have settled the affair by more rational means. Better bear an insult and endure a wrong than avenge it by committing an outrage upon the offender. It must be taught by the men and women in our workshops, and fields, and hearths, that war is *cruelty, cowardice, folly, and knavery;* that none but a coward and a fool will sell himself for thirteenpence a day to be shot at. Let this be done, and then the rat-a-tat-tat of the recruiting sergeant will insult our ears in vain, and rulers left to fight their own battles with their own hands, will soon find out more rational means of settling their disputes than resorting to the sword.

A LITTLE SUGGESTION.

SITTING in my garden—what a pleasure there is in possession,—wife, children, home!—with my favourite author in my hand, beneath the branches of a spreading tree, and glancing every now and then with conscious pride upon the labours of my own hands—the trim beds filled with sweet flowers, which "spread their fair faces to the laughing sun" as though they knew and felt how fine a season it was,—and the neatly-gravelled walks, and the pots and stands of hot-house inmates brought out to feel for once the warmth and freedom of the air—I fell into a brown study.

And, bethinking me how mistaken we are in seeking beyond the circle of our own homes for the joys and pleasures of the world; how often the finest buds of promise canker and decay; how many an hour of dearest triumph is bought by years of pain and sorrow; how many are the grand ambitions which are useless to mankind; how frequently are

"Fortune and title, and long-cherished hopes,
By frenzied revolution marred and crushed."

I cast my eyes along my little garden, and sighed when I remembered that such quiet joys—sufficient though they be for the filling up of life's few years—as may be purchased by a few hours' labour and a very little actual cost, are in effect denied to the great body of the world's workers.

A home and a garden!—*mine* is a very humble home, and a very little garden; you may visit every nook and cranny of the house in five minutes, and one flight of stairs leads to its topmost apartments, and a walk of some sixty steps along, and eight across, will compass the whole extent of the out-door accommodations—are they not sufficient to give peace and happiness to all peaceably-inclined people? And yet, within a stonesthrow, almost, of where I sit, some twenty-thousand honest men call a mean apartment in a dense, crowded, squalid neighbourhood a home; and, as for flowers, or a garden, they never know their real value and comfort, because they have them not in their own possession.

Possibly, I was led to think of this great want experienced by the workman, by the fact of a tiny spider falling on my book; and wandering about the page, as if anxious to escape from the, to it, dry and weary desert of print on which it had pleased fortune to land it. How the little insect struggled and toiled—up one page, down another, along the forage of the

loose open leaves, across the cover, into the mysterious passage formed by the open binding of the back, among the threads of the stitching, and out again upon the desert page;—there was no escape, no hope. At last, when its active little limbs began to tire, and it appeared as if contemplating the probable chances of a headlong leap, I, taking compassion on it, bent down a leaf from the tree overhead, till it almost reached the little animal. Really the joy it seemed to feel, as it once more regained its native home of green, is almost more than can be made comprehensible. One feels sometimes inclined to give the lower animals credit for something superior to instinct. The hop upon the green leaf was suggestive.

In the cool of the evening—led, probably, by the event and musings of the morning—I visited what is called a model lodging-house: two, in fact.

Excellent and most worthy institutions. There are separate bedrooms for the single men, and apartments of two or three rooms for the married. There are conveniences of almost every shape and description. The premises were excellently built, well lighted and drained, provided with cooking apparatus and utensils in the public kitchen; and in the large hall called the reading-room, there were books and pamphlets, magazines and newspapers, drafts and chess, and all the necessaries for writing, reading, and thinking. But with all these excellences—and they *are* positive improvements upon the crowded hovels commonly, and with few exceptions, inhabited by the working classes—there was something to regret in the model lodging-houses: *they had no* GARDENS!

And so, with all humility, and without for a moment wishing to take credit for anything original in the suggestion, I would just hint to the speculators in these highly philanthropic institutions—and they *are* of philanthropical tendency, though they are said to be self-sustaining, and to return a large per centage for the money invested—that in future they should be built in the form of squares with GARDENS in the centre.

The tendency of green trees and many-coloured flowers needs no advocacy of mine; but I may just observe, by way of conclusion, leaving others to improve whatever there is valuable in the suggestion, that there are seldom found among the brawlers and discontented, men who employ themselves at *home* with rake and spade.

Here is a stanza by a thoroughly English poet, which well applies to the subject of our musings—it is a ballad for everybody:—

"I foraged all over the joy-dotted earth
To pick its best noesgay of innocent mirth,
Tied up with the hands of its wisdom and worth,
And lo! its chief treasure, its innermost pleasure
Was always at HOME!" G. F. P.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

By Mrs. Clara L. Balfour.

Among the many scientific Englishmen who have conferred honour on the country of their birth, few enjoy a more deservedly high reputation than the late Sir Humphrey Davy. It is gratifying to know he was the son of the people of England. His course was onward and upward, not because of helping hands from others being reached out to him, but because he possessed in their full strength "the wrestling thews that throw the world." Unknown to rank, unassisted by wealth, aided alone by the force of his own perseverance and genius, he became the sole architect of his great fame, and early in life attained the very highest eminence of scientific distinction.

The early scenes that surrounded such a man must ever possess an interest to the thoughtful mind. To look upon the place where his studious youth passed—to view the natural objects that ministered to his love of the beautiful, and that cultivated in him the faculty of taste—to stand in the little room that served him both for study and repose, are all so many means of bringing the man more prominently before the mind, and refreshing the thoughts by the contemplation of industry and talent struggling successfully against obscurity and a multitude of difficulties.

Few counties in England are more interesting, or, in some respects, so interesting, as the county of Cornwall. And in consequence of no railroad yet crossing its barren moors, or piercing its metallic hills, it will probably long continue as it now is, a part of England comparatively unknown to the masses of the people. The tide of travelling and excursionizing sets in a totally different direction, and the far west of England is mostly an unexplored region, except to wealthy tourists, commercial travellers, or professional men. And certain it is, the long day's coach journey from Plymouth to Penzance, is a penance few persons like to endure, who have been used to the improved modes of travelling now adopted in every other part of the kingdom. Still, fatiguing and expensive as the journey is, the visitant is amply repaid on arriving in the neighbourhood of

Penzance. The mineral district, with its memorable peculiarities, its barren but not unpicturesque surface, has been passed, and a region of fertility, a belt of very rich land, well cultivated, abundant, and undulating, forms the landward background of Mount's Bay. As the coach comes by a sudden turn of the road into the centre of this magnificent bay, few spectacles can be more grand and impressive. I had the good fortune to enter it on a stormy March day, when the wind was lashing the waters to fury, and, far as the eye could reach over the wide expanse of sea, there were huge waves capped with white, that were tumbling in wild commotion, and at length breaking on the beach into sheets of dazzling foam, and tossing up clouds of glittering spray, while the hoarse roar and dash of the ocean was answered by the long threatening howl of the wind. In the midst of this splendid yet boisterous concert of the elements, St. Michael's Mount, standing distinctly out in the bay, reared its majestic form, the very picture of calm grandeur. It looked like the invincible giant sentinel of that rocky coast and stately bay. It is this noble pyramidal rock that gives such a peculiar character to the bay. In storm or calm, by sunset or moonlight, it is ever a most romantic and noble object. A stately dwelling crowns the summit of the rock, and dates back its origin to the old feudal times. It was once an ecclesiastic and afterwards a military structure; and now combines these peculiarities with a baronial mansion. When the tide is out, the rock is accessible for about two hours to foot passengers, who cross, not without some toil, a rocky pathway, from the mainland to its rugged base. The bay forms a semi-circle—St. Michael's Mount being near one termination and Penzance stretching along the other, the distance of about three miles intervening.

According to the testimony of Dr. John Davy, the brother of Sir Humphrey, the family of the Davys were yeomen, who had lived for many generations among the scattered population of Mount's Bay. There has been some attempt to make out an originally Norman descent for this family of English small freeholders, as if the needy adventurers, bound on rapine and exaction, who came over with William the Conqueror, were a better ancestry than many generations of honest, industrious yeomen. It is humiliating to just self-respect to observe the nervous desire that seems to possess persons who are writing the biography of a great man, to invest his name with some of the questionable splendours of rank. To be well born does not specially mean to be nobly born. Those are well born who inherit from an honest parentage a sound mind in a sound body; and those who have the added benefit of good example and training, may be said to be well bred, in addition to being well born. In this best sense, Humphrey Davy was of good descent and lineage; and the question of whether his family were a stray shoot from some old Norman exotic tree, or a genuine branch of some heart of oak of English growth, is comparatively unimportant.

The state of Cornish society, when the future great chemist was born (1778), was very simple and primitive. His brother, Dr. Davy, says:—

"Cornwall was then without great roads. The roads which traversed the country were rather bridle-paths than carriage-roads; carriages were almost unknown, and carts, even, were very little used. I have heard my mother relate that, when she was a girl, there was only one cart in the town of Penzance, and that if a carriage occasionally appeared in the streets it attracted universal attention. Packhorses then were in general use for conveying merchandize; and the prevailing manner of travelling was on horseback. At that period the luxuries of furniture and living, enjoyed by people of the middle class at the present time, were confined almost entirely to the great and wealthy. In the same town, where the population was about 2,000 persons, there was only one carpet; the floors of the rooms were sprinkled with sea-sand; and there was not a single silver fork. The only newspaper which then circulated in the west of England was the *Sherborne Mercury*, and it was carried through the country, not by the post, but by a man on horseback, specially employed in distributing it.....There was scarcely a parish in the Mount's Bay that was without a haunted house, or a spot to which some story of supernatural horror was not attached. Even when I was a boy, I remember a house in the best street in Penzance which was uninhabited because it was believed to be haunted, and which young people walked by at night at a quickened pace and with a beating heart. Amongst the middle and higher classes there was little taste for literature, and still less for science; and their pursuits were rarely of a dignified or intellectual kind. Hunting, shooting, wrestling, cock-fighting, generally ending in drunkenness, were what they most delighted in. Smuggling was carried on to a great extent, and drunkenness and a low scale of morals were naturally associated with it."

Humphrey was the eldest child of a family of five, three of whom were daughters. Without being in any sense a prodigy, he was a child of great intelligence, had a retentive memory, a talent for versifying and narration, amusing his juvenile companions with many rhymes and stories of his own composition. It is painful to

read, in the memoirs of many great men, records of the causeless severity of the race of schoolmasters then existing. The good and great Dr. Chalmers escaped, almost in infancy, from the cruelties of a hardhearted deceitful nurse, to suffer the inflictions of a flogging domine; and Humphrey Davy was early consigned to the charge of a certain Rev. Mr. Coryton, a man of irregular habits, who used to amuse himself by pulling the ears of his trembling pupils. On one occasion little Humphrey showed himself in the school with his ears covered with strips of sticking plaster, and on being asked the reason, wittily replied —"it was to prevent mortification."

When Humprey Davy was about sixteen, the death of his father plunged the family into difficulties, that were, however, in time, surmounted by the good sense, enterprize, and industry of his excellent mother. She maintained her young family by her exertions, and apprenticed her eldest son to Mr. Borlase, a surgeon-apothecary of Penzance. The house in which much of the youth of Davy was passed is situated in Market Jew-street, a long, straggling, narrow, but principal business street of that port. The house is of a rather humble character—a small shop and two stories above. The people of the town, and the occupants of the house, have an honourable pride in the memory of their distinguished townsman. The house is often visited, more particularly by Americans, who approach it with reverence as a shrine once hallowed by the presence of genius and industry, and therefore ever memorable. By the kind courtesy of the present inhabitant of the dwelling, the writer was allowed to go over this interesting house, which has undergone no alterations in shape, no modernizings, no change, except necessary repairs, since it held its illustrious occupant—the great chemist and natural philosopher. A little, low, front room, on the second floor, is pointed out as his bedroom, and must have often also been his study. The visitant who enters that little *sanctum* cannot avoid—that is, if possessing either reverence or imagination —silently calling up a scene from the history of the past. A slight active boy is there, the features of whose earnest face, without being positively handsome, are most intelligent and agreeable, and radiant with the light of genius. He is surrounded by a miscellaneous gathering of well-worn books, and before him is a strange medley of apparatus, "consisting chiefly of phials, wine-glasses, and tea-cups, tobacco-pipes, and earthen crucibles; and his materials were chiefly the mineral acids, and the alkalies, and some other articles which are in common use in medicine. Here there was no fire, and when he required it, he was obliged to go down to the kitchen with his crucible."* The young student is busy—always busy—either reading, or making experiments in his favourite science, or writing. He diversifies his studies, and recreates his mind with varied themes, but he is always alert, inquiring, busy. That little room becomes to him an arcana of science, a temple of the muses. Shutting out the world, he is alone with his books and his thoughts. The following is the extensive plan of study the obscure and lonely youth marked out for himself, and, what is more, *steadily pursued*:—

"The earliest of his note-books, bearing the date of this year (1798), is on many accounts a literary curiosity. It is a small quarto, with parchment covers. On one of the covers, on the outside, is the figure of an ancient lyre, drawn with his pen; and on the other an olive leaf, encircling a lamp, as if in anticipation of his great discovery of confining flame in the safety-lamp. At the commencement of it is the following plan of study, which I shall transcribe verbatim:—

1. Theology or Religion; Ethics or moral virtues. } Taught by Nature —by Revelation.
2. Geography.
3. My profession:—1. Botany; 2. Pharmacy; 3. Nosology; 4. Anatomy; 5. Surgery; 6. Chemistry.
4. Logic.
5. Language:—1. English; 2. French; 3. Latin; 4. Greek; 5. Italian; 6. Spanish; 7. Hebrew.
6. Physics:—1. The Doctrines and Properties of Natural Bodies; 2. Of the Operations of Nature; 3. Of the Doctrines of Fluids; 4. Of the Properties of Organized Matter; 5. Of the Organization of Matter; 6. Simple Astronomy.
7. Mechanics.
8. Rhetoric and Oratory.
9. History and Chronology.
10. Mathematics.

At the present time there is in the town of Penzance a mechanics' institute, and a most excellent museum, and also a geological museum, as valuable as any in the kingdom. There were none of these aids to study during the youth of Sir Humphrey Davy. The region was as wild as the town was remote, and the locality obscure. Yet here a mind nourished itself, and grew to such vigour, that it effected great discoveries in science, and conferred an immense amount of good on society.

Sir Humphrey Davy was one of the many great men who were indebted to a wise and good mother. Her sympathy and

* Dr. Davy's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy.

advice encouraged him to persevere in his course. A part of her income was derived from taking lodgers, and among these was Mr. Gregory Watt, the son of the distinguished engineer, James Watt, who noticed the dawning genius and indomitable perseverance of the young chemist, and a friendship was formed that had important results. Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, was then making experiments on the gases; and hearing of the young Cornish chemist, he offered him the appointment of superintendent of the pneumatic institution established at Clifton. It has been said "that the greatest discovery ever made by Dr. Beddoes was the discovery of Humphrey Davy." At the time this offer was made, Davy was not twenty years of age, and, of course, had not completed his term with Mr. Borlase. But he had been a conscientious and useful assistant; and his master, very generously, gave up his indentures, and allowed the youth to pursue his successful career.

In the house of Dr. Beddoes he was introduced to most congenial society. Mrs. Beddoes was one of the Edgeworth family—half sister to the celebrated educational and imaginative writer, Maria Edgworth. Here his course was one of speedy progress. The fame of the young chemist spread; and, in a very few years after, while he was yet not more than twenty-three years of age, he came to the metropolis, and was unexpectedly offered the situation of assistant lecturer on chemistry in the Royal Institution. Such was the extraordinary success of his first lectures, that they were attended and patronized by the most distinguished people in the land. He had the art, by no means a common or easy attainment, of popularizing a difficult subject, and yet conveying to his hearers not superficial results, but really valuable principles. Hence, ladies, and those portions of his auditory who were not specially devoted to scientific studies, were profited and delighted with his lectures.

There is one invention that renders his name as dear to humanity as it is to science—the safety lamp. By the aid of this the poor miner pursues his dangerous occupation in comparative safety. Doubtless, the mining occupations of his native county must have first directed his attention to the subject. How gratifying is it to reflect that he did not secure his invention by patents, which would have enriched himself and also greatly increased the price, but he laid it freely as an offering on the altar of humanity.

In 1812, at the age of thirty-four, he was knighted. It is pleasant to record, that, in the midst of his triumphs, dignified by titles and allied by marriage with aristocracy, he retained his true dignity, and proved his real nobility by never forgetting the home of his childhood—the friends of his youth. He often visited his native county, and always felt an affection for it. His letters to his good and venerable mother, referring to the education and prospects of his young brother, and other family matters, are beautiful specimens of a fine nature, unspoiled by prosperity.

The town of Penzance now, notwithstanding its remoteness from railroads and from the metropolis, is extending on every side, and must be a very different place from what it was at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The natural advantages it possesses, particularly the noble bay, and its guardian mount, must ever render it a place of beauty and interest. The spirit of the past and present seem to meet the reflective observer who gazes on the mount and on the town. The one crowned with its feudal dwelling, carrying back the thoughts to the time of serfdom, when its walls were raised by the bitter toil of workmen, bringing materials from the main land, and carrying them up the rugged steep; the other with the great name of its scientific son, who did more than any man to popularize a study that is now pursued in every mechanic's institute. Throughout the whole county of which Sir Humphrey Davy was the ornament, there are popular institutions of instruction doing good service to the cause of human improvement. The example of perseverance given by such a life as that here named, is far more valuable than any scientific discoveries or successful experiments made by him. The young and unaided, instead of moaning over their difficulties, and sitting down in contented ignorance to drone and dream away their lives, will do well to think of the old two-storied house in Market Jew-street, Penzance, and reflect that in that humble house dwelt a student, who so stored his own mind that he came out of his obscurity, and took his place among the great and noble of the land. And what was more, employed the talents he possessed for the advancement of intelligence and the good of society. We can understand and appreciate, and would do well to emulate Sir Humphrey Davy, when he says, in a familiar letter to his mother, "What I am I have made myself; I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart."

Sir H. Davy died at Geneva, whither he had gone to pursue certain studies, as well as for the benefit of his health, May 28th, 1829.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. IV.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS.—THE CHANCELLOR AND THE BISHOPS.

Another passing Peep at the Chancellor.—Wilde the "Ultimus Romanorum" of the Woolsack.—A Word on the Office, as it was, and is, and is to be.—A Flight of forensic Fancy among antiquarian Parchments.—A Batch of former Lord Keepers of the Sovereigns' Conscience at the old price.—Inspection of a Sacred Flock: the Bishops.—Sam. of Oxford and his imputed Popery.—What he looks like, and what he is, and who gave him the opportunity of becoming so.—A Digression about old Wilberforce, and Brougham's milk of human kindness to the Philanthropist's Offspring.—The Story of the Great Abolitionist's Life, and its Worth, pecuniary and moral.—The Archbishops—Canterbury and York.—The Camel and the Needle's Eye as exemplified in Lawn Sleeves.—Right Reverend Juvenile Antiques.—A Brace of Hierarchical Dicky-birds and the Lady.—The Irish Archbishops—Armagh and Dublin, Beresford and Whately.—The irreverend-Marquis of Waterford's Most Reverend Uncle.—The Equivocal Parliamentary Status of the Author of "His'oric Doubts."—Sacerdotal Mustard, still stale but stinging.—Pagan Precedents for Prelatical Pickings in the Palatinate.—Mythological Musings about Tithe Pig, by way of tale in aid.

LIFTING our eyes from the cross-benches, whereon we have left Wellington, Devonshire, and Londonderry, the most prominent personage we encounter is, of course, the Lord High Chancellor, seated on the Woolsack; but, as we have already said our say about Wilde, there is no necessity for dwelling farther on that very fortunate individual, though it may be as well to say something about his office; for he is the last Chancellor—that is, the last of the old Chancellors—whose salary and functions were the terror of mankind, but the fragility of whose tenure of power was their own torment, and the revenge of the human race. It is sufficiently well-known to all political readers, that Wilde has taken office on the clear understanding that in the session of 1851 a bill is to pass rendering the Chancellor no longer a political functionary, removeable at the change of every administration, like the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, but constituting him a permanent servant of the public, like the other Judges, and with a salary of £8,000 instead of £14,000 a year, and with a retiring pension, not of £5,000 a year, as is at present enjoyed by Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Cottenham, but something (not yet fixed, said to be £2,800) much more in proportion to the proposed reduced salary, and to the requirements of fair play to the tax-payer and liberal justice to the individual. We must now speak of the Chancellorship, such as it has hitherto been known, as of a *souvenir* of the past, as we do of an old stage coach—a thing of comparative delay, and cumbrousness, and annoyances of one sort or other, yet not without its utility in its time and in its way, and associated with remembrances which, however painful in many respects, possess at least the pleasure derivable from the assurance that we shall never experience the like of them again.

The office of the Chancellor is the most ancient, and will still continue to be the highest, both in pay and place, of all judicial offices in the kingdom, being £1,000 a year in advance of what the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench is to receive under the altered state of things forensic. Though the superior antiquity of the Chancellor's jurisdiction has been questioned, the establishment of the office itself, says Brande, was certainly prior to the institution of any existing court of justice, the name, as well as some of the functions of which were borrowed from the "Cancellarii" of some of the later Roman emperors, having been introduced into this country within the first three centuries that followed the dissolution of the western empire. In addition to his judicial functions, he is Speaker of the House of Peers, over all of whom he has precedence in rank, except the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has the nomination of all the magistrates throughout the kingdom; very great influence over all legal appointments of every kind; and the absolute control of all in his own court, and a vast amount of church patronage of the smaller class of livings. He still retains the title of the Keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience, a duty originally incident to his situation in the King's chapel, over the service of which he presided; and this office may, perhaps, have afforded a ground for that part of his jurisdiction which professes to remedy what is contrary to equity and good conscience. The custody of the Great Seal is the peculiar and essential mark of the Chancellor's dignity; and by delivery of that, and the proper oaths taken, the office is created, with all such of its rights as can be taken by a Chancellor not being a peer; for it is not absolutely indispensable that he should be in the Upper House, though such has been the custom for a great number of years. We need not tell the least-informed reader that the legal jurisdiction of the Chancellor is most extensive and most comprehensive; extending to the guardianship of infants—that is, infants wh

have property to pay the expenses of such costly supervision; also of lunatics, similarly situate; to the management of charities; and to a variety of other matters in which money, or money's worth, is concerned; every step taken being regulated by the utmost possible procrastination and the heaviest possible expenditure; so much so, that the very word "Chancery" has long passed into a proverbial phrase for everything that is most exhaustive in the shape of delay, and most ruinous in the shape of outlay.

At the same time, the chancellorship is an object of traditional respect and importance, not only from the magnitude of the powers pertaining to it, and from its being the goal of the highest legal ambition, but because of the greatness of many of the individuals who filled the office, from the time of Maurice, bishop of London, in 1067, down to the present time. The first person who was qualified by great legal education, and who decided cases upon his own judgment, was Sir Thomas More (afterwards beheaded by Henry VIII.), previous to which time (1530,) the office was more that of a high state functionary, than of the president of a court of justice. In looking through the list of the chancellors we meet with the great historic names of Wolsey, Bacon, Littleton, Hyde (Clarendon), Guilford, Jeffreys, Somers, Hardwicke, Camden, Loughborough, and Thurlow; and, in our own day, Eldon, Erskine, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and even Wilde, from his connection with Queen Caroline's affair; but Cottenham has had no political reputation, though accounted one of the best of judges, as long as his health was unimpaired. The political importance of the chancellorship, as we have already stated, ceases this year, or at all events, in the person of Thomas Wilde, Lord Truro; for though it is possible that the promised reforms of the Whigs, in this instance, may share the fate of the promised abolition of the viceroyalty of Ireland, it is all but certain that the next chancellor will be nominated precisely on the principle of the other judges, and no longer be the partizan of one cabinet, or the antagonist of another.

Glancing from the woolsack, the eye of the inquisitive stranger at the bar of the house—where we suppose him to be stationed all this while, and whence he will see stirring sights by and by—is attracted to a large compartment on the left of the Chancellor, filled by the bishops, all as like each other as so many lambs with fleeces newly washed. Hence it is almost impossible to tell one from another at the least distance; the most conspicuous being Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, who is about the youngest on the right reverend bench; and his head being well-covered with dark hair, he is discernible from the rest readily enough, who are for the most part bald. Wilberforce is the Gladstone of the hierarchy; subtle, over-refining, vacillating, uncertain, metaphysical, to no purpose; always in pursuit of something, nobody knows what, except that it is different from what concerns other people; and never coming up with the game he is running after. He looks his character exactly: a student-like, pensive, and highly intellectual cast of countenance; meek, mild, benevolent, but by no means deficient in self-esteem, and perfectly satisfied with the position he holds in the esteem of others, as indeed why should he not be, seeing that he is chaplain to Prince Albert, almoner to the Queen, ch ncellor to the Garter, and a variety of other things, and he not yet five-and-forty. Strange enough that this fortunate churchman, and most lucky courtier, should have owed his first preferment to his immortal father's old friend and colleague, Lord Brougham, who is supposed to be the reverse of a favourite himself in the highest circle. And here let us tell the history of Brougham's liberality in this instance, which is not as generally well-known as it deserves to be; and the name of so inestimable a Working Man's Friend as Wilberforce will, we are sure, fully excuse the digression.

The elder Wilberforce, the illustrious philanthropist, entered life with an income of fully £10,000 a year, besides the savings of a somewhat long minority, and a considerable inheritance from his uncle. His personal expenditure was by no means extravagant. He did not marry till nearly forty; and his family, when he had one, were not expensive. He ought to have been able to leave them all affluently provided for; but not only was he obliged to live his last years in the parsonage-house of one of his sons (the present bishop), given, as he piously and gratefully said, "providentially, just as we were in want of such a residence and such a settlement," but the public saw, with deep regret, a very few years after his death, that his eldest son was obliged to relinquish the representation of Hull (1837), where his ancestors had been living for near a century, in accumulating influence and wealth, for want of a £300 a year qualification. The immediate cause of the disaster was a speculation in a ridiculous milk company, into which the family were duped. Wilberforce himself had, it was always understood, no personal concern in the affair, but as having been a guarantee for one of his sons, whereby he lost £50,000, But this loss, large as it was, would not have ruined

resources like his, had he not impaired them most seriously by years and years of unbounded and unostentatious charity. All the details of his diffusive benevolence are known only in heaven, says one of his biographers. But it happens to have been ascertained that, in a single year alone, the sum of £3,173 was so spent, and there is reason to believe that he seldom disposed of less than one-fourth of his income in this way; nay, he sometimes exceeded it by such amiable indiscretions—indiscretions, indeed!—but which almost disarm censure. The good man himself, in his memoirs, published in 1838, and for the copyright of which it is understood that the late (father of the present) Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street, gave £6,000, says to his eldest son, "I never intended to do more than not exceed my income. Providence having placed me in a situation in which my charities of various kinds were necessarily large. But believe me, there is a special blessing on being liberal to the poor, and on the family of those who have been so; and I doubt not my children will fare better, even in this world, for real happiness, than if I had been saving twenty or thirty thousand pounds of what has been given away."

How wonderfully this anticipation has been realised is tolerably apparent in the case of the Bishop of Oxford, with eleven livings in his episcopal gift, two in his personal patronage, and £5,000 a year revenues attached to the see, with various other emoluments, besides the honours we have enumerated! But it is not to be questioned that the perversion of his second son, the Rev. Mr. Wilberforce (elder brother of the bishop, who is the youngest son), would have been deemed by the old man a calamity infinitely too poignant to be outweighed by any possible temporal aggrandisement.

Let us continue the story of the great man's life in the words of a strong political opponent of the individual to whose honour the tribute we are about to quote is paid. One of his parsonage-houses, as Wilberforce playfully called them, was at Farleigh, in Kent, a living close to Teston, a favourite haunt of his, bestowed on the second son by the spontaneous and considerate bounty of Lord Chancellor Brougham, who, though he was unacquainted with the reverse in Wilberforce's fortune, and could probably know nothing of his peculiar connection with that neighbourhood, bestowed, by one of those lucky accidents to which generous minds are liable, the *kind* of home, and the *very* home, which his venerable friend could have most desired. There is no chancellor who ever held the seals who would not, if the case had been presented to him, have gladly ministered to the wants of such a man as Wilberforce; but the activity of Lord Brougham's mind discovered *the* want, and the instinct of benevolence suggested the local advantages of the boon he was fortunately enabled to offer. We know nothing in Lord Brougham's official life which we would with equal pleasure record; nothing, we confidently believe, can his lordship, with more pleasure remember. It may as well also be added here, that as soon as Wilberforce's death was known, a requisition, originating with Brougham, and extensively signed by members of both houses of parliament, requesting that he might, as a public honour to his worth, be buried in Westminster Abbey, and that the subscribers should be permitted, as a personal respect to his memory, to attend his funeral. Such a request could not be resisted; and he was buried in the transept close to the tombs of Pitt, Fox, and Canning.

"Rest kindred souls, till wakening sense be drawn,
From blessed slumbers, by a blessed dawn!"

There is a very beautiful full-length white marble statue of Wilberforce, in a sitting attitude, erected over his remains, by S. Joseph, the sculptor; but in the features of the father it would puzzle the acutest of physiognomists to trace the smallest resemblance to the son, the natural gravity of whose handsome countenance is deepened by the early death of his wife, whom he married when he was only three-and-twenty, while yet at Oriel College, Oxford, where he attained high academic honours, both in classics and mathematics. As a speaker he is elegant and graceful, but not exceedingly impressive; and the same may be said of his writings—his "History of the American Church;" the "Rocky Island;" "Agathos;" and several volumes of Sermons and Charges, besides published speeches on colonization, the protection of females, and other subjects.

The two English Archbishops are of very recent creation, both being appointed during the present ministry, such a compound piece of ecclesiastical preferment scarcely ever falling to a premier before. Neither has much claim to public notice. York (Dr. Musgrave) was altogether unknown in the political world during the ten years he was Bishop of Hereford, generally quietly voting for the very moderate reforms of the Whigs, to which body he belongs by marriage, being a brother-in-law of Lord Waterpark. The value of his see is nominally £10,000 a year, but is in reality much greater, and there are sixty-seven livings belonging to it, besides much other patronage, the dispensation of which, one would think, must

be exceedingly embarrassing to a gentleman of his age, now turned three score. But what shall we say on *that* score of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is some ten years older, has an income half as large again to spend, 149 livings to give away, and the whole general affairs of the church to supervise, saying nothing of an infinitude of secular duties? In his examination before the Select Committee on Official Salaries, the late Sir R. Peel said he never knew or heard of an instance of a bishop resigning from any cause whatever, and least of all from any consciousness of inadequacy to the duties of his holy office through old age. The late Archbishop of Canterbury was upwards of ninety when he died, or nearly by a whole generation older than Lord Denman, a man of most vigorous intellectual faculties to this day, who was reproached with occupying the chief-justiceship longer than was seemly; yet no one dreamt of suggesting that his Grace should withdraw from the scene of labours that are represented as most momentous and exhausting, and demanding a mental and physical stamina of which very few men in the very vigour of life are possessed. The present Archbishop was close on seventy when he was translated to the archiepiscopal see—an age at which almost any man would be excused the performance of almost any duty requiring the slightest energy. The reader will draw his own inference from such an exhibition, and assuredly it will not be one complimentary to the church, let him be as strong a friend to the establishment as he may.

But the Primate's family were never very squeamish about appearances in his younger days, and want of delicacy is a deficiency that is not generally repaired as men grow older. He was one of the courtier bishops of the last reign but one, or Lady's Bishops, as they were then called, his brother, the present Bishop of Winchester, being the other; and he likewise had a brother Bishop of Sodor and Man at the same time;—three brothers bishops together!—and had the three been alive now their revenues would have been £27,500 per annum; for the see of Winchester is the richest of any but the primacy itself, save London—that is, nominally; as London is, in reality, rich beyond all power of computation, nobody knowing what is its actual produce, but the most moderate estimate exceeds the quadruple of the sum put down in the ostensible church revenues. The Archbishop of Canterbury was not always a Tory, and his selection for the highest ecclesiastical dignity by a Russellite Cabinet is generally held to testify alike to the retrogression of the Whigs, and to the destitution of any but exceedingly mediocre talent among the moderately eligible of the episcopal bench. His Grace has been a voluminous writer on questions of divinity.

Of the two Irish Archbishops, but one sits in Parliament at a time, alternately. The one now in enjoyment of the legislative privileges of the peerage is his Grace of Armagh, the Lord de la Poer Beresford, one of the most powerful pluralist families of the Alien Church in Ireland, and uncle to the Marquis of Waterford—a nobleman not particularly celebrated for the sanctity or decorousness of his life in London; though since he has married, and settled down on his Milesian property, he is understood to make a most reputable and beneficial member of society, in a sphere where such an example is of peculiar utility, because of peculiar rarity. The Irish Primate is in his seventy-seventh year, and certainly does as little in the House as could possibly be expected for £14,500 a year, which sum, however, let us add, he expends with the greatest liberality, and with a most commendable impartiality as regards relief to all denominations of his poor fellow-creatures in the vicinity of his magnificent palace of Armagh, where he has presided for nearly thirty years, singularly exempt from the fanaticism in the midst of which he has resided, and of which the name of his family has for generations been the type and symbol. It is hardly necessary to say that he makes no figure in Parliament, and consequently calls for no farther notice at our hands.

Such, too, is the case with the Archbishop of Dublin, when in Parliament; for though Dr. Whately is one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of the age, and one of the most energetic writers in the language, and though he has made political science the peculiar study of a long and active and honoured career, and is a model of eloquent sententiousness in the closet, he disappoints all expectation the moment he opens his lips; and you would fancy that the accomplished author of "Historic Doubts of the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte"—(a work that has gone through some twenty editions, ridiculing the idea of there ever having been such a man in the world as the late so-called Emperor of the French!)—was a bungling, bashful, country clergyman, instead of one of the adroitest disputants living, the greatest authority in logic, and a perfect master of the whole arcana of public disputation—on paper; for, alack! the physical want of a happy utterance neutralizes, as a speaker, all his extraordinary and diversified mental acquisitions and endowments.

Next in point of years, if not for any

other reason, come we to the aged Maltby, Bishop of Durham, now turned fourscore. This see, before the reductions effected by the ecclesiastical commissioners some dozen years ago, was deservedly associated in the public mind with all that was most monstrous in the shape of sacerdotal rapacity, the revenues being proposterously prodigious, even beyond the vast nominal scale, £17,000; for, it was well known, that, during the time of the late Bishop Van Mildert, upwards of £70,000 was received in a single year by him for leasing certain mines in his diocese; and, if the present bishop be not greatly misrepresented, he has not suffered the custom to fall into any very alarming disuse. We should have stated earlier in our present Memoranda that Canterbury is called the Primate of all England, and York the Primate; Durham takes rank next, being entitled Prœsul Dunelmensis, while the remaining English prelates are merely *Episcopi*. It was observed by an able commentator on the pecuniary enormities of this see during the time of the late bishop, how curious it was to remark the very many chains of connection still subsisting between the dignities and rites of the church of England and those of ancient Paganism. As his Holiness the Pope is the successor of the Pontifex Maximus who slew and offered up the sacrifices in ancient Rome, so is the Lord Bishop, Count Palatine of Durham, successor to the Prœsul, or High Priest of Mars, whose business it was to precede and lead the chorus of the Salii, or dancing priests, in their processions through the streets during the public festivals, particularly at the *Hilaria*, or Festa Matris Deum, which was kept with great pomp and ceremony on the 8th of the calends of May, or at the time of the vernal equinox, when the day first begins to grow longer than the night, answering to our 25th of March (Lady-Day), or the Annunciation of the Virgin in the Papal Church. This Magna-Mater, or Magna-Dea, was Cybele, who was also known and worshipped as Ops, Rhea, and Vesta. Her priests were the Corybantes, of whom the Salii were the principal sect or class, and she was worshipped by the sound of drum, tabor, pipe, and cymbal. At this festival the Prœsul, armed with a buckler or shield, went before, dancing to the sound of these instruments and his own voice. Such is the great original of the Prince Bishop, who still performs many of the lay functions of the prelatical earls of former times! So far, however, as the individual is concerned, Dr. Maltby is one of the most estimable men on the episcopal bench; and the best proof that he would prove so was the tremendous outcry raised against Earl Grey, immediately after the accession of the first reform cabinet in 1831, for making him bishop of Chichester, whence he was "translated" in 1836,—"translation," by the way, being his first claim to celebrity; for, like many more of the bishops, whom Sydney Smith used to twit so unmercifully for their sagacity in Greek participles and ignorance of everything else, he originally made a name for learning by his editions of certain classic school-books—Morell's "Lexicon Græco-Prosodiacum" being the more important. Since he gained the prize-medal for Greek odes at Cambridge, sixty years have elapsed! What chapters, and homilies, and sermons, to be sure, might be made on the longevity of the bishops, and the sanitary influence of their revenues, which, in the present instance, however, amount to but £8,000. This, nevertheless, is pretty well, especially with the contingent windfalls in the shape of leases, &c., to which reference has already been made. Much good may do Maltby with it all! for he has ever been ready, by speech and vote, to promote not only temporal but ecclesiastical reforms, which is much more than can be said of nine-tenths of his spiritual brethren; and we should be thankful for the smallest concession to public opinion from such a quarter in such days as these, and especially in days gone by, when even the semblance of concession was withheld by those whose avowed mission it is to preach peace and practice good will.

But, asks the reader, where is Harry of Exeter?—where the terrible churchman, Blomfield, Lord of Fulham, and spiritual Sultan of Cockneydom? Proceed we to make the acquaintance of these potentates—shortly.

THE MIND.—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—*Spectator*.

A LADY who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

A FORTUNE FOUND AND A FORTUNE LOST.

"THE new cow has calved, Fanny," said Richard Stanley to his wife, one morning, as he returned in from the field to breakfast. The said Fanny, being at the moment up to her shoulders in soap-suds, hastened to put on the table her husband's breakfast, which she had already prepared. And a very good breakfast it was. Besides a pretty large basin of water-porridge, there was a loaf on a clean wooden platter, butter made by Fanny's own hands, a little cream reserved from the stock kept for sale, and a rasher or two of very nice bacon. Richard was not long in paying his respects to his wife's preparations, while she herself stood near, always ready to pour out another cup of coffee, or to cut more bread and butter. Suddenly the cry of a child was heard. Fanny darted up stairs, and came down forthwith, bearing in her arms a blooming boy.

"There," said she, putting the boy's face on the father's, "there, that is sweeter than your porridge."

"Well, well," answered the husband, "he *is* a fine one; come, let's have a hug;" and, taking the child into his arms, he fondled him for some seconds. Meanwhile, Fanny stood by radiant with joy.

"I wish Tom and Annie were home," she added; "their grandmother always keeps them too long."

"Here," interposed Richard, "take Jem. I must go and feed the pigs; my bacon, after all, is sweeter than your child."

"You impudent fellow!" exclaimed Fanny; and, running after him, as if in wrath, she was caught in his arms and reconciled with a kiss.

Fanny sat down to give her infant the breast. She was the picture of content. The apartment was small, but so clean and bright that you might have almost eaten from any part of it. Suddenly starting up, as if struck by some thought, she went to the door, and calling "Jenny! Jenny!" at the top of her voice, was answered by the appearance of a stout ruddy girl, of about sixteen. "Here!" Fanny said, "carry this loaf to Mrs. Rickards; and," cutting a piece of bacon from the flitch, which hung in a sort of ante-room, "carry this with it. Now, be sharp, and be back in no time. Tell Mrs. Rickards I hope she'll come and see me to day."

Mrs. Rickards was Fanny's sister. A few weeks previously she and her family had come to reside about a mile nearer to Manchester than the Stanleys. James Rickards, the husband, who was a millwright, having been out of employment for several months, had migrated from a country district in the hope of obtaining "a job." The cost of the journey exhausted his very slender resources; and now (Stanley had guaranteed the rent) he was in furnished lodgings of a very humble description, and almost destitute of food and clothing. Rickards' misfortunes came upon him at that crisis in a working man's life, when, having several children, no one of them is able to earn anything. Of his five young ones the oldest was but seven years of age. There was, indeed, a prospect of Will's being taken as an errand boy, and the father himself had had a hope of employment given him. Meanwhile, what was to become of the family? The idea of parochial aid occurred to Rickards only once, and was immediately banished from his mind. He could not endure the thought. This morning the family, on rising, had not a morsel of food to put within their lips. "I know not what will be the end on't," said Rickards to his wife, who sat undressed, bitterly weeping on the bed-side; "but I can't see you and the young ones starve." A knock without led him to lift the latch; he held the door a-jar, when a voice was heard saying, "Missis sends you this, and hopes you'll come and see her." The food was taken in, a hearty meal was made. Refreshed and invigorated, the husband went out to seek for work. In the evening he returned with glad looks, for he had "gotten a job." Mrs. Rickards, too, had good news to impart. Her sister Fanny had, in the name of her husband, invited her and her family to make "The Elms" their home until better times came,

"The Elms" was a small farmhouse, a couple or three miles out of the town. Stanley had held it since the time of his marriage, that is, nearly five years. It was well stocked, and though times had been bad, it continually brought small additions to the tenant's store.

The evening saw a great increase of the family circle at "The Elms."

"Is the cow going on well?" asked Fanny.

"Very well," answered her husband; "but I've a better bit of luck than that."

"Hard work is the best luck," said Fanny.

"If hard work must be done, it must be done," was Richard's reply; "but I tell thee what, Fan, I won't work hard much longer."

"Yea, thou will," answered Mrs. Stanley; "thou will not mind hard work for me and the bairns; besides, I do my share."

"Fan, I'll make a lady on thee."

"Art thou gone mad, Richard? I never heard thee talk o' this gate afore. What dost thou mean?"

"Well, I tell thee; thou seest, about six months ago, Jim, that's the long stable-boy at the Heart-in-hand, called me one day as I was passing, and showed me in a newspaper some words which said that the heir to a property formerly in the hands of the Stanleys of Hope might hear of something to his advantage by applying to some attorney in London.

I forget the man's name just now. Well, who could this be but me? You've often heard me tell about that property. It was held by my great grandfather; and I know very well how it was got out of the proper family line. Well, when I read the words, I thought I'd get a letter written to the man in London. However, I determined to wait a bit. Last week I got the schoolmaster to send the man a few lines, and to-day the answer has come. It is just as I thought it was. We shall have the property very soon, and a very nice estate it is. Ah! Fanny, my lass, thou shalt not work as thou dost, when I've summut like two thousand pounds a year coming in."

Fanny burst into tears.

"What! dost already cry for joy?"

"Not for joy, but sorrow, dear Richard," she replied. "I know well what all this will come to. What! didn't running after a fortune ruin the Dixons?"

"It's a different thing, Fanny, love; different, I tell thee, altogether. Why, my name shows it; I am a Stanley, and a Stanley of Hope Hall."

"I don't care who your great-grandfather was," said Mrs. Stanley," but I do care for thee, Dick, and for the young ones, and I do beg thee to give this up."

"Yes," interposed Rickards, "give it up. I never knew any good come of fortune-hunting. Why, I've known fifty people who would have it they were the true heirs to large properties, and of these fifty, I dare say, a dozen or more took to law, in order to get what they call their rights; but not one of the twelve succeeded."

"Nay," said his wife, interrupting him, "they are all as poor as we. There is Williams, and Bancroft, and old Joe Vickers, and I know not how many more, some of 'em well to do afore they began, now in poverty and rags."

"It's no matter talking," interposed Stanley; "the property is mine, and the property I'll get; and then, you know, some people won't turn up their noses when they pass me as they do now. Why, it was only yesterday that bit of a manufacturer's son, Harry Longworth, met me on his new black mare; he knows me as well as he knows his own father; I've nursed him many a good time. However, up he comes at a full canter, and dash-splash he goes by, neither 'with your leave,' nor 'by your leave,' almost knocking me down."

Fanny made no reply. She felt it was wise to "bide her time."

Next morning, on rising, Stanley said—"I shall sell the cow and the calf."

"What for?"

"Oh, I must send ten pounds to the lawyer in London."

"Don't, I beg of thee, my dear Richard, don't do so; it will be thy ruin; indeed it will."

"Nonsense! I've made up my mind."

"Oh, this is a sad day, to think my Dick should be so foolish; why, what dost thou want? We have six cows, four horses, and I don't know how many pigs, and all this we've got, nearly every bit on't, since we were wed; what wouldst thou have more? Don't, dear husband, don't have anything to do with it; 'twill bring us all to the poor-house. Now, come, there's a dear man; give it up—give it up, for my sake," she said, weeping and throwing her arms round his neck.

"Well, what must be, must be."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"O! I am very glad; I do so thank thee. Thou knowest I'd do anything to make thee happy."

Rickards was not at the breakfast-table. He had gone to his work. At the end of a fortnight he and his family were in a cottage of their own, Stanley having lent his brother-in-law thirty-shillings. With this, in addition to his wages, Rickards paid off his rent-score, and procured a few articles of furniture.

"O! it's a grand thing to be once again in a place of one's own," said Martha Rickards, on the second Sunday morning after entering her new abode. Mrs. Rickards had had time to get things clean and neat, and she looked proud and happy when her husband came down to a comfortable breakfast. "But," added she, "we must have done with these thirty shillings. I've been thinking, Tom, that out of thy wages we could spare ten shillings; fifteen will keep the house, and pay the rent; and for clothes we must wait a bit."

"Fifteen is too little."

"Nay, don't say so; let me try."

"Yes, that I will."

"Well, then, thou seest, if we have ten shillings a week to spare, we can pay sister five, and spend five in getting back our furniture, for it pains me sadly to see the house so bare. Besides," added she with emphasis, "winter is coming on, and thou shalt have a new working suit."

"Not a bit of new clothes will I have," Rickards replied, "till I see the bairns better shod; poor things! they're badly off for clothes."

"Well, we shall see." So the conversation ended.

When breakfast was over, Mr. Rickards said to his wife, "Martha, I should like to go to church this morning, but I'm ashamed to be seen."

"Never mind thy clothes, my lad; thy heart's right, and more can't be said of the great folk. Thy father always went, Tommy, and thou, too, till this poverty came; and as we're now like doing better, I wish thou'd go."

Mr. Rickards went.

At dinner he said, in a low tone, to his wife, "Stanley has not given up that there law. I met him this morning, and he looked very

gloomy. I know he has something on his mind. I was going to speak to him about it, but somehow he was cold in his manner, and I thought, perhaps, he was proud of his coming riches."

Before the end of a twelvemonth both Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Rickards had enlarged their household by the addition of a boy. The two children came very near together; and as the families were united by attachment, as well as by blood, it was resolved to hold at Rickards' house a festival suited to the occasion. In order to give an opportunity for members of the family to attend, they chose the day of the wakes, or the annual holiday of the district. It was a Sunday. On such an occasion the whole neighbourhood is in a stir. Children visit parents, and parents visit children. Sometimes the holiday is prolonged into the week, and Morris-dancers and the rush-cart adorn and enliven the sports.

Rickards was now in a condition to give his friends a substantial entertainment; and very glad were he and his wife to take an early opportunity of acknowledging the Stanleys' kindness. The house was filled with guests. Every one received a welcome; every one looked happy—save Stanley. He was gloomy and moodish. Jokes were tried on him, but he was unmoved; he was rallied, bantered, reasoned with—all to no purpose. At last, some one said—"O! its the estate." At these words Stanley hastened out of the room. His wife followed, and the company soon after broke up.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"None may hope
To win my love, that with malicious tales
Encroach upon a brother's ear, and point,
With busy zeal of false officious friendship,
The dart of some rash angry word, escaped
From passion's heat: it wounds not from the lips,
But swallowed by suspicion's greedy ear,
Like a rank poisonous weed, embitter'd creeps,
And hangs about the heart with thousand shoots,
Perplexing Nature's ties."—SCHILLER: *Bride of Messina.*

ONE of the writers of "Guesses at Truth" exclaims—"When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know—in authority, to be good for nothing." Shakspeare finely points out the sad result of the spirit of scandal and defamation, even where its plea is groundless:—

"I see the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame."*

Such is the moral of the adage—"Throw mud, and *some* of it will stick." Many people have a propensity for scandal and detraction, so monstrously developed, that their whole life seems a vivid commentary of the truth of that adage, a ferved panegyric on the potent effects of mud, and a commendatory treatise on the art of throwing it, in which art they are such practised graduates, such well-seasoned adepts. Sheridan's dramatic crusade against the "School for Scandal" was, doubtless, beneficial to some extent, and in certain circles of society; but there still exist, and there still flourish, academies of the same guild, universities dignified by the same charter, the members of which are often accomplished to a marvel in the said casting of mud. A libellous gossip is a necessary stimulant to their system, like a morning dram to the sot, or a cup of strong "gunpowder" to the nervous old dame. They love to take a character to pieces, and do it with the relish of an eager lecturer on anatomy. They doat on the discussion of a neighbour's weak points, real or assumed, as an epicure does on his tid-bits. If not ready to throw the first stone, they *are*

* Comedy of Errors.

ready to cast another, and another, and another, till a cairn of them is heaped up; and as for mud, they are never tired or ashamed of throwing *that*, and they chuckle as they think that *some* of it will stick.

Satisfaction in another's guilt is as properly as it is strongly called diabolical. Dr. Chalmers protests* that in the complacency which is felt by some on the discovery of a neighbour's weakness or his crime, there is that which savours of the Satanic—that even in the zest which is so currently felt when scandal mixes up of its infusion with the gossip of an assembled party, there are the distinct traces of a contagion from below—that there is a secret exultation of heart on some humiliating exposure of an acquaintance, which is absolutely fiendish. The German poet makes Don Carlos complain that those

> "Who watch men's looks, and carry tales about,
> Have done more mischief in this world of ours,
> Than the assassin's knife, or poison'd bowl." †

In fact, there is no telling what amount of injury may be caused by the habit of tale-bearing, and by the busy-body in other men's matters. Iago, by very few words, and very significant gestures, rouses Othello's suspicions to a pitch of agony. His "Indeed!" accompanied by a certain pursing and contracting of his brow, as if he had shut up in his brain some horrible conceit, makes the impetuous Moor at once conclude that there lurks some monster in his thought too hideous to be shown. How awfully the catastrophe of his history thunders in our ears the moral—"Nothing set down in malice." You may not be Iagos in intent, in cool, deliberate, systematic villany; beware, lest you be Iagos in effect, for while meaning only a little mischief, a dash of banter, a spice of sarcasm, a savoury morsel of scandal, you may in reality fire the train of a five-act tragedy. What a world of anguish, pathos, and remorse is condensed in the deluded Moor's cry over the corpse of his wife—

> "O, ill-starr'd wench!
> Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,§
> This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
> And fiends will snatch at it."

Scandal-mongers may be guiltless of evil intention in specific instances, but in fostering the general habit they *are* guilty. Events are beyond their control—not so the hints, and surmises, and tattling, by which those events are produced or hastened. Detraction and gossiping scandal are edge-tools, and with edge-tools it is dangerous to play. You may pull a trigger in sport, and find to your horror that the piece was *not* loaded with blank cartridge, but something more serious and fatal. One of our old Elizabethan writers says that the tongue of the busy-body and slanderer, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on flame. "His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases by intermeddling." Cowper graphically hits off an ancient prude, who, withered in soul as in face—

> "Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
> Censorious, and her every word a wasp;
> * * * * *
> Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
> And holds them dangling at arm's-length in scorn."‡

Who would sail in the same boat with *her?* Who that now and then indulges (a respectable luxury!) in a little scandal, seasoned with a pinch of slander, just enough to be pungent by the fireside without being libellous at Westminster; who that does this, will not, on reflection, amend his ways, and renounce for ever and ever a dastardly habit which is the characteristic of the meanest and most worthless of our race? Who will not at once shake off ties that bind him to folks who peep through keyholes, and listen, wherever a door is ajar, and whistle a good name down the wind, and stab a reputation in the dark?

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* Lectures on the Romans, vol. iii.

§ Account, judgment.

† Schiller's *Don Carlos*, act i. scene 1.

‡ Cowper's *Truth*.

THE ROYAL GARDENS AT KEW.

Kew is only seven miles from London. To those accustomed to pedestrianism the distance is but a pleasant walk; and there are other modes to be adopted when this is impracticable. By far the most agreeable is the transition by steamer; next to this, for the sake of time, is the railway ride; and last of all ranks the omnibus, though a seat on the roof in fine weather, and it is only then people go to the gardens at Kew, is not to be despised.

In the seventeenth century, *Kew House* and grounds passed into the possession of Mr. Molyneux, who was secretary to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He was well-known as an astronomer and a man of literature. With an instrument he constructed, and in those very grounds, the celebrated Dr. Bradley made his valuable discoveries relative to the fixed stars. To commemorate them, an inscription was placed by the late King William IV. on the pedestal of a sundial, which stands on the very spot, upon the lawn, which had been occupied by Dr. Bradley's telescope.

About the year 1789, his Majesty George III. purchased Kew House, which was soon afterwards pulled down, and its furniture removed to an older mansion, since called Kew Palace, and once the property of Sir Hugh Portman, who is mentioned as "the rich gentleman who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, at Kew." It is an old-fashioned brick-built edifice, but a favourite residence of the royal family of England for nearly a century; and especially of the late Queen Charlotte, who was interred at Kew.

The gardens had received much attention before the period of the royal purchase. The origin of the present marvellous assemblage of the curious, the beautiful, and the splendid in vegetable nature, is traced so far back as the year 1730. It was enriched with the productions of the southern hemisphere, to an extent never yet paralleled, by the voyage of Captain Cook* and Sir Joseph Banks round the world; the voyages of Captain Flinders and Mr. Robert Brown, and of Mr. Allan Cunningham to Australia; and the expeditions of Bowie and Masson, respectively, to Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope. Thus, it was truly and emphatically said of Kew:—

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side:
Obedient sails, from realms unfurrowed bring
For her its unnamed progeny of spring.
Attendant nymphs her dulcet mandates hear,
And nurse in fostering arms the tender year;
Plant the young bulb, inhume the living seed,
Prop the weak stem, the erring tendril lead;
Or fan, in glass-built fanes, the stranger flowers
With milder gales, and steep with warmer showers;
Delighted Thames through tropic umbrage glides,
And flowers antarctic bending o'er his tides,
Drinks the new tints, the sweets unknown inhales,
And calls the sons of science to his vales."

The attractions of the gardens were however, unhappily, allowed to fail during the reign of George IV. and our late sovereign, but at the early part of the sway of Queen Victoria, it was determined to place in a state to which they were every way entitled, the Royal Gardens of Kew. Her Majesty was pleased to accompany her expression of interest in this object by the surrender of her title to them, and they were accordingly placed under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Sir William Jackson Hooker, then Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, was now appointed to the office of Director of the Gardens, which he has most ably discharged; so that they have in many respects become almost unrivalled. They are open every day of the week except the Sabbath.

The mode of admission and that of inspection alike present a contrast to what took place in former times. We did not know it then, for we were living far away from the banks of "the silver Thames," and we therefore take the contrast as described by a recent writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. Then you rang a bell by the side of a wooden gate, which of itself was perfectly emblematic of the secresy of the working principle within. You were let in as if by stealth; as if the gatekeepers were ashamed to see you come, or you yourself were ashamed to be seen there. And when you were there, you were dogged by an official, as if you were likely to carry off the St. Helena willow trees in your button-hole, or one of the smaller hothouses in your waistcoat pocket. You entered unwelcome, you rambled about suspected, and you were let

* See "Sailings over the Globe," vol. ii. p. 35, &c.

out with manifest gladness shown at your departure. How gratifying is the contrast now! You go in by one of the most beautiful entrances that have been erected in modern times, whether we regard the effect of the whole design, or the taste shown in the detail of each particular gate. There is no unlocking of a dark door: you walk in freely. It is scarcely conceivable that, in so short a time, the change from the old close, crabbed, cramped, suspicious system, could have been so complete."

The main walk, on passing the richly-ornamented gate, takes a westerly course. Here the visitor may catch a distant view of Kew Palace; while on the left he will observe a collection of hardy exotic trees and shrubs circumscribed by a mark. On the lawn, on his right, are some noble trees, one of which, the Californian yew, attains, in its native country, a height of three hundred feet.

In the same direction, and but a few paces from the gate, is a handsome stone building, called the Conservatory, which is filled with an extremely rich collection of Australian, with a few Cape, plants. The smaller and younger plants in this house, says the "Popular Guide," by Sir W. J. Hooker, of which visitors will do well to avail themselves, and to which we shall be indebted for several facts, are raised chiefly from Swan River seeds, sent by Mr. Drummond, and are of great rarity and value.

In the Orangery are many remarkable vegetable productions, among which is the gum tree, of which Mr. Backhouse says: "It is the most gigantic tree of Van Diemen's Land, and is there called Stringy Bark. Some of its specimens exceed two hundred feet, rising almost to the height of the Monument in London before branching. Their trunks also will bear comparison with that stately column both for circumference and straightness. One of them was found to measure 55½ feet round its trunk at five feet from the ground; its height was computed at 250 feet, and its circumference was seventy feet at the base. My companions spoke to one another, and called to me when on the opposite side of the tree, and their voices sounded so distant that I considered that they had inadvertently quitted me in search of some other object; I accordingly called to them, and they, in answer, remarked the distant sound of my voice, and inquired if I possibly were behind the tree."

The walk from the Orangery to the new Palm-house is truly a noble one. The Palm-stove, as it is sometimes called, consists of a centre and two wings, occupying an open area 362 feet in length; the centre is 100 feet wide, and 66 feet in height to the summit of the lanthorn; the wings are 50 feet wide, and thirty feet high. It is a most remarkable edifice of iron, stone, and brick; the sheet glass is slightly tinged with green, at the suggestion of R. Hunt, Esq., who has greatly distinguished himself by his experiments on light, and who is persuaded that the medium with this hue is the one best adapted to transmit that kind of light which the plants especially require. The central portion of the building (138 feet long and 100 feet wide) has a gallery all around at the height of thirty feet from the floor, which visitors reach by a light spiral staircase, so that they may see the plants from above as well as from below.

The *palms* are the loftiest and noblest of all vegetable forms. In countries bordering on the region of palms, and in parts of Asia where they abound, we trace the earliest history of our race. And, however widely the palm has been subsequently diffused, the prize of beauty has been assigned to it by the concurrent voice of nations in all ages. Smooth polished stems of palms have been carefully measured by Humboldt, which attained the height of 192 English feet. In some instances the stems are ringed, and in others prickly, but all terminate in a crest of divided or fan-like leaves, which are not unfrequently curled. In receding from the equator, and approaching the temperate zone, palms diminish in height and beauty.

The *date-palm* arrives at its greatest vigour about thirty years after transplantation, and continues so for seventy years, bearing annually fifteen or twenty clusters of fruit, each of them weighing fifteen or twenty pounds. Its produce, however, greatly depends on its circumstances. It requires no other culture or attendance than to be well watered once in four or five days, and to have a few of its lower boughs lopped off whenever they begin to droop or wither. Those palms whose stumps, or pollices, being thus gradually left on the trunk, seem like so many rounds of a ladder to climb up the tree, are quickly supplied with others, which gradually hang down from the top or crown, contributing not only to the regular and uniform growth of the tree, but likewise to its perpetual and delightful verdure.

Rearing its stem, and expanding its broad and beautiful shade where there is nothing else to shelter man from the burning rays of the sun, the palm-tree is hailed by the wanderer in the desert with more

pleasure than any other tree; for, in addition to its shade and its fruit, wherever a little clump of pines contrasts its bright green with the red wilderness around, he may almost be sure he shall find a fountain ready to yield its cooling and refreshing waters. When Moses and the Israelites arrived at Elim, they found twelve wells of water by the side of seventy palm-trees; and it is said by Sir R. Wilson, that when the English army landed in Egypt in 1801, to drive the French from that country, Sir Sidney Smith assured the troops that wherever date-trees grew, water must be near. So, indeed, they found it, on digging usually within such a distance that the roots of the tree could obtain nutriment from the fluid.

A great variety of palms will be observed by the visitor to the stove of Kew Gardens. Its two stoutest palms may easily be recognised by the thickness of the trunk, and the giant size of the tubs in which they are placed; each single plant, with its earth and tub, is calculated to weigh seventeen tons. So strong is the fibre of one of the palms, that it forms an extensive article of commerce from Para, Brazil, for the purpose of making brooms and brushes for the machines, as well as others used by hand, employed in sweeping the streets of London and other cities.

In all parts of the globe the palms are accompanied by *plantains*, or *bananas*, having stems which are low, succulent, and almost herbaceous, surmounted by long, silky, delicately-veined leaves, bright and beautiful in verdure, and of a thin loose texture. It is on their fruits that the subsistence of a large part of the inhabitants of the torrid zone chiefly depends. They resemble the corn-plants to the dwellers in the northern regions. "But," says Humboldt, "if, in northern climes, where corn is cultivated in immense unbroken fields, their monotonous aspect adds but little to the beauty of the landscape, the inhabitant of the tropics, on the other hand, in rearing groves of plantains wherever he fixes his habitation, contibutes to the adornment of the earth's surface by the extention of one of the most noble and beautiful forms of the vegetable world." Some or other of the bananas or plantains may always be seen in this house, in a more or less advanced state of flower or fruit, during the whole year, their ample and delicately-grown foliage overtopping many of the other plants.

The fruit of the plantain is about an inch in diameter, and eight or nine inches long; it is bent a little on one side. At first it is green; as it ripens it turns yellow, and is filled with a pulp of a luscious sweet flavour. The spikes of fruit sometimes weigh upwards of forty pounds.

A cluster produced on a single banana plant often contains from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty fruits in its native climes. Reckoning a cluster at forty pounds, a moderate plant or two would produce more than 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance. The ripe fruit is preserved, like the fig, by being dried in the sun, and is an agreeable and healthy aliment. Meal is extracted from the fruit, by cutting it in slices, drying it in the sun, and then pounding it. Some of the varieties are said to possess an excellent flavour, surpassing the finest pear; and others are compared to a choice reinette apple, when kept through the winter. The banana only differs from the plantain in the form of the fruit; they are, indeed, considered by Humbolt as mere varieties. A single cluster of fruit often weighs seventy or eighty pounds, even when produced in the stoves of this country.

But we cannot mention a hundredth part of the vegetable wonders that catch the eye of the observant visitor. We can only allude to the *green dragon* tree, which, in its native isle, Teneriffe, measures forty-five feet in circumference, a little above the ground; the *papyrus*, on which most of the early manuscripts were traced; the *sugar-cane*, which yields its sweetness to

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates;"

the *bamboo*, appropriated to numberless useful purposes; the *chocolate tree*, whose seeds produce what has been termed "the drink of the Gods;" the *teak* tree, so extensively used in ship-building; the *coffee* tree, whose berries are "good," say the Turks, "for digestion and mirth;" the *cotton* tree, the seeds of which are surrounded by the beautiful substance with which we are so familiar; and the *banyan*, one of the most celebrated trees in tropical India, whom Milton truly describes as:—

"Spreading so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About their mother-tree, a pillow'd shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

Numerous green-houses now ask a visit, and will yield a reward proportionate to the intelligence and interest with which their various objects are inspected. Let not the *cactuses* be overlooked. At this season of the year, and earlier than this, many a window is richly adorned with the rosy-hued flowers of some of these singular plants, and with others of a living and glowing crimson, from which hang grace-

fully the elegant stamens. These are beautiful specimens of a greatly diversified race. The *cactus* form of plants is very remarkable in many respects. Sometimes they are spherical, at others jointed, and sometimes they assume the shape of tall, upright columns, rising to a height of 30 or 32 feet. Among them are some of the plants which St. Pierre has called "vegetable fountains in the desert." In the waterless plains of South America the animals suffering from thirst seek the melon-cactus, a spherical plant half-buried in the dry sand, and encased in formidable prickles, while the interior abounds in refreshing juice. The cactuses appear at Kew in astonishing variety, and are of themselves, particularly in spring, sufficient to repay a visit.

The *archidemous* plants, now the greatest favourites among cultivators, are, in flower, among the most beautiful objects of the vegetable creation, and remarkable for their highly-varied forms, great delicacy of texture, and often exceedingly brilliant colouring. Here, too, are fine specimens of pitcher plants, wonderful indeed in structure, and full of suggestions to the thoughtful; and the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, "the greatest prodigy," says Sir Thomas Raffles, who discovered it, "of the vegetable world." The one he saw measured a full yard across the flower; the nectary would hold twelve pints, and its weight was calculated to be fifteen pounds.

Nor must a glimpse at the *ferns* be omitted. We know them usually only as humble plants, but the form of ferns, like that of grasses, became ennobled, it is said, in the hotter parts of the globe. Arborescent ferns, when they exceed the height of forty feet, have a palm-like appearance, but their stems are less slender, shorter, and more rough and scaly than those of palms. Their foliage, too, is more delicate, and the edges of the fronds, as the leaves are called, are finely and sharply cut. In South America the arborescent ferns are usually found associated with the tree that has been the means of conferring such benefits on mankind by its fever-healing bark. "Both indicated by their presence," says Humboldt, "the happy region where reigns a soft perpetual spring."

But we must pause; we have not done justice to the most interesting and instructive spectacle presented by the royal gardens at Kew; it is enough if we have stimulated the reader's curiosity, and afforded him a clue to its gratification. What a treat a visit would prove to many a working-man, especially if accompanied by his wife, and any of his children whom he has taught—as many a working man has done—to admire and enjoy such a scene.

THE CHILD'S PILLOW.

FROM THE FRENCH.

O, dear little pillow! so soft and so warm!
So full of choice feathers! so white! and for me!
While others are dreading the wolf and the storm,
How sweet shall I sleep, little pillow, on thee!

How many poor children, who mothers have not,
Are ne'er by soft pillows invited to sleep!
Their slumbers are broken,—O pitiless lot!
Mamma, dear mamma! the thought makes me weep.

And when for each poor little outcast I've prayed,
That ne'er had a pillow, I'll nestle on mine;
And in my smooth bed, at thy feet by thee laid,
I'll bless thee, my mother, while reaching to thine.

I shall not awake till the daylight appear,
Which through the blue curtain so gladdens the sight;
And now I will whisper my tenderest prayer·
Yet give me one kiss, dearest mother! Good night!

THE PRAYER.

God of babes! hear a heart with their sufferings cleft,
I feel it here beating with fullness of prayer;
Alas! they have told me of orphans bereft;
Henceforward I pray thee have pity and spare.

Oh, send down an angel of mercy at eve,
To wipe away tears from all eyelids that weep,
And under each babe whom its mother could leave,
Lay a pillow like mine that shall send it to sleep.

J. M. H.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

By J. B., Printer, Walworth.

The most powerful and beneficial of the influences ordinarily at work in the formation of human character is that of woman. Man in life is what he is, to a great extent, by the power of woman. His infancy being committed to her charge, and his childhood spent in her society, her sayings and doings first impress themselves upon him. The prayer that she taught him first to lisp is never forgotten. Her exhortations and examples for good, and her praise of generosity and noble-mindedness, remain fresh in memory, and prove instrumental in preserving him from many temptations and dangers, and qualifying him for the arduous and responsible duties of manhood.

The noble qualities displayed by illustrious men is generally the fruit of seed sown in infancy. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," said one of old; and experience continues to this day to illustrate its truth. Napoleon attributed all his success to the sound principles taught him by his mother. Hogg's poetical talent was inspired and fostered by his mother. So with most great men; their first steps have been guided by a mother's hand, and their greatness has been the result of the early tuition of a woman.

But it is within the social circle that woman's influence is mostly exercised. Soothing with her smiles and cheerfulness the sons of toil, and counteracting the depressing tendencies of the world, she restores strength to the weakened frame, smooths the ruffled brow, calms the care-worn mind, and infuses into the weary heart fresh spirits and exhilirating hopes, with which to go forth to fight the great battle of life.

It is in the hour of sickness and distress that woman's virtues most brightly shine. Her tender and patient care guards us through the trial. But at all times she is the great ornament, the beneficent genius of home. She transforms the hovel of poverty into the palace of peace, where, reigning as an enthroned monarch, she dispenses pleasure and joy to all within her circle, thus becoming a being necessary to man, and to man's happiness:—

"O there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven design'd it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us!"

JUVENILE CABINET.

CANTON.

Canton is a large manufacturing as well as commercial town, standing upon the north bank of the Chookeang, or Pearl-river, about sixty miles in land from the "great sea." It is one of the oldest cities in the southern provinces, and second in importance to no other in the empire, unless we except Pekin, where the Emperor holds his court. It is the great commercial emporium of China, and was formerly the only port where foreign trade was permitted. It is not very large in extent, the whole circuit of the walls not exceeding about six miles; but it is densely peopled, and the suburbs, including the river-side population, contain as many inhabitants as the city.

The streets of Canton are very numerous, being more than six hundred, and have most singular and high-sounding names. For instance, "Martial Dragon-street," "Flying Dragon-street," "Golden Flower-street," "Resplendent Lantern-street," and so on. The Rev. Mr. Bridgman observes, that these streets, notwithstanding their fine names, seldom exceed six feet in width, and that many of them are not above two. The houses are but one story high. A few of them are of wood or stone; many, belonging to the poorer classes are of mud, and contain but a single apartment; but the dwellings of the wealthy are, as in other countries, of convenient size, and luxuriously furnished. Cylindrical lanterns are hung by the doors or gates of all houses of consequence, having the names and titles of the owners inscribed, so that they may be read either by day or night.

Printers of books are very numerous in this city, and there are also, says Mr. Bridgman, many "who work in wood, brass, iron, stone, and various other materials." It is remarkable, however, that each trade forms, as it were, a separate community, having laws and rules for the regulation of both business and private concerns, different from those which govern the nation as a whole. Entire streets are also devoted to the use of persons having the same trade or profession, thus, we find "Doctor-street" occupied exclusively by druggists; "Printing-street" by printers; and "Resplendent Lantern-street" by lantern makers. To a stranger this latter street is the most interesting part of the city, as it presents at once to the eye, the degree of perfection to which the Chinese people have attained, not only in lantern making, but in the arts of painting, sculpture, and engraving. By describing these lanterns, we shall illustrate this fact. They are of all sizes, fron very small ones, to those whose diamete measures upwards of thirty feet. The ge nerality of them are of an hexagonal form and the panels or sides being about fou feet in height, and two in width, are set i frames which are either carved, or painted or japanned. The panels are also beauti fully painted or stained; they are some times formed of silk, but more frequently o horn, or pearl-shell. Many lanterns ar said to cost more than a thousand crowns and some, four times that sum, being mad to represent halls, chambers, and saloons on a scale sufficiently large to be actually made use of for the usual purposes of suc places. Mandarins, and other people o rank, frequently retrench something ever day from the expenses of their tables, thei equipages, and their dress, that they m be enabled to expend the more on their lan terns.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 6TH TO OCTOBER 12TH.

October 6, *Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

October 7, 1792, died, at his domain in Fairfax county, Virginia, in the 67th year of his age, *Col. George Mason.* This event is worthy of notice for the sake of introducing the following extract from his will:—"I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but, if either their own inclinations, or the necessity of the times, should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest, or ambition, induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting, the liberty of their country, and endeavouring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

October 7, 1832, the *Reform Bill* was thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of 41. This was the occasion of serious disturbances in various parts of the kingdom. Great crowds assembled in London. The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Londonderry, and other noblemen, were insulted and attacked in the open street. The windows of several noblemen were broken, and many shops were closed. Tranquillity was not restored till the 12th or 13th instant.

October 8, 1795, died, in his 72nd year, *Andrew Kippis*, D.D., F.R.S. He was a man of considerable learning, and was for some years classical and philological tutor to a Dissenting academy, supported in London by William Coward, Esq. He laid the foundation of the "New Annual Register." He was the author of the lives of Capt. Cook, Sir John Pringle, Dr. Doddridge, Dr Lardner, &c. His greatest literary undertaking was an improved edition of the *Biographia Britannica.*

October 9, 1690, died, at the age of 87, *Sir John Maynard*, an eminent lawyer, who had been active in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud. He sat in the "Assembly of Divines;" and was sent with Glynn to the Tower by the Parliament, for opposing the victorious army. He vehemently, but vainly, pleaded for the life of Charles I. He was recalled to the coif by Charles II.

October 9, 1843, died, at the age of 86, *George Maddox*, an architect of much original talent. For thirty years of the latter part of his life he devoted himself to teaching, and was the instructor of Professor Cockerell, Decimus Buxton, Professor Hoskins, and several other medical men.

October 10, 1723, died, *William, Earl Cowper*, who filled the office of Lord High Chancellor with integrity and ability.

October 11, *Old Michaelmas Day.*

October 11, 1797, *Admiral Duncan* obtained a decided victory over the Dutch fleet off Camperdown, near the Isle of Texel, on the coast of Holland. His Lordship died on the 4th of August, 1804.

October 11, 1832, died, aged 80, *Thomas Hardy*, one of the political reformers who, with several others, was tried some years before for high treason, but acquitted.

October 12, 1848, great numbers of the *National Guards* of Paris visited London on a pleasure trip.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. IV.—No. 41.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850.]

PEACE AND WAR.

NOTHING so strikingly shows the sickly morality and charity of the time as that the very newspapers which profess to have a great concern for the prosperity of the country, and the welfare of the working classes, should be the advocates of standing armies and wars, and thus uphold an infamous system which worse than paralyzes a large portion of the strength and vigour of the nation; which demoralizes and debases those whom it employs; which demands excessive labour and risk of life, for the smallest amount of remuneration; which injures trade, and cripples the resources of the land, and then taxes the people most heavily for the purpose of sustaining this iniquity, cruelty, and barbarism. The working classes must engrave it deep on their heart of hearts, that no man, whether priest, prime minister, or editor, who advocates war can be the friend of the masses. Indeed, it must form an essential part of the creed of the "good time coming," that no person can be, in word or deed, the supporter of standing armies, battles, and physical violence, without impeaching his humanity, his patriotism, his philanthropy, and Christianity.

The journals which of late have laughed so loudly at Peace Societies and Peace Congresses, have been laughing at violence, plunder, starvation, want of trade, low wages, carnage, and death. In fact, they have been laughing heartily at humanity, at justice, at national prosperity, at philanthropy, benevolence, and religion. More cruel than the brute creation, they revel in the tears of widows and orphans; they exult at the sight of cities sacked and burnt; of bleeding wounds, the writhing of the dying, and the mangled bodies of the dead; and from such barbarities they collect laurels for the instigators and conductors of these ravages, and, with the skulls of the murdered, build up monuments for the monsters that engaged in the massacre; and demand that the tea, and sugar, and coffee, &c. &c., of every poor boy, and girl, and woman in the land should be heavily taxed to sustain these savage abominations. And yet, in the very pages which seem to luxuriate in these crimes, and mock at those who would bring them to an end, you have hypocritical tears shed over the dwellings, and wages, and prolonged employments of the working classes! Here you have cant which sets at defiance everything that provoked the risibility of Swift, "Hudibras," or the Cavaliers. Talk of "the Barebones" and "Mawworms" of former years, why all of them are beaten hollow by most of the leading editors of the present day. To pity the poor, bewail their woes, advocate wars, laugh at peace, fetter trade, increase taxation, and crush the labourer in the dust, is such a hodge-podge of humanity and devildom, that only persons of extraordinary recklessness about consistency, character, and principle, could submit to the degradation of exhibiting themselves in such a plight to the world.

We intend to sound the alarm in the ears of our brethren and sisters who toil for their bread, that they may be aware "of these false prophets," these "wolves in sheep's clothing." It must be proclaimed from John o'Groat's to Land's-end, that the advocates of wars are the enemies of the human family. But that we may not be charged with uttering mere declamation, let the following facts be duly weighed:—

1. War worse than paralyzes the muscle and talent of the strongest and healthiest portion of the Community.

A late writer on the Continent has shown that, in Europe alone, *one half* of the most muscular and powerful of the people are employed as soldiers. Here you have hands, and feet, and talents, that might do some good in the world; but, instead of being thus employed, they live to no purpose. A soldier is a picked man, drawn, or dragged, from his proper duties as a citizen, that he may be manufactured by drill-sergeants, and others, into a mere machine. He has nerves and muscles of the highest order, which might cultivate the bogs of Ireland, or drain all the pestilent marshes in the unhealthiest regions of Africa. He might till the uncultivated wastes of the world, and cover the earth with cities, roads, and railways, and brighten up old ocean with the white sails of commerce. But now he does nothing for himself, or others. He is only a destroyer of the wealth and inhabitants of our planet. The clothes that he wears, and the food he eats, are taken from the mouths and backs of the poor and the starving. He is a locust in peace; and a thief, firebrand, and murderer, in war. Whether he marches to the field of blood, or wastes his existence in the indolence and degradation of the barracks, he is the bane of society. He does as much mischief in peace as in war; and not only lives on the toil of other people, but stands ready to rob them of their liberties, or blow them to atoms, if his masters should give the command.

He has not, he dares not, have any sympathy with the rights of other men. He has sold himself for a slave, that he may enslave his own kindred. Were he to show that he has any thought, will, humanity, justice, or patriotism of his own, he would be shut up in the black-hole, be whipped worse than a dog, or be shot by his fellows. We beg pardon for saying "whipped like a dog." The miscreant who should lacerate the body of a beast as the backs of our soldiers are torn with the cat-o'-nine tails, would be treated as an outlaw by everyone. All the tales of cruelty which called for Mr. Martin's act to prevent the maltreatment of animals, are thrown into the shade by the single infliction of three hundred lashes on the back of a runaway soldier. And yet men sell themselves to be thus unmade and undone; to be scourged and scourge the earth, for the paltry sum of thirteen pence a day! For himself the hope of rising is cut off. The scavenger, or collector of dirty bones, bottles, or old rags, may make his fortune, and ride in his carriage. Honest labour has exalted to their rank and affluence all the burgesses of the land. Sir Robert Peel, and myriads of others, equal in eminence, sprung from the masses. But how rarely does a soldier rise! His ear is bored for life. He has little or no scope for his talent. What trade can he commence, or what fortune can he save, out of thirteen pence a day? All places of emolument are seized by the grasping sons of the aristocracy; and even of the plunder of the battle-field, the lion's share is theirs, and the merest pittance his; so that, in a common soldier, you have a man unmade and undone for life. The benefits he might confer on trade and commerce are incalculable. Make him anything but a soldier, and he will add to the value of everything he touches; but in the barracks he is a pest and a loss, and in the battle-field a being much below the beasts!

2. War is unnecessary.

Disputes are widened rather than settled by shedding of blood. The sword and the cannon are poor peace-makers, or peace-preservers. The amity of the scimitar is the amity of wild beasts, which are kept from mischief by the iron bars of their dens. We are told that the world is sustained in good will by the fear which

bayonets engender, or artillery creates. Spike the guns, and the nations will be at arms in a minute, so dependent is their love on powder and ball! Who would have dreamt that any lunatic asylum in the nineteenth century could have produced a maniac who could have roved about, making men pacific by spears and sabres, battle-axes and blunderbusses? Or that savagely fighting would make them love one another? We, forsooth, are going to make French, Spaniards, Grecians, Russians, Indians, and Chinese love us by blowing them to atoms!

The drunken Irishman used to "meet with his friend, and for love knock him down," but we knock men down to make them love us! We always fight for peace, love, and concord. Oh! it was the milk of human kindness in us that induced us to land in India, seize the territory, and send the aborigines by the myriad into an eternity for which they were unprepared. We spent six hundred millions of treasure to put down democracy and Napoleon in France out of pure affection and compassion to the people. How liberal we have been of our wealth and blood, when a principle of true freedom has been likely to emancipate the continent! What busybodies we have proved in other men's matters! It is one of the greatest marvels that we are not hated by every nation under heaven. There is hardly a people upon earth on whom we have not inflicted some dreadful calamity which they groan under to this day; and then we boast that we did it all out of the kindness of our hearts. We shot them because we loved them, and therefore ought to be tenderly loved in return.

There is not a single war in which we have engaged but might have been prevented. And even if foreign foes had obtained power over us, they would never have dared to burden us with the taxes that our present military parliament imposes upon us. There is not a despot in the world that would be safe if he burdened his subjects to the extent that Englishmen are mulcted by their vaunting representative senators. The chief thing we have gained by our wars is an annual taxation of upwards of forty millions a year to crush our energies and to cripple our trade!

To talk of preserving peace by war is the most arrant of all absurdities. Peace is effected and sustained by reason, by justice, by benevolence—the reciprocities of trade, and mutual good will. There is no justice in the artillery of the battle-field; no peace in the roar of a cannon. There the innocent bleed to gratify the lust of ambitious rulers. The dogs of war are let loose to worry men who have done no wrong, while the parties who have quarrelled keep far away from danger. Peace is made by reason, and why not reason *before* the battle, and settle the dispute without shedding of blood? We should thus save so much waste of treasure and life, that we could afford to make large concessions to an antagonist.

Such reasonable thoughts as these would everywhere prevail, had we not an avaricious military parliament, which supports its sons and relatives by this traffic in blood. They are too respectable—so they boast, to be manufacturers or merchants; and, therefore, they are obliged to be warriors for a morsel of bread! They cannot work; and therefore they fight, or rather hire others to fight for them, and live by the spoils of war, or sinecures and pensions of an armed peace. The only persons on earth who have any interest in war are the aristocracy; and these, in connection with monarchs, have always been the originators of the quarrels and battles of our world. The blood of the slaughter-field of Mars lies chiefly at their door.

But the day is fast coming when a period will be put to this carnage, and the people will resolve to be duped no longer. PEACE SOCIETIES must be formed in every factory and workshop in the land. Our trade, our wealth, our happiness,

depend upon our amity with all nations. We do not want to slay man, but to deal with him. It is not by sacking towns, but by carrying our goods to their markets, that we enrich ourselves. The building, and not the burning, of cities, is what we want to enlarge our trade, employ our population, and increase wages. "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN," must be the ruling principle of the world, and the motto on every banner. It is only for the masses to resolve that they will fight no more to please a grasping aristocracy, that their energies shall not be paralyzed in the barracks, but employed for the benefit of themselves and their species, and plunder and desolations shall come to an end, and the world shall realize all the blessings of PERMANENT UNIVERSAL PEACE.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE THREE HOMES:

A TALE OF THE COTTON SPINNERS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN AMONG THE SPINDLES.

PART THE SECOND.

CHARLES'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN A FACTORY—A FEW REFLECTIONS—THE FACTORY SYSTEM FORTY YEARS AGO—THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES—THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER—HIS FUNERAL—THE MEETING—MARRIAGE OF MARY—JOHN MITCHELL—BIRTH OF MARY'S FIRST CHILD.

And so to the factory our hero went; but, more lucky than many of his fellows, Charles had the good fortune to be engaged in the mill of Mr. Davidson, a gentleman as much in advance of his time in regard to the conduct of his establishment as most proprietors are behind it. It is true that it is to the employer's interest to have a body of workpeople at once steady, prudent, sober, industrious; but it is also true, that at the period of which we are writing, the only bond of connection between the master and the servant—and some mill-owners had literally thousands in their employ—was that of mere hire and wages.

And here we must be allowed to dwell for a few moments on some of the evils of the factory system as it was, and from the effects of which the manufacturing towns are only just emerging; and we entreat the reader's patience and attention to what we say—premising merely, that while we are talking Charles is working; storing his mind at the same time with the seeds of true knowledge, and, under the care of Mr. Pearce, strengthening and developing the faculties, and increasing the talents, which God had given him.

The great invention of James Watt, the wonder-working steam-engine, entirely changed the features of modern civilization, and no where were its effects more manifest than in Manchester and the north. As early as the fifteenth century Manchester had been famous for its manufactures of cotton and woollen stuffs, but the advent of steam, by so prodigiously and suddenly increasing the production of power, was the cause of a mighty influx of workers into the districts in and around Manchester. People of all ages flocked to the seats of industry, and indiscriminate masses, from all corners of the land, were speedily employed in guiding, feeding, tending, watching, waiting, and preparing for the requirements of the iron giant and the endless whirl of machinery which he set in motion. Where only villages and hamlets had previously existed, towns and cities suddenly sprang up, and within a circuit of six miles round Manchester more than a million and a-half of this new population located themselves. In the town itself; in its courts and alleys and drear bye places; in its suburbs and distant parishes; in quiet country scenes, where nothing noisier

than the watermill or the hum of the summer insects had hitherto been heard—great factories, partaking at once of the grandeur of the palace and the solitary gloom of the prison, sprang up, as it were, by magic; in every one of which crowds of men, women, and children were promiscuously huddled, frequently without care for anything but the interest their labour would add to the millowners' capital.

Nor was this state of things confined to one district; the entire north of England swarmed like a hive, and Huddersfield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, besides numerous other places, sprang into a new, and oftentimes unhealthy, existence; for while they employed thousands of operatives, they took no heed of their moral, religious, or social condition. Children of tender years, taken into the factory as scavengers, &c., were early initiated into the mysteries and hardships of toil; boys and girls were looked upon, both by their parents and the manufacturers, as only so much extra labour; mothers left their infants to the care of hired nurses, or *quieted* them during their absence by means of Godfrey's Cordial and other destructive drugs; and thus were the sweet and healthful influences of home destroyed, and children grew up into men and women without education, without reverence for parental authority, and without the slightest regard for decency or modesty. With no ideas of their own on the subject, they were considered simply in the light of money-getters, and lived and died without love for well-doing in this world, and without fear for the next.

And the influence of the system on females will at once be seen by reference to what has already been said of Mary Sparkes. She had been "dragged up" from infancy under the care of a hired nurse, but little older than herself. As soon as she was able to walk and talk, she had been taken to the factory, and as her mind and morals had received no kind of training, she speedily imbibed from those about her, all that was pernicious and vile—for the mind of a child, as we all know, is much more apt in receiving bad than good impressions. She had experienced little parental affection, for her mother had no leisure for dalliance or fondness, and thus she grew up into a woman with her domestic affections unawakened, her feminine feelings untouched, her thoughts and motives untrained. Is it any wonder, then, that feeling her whole exertions went but to add to the common stock, she came to consider her parents in some way dependent upon her; and that the idea being fostered, possibly by her companions, she should be anxious to labour only for herself? Working apart from her mother, associating, little with her father, and having no community of feeling with Charles, who, she said, was far too learned for her, the domestic tie became gradually weakened, till, as we have seen, she determined to leave her father's house for ever. Who shall say how great were the temptations to which she was exposed? Her case is only one of thousands.

The effects of the old system do not stop here, however. While one-sixth of the females employed in the manufacturing districts were married women, a large proportion of those under eighteen were living in lodgings of their own, uninfluenced by parental controul, and, it is to be feared, depending on other resources than those obtained from labour.

But to return to Charles. As time rolled on, the good seeds sown in his heart began to blossom and bear fruit; and as year after year passed by, he improved in the knowledge of his business, and rose in the estimation of his employer. He still lived at home with his parents, striving, as far as lay in his power, to make up by increased assiduity for the loss they experienced by their daughter's ill determination. He was now about twenty years of age, and the promises of his childhood were not belied by the experience of his riper years. He was not one of those imaginative characters, described in novels and whom fond mothers dream about only to be disappointed in the end. He had many faults, and did many very silly things. He was at one time all but joining a chartist lodge, and another he was nearly enticed away by a wild drinking set who used to frequent the music rooms and dancing saloons. But he had what few are blessed with, a wise sober-minded adviser always at hand, in Mr. Pearce. For some years he attended the evening-school; and after he left, he would go to him in all his difficulties and perplexities; and he ever found in his old master a friend, who not only could give him good advice, but, what made good advice so very attractive, could sympathize in all his doubts, and temper his directions according to his pupil's wants. It was under Mr. Pearce's guidance that the solemn truths which had been implanted in his heart when young, began to develope themselves in his character, and he was led to take those deep and true views of life and its duties, which made him patient when others were discontented and turbulent, and cheerful when his companions saw all things on the black side.

About this time two things occurred, which, however sad in themselves, had a reformatory influence on our hero's future life:—the marriage of his sister, and the death of his father.

It would be distressing to tell how Sparkes had fallen lower and lower in the scale of what was considered decent and

proper, even among his fellow workmen; it would be shocking to relate the many scenes of domestic bickering caused by his father's profligate habits; it would be horrible to repeat the language in which the husband addressed his wife when he came home in his frequent drunken fits, and equally horrible to record the exasperated woman's replies. To all such incidents Charles had latterly become in a measure inured, and he seldom ventured to interfere between his parents, except when actual violence was about to take place; and notwithstanding the habits of the one and the carelessness of the other, both father and mother had an affection for their son greater than either ever ventured to declare, which affection was repaid by Charles in a manner they at least could fully appreciate, for the fruits of his labour was their main means of support.

Coming home late one evening from his friend Pearce's house, he was surprised to discover his mother waiting at the door to receive him. Her face was very pale, her hair and dress disordered, and her eyes red as if from weeping.

"What's the matter, mother?" inquired Charles, about to rush into the cottage.

"Hush! hush! my dear," said she, in a kind of frightened whisper; "don't wake him."

And with that she led him fearfully into the house. A single rushlight was burning on she table, which hardly gave sufficient light to enable him, coming in from the street, to discern the cause of his mother's unusual caution. But he was not long in discovering it; for, lying stretched on the bed in the further end of the apartment, with a coverlid thrown loosely over the lower part of his person, lay the figure of a man, and bending over his face was a young fellow in black, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth.

To rush to the bedside and cast himself before it was but the work of a moment, while his mother sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"I'm afraid it's all up," said the parish surgeon's assistant, taking the cigar from his mouth and letting the hand he had been holding fall back upon the bed.

"Tell me, tell me what has happened!" exclaimed Charles, bending over the prostrate form of his father.

"Oh, it's quite a common case," replied the youth, carelessly. "I suppose he had been drinking hard, and has fallen on his forehead. Decided attack of *delirium tremens:* can't recover; quite impossible!"

"Oh, don't say so, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparkes, passionately throwing herself on the body of her husband.

"Why, my good woman, if saying anything different would do any good I'd say it —but it won't. Have you such a thing as a lucifer match about?"

But before the doctor's assistant could light his cigar, and before Charles could quite understand or believe that the case was hopeless, the sufferer rose upright in his bed and stared about him.

"Father! father!" cried Charles. "Oh, speak a word to me! tell me what has happened!"

"Clear away the traps!—let's have a song!—put more coals upon the furnace!" shrieked the dying man in the paroxysm of his disorder.

"Quite delirious, you see," said the assistant; "told you so."

"Never mind," the wretched man went on; "if I am drunk, I'm reasonable." And then he began to sing the burden of some roaring song, in the midst of which he would suddenly break off, rock himself to and fro, and weep like a child; no, not like a child, but with the tears of a strong man in agony. Recovering again, he would break out into vile oaths and fearful imprecations, yet always talking and muttering about the factory and the public-house. He was evidently in the midst of his late pot-house companions.

"This is a sad sight, sir," said Charles, looking up at the assistant through his tears.

"Well, yes, so it is," returned that imperturbable individual; "but quite common, I assure you. Had three weavers in the same way last week; one died raving mad, with an oath upon his lips."

All this time Sparkes kept rocking himself to and fro in the arms of his son, murmuring every now and then of the mill, the overseer, the tavern, and the ingratitude of his daughter Mary. Then, for more than half an hour, he was quite still; and the doctor's assistant, taking advantage of his silence, whispered Charles to send for him if he was wanted, lit his cigar at the dim candle, and presently withdrew—making his way to the door without disturbing Mrs. Sparkes, who was sobbing and crying by herself in a corner.

All at once the dying man started up, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly round the room. "Where is my son?—bring me my son!" he cried.

"Here, father, here!" said Charles, pressing him in his arms.

Then for a moment the light of reason shone in the father's eyes. He gazed earnestly into the face of his son; beckoned him to come nearer, and whispering in his ear—"Take care of your mother!" fell back and expired.

We draw a veil over the events of that day, and several days; for the grief of the widow and fatherless are sacred, and the preparations for a parish funeral do not require much description.

It was a source of great regret to Charles that he neither knew the residence of his sister nor the mill where she was employed. The truth was, that she had long withdrawn herself from all communication with her family; and though he sought her everywhere to tell her the sad news, he had hitherto been unsuccessful.

The day of the funeral at length arrived. The ceremony itself was a poor affair—quite a common, ordinary parish funeral, with three of the dead man's fellow workmen and his son as followers,—their ordinary working clothes but thinly disguised beneath the rusty black cloaks furnished by the parish undertaker; but there was at least one sad heart in the dreary company—one sincere mourner behind the coffin.

As the undertaker hurried them through the crowded streets of Ancoats, their course was stopped for a moment by a merry company, whose loud laughter and noisy conversation grated harshly on the ears of the chief mourner. He looked up for a moment, and his eyes encountered those of his sister Mary. They spoke not; and, except by a slight involuntary start, appeared not to recognise each other. They passed on. None other of either company noticed the incident, but to the principal actors in the scene everything was quite plain and comprehensible:—the daughter was going to the church to be married, and the father to the churchyard to be buried!

Possibly the meeting was not without its warning even to one so thoughtless and so callous as Mary Sparkes.

The next evening Mary and her husband called upon the widow, and of course expressed their regret at the sad news; but neither mother nor daughter had much sympathy for each other; and, after a few words, of course, they parted, never to meet again.

That same day Charles made a resolution never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor as long as he lived; and while he sat with his bereaved mother in their humble cottage, his sister and her husband were enjoying themselves in their own fashion at a twopenny ball at the Pig and Thunderbolt, the respectable Tom and Jerry where their acquaintance had begun.

Gay and thoughtless, fonder of pleasure than of hard work, with more rough good humour than good sense, John Mitchell had never, perhaps, asked himself whether Mary Sparkes was just the kind of wife fitted for him; but, like many of his class, he was taken by the pretty face and gay dress of his charmer, and after a short acquaintance they were married—not, however, we regret to say, till within a few months of the birth of their first child. This was not a very promising beginning, to be sure, or very likely to bring a blessing upon their house, but Mitchell never thought of that;—if he was thoughtless and infirm of purpose, he had within him the elements of good, had they been properly encouraged and worked out.

How could Mary be a good housewife? How could she make a good companion for her partner in life? Young married people in that rank of life seldom have much furniture to fill their room, but good management and extreme cleanliness do a great deal towards imparting an air of comfort and tidiness; but whenever the wife gets into dirty, slatternly ways, it is difficult to conceive a more perfect picture of discomfort and misery than a room may present.

Poor Mary had had no schooling; she could neither read nor write, so that she could not sit down to a book of an evening. Her hands were quite awkward too, in doing any kind of household work; she had no idea whatever of how to clean out a room properly. With her needle she was very little more at home, and as to cooking, she had no more notion of it than the baby at her breast. In short, she knew nothing of domestic habits; she had never any knowledge of cooking before her marriage; and as she had generally been pretty well off, she could afford to have her clothes made by others. Now the whole state of things was altered; her husband was anything but provident, and she could no longer have others to work for her. The cooking was the worst part of all; she had not the slightest idea what to do; she could not even boil a potato; baking was quite out of the question; and when they did buy a piece of meat, her only resource was to fry it—the frying-pan was eternally on the fire. Though to be sure she did occasionally, on a Sunday morning, buy a piece of meat from a barrow in the street, for their dinner, put it on a dish, and pay a penny for the baking! John was not the sort of man to put up with this quietly. Sometimes, when money was plenty, he would buy ready-dressed meat at the cookshop; at others, when he could not afford this, his bad supper led to many a fierce quarrel between him and his wife. The dirt of the house did not give a charm to his home. His mother had been a managing, bustling woman, and he was not accustomed to see the bed unmade, the dust upon the chairs, and the remains of dinner still upon the table when he came home at night.

Miserable, wretched home for John Mitchell! Many a time did it drive him to the bright fire and joyous companions of the alehouse. Strange

scene of discomfort to poor Mary; and yet it was in the midst of it that she was soon to bring forth her first-born child.

It was a happy day for her when she found herself on the safe side of such a trial, and heard her infant cry, and saw her husband's face of joy when he came home from his work, and found that a little boy was born to him. All the affections of his heart were called out toward his wife. When he saw her and her baby lying side by side in her bed, there was nothing that he could not do or promise for his Mary then.

The novelty, however, soon wore off; work, too, was scarce about that time, so that John did not find it very convenient to pay the doctor and the nurse, and the many little expenses which a lying-in involves in every rank of life. He began to miss his wife's earnings. She had of course been obliged to give up work a fortnight before her confinement, so that now she had lost more than a month. This produced a great diminution in their finances, especially at such a time as this. What was to be done? Mary dreaded the question which she knew her husband would ask; but at last, one Sunday morning, it came.

"When shall you be able to go back to Mr. Marsh's?"

Poor Mary, wishing to put off the evil day, replied—"I don't think I am strong enough to work yet. It was only last Thursday fortnight that our little boy was born."

"Don't you pretend that," said John; "we shall all starve if you choose to live as a fine lady; you are just as fit to go as I am."

"But what am I to do with the baby?" she asked mournfully.

John hesitated to express the thoughts which rose up in his mind; his love toward his first-born had not yet died away, so that he could hardly make up his mind to bring out the proposal he intended to offer.

"What am I to do with the baby?" asked Mary, after a minute's silence. During this time a struggle had been going on between selfishness and paternal affection in John's breast. It was only a short struggle, and selfishness gained the day.

"Do, woman! do what all your neighbours do. Why are you to be different from the rest?"

She knew what was coming next, and endeavoured to excite a fresh display of her husband's love for his first-born.

"I can't leave this little darling; I can't, I can't!" she cried.

This outburst softened John a little; but he was not to be turned from his purpose.

"Oh, my dear," said he, "there is old Mrs. Smithson, that lives up the opening; she takes in babies. You can leave yours there in the morning. She'll take care of it; and then you can fetch it back of an evening. Her house is close to the factory; so that you can go and see it between hours."

"But will she take care of the little dear?" asked Mary, sadly.

"Oh, to be sure she will; and a fellow-workman of mine, who has a large family, says that they sell some nice stuff at the chemist's, which makes the babies quiet, if their mother cannot come to them; it sends them to sleep."

This touched a chord which John was not aware of; and he was quite unprepared for the frantic manner in which she exclaimed,—

"My little darling shall never be poisoned by that horrid stuff! He shan't! he shan't! if I starve first. It was the death of my little brother, years ago; and my mother never got over it for months, for the doctor told her that she had killed her child."

"Well, well, Mary; let us say no more about it. Wait a week longer, and we shall see what can be done. Don't fret, girl, and take on in that cruel manner."

A week passed before the conversation was renewed; but it was delayed, not forgotten. It requires strong principle for any one to go contrary to the current of public usage, especially when the exercise of principle would involve severe loss and entail self-denial upon the actors. And so, when the subject was resumed, Mary was much more reconciled to leaving her baby at Mrs. Smithson's; and, as they found themselves gradually getting into debt, and her wages were daily more and more wanted, she went to the old woman with an aching heart, and delivered up her little charge.

It was at the commencement of her married life, and when she first became a mother, that Mary Mitchell had experienced these scruples. The next child she had was speedily put out to nurse, and died, of course; as also did the third. And by the time her fourth babe was born, little John was nearly six years old, and he, like his uncle, was constituted nurse, to watch over the other child during the absence of its mother.

It was then that the difficulty came of keeping them quiet; it was then that the temptation was presented in its strongest aspect; it was then that the sad alternative was first adopted; and it was then that, for the first time, she found herself at the chemist's shop, purchasing the deadly drugs that had killed her infant brother.

Who does not pity Mary! She had been headstrong and wilful, no doubt; but it was not altogether her fault. She had from a mere child worked early and late; she had grown up in ignorance and untidiness; she had had nothing but examples of evil in her own home; and now she had grown up, it seemed, but to entail all these misfortunes upon her children in their turn! She was a miserable woman, too, and saw too plainly that her husband did not much consider her welfare. He used to

complain bitterly of her while he went out of an evening and spent his own and her money with his idle companions. But could she expect anything else? Had she done anything to make his home happy, or to impart a charm to his fireside?

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

It was a case in which domestic intelligence and skill were at fault, and a messenger was despatched for a medical practitioner. He speedily arrived; he sat down by the bedside of the sufferer; he asked all the questions he considered desirable; with his fingers on the pulse, he looked attentively at his watch; and in a few moments he appeared to understand the character of the disease.

But a question seemed then to arise in his mind. He took from his pocket a wooden instrument; it was about nine or ten inches long, it was about half an inch in diameter, but expanded at the two ends into an oval, the longest part of which was, perhaps, two inches wide; and wonder might have been felt at what he was about to do.

In this instrument there was, however, no magic. It bore not the slightest resemblance to the rattle of the medicine man of North American Indian tribe. It was the STETHOSCOPE, first employed by Laennec, a French physician, who has given the following account of its discovery:—

"In the year 1816, I was consulted by a young woman, affected with the general symptoms of diseased heart, and in whose case percussion and the use of the hand were of little avail, owing to her being extremely lusty. The immediate application of the ear being inadmissible for obvious reasons, I happened to recollect a simple and well-known fact in acoustics, and fancied it might be turned to some use on the present occasion. The fact I allude to is, the great distinctness with which we hear the scratch of a pin at one end of a piece of wood on applying our ear to the other. Immediately on this suggestion, I rolled a quire of paper into a kind of cylinder, and applied one end of it to my patient's chest and the other to my ear, and was not a little surprised to find that I could thereby perceive the action of the heart in a manner much more clear and distinct than I had ever been able to do by the immediate application of the ear. From this moment I imagined that means might be found to ascertain the character, not merely of the action of the heart, but of every species of sound produced by the motion of all the organs within the chest."

Laennec now set himself to carry out more fully the idea he had thus conceived, and to some extent applied; and at length constructed the instrument which is now in use by those medical men who are not inveterately attached to whatever is old, and intensely prejudiced against any thing new, as is still unhappily the case with with some of the faculty. Its name, the *stethoscope*, is derived from two Greek words, *skopeo*, to examine or explore, and *stethos*, the breast or chest; and by its use Laennec was persuaded that he should be able to discover "a set of new signs of diseases of the chest, simple and certain, and such as might probably render the diagnosis of these diseases as positive and circumstantial as that of many affections that come within the immediate reach of the hand of the surgeon." Nor have his expectations been disappointed; a new, clear and steady light has been thrown, by the aid of this instrument, on almost all the diseases of the organs contained in the chest.

That such results should arise is accounted for from the following facts:—Sounds are produced by the organs of the body in the movements which they make while performing their functions. Thus, when the air rushes through the windpipe into the lungs, in the act of inspiration; when, by the act of expiration, it is expelled through the same tube; when it is acted upon in the larynx by the vocal organs; when the chambers of the heart forcibly contract, and it is said to beat; when the vital fluid passes through the great arterial trunks; and when air is contained in the intestines, and is acted on by the natural movements of these organs; in all these instances certain sounds are invariably produced. They may often be heard by applying the unassisted ear to the body, but still more distinctly by the aid of an acoustic instrument; and it is found that by attention these various sounds differ greatly from each other. The sound of the air in the windpipe, when inspired, differs from that in the same tube when respired; and the sound of the air in the larynx during the act of speaking, differs from both; while the sound produced by the action of the heart, and even by the action of its different chambers, may be respectively discriminated. On these facts, then, the modern practice of *auscultation* is founded, its name being derived from a Latin word, meaning "to listen," and the course being, as we have seen, the application of the ear to the body, in various cases of disease. The recognising of all such sounds as these already described is greatly facilitated by the use of the *stethoscope*.

Accordingly, whatever mystery attended the movements of the medical practitioners first referred to, it was soon dispelled. He applied the lower part of the stethoscope to the chest of the sufferer, and his ear to the top; and after listening attentively for a few moments, stated that it was free from disease. It remained for him to prescribe for other symptoms.

A FORTUNE FOUND AND A FORTUNE LOST.

(*Concluded from page* 21.)

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had nearly reached "The Elms," when they were met by the buxom servant girl with whom our readers are already acquainted. She was running at full speed, and though it was nearly dark, and the evening was damp, she had on neither shawl nor bonnet. "Whatever," exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, foreboding ill, "Whatever can bring the girl here in that state?" By this time Jenny had reached her master and mistress. Her hair was flying in the wind behind her, and her eyes seemed almost out of her head. She gasped out something, and fell speechless. "What can it be? what can it be?" shrieked out Mrs. Stanley.

"You look to her," answered her husband, "and I'll run to the house."

In about ten minutes a farm servant came with a cart, and conveyed Jenny and her mistress home. When questioned as to what was the matter, the servant replied he did not know, but the doctor was sent for. Full of alarm, Mrs. Stanley, on reaching the farm, rushed into the house. She saw no one. From the kitchen she hurried into the parlour: all was vacant. As she was leaving the parlour, however, she thought she heard a low continued moaning over head. In a moment she was in the upper room, when she beheld a sight at which she at once fell into a swoon. Her second child, a sweet girl of three years old, had fallen into the kitchen fire while playing in the room, and while the servant girl was with her sweatheart in the orchard. Mrs. Stanley, on recovering her senses found her poor little girl dreadfully burnt and in great torture. "What," exclaimed she, "what is that all over my dear, dearest Annie?" Her husband sobbed out that, as he had learnt from a neighbour who had come in at Jenny's shrieks, and conveyed the child up stairs, having extinguished the flames by wrapping her in a blanket—her husband told her that it was flour; a lady driving by in a carriage, drawn into the house by the general alarm, had ordered Jenny to sprinkle flour all over her. At this moment the medical man entered. Having examined the child, he said he hoped she would get better, but he could not at present do more than had been done. Mrs. Stanley sat herself down, buried in grief, to watch by her dear Annie's side. The moaning came like thunder upon her heart. Yet she was calm, only a gurgling in her throat every now and then betokened the strong effort she had to make in order to restrain her feelings. Towards daylight Annie groaned less fearfully, and by eight o'clock she was no more. The moment that Mrs. Stanley had satisfied herself that her beloved girl was gone, she lifted her head from above her child's face, where it had for nearly an hour been fixed in mute and most earnest watching. Retiring from the bedside, she made for a chair, but, ere she reached it, fell back on the floor, apparently lifeless. The noise brought up Stanley, who was getting his breakfast below. "She's dead!" he exclaimed as he entered the room. He was mistaken. The fit was one of great violence, and lasted for hours. When at length her eyes reopened, Mrs. Stanley had the gratification to see the gentle features of her sister bending over her.

The funeral was over, and the members of the family were taking a meal together, when a knock was heard at the door. Stanley, who seemed to recognise the hand, arose and went out. "I do not like it," said his wife. "What can that man want? He's here now nearly every week; nay, it's only three days since his last visit."

"Who is he?" asked her sister.

"I should like to know," was the reply, "but Richard won't tell me; he's got so silent of late, is Richard; he's not the man he was, nor is he half so kind as he used to be: perhaps poor Annie's death will bring him back."

"Heaven grant it!" said Rickards, in a most earnest tone. "But have you never seen the man?"

"Yes: he's a short, thick-set fellow—a sort of shabby gentleman, like them as you see near the desk at the Manor Court. I don't like his looks, I met him last week, face to face, and he avoided my eye."

"Well," added Rickards, "I dare say it's all right. Stanley knows what he's about; but I fear he's after that property."

"And I fear so, too," added Mrs. Stanley. "As I said before, Richard is not the man nor the husband he was; and then he starts so o' nights. One night I awoke and found him in tears. He said as how he was not weeping; but

I know he was. And then I can get no money from him. Afore, I had what I wanted, and when I wanted. He kept nothing locked; and I went to the drawer, or to his pocket, and just took what I liked. Now, the drawer is locked, and his pocket, the last time I put my hand in, was empty." At these words she burst into an hysterical weeping. When somewhat recovered, she continued—"He thrust me away; yes, he almost pushed me down. Oh! how was I amazed! I had put my hand into his pocket hundreds of times, and 'twas all right; sometimes he would jocosely call me 'a little thief,' or try to get hold of me and give me a kiss; and this day month—oh! the day of my dear child's funeral!—yes! this day four weeks, when wanting money for the household expenses, I gently (for, somehow, I had grown half afraid) put my hand into his pocket, he pushed me away so violently, that I nearly fell against the wainscot. Oh, Richard!' I exclaimed, 'is it possible?' 'I have no money!' he growled out, hurrying down stairs."

"I am very sorry to hear all this," said Rickards. "I am afraid there's something wrong. For my part I don't like those lawyers; there may be honest men among them, but they're hard to find; and I have heard that the London lawyers are as sharp as a shark's tooth. But howsoever, Fanny, if you want a bit of money, you see, I can let you have some."

"Oh no!" replied Mrs. Stanley, with a little pride in her tone. "I dare say all will be right again shortly. I'm a poor nervous thing, and so was my mother; I know I make mountains out of molehills;—but poor Annie!—oh, I could have borne all, all, easily, but for that!" She continued weeping for several minutes, and then, resuming her tranquillity, said—"Is it true, brother, that you have been taken into the modeling shop?"

"Yes, three months ago."

"Have you more wages?"

"Yes, now; not at first. We've now got all straight, and I've joined a building club. If things go on well, I shall build myself a cottage next year. But, you see, our Martha there's a good manager, like; and if you will be so good,—nay, I don't know how to use these fine words, but just take a bit of my brass, for I have n't forgot the bread and bacon."

Fanny again burst into tears. In a minute she replied—"I *was* happy then, and right glad was I to help you; and now, if I really want it, you shall help me."

As Mrs. Stanley finished these words her husband entered the room. The evening was advanced, and the friends parted. In "The Elms" husband and wife retired to bed without exchanging a word.

Next morning, Stanley went away early, to attend a market in a neighbouring town. As his wife was partaking of breakfast from a very poorly furnished board, she suddenly saw the repulsive face of the mysterious stranger, staring into the room through an opening made by putting back the door a little. Surprised, she jumped up, ran to the door, looked out, but could see no one.

In about an hour, and when she had sat down to repair the trowsers of her eldest boy, she heard a noise in the kitchen, and hurrying thither, found there three persons, one of whom was the ill-looking stranger. "They had come," he said, "to take possession in the name of "Trout, Gudgeon, and Company, Solicitors, London," to whom all Mr. Stanley's property has been made over."

"Take possession!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, "why, these things are mine, who has a right to take possession here?"

"Calm yourself, my dear woman!" said Mr. Scamp, the greasy-coated man; calm yourself, Mrs. Stanley, you'll find it all right." "Then," added he, "look at this, tis my authority!" Mrs. Stanley took a piece of parchment into her hands, but at the best she was no scholar, so she gave it back to Mr. Scamp, saying, "But you'll wait till my husband comes home?"

"Oh, certainly, perhaps longer; but have you nothing to eat and drink in the house?"

"You can have some eggs and bacon."

"Insufferable stuff! Jim, just twist the necks of a pair of those chickens there at the barn door, they will be very good with a bit of boiled bacon; and I say mistress, be sharp and get it ready."

Mrs. Stanley withdrew into an outhouse, to commence her preparations for cooking As she entered, she met the eye of the neighbour who had saved her little girl from being literally consumed. "Who are those strangers? asked Betty Giles, such was the woman's name. What do they want? I don't like the look of them. I've certainly seen that man before. Wait, I'll go to the parlour cupboard, and then I shall have a full view of him." She returned almost instantly. "It is he," she said, at the very top of her breath and quite pale with agitation.

"Who?"

"The very man who, I believe, caused poor Annie's death."

"Why, what do you mean, do tell me, not a moment's delay, tell me, O tell me!" Mrs. Stanley, in her eager impatience, did not seem to be aware that she was occasioning the delay.

"Be quiet," answered Betty, "and I'll tell you what I mean. Well," continued she in a whisper, "that man, the gentleman I mean,"

"His name is Scamp," interposed Mrs. Stanley.

"Well then, Mr. Scamp entered this house just before poor dear Annie began to scream.

What became of him after I don't know, for I thought of nothing but the child; only Annie tried to make me understand something. She scratched with her hands, and said '*paper*,' *fire*;' and I thought I once made out the words, 'he threw.' I do think Mr. Scamp threw something into the fire, and do you know," she said in a yet lower whisper, "I do think poor Annie caught fire in scratching some paper out of the flames."

At this instant Mr. Stanley came in. Calling his wife, he asked, "What is this?" when, casting his eye on Scamp, he turned pale, and added: "Oh, I see. Well, I had thought to keep the deed, but as they will have it, they must." Hastening to the chest of drawers, he proceeded to open one of the compartments, saying meanwhile, "*This*, at any rate, will satisfy your employers." He searched and searched, and then exclaimed, "Why, what is this? the deed's gone! Fanny, where is it? The lock was tampered with once before."

"Not by me," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Yes, by you, and I know the day."

"When?"

"Well, I'll tell you, as you deny it. You have often complained of the push I gave you (some husbands would have done more) the evening before you had tampered with the lock."

"Oh!" exclaimed his wife, "how can you say such things?"

Hereupon Betty Giles interposed, and related what she saw, and what she had conjectured.

"Alas!" added Stanley, "I see it all. Yes, those wretches, Trout, Gudgeon, and Co., have employed this Scamp to get hold of that deed, and now I'm completely in their power. But that is nothing compared with my shameful suspicions of you, dear Fanny! and then to think of the dreadful death of my dear child! And all this comes of looking after the Hope estate. But I'll be revenged!" Hurrying out of the apartment, he presented himself before Scamp and his myrmidons, who were now enjoying their delicacies. "Scoundrel!" said he, "what hast thou done?"

"When I've finished my dinner I'll talk to you."

This cool impudence was more than Stanley could endure, and he struck Scamp over the mouth. In a second Stanley was on the floor. The three men stood over him, and, making him their prisoner, bound him hand and foot. The meal being ended, one of them was dispatched for a policeman, in whose custody Stanley was conveyed to prison. The next morning he was brought before the bench, charged with an assault. He had always borne a good character, and having expressed deep sorrow for his misdemeanour, was on the point of being discharged, when the proceedings were stopped by another policeman, who, suddenly entering the court, asked that Stanley might be detained, alleging that he had a warrant against him on a charge of forgery. It was too true. To so desperate an expedient had Stanley been driven by demands made on him for money wherewith to prosecute his claim.

In due course the property at "the Elms" was sold by auction; Stanley underwent his trial, and was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

In the midst of these things there appeared in a local paper an announcement that John Trout, Esq., of the highly respectable firm of Trout, Gudgeon, and Co., solicitors, London, had taken possession of his ancestral estate at Hope, in the county of Lancashire.

Fifteen years have passed away. One even-in autumn a poor, foot-sore, broken-down man was seen approaching a mansion in the centre of Warwickshire. He knocks at a side door, and, after a long interval, is admitted. It is Stanley returned from his punishment. He has been "home," as he still calls "The Elms," and found his wife dead, and his children gone no one could tell whither. "Poor Mrs. Stanley!" said an old gossip to him, as, chin and knees almost together, she sat smoking a short dirty pipe—"poor creature! it was more nor she could bear; she kept up for about two years, and then died, everybody said of a broken heart."

Stanley inquired for Rickards, and hearing that he had first become a partner in the concern for which he worked, and then rose to the head of the establishment, and finally had retired into Warwickshire with a handsome fortune, set out on foot, determining to seek his former friend.

Stanley lives in Rickards' house to the present day. The first lost, and the second found a fortune. Virtuous industry and thrift is the only safe way to wealth.

Artesian Wells.—The deepest bored well in the world is at Mondrof: it is 2,200 feet deep, and still progressing; its waters are 95 degrees Fahrenheit—within three degrees of blood heat. The well of Grenelle, at Paris, is 1,794 feet deep, mostly through a chalk bed. Its temperature is 72 degrees, Fahrenheit. It discharges 20 barrels of water per minute, and rises 50 feet above the surface. It is difficult to account for the rise of water in these bored wells; inclined strata of rocks having a source higher than the issue, is generally supposed to be the cause; but water is as readily procured on high as low lands. Condensation of steam, and the great pressure from central heat, has also been suggested.

EYE-INJURERS.

"I PROCEEDED to Halifax, in Yorkshire," says David P. Miller, in his "Life of a Showman," "where there were several shows; and, among other entertainments, an exhibition of sparring. The arrangements for this affair were not completed, and, being at the time a strapping fellow, I had the offer of an engagement, which I accepted, as the Warwickshire Champion. But before the first day of the fair was over, I heartily regretted taking to myself any such high-sounding title.

"My task was a very laborious one, as I had all the rough customers to contend with, which required more exertion than would be necessary by one acquainted with the *science;* but as I was only a novice, there were many who pummeled the *Warwickshire* hero's head in a way that he by no means approved.

"During the first day's exhibition—and I took good care not to have a second—a great strong butcher came into the place to show off his pugilistic talents, and the Warwickshire hero was selected to confront him. He put on the gloves, and immediately commenced hostilities, adopting what 'the fancy' term — the wearing system; that is, making their arms fly about like the spokes of a windmill, sweeping everything before them. He did not succeed in planting many blows, but he was very resolute. Within the preceding two or three hours, I had encountered two or three nearly as ugly customers as himself, and consequently was very much fatigued. However, I succeeded in planting a blow in the gentleman's stomach, which silenced him for a few seconds. The gloves were then taken off him, but I still kept mine on, when suddenly he sprang upon me, and with his bare fists succeeded in giving me two *beautiful* black eyes."

We hear sometimes of such brutal, or worse than brutal exhibitions being still carried on, and occasionally we meet, in our walks, with a man whose discoloured eye, or eyes, bear witness that he has been engaged in combat, inflicting in return, perhaps, similar injuries.

We rejoice to think of the improvement that appears in this respect since the days of our boyhood; then, fights in the streets of London and Westminster, and the Borough, were of daily or hourly occurrence; now, though the police might prevent many a blow were they more on the alert, such sickening and degrading scenes cannot possibly take place; and the cause of joy and thankfulness will be increased when their occurrence, in any circumstances, shall belong entirely to the past.

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" said a pupil, putting on the gloves, to Cribb, the pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the significant reply. And as to our treatment by others, Cowper has given us a couplet worthy of constant remembrance:—

> "A modest, sensible, and well-bred man
> *Will not* offend me, and no other *can*."

But the persons who violate this charge are not the only Eye-Injurers; we shall find others, in greatly diversified circumstances, who must be placed in the same class.

Sedentary employments, for example, are often prejudicial to the visual organs, tending, as they do, apart from proper precautions, to a morbid condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels—to all the evils and miseries, in fact, of indigestion. The retina—that part of the eye which receives every image of the objects placed before it—when subject to pressure, has the remarkable property of becoming luminous, or of conveying to the mind a luminous impression. Of this, proof is afforded, in the time of health, and in a dark room, by pressing on the eyeball, but inconvenient and alarming instances occur under the power of disease. When there is headache, and the stomach is deranged, the blood-vessels of the head are surcharged, and by pressure of the retina produce appearances of various forms; frequently a faint phosphorescent haze floats before the eye, varying in shape and colour, and sometimes having various colours at the same time.

Such, indeed, is the morbid sensibility of the retina in such cases, that, according to Dr. Jacob, persons have been able to read even in the darkness of night; and patients suffering from amaurosis—that state of imperfect vision which arises from the paralyzation of the optic nerve or retina—not unfrequently remark that their vision improves when inflammation is present, and ceases as the inflammation subsides. These appearances, are, however, not so common as the presence of fixed or floating spots, to which the name "muscæ," or flecs, has been given, which darken a small portion of the field of vision.

A case of this kind is described as follows by the patient:—"For several months I read incessantly, not only throughout the day, but also for five or six hours each night by candle-light, and I now perceived numerous circular motes, which, combining, formed

clouds of irregular figures before my eyes. These motes always appear when I look at the sky, or any light-coloured object in a strong light; they move with the eyes, retaining for some time the same position with relation to each other and to the centre of vision; each consists of a slightly opaque circumference and a central spot. Sometimes films appear curved or twisted like hairs, and of the same degree of opacity as the motes. There is a collection of these films always before the right eye, but at such a distance from the centre of vision as not to disturb the sight. The number of the motes seems increased by violent exercise, as well as by close reading, or a disordered state of the stomach. Sometimes, for a moment, a small circular black spot appears near the centre of vision, and sometimes, though not so frequently, one faintly luminous.

"The candle next appeared surrounded with a faint halo, which became more vivid as I continued this severe exertion of my sight. When my eyes are unusually weak, or a lighted candle is presented to them after I have been for some time in darkness, instead of the halo, a globular appearance, of a muddy yellow colour, surrounds the flame.

"About six months ago, I began to be annoyed by the retina retaining impressions made upon it. After looking at any white or bright metallic object, on turning away my eyes I distinctly perceive its outline, in a darker shade, on any surface to which I may direct my view; the impression lasting from two or three seconds to half a minute, according to the strength of light, the brightness of the object, and the length of time for which I have viewed it. The flame of a candle leaves its image impressed on the retina frequently for a couple of minutes, the sun for a still longer time, the images in both instances being of a muddy yellow colour.

"A kind of penumbra surrounds light-coloured objects in a strong light, and prevents me from accurately distinguishing their outline. When the object is under a sufficiently small angle to be seen without moving the eye, it seems double; one image being such as would appear to a healthy eye, the other much fainter; thus is the moon seen, a piece of money, or the gilt letters over shop windows. These appearances take place indifferently, whether I use either eye or both.

"In a few instances, a very severe exertion of my eyes produced the appearance of innumerable black particles dancing before them.

"When I read for any considerable time, I have a disagreeable sense of heat in my eyes, with pain in the eye-balls, extending to the lower part of the forehead. I am not constantly subject to headaches, though occasionally afflicted with them, especially if I delay breakfasting for any length of time after rising. My tongue is frequently foul for weeks together, my digestion seems weak, and I seldom enjoy a good appetite."

Here, then, we have an instance of the eyes being greatly impaired by too much exertion and continued activity, and we find the evil connected with disorder of the principal functions of the system. Remedial measures were employed in this instance with good effect, and should be resorted to in other instances. These spots and halos are generally indicative of a low state of health; this must be raised in order to their removal; while if neglected, the evil will increase, and become, perhaps, speedily and exceedingly formidable.

It is a law of the human economy—a law both remarkable and beautiful, as, indeed, is every law that emanates from the Great Supreme—that the perfect action of our powers, whether mental or physical, can be assured and perpetuated only by allowing them certain periodical intervals of entire repose.

The senses are, therefore, amenable to this law; and the abuse of any of them is inevitably injurious to its proper function. The habitual snuff-taker cannot enjoy, as others do, the scent of flowers. The artizan, accustomed to pursue his avocation in a noisy factory, has the sense of hearing dulled thereby. The intemperate, addicted to alcoholic and fiery drinks, has little or no relish for plain and wholesome food. In each case there must be a cessation from the ordinary course to allow the sense its proper exercise; and, in ordinary cases, the time of rest must be as carefully secured as the season of vigorous exertion.

The eye strikingly illustrates this great principle. In its healthy state, it is constantly moving about towards different objects, while its function is also intermitted by the process of winking; were the eye kept open and rigidly fixed on one object, its visual power would rapidly decline. Any injury sustained should not, by the way, be considered by itself; for so much sympathy is there between various structures of the frame, that a morbid or diseased action of one structure will often seriously interfere with the functions of other structures that are healthy. In the healthy eye, the retina, that wonderful expansion of the optic nerve on which the light paints every object that is surveyed; the crystalline humour, which collects the rays of light like a double convex lens, so that they may thus be con-

centrated, and a perfect image formed; the ciliary processes, which form an opaque circle round the crystalline humour, and impede all rays which might otherwise be transmitted by its side; and the pupil, that perforation of the iris for the admission of light into the inner chamber of the eye, most harmonized in their action. The many affections of the visual organ, which include infirmity or indistinctness of vision, result ordinarily from the weak state of the retina, or from the disordered action of the iris, or ciliary appendages; evils occasioned by the injudicious use of the eyes.

In the sedentary employments of writers, tailors, watchmakers, engravers, and such as are employed in some factories, and especially in the case of those who are obliged to bend over their work, the vessels of the eye are often surcharged with blood, and its powers grievously strained to the perception of minute objects. Persons engaged in minute work, moreover, require a good light, and hence the various contrivances, by means of shades, globes filled with water, and double convex lenses, directing the light to a small part of the work-table, while the rest of the apartment is comparatively obscure. Many of them suffer from headache, while they are unable to see clearly objects at great distances. It is worthy of remark that the pupil of the eye is unusually small, contracted, as it were, into a mere speck. Some of our readers may have ample means of observing this for themselves. We shall hereafter have to offer some general remarks on the importance of health to the proper and full exercise of the visual powers; at present we can only observe, that whatever tends to secure or promote the enjoyment of this invaluable blessing, should be highly appreciated, and employed to the utmost of the opportunities they can obtain, by those whose sedentary employments are so unfavourable to health.

A want of a proper degree of light, or its excess, may also be mentioned as very prejudicial to the visual powers, Where the light is dim and uncertain, the eye is unduly strained, striving, as it does, to see in the absence of the only necessary means, a moderate and steady supply of light, Such is the condition of miners and colliers, whose work is underground, amid the fitful gleams of a few lamps or candles. Boys enter the pit at the age of six or seven, and are employed in opening the trap-doors, driving the horses, propelling the trucks, and other services. In these circumstances they grow up, and become colliers in the course of time. But sickness and vomiting sometimes affect persons on commencing the employ; many after a few years trial are obliged, by the injury their health has sustained, and especially by the weakness of their eyes, to leave the mine; while the eyes of colliers generally are small, affected with chronic inflammation, and intolerant of full light. Exposed as they are for so many hours to the light of candles, which can only be from their position, weak and feeble, and to that of lamps which, dim as it is, is diminished by the wire-gauze used to prevent the firing of the gas issuing from openings made by the collier's pick; and then, coming as they do at the close of their toils, into the light of day, cases of amaurosis, or darkened vision, are of frequent occurrence.

On the other hand, too strong a light is very prejudicial. Travellers mention a disease common to the inhabitants of snowy countries, called snow blindness; and it is therefore found necessary to protect the eyes by means of a goggle made of wood or leather, and having a slit opposite the pupil. Sir Edward Parry, and others of our arctic navigators frequently allude to this disorder, and speak of covering the face with black crape, as an effectual remedy. From the operation of a similar cause burnishers, particularly such as are employed in giving a high degree of polish to metallic surfaces, are peculiarly liable to amaurosis.

It may, therefore, be easily conceived that an exposure to too much heat is also detrimental. This occurs in founderies, glass-houses, gas-works, and similar circumstances; and though, doubtless, habit does much, and men become inured to a condition which does not at once exert a fatal influence, but which would assuredly in many other cases, yet the instances are many of the health of workmen failing in their own peculiar callings, and the question is momentous to what is this attributable?

We may take, as an example, the process of casting steel. "This is a process," it has been said, "which places the melter in a situation little, if at all, enviable, as compared with the inside of M. Chaubert's celebrated oven," in which, as a public show, he was accustomed to remain during the cooking of a beefsteak. Indeed the eyes and the hands which are daily conversant with monlten steel would hardly shrink at the temperature sufficient to broil a beefsteak! Previously to drawing the crucible, the artizan, whose body, arms, and legs are defended by sacking wrappers, goes to a water-trough, and with a besom thoroughly moistens his outer covering, that his clothes may not get a-flame, while he is bending over the mouth of 'the burning fiery furnace.' Thus prepared, with a pair of strong tongs, he withdraws the pot from the fire, takes the lid off, and pours the metal into the mould.

"The ingot thus formed, is either a bar about two inches square, for tilting, or a plate six inches broad, twelve to eighteen inches long,

and an inch thick, for rolling, as the same may be wanted to be wrought into its ultimate form by the hammer or the shears. It may, perhaps, be thought that this fluxing and pouring of the metal requires no very great skill in the management. It is, however, a fact, that so much depends on the most exact attention to a number of minute particulars, only to be attained by a rare union of judgment and experience, that a person who thoroughly understands the business is invaluable as a workman, and his earnings are accordingly great. Honourable instances are not wanting of these melters having become persons of property, not to say that they have set up their carriages. The importance of their avocation is indeed much greater than may generally be imagined, even when the best irons are used. Not only does the perfection of innumerable exquisite cutting instruments depend almost entirely upon the quality of the metal, but much of the glory of the fine arts. The steel plates which, by a wonderful triumph of skill, the engraver has appropriated; the burin of Heath, and the chisel of Chantrey, respectively owe their excellence to a judicious management of the crucible by the Sheffield cast-steel melter."

The writer has often witnessed processes of this kind, and the consequent endurance of extreme heat, with no little amazement. Even in our large founderies the men may often be seen taking their meals near many enormous fires, the heat of which others would find it difficult to approach, The visitor who issues from such a temperature into the broad sunshine even of a summer's day, will experience a considerable change, and be conscious that he has passed into a *cooler* region.

There is yet another class of circumstances in which the eye sustains injury, to which we wish to allude; it is that in which there is an exposure to acrid fumes. The application of a bottle containing pungent salts to the nostrils will, as is well known, so affect the sentient apparatus of the eye, as to cause a general irritability, which a flow of tears tends to remove. But when the acrid vapour is inhaled again and again, its effect is diminished, until the sentient apparatus becomes slightly affected or absolutely insensible. The result, however, of a continued exposure to acrid fumes is to exhaust the natural power of relief with which the eye is provided, and then to induce inflammation, as a prelude to disease of a more enduring or permanent character.

A class of persons, for instance, were employed, till of late years, to cleanse the sewers of the city of Paris, and were consequently exposed to gaseous exhalations, chiefly sulphuretted hydrogen and ammoniacal gases. These produced two diseases, known as *la mitte* and *le plomb*.

La mitte was caused by ammoniacal vapours; it commenced with a smarting in the eyes, the eye-ball and pupil soon became red, and other pains were endured chiefly about the head. Blindness, enduring for a day or two, was a frequent result. No relief was obtained till tears began to flow. In slight attacks exposure to the open air and shading the eyes proved a sufficient remedy; when the attack was more violent the men were accustomed to wash their eyes in cold water, to tie a wet bandage over them, and to remain in the dark.

Le plomb, arising from a similar exposure to gaseous exhalations, produced convulsions and other alarming symptoms. We are happy in speaking of these evils as past. As chlorine, obtained from common salt, destroys the putrid odour arising from decomposing animal or vegetable substances, and infectious effluvia of all kinds, it is used in this case, and thus the danger to the workmen is entirely removed.

How effective such an application is will be evident from the following facts. The corpse of Louis XVIII. was laid in state, without being closed in a leaden coffin, and freely approached by his people, without being sensible of any disagreeable odour. Many expressed their astonishment at the circumstance, but the enigma was speedily solved; this freedom from putrescency was owing entirely to the application of the substances called *chlorides*. Even a corpse in full putrefaction for three days, and exhaling to the distance of forty paces, the most fœtid odour, has been instantly disinfected, and all unpleasant smell removed, by the solution of the *chloride* of lime. This change occurred under the burning sky of St. Domingo, where putrefaction advances with prodigious rapidity, and is accompanied with the most intolerable stench.

All persons whose employments expose them unavoidably to eye-injuries should adopt every precaution to obviate the evil; much in such circumstances is within their power. We purpose hereafter to advert to EYE-PRESERVERS.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wanderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption; and at Spitsbergen, the longest three and a half months.

SKETCHES FROM PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—No. I.

BY T. HURDUS D.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY describes all created things, animate or inanimate, which find a place on our globe; it examines the form of the earth; treats of the changes it has undergone before reaching its present state; takes cognizance of the materials which form the crust of the globe; the laws which regulate the distribution of plants and animals; the causes which modify climates; and of many other phenomena of nature.

Before proceeding, we must remark that this science has nothing whatever to do with artificiality; it does not treat of the names of places, political boundaries of states, or of any of those similar subjects of which many are apt to think when they hear the word geography;* it describes only the grand unities of nature, and instead of being uninteresting and repulsive, it is one of those studies, which, in the words of William Von Humboldt, tends "To remove the hostile barriers which prejudices and partial views of every kind have placed between men, and to cause all mankind, without distinction of religion, nation, or colour, to be regarded as one great fraternity, aspiring to one common aim—the free development of their faculties."

Were we to attempt to describe all the subjects comprehended within the limits of Physical Geography, we must either extend our observations to a very great length, or detail a number of facts which would prove uninteresting, because unexplained in this and the following articles; therefore we shall adopt a middle course, by endeavouring to give a clear explanation of some of the most important subjects treated on by this science, without pretending to notice more than a few of those phenomena which would engage our attention were we to consider the science in detail.

To discuss Physical Geography requires some knowledge of many sciences:—thus, geology, botany, chemistry, zoology, must all be, more or less, understood. It requires the geologist to explain the formation of the crust of the earth; the chemist to tell the constituents of the atmosphere; the botanist to show the conclusions we may legitimately derive from the study of the carboniferous fossils; the zoologist alone can unfold the history of bygone ages from the remains of animals entombed in the solid rock. We might go on to show that a knowledge of nearly every science is requisite to enable us to reason correctly on the science we are now considering;—instead of a distinct science. Physical Geography, in the words of a celebrated writer, "Is rather a continuation of the sciences for the purpose of investigating the relations, which exist between the various phenomena of nature."

We intend, for the reasons above stated, to confine our sketches of Physical Geography to a description of the following phenomena:—

1st. We shall notice the external configuration of the globe; the materials of which its crust is composed; the causes of volcanic eruptions; the phenomena of earthquakes; the connection between these two great forces.

2nd. We shall consider the subject of climatology.

3rd. We shall trace the distribution of plants and animals over the surface of the globe.

I.—THE EXTERNAL FORM of this globe is that of an oblate spheroid, the polar diameter being considerably less than the equatorial. The true form of the earth, were it homogeneous, would be that of a sphere, somewhat flattened at the poles, and did the density of the materials which compose its crust increase uniformly to the centre, the ellipticity would be less than in a similar homogeneous mass. Geodesical measurements have, however, proved that the oblateness is less than it would be, were the mass homogeneous; and more than it would be, did the density increase uniformly to the centre. The actual form of the earth has, by some mathematicians, been termed a spheroid of equilibrium. The difference between the polar and equatorial diameters is twenty-six and a half miles; that is, a rod passing through the earth from pole to pole would measure 7,899·14 miles, while one passing through the earth at the equator would measure 7,925·64 miles.

The most prominent feature in the external configuration of the globe is the division of its surface into the two great distinctions of *land* and *water*. The area of the whole globe is about two millions of square miles, of which about one hundred and forty are covered by the waters; thus, the remaining portion left for the land is

* Traill.

only equal to about sixty millions, or less than half the space occupied by the water. Milner, in his "Tour through Creation," estimates the waters to cover a space equal to seven-tenths of the surface of the globe. In the northern hemisphere the land exceeds the land of the southern hemisphere as sixteen to five; that is, to the north of the equator the area of elevated land is about forty-three millions of square miles, while on the south it is only sixteen millions; in the northern hemisphere the land lies in the temperate, in the southern it lies in the torrid zones; thus, by far the greater portion of the globe is covered by water, and only some portions of the remaining land are habitable. The next great fact that strikes our attention is, the division of the land into mountains, valleys, and plains. Mountains exist in several forms, from the gentle hills to the majestic snow-tipped masses which tower above the clouds; they are found sometimes isolated, at other times, and more frequently, in groups. Some of the isolated hills seem to have no connection with any group: such is the case with the rock of Gibraltar, the peak of Teneriffe, and Mont Egmont, in New Zealand. Such instances, however, are rare. Elevated lands run generally in chains and ridges; those isolated peaks, which are sometimes found, are frequently either active or the remains of extinct volcanos. Mountain chains are generally highest about their central points, as Chimboraco in the Andes, and Mont Blanc in the Alps; branches from first-rate ridges are uniformly highest at their points of junction with the main chains. Nearly all the great groups have one side gradually sloping towards the plain, while the other is precipitous and abrupt. This is the case with the Andes, the Alps, the Appennines, the Scandinavian mountains, and the ghauts of India. It is a very significant fact, that all these ridges present their steep and rugged side towards the ocean, and the strata of which the masses are composed incline from the escarpment towards the plain; this circumstance plainly tells us that the mountains thus elevated are the results of tremendous convulsions, which have heaved up the solid rock, and rent it as easily as the gentle breeze bends the willows on the river-side. Mountain chains run in the direction of the major axes of the continent on which they are situated. Thus the high lands of Europe and Asia run from west to east; those of North America from north to south; the Andes and the Stony Mountains on the continents of America traverse the greater lengths of those continents; in Europe and Asia, also, this law will be found to prevail.

A very singular difference between the elevated lands of the western and those of the eastern continent has been pointed out by Humboldt. In America we find strata never observed above a limited elevation on the European and Asiatic continents capping the peaks of the loftiest mountains. Basalt, which is never found with us above four thousand feet above the level of the sea, may be found on the summit of Pinchincha sixteen thousand feet high; limestone is also found much higher than with us. This variance of structure between the American continents and all other countries seems to prove that those lands have been elevated much more recently than those of Europe and Asia; and we may safely conclude that the western continents have not been in their present state as long as the eastern ones.

The greatest variations of the level of the crust of the earth are very trifling, when compared to the radius of the earth. The highest mountain known is *Dhawalagari*, one of the Himalayas, which is about twenty-eight thousand feet high. The greatest depth of the ocean is not thought to be much greater than the elevation of the highest points of the earth's surface. This, however, is uncertain. Sir J. Ross sounded, in one instance, to the depth of twenty-seven thousand six hundred feet, without reaching any bottom. If, however, we take the greatest depth of the sea to be equal, in measure, to the greatest elevation of the land above the level of the sea, we shall find the greatest elevation from the lowest depression of the bed of the ocean to be only rather more than ten miles, or not more than a four hundredth part of the radius of the earth. We thus perceive that the greatest elevations are very trivial when compared to the whole mass of the earth. A general feature which characterizes all continental masses is, their pyramidical form. Thus, North and South America, Africa, Australia, Europe, and Asia, but the last two not so prominently, gradually get narrower towards the south.

It will be well-known to all who read this article, that the globe is not composed of one uniform mass, having the same appearance and constitution; but that the crust of the earth is composed of layers, or strata, differing in appearance and physical structure, the nucleus of the globe covered, as it were by successive skins of different natures; and it is only from conclusions deduced from the investigations of these layers, or strata, that we are enabled to speculate on the antiquity of the world.

Geologists refer to two agents alone for the production of the various strata which form the earth's crust; all are said to be

either of igneous or sedimentary formation. The igneous formations are perfected by heat and pressure. They have a crystalline structure, without any appearance of stratification. The sedimentary deposits result from the action of water wearing away particles of older formations, and depositing them at the bottom of the ocean, where, by the agency of heat, pressure, and chemical action, they are formed into masses, which assume a stratified structure; that is, they form into layers.

The nucleus of the globe, or the base upon which all the strata known to man are based, is granite—a rock of igneous origin, composed of quartz, felspar, and mica. Although this rock is the base of all strata, it is also found at the tops of the loftiest Asiatic mountains; but this results from upheaving forces having raised it from its original position. There are several kinds of them, but a description of them is the province of the geologist. The other strata, formed by heat, are greenstone, or trap, and those rocks which result from volcanic agency.

The various strata have been arranged in three branches, or formations. The primary consists of queiss, a rock bearing some resemblance to granite. In this substance most of the minerals are to be found. This formation also contains several kinds of slate, as mica, chloride, and clay-slate, the last of which is used for roofing buildings. The secondary formations embrace what has been called the Silurian system, from the circumstance of the strata forming it being found to prevail in a district formerly inhabited by the Silures, an ancient race of Britons. The Silurian, or transition series, contains beds of a slaty structure—strata of quartz, felspar, and clay-slate mingled together. Limestone-beds first appear, and the remains of organic life now begin to be found manifested in the remains of marine plants, fossil fishes, and shells. The Devonean, or old red sandstone, follows next, and is succeeded by the carboniferous system, or the coal measures, resting on limestone. Ironstone is also found in this range of strata; the new red sandstone rests on these, and is followed by the volitic system, so called because the strata are formed of minute grains, resembling the roe of a fish; the chalk strata likewise belong to this formation.

In all the strata composing the secondary series, the remains of organic life are to be found, the manifestations of existence being very different in the various strata. The tertiary formation includes strata of limestone, clay, and marl; and, further, consists of alternate fresh water and marine beds, proving the many great alterations of level which have taken place. Now are found elevated lands, where once the sea rolled in all its majesty, and the sea where the mountain proudly reared its head. The fossiliferous remains are very numerous, and approach nearer to the structure of existing species. This period has been divided by Sir Charles Lyell into four epochs, according to the number of fossils found in each, which are identical or similar to living species. This eminent geologist states that the four epochs may be classed as follows:—

The *Eocene* period, which contains three and a half per cent of recent fossils.

The *Miocene* period, which contains seventeen per cent of recent fossils.

The older *Pliocene* period, which contains thirty-five to fifty per cent of recent fossils.

The newer *Pliocene* period, which contains ninety to ninety-five per cent of recent fossils.

The diluvial formations which follow the tertiary system, have been formed by inundations and local deluges; the alluvial deposits, which are the more recent, result from rivers inundating their banks, from the deposition of mud at the mouths of rivers, and from the drainage of lakes. Upon the top of all these formations is generally found what is called the soil; that is, the loose material composed of earthy matter, and of the decomposed elements of animal and vegetable substances.

No branch of physical geography is more interesting or more useful than the geological section. A knowledge of this science is calculated to be of the utmost service to the farmer and the miner; for instance, all minerals are always found in certain positions. Were miners always alive to this fact, they might save themselves much trouble, and avoid the repetition of mining schemes, similar to those which have ruined so many thousands. Coal is found above the old red sandstone; the metals are found in rocks of the primary and transition series. No mines are worked in England above the new red sandstone, and few above the coal measures. Copper is found chiefly in unstratified rocks, as in Cornwall. Lead is never found above the coal measures. According to Mr. Milner,* it abounds most in the carboniferous limestone. Veins having a width of seventeen feet in this rock have been known to dwindle to three feet in the sandstone below. Many fortunes might have been saved and gained, had geology and mineralogy been understood by those who have

* "Tour through Creation."

endeavoured to reach the hidden treasures of the earth.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have done much to alter the external configuration of the globe, both these mighty and resistless powers may be regarded as effects resulting from the same cause, both are indications of that upheaving force which so frequently and terribly manifests itself in so many regions, reminding man of his impotence and insignificance. Volcanos seem to act as safety valves* for districts situated in regions, where the earthquake is wont to devastate; we seldom hear of the same amount of damage resulting from eruptions of fire-emitting mountains, as we do from the effects of earthquakes. These volcanic mountains run in chains, and in all probability a subterranean communication is kept up between them, although their extremities may be hundreds of miles apart. One of these volcanic chains commences about the sixtieth degree north lattitude, at the extreme point of North America, and runs down the coast of Asia until it reaches the equator, where the ground is divided into two chains, one of which spreads itself along the eastern coast of Australia, and the other wends its way through the Lunda Isles. Mexico and South America are also traversed by chains of volcanos. The shocks of earthquakes are felt in various ways, thus, some give to the earth a tremulous motion, as if short waves were passing under the feet, others make the wave appear longer; the most dangerous and destructive earthquakes appear to have a circular motion. Earthquakes and volcanoes produce the same results, they elevate and depress the surface of the globe; islands have been elevated suddenly out of the ocean, as was Graham Island† situated about thirty miles to the south west of Cicily, on a spot over which Captain Smyth had found one hundred fathoms of water a few years before.

On the 28th of June, 1831, the captain of a vessel, which passed over the spot, felt the shock of an earthquake. About the 10th of July, another captain reported that he had seen a column of water, sixty feet high and eight hundred feet in circumference, rising out of the sea, and afterwards a dense steam. On the 18th of July a small island, twelve feet high, with a crater emitting volcanic matter, was perceived. The eruption continued to the end of the month, by which time the island was seventy feet high and three quarters of a mile in circumference; after this, the size began to diminish, and by the end of October the island was level with the sea. The volcano Jorullo, in Mexico, was elevated, in the night of the 23rd of September, 1759,* to the height of sixteen hundred and ninety feet above the level of the plain. Five other hills in the immediate neighbourhood were also raised at the same time. By this eruption a considerable extent of country was changed from a verdant and luxuriant plain into a volcanic desert.

A great part of the coast of Chili was raised by the successive shock of earthquakes, commencing in November, 1822, and terminating in September, 1823. The area of land supposed to have been elevated is above one hundred thousand miles.† The coast of the country, for nearly a thousand miles, was raised to a height varying from one to five feet. In the year 1806 an island was raised in the Alentian Group. Alterations of level, by earthquakes, do not uniformly result in elevations over the districts convulsed; sometimes depressions take place, as at Lisbon, where, during the great earthquake of 1755, to escape from the falling buildings, thousands of people had rushed upon the great mole for safety, but suddenly the whole mass, with its burden, was sunk to the depth of six hundred feet below the level of the sea.

We might go on to show the fearful effect of these terrific forces, but our limits forbid. We, therefore, refer all who wish for further information upon these points, to consult Lyell's "Geology," and Milner's "Tour through Creation," in which works this matter is treated in detail.

Were the craters of volcanos stopped up, if such a thing were possible, it is almost certain that the earth would be convulsed with mighty and appalling earthquakes, until the confined forces were able to break open other passages to the atmosphere.

That an intimate connection exists between earthquakes and volcanos, few, if any, are inclined to dispute. Facts clearly prove this. Earthquakes, more or less violent, generally precede eruptions of volcanos, and only cease when the elastic forces obtain vent. The theories which have been brought forward to account for the reason of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes are very numerous; some have supposed that vast beds of coal are burning beneath the volcanos. Sir Humphrey Davy suggested a theory founded upon his discovery of the metallic basis of the alkaline earths. Traill, writing on this theory, says, "Their bases have been supposed to constitute the interior of the earth; and when water finds its way to them through fissures in the crust, they will rapidly be decomposed, with the extrication of intense heat and the evolution of elastic gases, and thus the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanos may be produced." Daubeny has ably defended this theory, but very many difficulties are presented against its adoption; Sir H. Davy renounced it in his last work.

* Humboldt's "Cosmos." † "Lyell's Geology."

* Humboldt's "Cosmos." † Milner.

Alexander Von Humboldt says, "Modern geognory rather seeks the cause of this activity in the increased temperature with the increase of depth, at all degrees of latitude, in that powerful internal heat which our planet owes to its first solidification, its formation in space, and to the spherical contraction of matter revolving elliptically in a gaseous condition.

Mr. Darwin has, with much plausibility and soundness of argument, endeavoured to prove that the interior of the earth is a molten mass, whose undulations give rise to the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanos. Of all proposed solutions of this difficult problem, this last appears the most rational, and most in accordance with the knowledge we have of the internal constitution of our globe.

We have thus briefly endeavoured to show how the crust of the globe has been formed, how mighty forces are yet at work, which are continually producing changes; strata formed beneath the ocean have been raised above the waves, and former high lands are now covered by the restless waves; matter is now being deposited which may in after ages enable man to read the history of, to him, the past.

Man calls the rock stable and fancies the world to be immutable; so it may be in the narrow circle around him; but geology, which chronicles the history of the past and points out that of the future,* tells us that the crust of the earth is always in action. Constant activity reigns throughout; not an atom is at rest. Some lands are rising, others are falling.† Uninterrupted activity prevails. The world's age is not to be counted by man's years. The veteran of seventy years old may see no change around him; the same trees gladden his eyes in his old age as were wont to shelter him in childhood; the stream runs gaily where it ran when he played on its banks; everything appears the same, save himself. But his whole life is but as a second when compared to the thousands of years during which this globe has been in existence. Geology, which counts the eras of the world, proclaims that the globe is unstable, and that everything is changed and changing.

* Dr. Pye Smith's Geology † Humboldt.

JUVENILE CABINET.

NETTLES, AND THEIR USES.

"No, let it be, despise it not,
For with its homely smiles
It brightens, else, a barren spot,
Perchance a care beguiles;
For even this to please receives
From Him who made it power;
I've seen an insect on its leaves—
A bee upon its flower."

The botanical name for the nettle is *Urtica* Its common English one is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "noedle," or "needle," and was given it on account of the sharp pain which is caused by its touch. The ancients supposed that this plant was not indigenous to Great Britain; and our celebrated antiquary, Camden, records, in his "Britannia," the tradition concerning its introduction. He refers to the period of the invasion of the Romans under Julius Cæsar; and after describing their landing at a place to which they gave the name of Romania, and which we know as "Romney," he continues, "The soldiers brought with them some of the nettle-seed, and sowed it there for their use, to rub and chafe their limbs when, through extreme cold, they should be stiff and benumbed, being told, before they came from home, that the climate of Britain was so cold that it was not to be endured without some friction to warm their blood." "No plant, certainly," observes a modern writer, "could better serve to chafe and warm their limbs; but how far the glow would be pleasurable, even to the hardy Romon soldiers, must be questioned."

Nettles, though but little valued, are far from being useless. Indeed, it is probable that some of the young readers of this paper will be surprised at the variety of purposes which this despised plant serves, not only in the countries of Northern Europe, but in our own. Dr. Thornton, who has made the medicinal properties of our wild flowers his peculiar study, mentions that lint dipped in nettle juice, and put up the nostril, has been known to stay the bleeding of the nose when all other remedies have failed, and adds, that fourteen or fifteen of the seeds, ground into powder, and taken daily, will cure the swelling in the neck known by the name of goitre, without in any way injuring the general health. The nettle yields a pleasant acid,

which, when mingled with salt, will curdle milk much better than any other sort of acid, and without imparting any disagreeable flavour; and the fibres of its stems have been manufactured, even in this country, into cloth, ropes, and paper. In Russia and Sweden large fields of it are planted for forage, and for the purpose of extracting from the roots the beautiful yellow colour used by dyers. Young turkeys are fed with the tender green leaves of the small species known as the *Urtica virens*, and the poor of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland use the same as spinach. In a letter written a short time since to the editor of a Belfast paper, the following observation occurs with regard to docks and nettles, as food for animals:—"A person in the west," he writes, "has an acre of land, under garden cultivation, planted with the common dock, as a trial to fatten pigs. This experiment has been eminently successful, and a most intelligent farmer has found that his pigs have thriven well this season on boiled nettles, docks, and a little bean meal; sometimes he would add a leaf of cabbage, but the pigs would not touch it so long as they could get a bit of dock or nettle to eat."

In this country we have three species of nettle, easily distinguished, even by persons who are unacquainted with botany. The first is the *Urtica virens*, or small nettle, which usually grows at the base of walls or rocks, bearing deep green succulent-looking leaves, and seldom growing to the height of two feet; the next is the *Urtica dioica*, which grows by every wayside, often reaching the height of three feet, and having large, dry, dingy foliage; and the third is the *Urtica pilulifera*, or Roman nettle, which is found chiefly by the seaside, and the pain of whose virulent sting often remains unabated for hours. The variety known as the white dead nettle (*Lamium album*), is something like the common *Urtica*, but it is easily distinguished by having rings of white instead of green blossoms. Linnæus states that in Sweden it is much employed as a vegetable for the table.

"I went by the field of the slothful, and lo it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof." Nettles thrive everywhere, but they are found to grow with peculiar luxuriance in uncultivated fields and neglected gardens; and it is on that account that Solomon pointed to them as characteristic of the idler and the sluggard.

"Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together," is another passage of Scripture, and was spoken by Job, in reference to those who insulted him in his time of adversity, and whose former condition of want and destitution he expresses by describing them as seeking for shelter under the shadow of the nettle plant. We must not suppose, however, that it was such as we see growing in our wild and desolate places, under whose branches the men of the east were "gathered together." It is most probable that the plant alluded to by the patriarch was the *Urtica gigas*, or giant nettle, whose trunk measures from eighteen to twenty feet in circumference, and whose heart-shaped leaves are six inches across. This plant is found in many of the eastern countries, and it is said that its sting is more powerful than that of a wasp. There is another species of nettle, *Urtica stimulans*, whose sting is also very virulent, often occasioning illness which continues for many days; but none is so severe, or so poisonous, as that inflicted by the *Urtica virentissima*, the effects of which are not only illness, but very frequently death. This plant is a native of the island of Timor, and is called by the natives "devil's leaf." Leschenault de la Tour was slightly touched by one of its leaves, and he describes the pain as intolerable, and the whole nervous system as being so much deranged, that he feared an attack of lock-jaw.

The little fine hairs which we see on the stems and leaves of nettles are the stings; and as Drummond has described the cause of the pain arising from their touch in a manner equally clear and interesting, we cannot do better than transcribe his own words for the information of our young friends:—"The sting is not," he writes, "like a pin or needle, solid throughout, but is hollow at the centre and perforated at the point, and when touched it is not only sharp enough to pierce the skin, but also is so constructed as to inject a particle of poisonous fluid into the wound it makes, and this is the cause of the pain which follows. The wound itself is so minute that it could scarcely be felt; but the poison irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. The plant, the small species of which stings the most severely, is covered all over with hairs; but, by using a microscope or magnifying-glass, you may perceive that these are not all of one kind, some being perforated, which are the stings, while others are not. Each sting stands upon a pedestal, and the pedestal performs the office both of gland and poison-bag. It is cellular and spongy within. The sting is placed on the top, and may be moved by a slight pressure on either side, or round a circle; it seems to stand, as it were, on a universal joint. When a body touches its point, the base is pressed down into the spongy pedestal, and the poisonous fluid rushes up through the tube of the sting, and flows out at its point."

We shall now close this paper. We have seen that, unsightly as the nettle is, it has its uses, for He who formed it formed nothing in vain. It affords food to both man and beast; it yields medicine to the chemist, and to the dyer its roots afford a beautiful colour. The cutler may soften his steel in a decoction of its

eaves, and the thrifty housewife may procure, from the same source, a safe ingredient for her "curds and sweet whey." The rope-maker has wrought its tough fibres into strong hempen ropes, and the linen and paper manufacturers have converted them into the materials requisite for their different trades; and, lastly, the useful bee comes to its blossoms for honey, and the pretty butterfly for food,

——— "arrayed
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold,
With more magnificence upon his wing—
His little wing—than ever graced the robe
Gorgeous of royalty."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Mr. Editor,—As few families are long exempt from the visitation of *sickness* or *disease*, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks—the result of my own observation and experience—as to the best mode of managing under such circumstances.

As to the cure of sickness and disease,—though I will not say that it is *wholly* out of a good housewife's province—I shall certainly prescribe nothing in the pages of The Working Man's Friend. The *general subject* is one of great delicacy and difficulty, and as to *particular cases*, they must be treated according to circumstances—each case on its own merits—and that by experienced, and, in the majority of cases, by professional men. I have heard it related of Dr. Buchan, the author of the celebrated "*Domestic Medicine*," who after he retired from the profession used to spend his evenings in a coffee-house and tavern at the West-end of the Metropolis,—that one evening he was accosted by a penurious old gentleman anxious to receive advice *gratis;* and after detailing a number of symptoms and ailments, to which the Doctor listened in silence, or with a short grunt, said, "Well, Doctor, what do you think I had best take?" "Take," said the Doctor; "why, sir, the best thing you can possibly take in your case is—advice!" This is just what I recommend those who are ill, or who have relations that are ill, to do, and that without delay. Don't tamper with disease, but get "*advice;*" taking care, however, to get that advice from those who are well qualified, by skill and experience, to give it. At the same time, I do not recommend running to a doctor on every trifling occasion, nor yet swallowing down large portions of undefinable mixtures, before it has been ascertained that they are really needed. I remember the inscription said to have been placed over the grave of a fanciful German,—

"I was well:
I took physic:
I am here."

But though, Mr. Editor, I do not feel myself called upon, or qualified, to prescribe as to the *cure* of disease, I will venture to pen down a few remarks,

First, as to Preventives. And here I fancy none of your readers will be surprised if I begin by recommending *Cleanliness*. Cleanliness, not only as to their habitations, furniture, and clothing, but also as to their persons. Frequent washings are as essential to health and to personal comfort, as they are to decency and respectability of appearance. If the pores of the skin are allowed to be filled up and covered with scales, as they will soon be if soap and water be not often applied, and a good coarse towel, the natural perspiration will be checked, and dangerous diseases may follow. This applies both to grown people and children, to males and to females; as to children, an anecdote related of an American doctor comes in nicely to my aid. A lady in America took a child to a physician, to consult about its precarious health. Among other things she inquired, if he did not think that *the springs* would be useful? "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor as he eyed the

child, "I have'nt the least hesitation in recommending the springs, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better." "You really think, doctor, it would be good for the dear little thing, do you?" "Upon my word it is the best remedy that I know of." "*What* springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get *plenty of soap and water.*"

Exercise is a valuable preventive of disease. I am afraid that some wives of working men do not avail themselves as they might of this great promoter of health. Some who have children *sit* the principal portion of their time between meals; and, of course, *at* their meals—especially those who take in any kind of needlework, sometimes scarcely moving across the room. What wonder if they have to complain of headache, hysterics, nervousness, and other ills which I need not here particularize. Let them employ themselves *actively* at intervals, however short, and especially if they have children, let them contrive, when the weather is suitable, to take a short walk with them, if it be but for a quarter of an hour. This will tend greatly to put their blood into fresh and healthy circulation; it will relieve and refresh their spirits, revive their exhausted energies, and keep them free from many ailments to which they would otherwise be liable. Even where green fields are not easily come-at-able, there are broad and open streets where good air may be obtained.

As to the proper *Ventilation* of rooms, I need not add to what I said in my last letter, except again to urge its importance, as an essential condition of health. A valuable article will be found in No. 21 of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

Suitable *Clothing* is intimately connected with the prevention of disease. Clothing should be adapted to the season of the year; this is far more important than adapting it to the leading fashion. I mention this because I see that the wives of working men are not free from this common infirmity. In this variable climate women should not go too thinly clad; nor should they be too eager to change their winter for summer clothing, merely because Easter or Whitsuntide have arrived. The dress of children should be light and cool; that of adults more plentiful. As to *tight-lacing*, I say nothing, except to remark that to this unnatural abomination thousands of females owe painful diseases and premature death. In all cases the *substantial* should be preferred to the *showy*, and comfort and utility before fashion. No doubt some suffer from want of sufficient clothing, but fashionable and showy dressing among females can number its martyrs by thousands. A stout well-printed chintz, or a gingham, may not look quite so fine as a mousseline-de-laine, a barege, or an Oregon, but as to wear and comfort there is no comparison.

Food, as it is essential to the preservation of life, so its quality and the mode of preparing it, are matters of some moment. To promote and preserve health, food should be wholesome and nourishing, and cooked so as to yield the greatest amount of nutrition. I think many working people, both male and female, attach more importance to large portions of *animal food* than is consistent with health; this is certainly the case with many whose occupations are sedentary, and who are able to take but little exercise. As, however, the majority of the working classes have but little to spend upon *meat*, they should lay out their little to the best advantage; and as they are likely to purchase the coarser parts of animals, they should be careful to cook them thoroughly. Coarse, tough meat, partially cooked, is neither pleasant, digestible, nor nourishing. Very palatable, and even savoury dishes, may be obtained from the coarser parts of meat with but little trouble, and at a trifling cost.

These hints may suffice as to PREVENTIVES. I know it is impossible in all cases to ward off sickness and disease, but that is certainly no reason why we should court them, or expose ourselves wantonly to their influence. I know, too, that all are liable to what are called accidents. Many owe a weak and sickly constitution to the excesses and imprudences of their parents. I am aware, further, that hundreds will plead want of time and opportunity, scant earnings, poor habitations, &c.; all I can say to such is, Do the best you can under circumstances. Sobriety and industry contribute greatly to health; and should Providence see fit to allow

you to be overtaken by sickness, it will be some alleviation to know that you have not brought it upon you by your own imprudence.

Secondly, then, as to PALLIATIVES—something that may soften, or, as it were, smooth down pain—things that may render the affliction more bearable, and assist, in part at least, in promoting recovery. Here I shall mention acts of duty and of kindness, which devolve rather on those around the afflicted than on the sufferers themselves.

Sympathy is an admirable, and, in some cases, an invaluable palliative. When the husband bends over the sick wife, or the wife over the sick husband, or the mother over her ailing child, or the son or daughter over the feeble parent, or the neighbour over her suffering neighbour; when these intimate, by sighs, by looks, by the tone of the voice, and by actions, that they pity the sufferer, and would willingly impart relief; these, though they cost but little, are most valuable to the sufferer. To see a neighbour call in to make kind inquiries, with a moistened eye, and a soothing tone, and an interested countenance; ready and anxious to render any little service; smoothing the bedclothes; shaking up the pillow; wiping off the clammy sweat; placing refreshing drink, or an orange, or a few lozenges, within reach; administering medicine with an encouraging tone;—oh! how does all this tend to soothe, and how frequently does it, as it were, add efficacy to the medicine and sweetness to the nourishment that is administered! On the other hand, any symptom of indifference or neglect, any harshness of tone, any expression of impatience, will be sure to counteract the effect of the most skilfully-compounded medicine. Kindness, tenderness, and cheerfulness go a great way towards the cure of many ailments.

Attention to neatness, tidyness, and cleanliness, as to the clothing, bedding, and all about the patient, I have known to have a most beneficial effect on the mind and condition of a sick person. The introduction of as much light and air as is consistent with the state of the patient, will have a like tendency; will greatly relieve the spirits, and assist in recovery. And even in those cases where recovery is hopeless, these attentions will greatly smooth down the passage to the grave. On the contrary, want of change of apparel, bedding, &c., neglect in immediately removing from the room all that is offensive, the exclusion of light and fresh air, except in particular cases, these will tend greatly to aggravate disease, to render medicine less efficacious, and seriously to lengthen the period of illness, and to lessen the hopes of recovery.

Ventilation, without the introduction of draughts, and occasional *fumigation*, will be found of much service, refreshing both to the sick and to those who attend upon them. Care, however, must be taken that the fumigations are of a mild and inoffensive description, otherwise the remedy may prove worse than the evil.

Quiet has a soothing, palliative influence. Not only should a patient be kept as free as possible from loud noises, but those who wait upon or visit the sick, should be careful not to indulge in gossiping; neither to bring the patient too much into conversation, nor to chatter loudly about every symptom; much less to relate a number of cases of neighbours and acquaintances who were similarly afflicted, and who used this or that remedy, and applied to this or that doctor, and who *died*, notwithstanding all. This is sure to increase the sensitiveness of the person afflicted, and to do mischief in a variety of ways. I have been sorry to observe that this is a sad propensity in female nurses; it seems to be a custom of the profession, a custom, however, much "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and which, indeed, together with the use of gin and snuff, ought to be scouted out of practice. I am aware that it will be difficult, in some families, to follow out these recommendations. In many instances, the sick and the healthy are obliged to be together in the same apartment, and that apartment not altogether the most convenient, or commodious, or healthy, as to situation. In some cases this induces sickness; in others it retards recovery. Rooms are badly ventilated, and air cannot be introduced without bringing with it disagreeable and unwholesome smells, or draughts that are injurious; and as to *quiet*, the number of little

children in a family will prevent this from being preserved for any length of time. I would put it seriously to persons in such circumstances whether it would not be better for them to get into some hospital, where they would be sure of having the best advice and the most careful treatment, and be free from those inconveniences and annoyances to which they cannot but be exposed at home. If, however, this be impracticable or unpleasant—though I do not see why it should—the best must be done that can be done under circumstances,

It is hardly necessary for me to recommend the use of *nourishing broths*, *refreshing drinks*, and *suitable aliment*. There are cases in which a good nurse is of more service than a doctor. Everything of this class that is given should have these two qualities: it should be *palatable*, not to say enticing; and it should be *nourishing*, or at least *refreshing*. If they be unpalatable, or not nicely served up,—clean, neat, and tempting in the very appearance, no matter what portion of nourishment they contain, they will be sure to be rejected by a sick person with disgust and loathing. And it will be of but little use, it may be even prejudicial, to give that which is palatable, but which is exciting, or difficult of digestion, or which yields no nourishment. *Broths*, of as much strength as is suited to the state of the patient; *meat*, tender, and lightly cooked; puddings, light and savoury; *jellies; gruel*, made from groats or good oatmeal, well boiled and strained; light mixtures of the *arrow-root* class; *toast and water*, properly made; *lemonade*, and many other things which I cannot here enumerate, administered seasonably by the hand of kindness, and with encouraging tones, will go very far to alleviate disease, and will often do more good than doctors or their medicine. I will send with this letter a few plain and simple receipts, not expensive, and which will be found useful in all families.

After all, let but due regard be had to sobriety, cleanliness, exercise, and suitable food and clothing; and there will be less sickness and disease, fewer casualties, and but little need of doctors or of medicine.

October 8, 1850. MARTHA MAKEPEACE.

COOKERY FOR THE SICK AND INVALIDS.

BEEF TEA.—Cut a pound of fleshy beef into thin pieces, and put it into a clean, covered saucepan, with one quart of water. Let it be well skimmed. After it has boiled, it should simmer for about twenty minutes. There should be little or no seasoning, except salt. If a portion be required in a short space of time, the meat may be put into a pint of water, boiled for a quarter of an hour, and poured off. Another pint of water can then be added to the meat, and it may be boiled down for another hour. This beef tea may be used as drink, or if the patient is able to take it, a small quantity of nicely toasted bread may be broken into it, or it may be thickened with arrow root, in the proportion of a tea spoonful of the powder to a tea cup full of the liquor.

MUTTON-SHANK JELLY.—An excellent restorative or strengthening jelly may be made thus:—Get a dozen shanks of mutton, soak them well in lukewarm water for about three hours, and then clean them well. Lay them in a saucepan with a good sized onion, about fifty black peppers, a few sweet herbs, and a crust or two of bread toasted very brown but not burnt. Add to this half a pound of gravy beef, and three quarts of water. Set them over a *clear* fire, or on a hot hearth, closely covered, and let them simmer gently for five or six hours. Strain off, and put it in a cool place.

CALF'S-FOOT BROTH.—Have the foot well chopped and cleaned, Boil it in three pints of water till it is reduced one half; strain and set by. When it is to be used, take off the fat, put a tea cup full of the jelly into a saucepan with a little sugar or nutmeg, and beat it up till it nearly boils. Then take a little of it, and beat into it by degress the yolk of an egg, and a small bit of fresh butter. Stir it altogether, but do not let it boil. Grate a piece of fresh lemon-peel into it.

RESTORATIVE JELLY.—Take rice, sago, pearl barley, hartshorn shavings, and eringo root, of each one ounce. Put them into three pints of water, and let it simmer till reduced to one pint. Strain off; add a little sugar and milk, and keep it in a cold place.

WATER GRUEL.—To two tablespoonsful of groats add rather more than a pint of water,

and let it boil for a longer or less space of time, according to the thickness required. If *thin* gruel be wished, about twenty minutes will suffice. The liquor may then be poured through a sieve, and the groats may be boiled up with milk for children. Season by adding to a pint of the gruel a few grains of salt, and two teaspoonsful of moist sugar.

ANOTHER WAY.—Set on a pint of water to boil. Put two tablespoonsful of oatmeal into a basin, and mix smoothly in cold water, with a wooden spoon. Stir this hastily into the boiling water, and keep stirring till it has boiled about five minutes. Put in a few grains of salt and a little sugar, as above directed. This may be used as drink, and a slight squeeze of lemon may be added; or it may be eaten with a little stale, or nicely toasted bread crumbled in; or, if the patient be able to take it, it may be made thicker by using more meal in proportion.

ARROWROOT.—See that the powder be genuine, as there are many imitations and adulterations, some of which are nothing but potato flour. Put two teaspoonsful of the powder into a basin, and mix smoothly with cold water or milk. Pour on as much boiling water or milk as will make the quantity required; stir it well and briskly, and return it to the saucepan and give it one boil up. If made with milk serve up plain, or add a *little* butter and sugar, and a few grains of salt. If made with water, add to the foregoing about the eighth part of the rind of a fresh lemon.

TOAST AND WATER.—Toast *slowly* a thin piece of bread, till it is quite brown and hard, but not in the least burnt or black. Plunge it while hot into a jug of cold water, and cover it over an hour before used. In pouring it out for the patient see that no crumbs escape into the glass or mug.

REFRESHING DRINK (*from Soyer's Modern Housewife*).—Put a half gallon of water upon the fire, and when boiling have ready four pippin apples (quite ripe); cut each apple into eight slices, without peeling them, throw them into the water, which keep boiling until the apples are quite soft. Pass the water through a sieve, pressing the apples gently against its side, but not rubbing them through it. Add enough honey to make it a little sweetish, and drink lukewarm.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

Where necessity pinches, boldness is prudence.

If a jewel is bright, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

A passionate man scourges himself with his own scorpions.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Hope is a working man's dream.

A lie begets a lie till they come to generations.

He who spares when he is young may spend when he is old.

Good instruction is as necessary as food.

He denies himself who asks what is impossible.

An obstinate heart shall be laden with sorrows.

Cherish the buds of pity, and they will bloom with benevolence.

Memory is the mother of the Muses.

Purchase by persuasion rather than enjoy by violence.

Levity of manners favours vice, and weakens virtuous inclinations.

Make provision for want in time of plenty.

Most men are slaves because they cannot say "No."

Passion should be cured by prudence.

Sufferings are the trials of gallant spirits.

Unasked favours demand our gratitude

Sweet water cannot flow from a foul spring.

Peace and honour are the sheaves of virtue's harvest.

The greatest king must at last go to bed with a shovel.

He who would eat the kernel must not complain of cracking the nut.

That pilgrim is base who speaks ill of his staff.

Put off your armour, and then talk of your courage.

When the barn is full you may thrash before the door.

Bounty is more commended than imitated.

Custom in infancy becomes nature in old age.

Persecution may make martyrs of hypocrites, but can never produce conviction.

Riches gotten with craft are commonly lost with shame.

Undaunted minds defy fortune.

Zeal without meekness is like a ship at sea, in danger of every rising storm.

Poverty is a self-instructing virtue.

Precipitation will ruin the best laid designs.

Craft, counting all things, brings nothing home.

A moment of time is a monument of mercy.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 13TH TO OCTOBER 19TH.

October 13, *Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*

October 13, 1822, died at Venice, *Antonio Canova*, the celebrated sculptor. He travelled, when young, over part of Germany, and was twice in Paris. He visited London chiefly for the purpose of seeing the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. On his return to Rome he received a patent of nobility, and was created Marquis of Ischia. As remarkable for his modesty as for talent, he never assumed his high title, but to the last left his card as "Antonio Canova." He is regarded as one of the great regenerators of a high style of art.

October 13, 1849, the *Cholera* disappeared from London. The total number of deaths registered from October 1, 1848, to this date, was 14,497.

October 14, 1843, *Daniel O'Connell*, and a number of the leading Irish Repealers, were arrested on a charge of sedition, and unlawfully conspiring. They were held to bail, and proceedings were instituted against them November 2, in the same year.

October 15, 1829, died *George Dawe*, R.A., a painter of eminence. He was the son of a humble print dealer in London, who dealt chiefly in the commonest kind of mezzotinto engravings. He acquired a love for the art, and distinguished himself both as a mezzotinto engraver and as a painter of portraits and historical pieces. He practised for some time at St. Petersburg, under the immediate patronage of the Emperor Alexander.

October 16, 1586, *Sir Philip Sydney* died of wounds received at the battle of Zutphen. He was an ingenious writer, and accomplished officer and statesman, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

October 16, 1831, Disturbances took place in the congregation of the *Rev. Edward Irving*, occasioned by certain of his members, chiefly females, holding forth in what were denominated "unknown tongues." Much confusion ensued; but Mr. Irving listened with profound attention and respect. Large crowds were attracted by curiosity; but the novelty gradually subsided, and the sect formed under those circumstances is now nearly extinct.

October 16, 1834, *both Houses of Parliament were destroyed* by a fire, which broke out between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and which continued to rage throughout the night, and was not completely extinguished for several days. The safety of Westminster-hall was greatly endangered, and, on the first alarm, that of the Abbey; but neither of those buildings received damage. Both the houses were completely ruined, with the exception of some offices and committee-rooms. The Speaker's house was partly destroyed, and the remainder much damaged. The fire was supposed to be accidentally kindled.

October 17, 1727, was born *John Wilkes*, a political character of great temporary celebrity. In April 1763, in No. 45 of the *North Briton*, a paper edited by him, he commented on the king's speech in such caustic terms, that a prosecution was determined upon. A warrant was issued, the legality of which he disputed, in consequence of which, and his refusal to answer certain interrogatories, he was committed to the Tower. Some days afterwards, however, he was brought, by writ of Habeas Corpus, before Chief Justice Pratt, of the Common Pleas, who declared that the warrant was illegal; Wilkes was therefore discharged amidst the rejoicings of the populace. He offended again, and was prosecuted in a more regular way. On his non-appearance to meet the prosecution, he was expelled from the House of Commons. He was afterwards found guilty of obscenity and libel, and was outlawed. He was after this imprisoned, and during his imprisonment was elected, by a vast majority, to represent the county of Middlesex. He was again expelled the House, and again re-elected. Several altercations between him and the Government ensued, and in 1774, he, being then Lord Mayor of London, was chosen member for Middlesex, and took his seat. He was afterwards elected Chamberlain of London, which office he held till his death, which took place December 26, 1797. Though his private character was not unexceptionable, it is certain that the liberty of the subject and parliamentary law, were strengthened by his courage, coolness, and perseverance.

October 18, 1564, *Sir John Hawkins*, the first Englishman that gave countenance to the *Slave Trade*, sailed from Plymouth, his native place, for Cape Verd, on the coast of Africa; being the *first* ostensible voyage in that iniquitous commerce. It is stated that it was *prosperous;* but upon this adventure HILL says, in his Naval History, "Here began the horrid practice of forcing the Africans into slavery: an injustice and barbarity which, so sure as there is vengeance in heaven for the worst of crimes, will sometime be the destruction of all who engage in it." Happily ENGLAND is now redeemed from this nation-sinking sin of a trade in human beings.

October 18, 1677, died, in the 57th year of his age, *Thomas Manton*, D.D. He was one of the Ejected Ministers, and one of the greatest divines of his own or of any other age. His chief works are contained in five large folio volumes.

October 19, 1609, died, aged 49, *James Arminius*, an eminent divine, a popular preacher, and the founder of a theological system known by the name of Arminianism. He was for some time Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden.

October 19, 1645, the Scots took Newcastle by storm, after a siege of ten weeks. It was at that time held by the Royalists for Charles I.

October 19, 1806, died *Henry Kirke White*, a youthful poet, of distinguished ability. He was the son of a butcher, and was intended for the same occupation, but, in consequence of the delicacy of his constitution, the more sedentary employment of a stocking-weaver was adopted. From his infancy he manifested an extraordinary love of learning, and at the age of fourteen he produced specimens of poetry worthy of preservation. He was then placed in an attorney's office, and devoted his spare time to the study of Greek and Latin. His desire for knowledge increased, and the advantage of a University education, with the prospect of entering the church, became the great object of his ambition. At length, through the generosity of Mr. Wilberforce, and the exertions of the Rev. Charles Simeon, he was admitted a student of St. John's College, Cambridge. There he applied himself to his studies with such unremitting labour, that his health became deranged, and he died on the abovenamed date, deeply lamented both on account of his virtues and his talents.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 42.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.]

APPRENTICES.

THE DUTIES OF MASTERS.

We have thought that *Caste*, which prevails to so much greater an extent in England than in India, has been perhaps more unjust to *apprentices* than to any other class of the community. Almost everyone feels at liberty to speak slightingly of an apprentice. "*Only an apprentice*," or "It was done by 'prentice boys," are very common expressions. "Tell your master to come himself, and not send his apprentices," is in the mouth of almost every nervous old person, male or female, who gives an order. Indeed, we might fill this paper with expressions of contempt which are from time to time used respecting juvenile artizans, mechanics, and tradesmen.

And yet *apprentices* are the most hopeful portion of the community. What if there should never be another girl taught weaving, spinning, bonnet-making, or millinery; nor another lad bound for a term of years to learn the "*art, trade, and mystery*" of shoe-making, tailoring, carpentry, printing, &c. &c. &c.? Why, the world would go back again to barbarism; Old England would become a desert, and her inhabitants untutored savages. We might say to the nobility, Do you hope that your sons and daughters will roll in luxury, be clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; and that your lands will yield vast revenues; and the resources of the State be sustained, and even augmented? Then remember that the fulfilment of your wishes depends upon the apprentices of our time. And, turning to every citizen, patriot, cosmopolite, or Christian, we might affirm, that not a single anticipation of wealth, prosperity, progress, or improvement, can be realized apart from the skill, industry, and toil of the rising mechanics and operatives, who are now working early and late to learn their various callings and trades.

To us there has always been something marvellous in the sight of a boy throwing off his pinafore or blouse, and tying on his apron; abandoning the comparative ease of school-days and sports for the opposite and comparatively hard lot of rising early, late taking rest, and laborious toil; giving up the hoop for the sledge-hammer; the marbles and paper-kite for the saw or the lapstone; hop-frog and cricket for the other side of a counter; and the run of the street and the fields for the incarceration of a shop or a factory. There seems to us hardly a metamorphosis on earth more wonderful than this one to which we allude. Only one month's trial, and the chain is riveted for seven long years. Only a few days ago he was the pet of his mother, the life of the village ring; and now he is a hundred miles from home, bound for a tenth part of the life of man to a master who perhaps speaks roughly to him; to a mistress who perhaps stints him in food; doomed to bear the tyranny of elder apprentices, and to be the slave of journeymen who scold and cuff him because he is not so proficient in his new calling as they are; and who threaten him with the ire of his master, and with perpetual ignorance of his trade, unless he bears every act of oppression with silent submission, and consents to be the butt and the slave of all. We know the heart of an apprentice, and could fill volumes with the ills and injustice which multitudes have to endure, and as we

write these lines, feel it difficult to repress the indignation which the remembranc of the tyranny and cruelty of past years kindles in our breast.

But the past is gone, we hope, never to return; and in the approaching age w behold more than a vision of justice, intelligence, and philanthropy, which shal give to our long-abused, over-worked, persecuted apprentices, the rights, comforts encouragements, and rewards, which they naturally deserve. We repeat again that when we see the boy leave his sports for the bondage of years, and, in s many instances, bear the yoke so well, we have our faith in the manifold facultie and powers of humanity for good vastly increased, and set no bounds to our de lightful anticipations of the happiness of those ages which are yet to come and pas away under the sceptre of justice, truth, piety, and benevolence.

We intend in this paper and the next to say a few words respecting *the duties o masters to their apprentices;* and then we shall, perhaps, have a word or two to say on the other side of the question; and before we finish hope to give publicity to a few thoughts, which may not be without their influence in realizing the prospects we so ardently cherish.

I. Every Master is under a solemn obligation to teach his Apprentice his trade.

This was the agreement specified in the indenture; for this the premium was paid and received; and the time and talent of the apprentice sold and bought. Now a bargain is a bargain, and he who receives the purchase-money, and refuses to give back the article for which it was paid, is a barefaced swindler. A Christian he cannot be; and he scarcely deserves the name of a man If he *does not understand the trade* he professes, then he was guilty of an act of dishonesty to receive a price to teach a business of which he himself is, to a great extent, ignorant. Every bungler or botch who takes an apprentice is a robber of the worst description; for he not only accepts a premium which he cannot merit, and therefore in taking it is guilty of plunder, but he robs unwary parents or guardians of their property, prevents an unsuspecting youth from rising in life, and thus deprives society and the trade of his country of a skilful mechanic or operative. Many a man has been transported across the seas, or hung in chains, for an offence far less iniquitous than the one which is here committed in the broad light of day, and in the face of the law.

The man who *knows his business*, and yet, from indolence, carelessness, or jealousy, neglects duly to instruct his apprentice, is yet more culpable. He sets truth, honour, honesty, and fidelity at defiance, and therefore sinks many degrees below the highwayman. That such a plunderer should dare to lift his head in society is only another proof of the corrupting and hardening power of injustice and dishonesty, rendering men reckless of the respect they owe themselves and the duties they ought to fulfil to society. What a reproach for any individual to *waste* in indolence or *drink* the time and talents which he has been paid, and has actually covenanted to employ in the service of others! And what audacious wickedness to promise to do a work which is never intended to be done, lest the apprentice, by becoming an adept in his trade, should at some time be a competitor with his master, or his master's sons! Why, if such fears prevail, take an apprentice at all? No one but a swindler would allow himself to be thus degraded.

We fear that we have among us a large number of masters who never allow the voice of conscience to speak in this matter, and hence the hosts of apprentices

who, at the end of seven years, are altogether unfit to enter into business for themselves, or to manufacture a passable article in that particular line which they were articled to learn. We have heard it repeated again and again, that multitudes of workmen are only stupid bunglers, who work for low wages, but are dear at any price, because they spoil almost everything they take in hand. We do not say that *masters* are always to blame. In some cases *the apprentice* has been idle, dull, or dissipated, and defied every effort that was made for his improvement; but still, making every allowance for such cases, there would remain a considerable number of operatives who were robbed of all skill in their business by the indolence, injustice, or jealousy of the masters, who received a large premium to teach them their trades. We have in the country not a few of these technical impostors, and their conduct cannot be too severely reprobated. Some, alas! we have known who made a flaming profession of religion at the very time that they were unfitting their apprentices for the duties of life.

II. Apprentices should receive kind treatment.

Hardship does no good to any one; for while it dispirits and hardens an untoward youth, it inflicts incalculable injury on the best and most persevering. *Kindness* is the key to the human heart; ay, and can even secure the affections of animals. How affectionate dogs, horses, and other beasts can be made by gentle treatment! *Cruelty* has completely changed the nature of the English ass, so that in disposition and spirit he bears no resemblance to his brethren in other lands, where they receive more humane usage. Myriads of apprentices have been entirely ruined by severe and cruel discipline. It was formerly accepted as an indisputable canon that no boy could learn a trade without being frequently horse-whipped. In accordance with this received maxim, we have known journeymen implore a master to punish most promising boys without the least fault of any kind; and have seen stripes of a cruel character inflicted when no offence whatever had been committed.

It is now ascertained that even *idiots* can be improved, and managed, and educated *by love;* and if this is the case where intellectual discernment and moral feeling are almost wanting, how much more would reason and kindness prevail, where there is no defect in the mental power? Thousands have been hardened by the whip, but not a soul has ever been softened. One of the commands given by an inspired apostle, is, that we should "forbear threatening." Threats may engender fear, but it is out of the range of possibilities for them to elicit love. And not only should every cruel use of the rod be avoided, but harsh, contemptuous, and discouraging language: to be continually calling a boy "a fool," and dinning his ears with such expressions as, that "*He is not worth his salt,*" "*Will never learn his trade,*" &c.; and embellishing such phrases with oaths and curses in profusion, will never improve the learner whatever may be his pursuit. "*Encourage him,*" is a precept as philosophical as it is humane. There is no regimen like kindness, either to call forth the intellect, touch the heart, or quicken the bodily energies. The Creator governs our world *by love*, and directs us to imitate his example, and apprentices are not to be viewed as outlaws to benevolence, seeing there is hardly a race of beings upon earth that really need so much kind and generous treatment as the boy who is learning a trade, nor would any mode of proceeding receive so large an amount of interest in return.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE THREE HOMES:
A TALE OF THE COTTON SPINNERS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

By one who has been among the Spindles.

PART THE THIRD.

THE FIRST NEWS OF THE RIOTS IN THE NORTH—THE MAGISTRATES' MEETING AND DETERMINATION—MASTERS AND MEN—THE HOME OF THE DISAFFECTED—THE PROCLAMATION—THE MEETING AT CARPENTERS' HALL, HOW THE SPEECHES WERE RECEIVED, AND HOW THE MEETING TERMINATED—THE ATTACK AND THE RESCUE,

The morning of the 8th of August, 1842, broke gloomily upon Manchester; and for the first time symptoms of disaffection were observed among its labouring classes. For several months previous, a great depression had existed in the cotton trade of the north, and the workers in the mills, ever the first to feel the disadvantages of change, had come to consider the slackness of demand a consequence, not of over-supply, but of the injurious influence of machinery. There were not wanting men who, for interested motives, encouraged this mistaken idea and fanned the flame of insurrection; and on this particular morning the whole neighbourhood was thrown into a violent state of excitement by the news of the cotton-spinners of Ashton, Hyde, and Stalybridge, having "turned out."

To many who heard the report there was something bewildering in the idea of all work in the mills being stopped, but to others the notion of obliging the manufacturers to succumb was already quite familiar; and it was with inexpressible pleasure, therefore, that the leaders of the various clubs, unions, and trades' meetings, communicated to their excited followers the particulars of what was known of the doings in the north.

To one man in Manchester the report conveyed anything but pleasurable emotions, and that man was Charles Sparkes. Already had his regular habits exposed him to ridicule among his fellows, and there were not wanting tongues which propagated falsehoods by the score about the "total abstainer," for with the great majority of workmen in Manchester the idea of temperance was familiar only to be laughed at and derided. It was, therefore, with feelings of considerable pain that he heard the report of the turn-out commented on by his fellow-workmen in terms of commendation.

Towards night the excitement increased to such an extent that the magistrates, fearing the peace of the town would be broken, held a private meeting in the house of Mr. Davidson, who was himself in the commission of the peace, at which it was determined that for the present no steps should be taken beyond communicating with the Secretary of State. But while they were deliberating, news arrived that the turn-outs had entered Oldham, and forcibly stopped the mills there; and that it was their intention to to march into Manchester the next morning.

"Well," inquired one old gentleman of rather venerable and somewhat sleepy appearance, "what's to be done?"

"Done!" exclaimed another with a red face and jolly-looking appearance, "why, my opinion is, that we had better call out the military."

"Or swear in the special constables," suggested a third.

"Or stop the mills," said a timid-looking individual in spectacles.

"Monstrous! absurd! ridiculous! dangerous!" broke in from all parts of the room; and one speaker even went so far as to designate the proposal as suicidal—at the same time declaring that he wished the proposer of such a measure was himself a millowner.

"My friends," at length said Charles's master, "I fear that none of these suggestions will exactly meet the exigences of the case; and that we should do nothing

rashly, I will, if you will allow me, just recount the origin of these disturbances."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said the magistrates, as with one voice, for they were in truth rather anxious to be relieved from the responsibility of acting in their individual capacities.

"Well, then," pursued Mr. Davidson, "I presume that you are all aware that the recent glut in the markets induced some of the masters in the neighbourhood of Ashton to propose to their hands a lower scale of wages, as the only means of avoiding the dreaded alternative of closing their mills. The workmen in most instances, I believe, accepted their offer, and work went on as usual. But on other millowners intimating to their people that they should be compelled to adopt the same course, a reconsideration of the whole question took place among the hands, and, following the advice of the more violent among them, the majority decided on closing the mills; and the result is, that all labour in Ashton, Stalybridge, and Hyde, was suspended this morning by the hands voluntarily turning out."

"Really, Sir," exclaimed the red-faced magistrate, "you have a very quiet way of glossing over the misdoings of these men. I tell you, gentlemen, that it is not a question of wages at all, but a mad desire, on the part of these misguided people, to forcibly possess themselves of the property of their betters—a desire which nothing but the strong arm of the law can allay or put down."

And the red-countenanced magistrate wiped the perspiration off his face with a scarlet silk pocket-handkerchief, which seemed to add to its already bloated and inflamed appearance.

"But, my dear Sir," mildly inquired the magistrate in spectacles, "what do you advise as the most proper course to be pursued in this case?"

"Advise!" why, gentlemen, my advice is, call out the military."

And then, for several minutes, the meeting was in a state of great confusion, in consequence of all the members speaking at once. It was clear, however, that the last proposal was beginning to be received with favour.

"But how *can* we?" said one who had hitherto been silent. "What right or excuse have we for taking the initiative in this affair?—none, I say, none! It would be a positive insult to the people to parade the soldiers about the town at this time; and I really don't see that we can do any good by such a display."

"Certainly not," said another "it would only exasperate the disaffected and frighten the timid."

"I quite agree with you, Sir," said Mr. Davidson, bowing to the last speaker; "and my opinion is, that we should do nothing at present which would be likely to excite the townspeople. It is true, that in Oldham and the other towns, above twenty thousand persons have turned out, but you must recollect that nearly one-half of them are women and children; and that if we meet the demands of our people, in a fair and open spirit, we have little to fear."

"Little to fear, Sir! little to fear!" exclaimed the red-faced magistrate. "I think we have everything to fear from a mob of unruly vagabonds who would destroy our machinery, burn our houses, and cut our throats, if they had a chance. My maxim is, treat them as felons immediately they grumble, and keep them under with sword and musket."

It was clear that the other magistrates were of similar opinion to the red-faced individual; and before the meeting broke up it was decided by the majority that their only safety lay in the employment of military power. But that it might not appear that they were acting precipitately, it was decided to swear in such a number of special constables as should be necessary for the peace of the town, in addition to the ordinary police, and that the soldiers should be kept close in their barracks till their presence was actually necessary.

In the meanwhile meetings of working men were held in every public-house in Manchester, and the greatest excitement was felt, not only by the workers, but by the tradespeople and millowners, as to the result of the coming contest. Already had the leaders of the movement arrived in Manchester, and already had they made many converts from among the discontented; so that before midnight it was decided by immense majorities in all the places of meeting, that the people were suffering martyrs, and that their employers were deserving of no better epithet than that of tyrants and bloodsuckers.

At a gathering at the Goat and Compasses, in Deansgate, the people were addressed in violent language by an iron-miner from Glasgow; who declared he was ready to die in their cause,—though to the majority of those present the precise disability under which they laboured was by no means clear; and at the Carpenters' Hall the orators of disorder were unanimous in calling upon their hearers to "stick up for their rights and no surrender!" Indeed, in every street in all that immense town there were to be met crowds

of people anxiously inquiring into the success of the turnouts, and whether any fresh news had been received from them; while, on the contrary, the shopkeepers had cleared their houses and kept safely within doors; determined to take no part in the demonstration which it was anticipated would be made on the morrow—so soon and so quickly does the spirit of disaffection seize hold of the minds of the ignorant and the ill-disposed.

But in the mill of Mr. Davidson another scene was enacting which was not without its picturesque features. As soon as the magistrate had left the meeting, he went at once to his mill, and calling the people together—for they had not yet left the premises—proceeded to address them. As he was known to be a kind-hearted liberal master, the weavers and under-workers were nothing loth to obey the summons; and in less than half-an-hour the whole of the hands except the children were assembled in the largest room of the mill.

"My friends," began Mr. Davidson, "I have called you together to have a little talk with you about the turnouts who are expected here to-morrow morning. And what I want to say is this—that if any man or woman among you is discontented with your present employment or his employer, I should be glad to know it, that I may endeavour to rectify anything that has gone wrong, or that the complainer may have an opportunity of seeking another master without hindrance or prejudice."

There was a dead silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Davidson went on again.

"I know that you have had, in common with others, to suffer from the badness of the times; but I ask you all whether it is not better to put up with the inconvenience of lower wages than the evils of none at all?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed a great number of voices.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," said a woman with a child in her arms.

"So it is, missus, so it is," cried an old man; "and we as has a good many mouths to feed 'ud soon find it out at baggin time."*

"Well, then, my friends," continued the master, "I thought it best to call you together to learn your sentiments in the matter of this turnout, should it please God to visit this town with the evil. Is there any one of you who wishes to leave my employ? for if there be, I have only to say to that man or that woman—Go in peace!"

Cries of "No, no!" "We don't want to leave!" "We'll protect your property as long as we have a leg to stand on!" and "Bravo, bravo!" interrupted the speaker, who was sensibly affected by this manifestation of goodwill among his workpeople.

But he went on, nevertheless: "My friends, I trust you will not misunderstand me. I hope I am speaking for your own good"—

"You are—you are!"

"When I tell you, that in the ranks of the workmen of Manchester are to be found individuals who would lead you into destruction; who, for the empty shadow of political advantages, would risk your coming into collision with the strong arm of the law. But be warned in time, and beware such men. But do not mistake me. I am not of those who would deny to the working man every political and social right enjoyed by his richer neighbour; but I would say to him, in the spirit of true friendship—and I am bold to think that there may exist true friendship between master and man"—

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"Study to deserve the rights of citizenship; make yourself master of the true talisman with which to open the golden door of freedom; learn to believe that in the possession of knowledge lies the secret of all power; be sober, watchful, industrious, earnest workmen, and then you will have power to demand from government a boon which no force or menace could ever wrest from its grasp."

Oh! the cries of approbation that sounded through the apartment; the clappings and claspings of hands, and the tears that coursed down cheeks too long unused to such sweet visitants.

"And now, to come to the more immediate object of our meeting. I have been present, in the early part of this evening, at a meeting of the town magistrates, and it was there decided, much against my inclination, that, in the event of the rioters from Ashton and other places visiting Manchester, the military should be called out."

"Shame, shame!"

"Yes, my friends, and I say 'Shame' with you; and it is with the view of at once keeping you in employment and shielding you from the machinations of bad advisers that I now ask you, such of you as shall be inclined, to protect my property, and resist any attempt that may be made to persuade you to join the ranks of the strangers."

In another hour every man and every boy above sixteen in Mr. Davidson's mill

* Tea-time.

was sworn in as a special constable to protect his master's property.

That night was one of great anxiety to the residents in Manchester, and few heads were laid upon their pillows without feeling some kind of dread as to the events of the coming day. Charles,—who now held a somewhat better post in the mill than formerly, had been for some time past enabled to support his mother, who resided with him and kept his house—was among those who dreaded the effects of the coming storm. He had seen with regret that his brother-in-law found no comfort in his home, and dreaded the effect of excitement on his untrained spirit; and it was with an undefined feeling of anxiety that he turned his steps towards the residence of his sister and her husband.

"Where's John?" he inquired of his sister, as soon as the customary salutations were over.

"Oh, he's out as usual. I'm sure, what with him and the brats, I'm worried out of my life. I wish I was dead."

"Mary, that's a wicked wish to express before your children," said Charles, gently.

"Well, so it is, Charley; but if you were to see how changed Mitchell has become this last year or two. You havn't seen him lately, have you? You would not wonder that I sometimes wish I was out of it. Here have I been slaving away for the last five weeks for the whole family, while he's spending all he gets in the Tom and Jerrys. Isn't that enough to vex a body?"

Her brother shook his head sadly.

"Now there was yesterday," she continued, "instead of helping me a bit with the children, he sits in the corner with his pipe in his mouth till nigh twelve o'clock, and then goes out with his cust dog at his heels, goin' a rattin', or else up to the wake a bull-fightin'. Isn't that enough to vex a saint, eh?"

"And where is he now?" inquired Charles.

"Oh, bless you," answered Mary, "he's not content with dog fightin' and bull-baitin', the nasty, drinkin', smokin' beast, but he must join a chartist spoutin' club, and they meets every night for the redress of grievances, as they calls them. See, here's one of their bills." And she handed him the following placard, which was roughly printed in large letters:—

"JUSTICE, PEACE, LAW, ORDER.

"To the Inhabitants of Manchester, Salford, and the surrounding districts."

"We, the delegates of the various trades of all these important districts, having been each and all legally and duly elected by our various trades, have met again this day in solemn conference, empowered by our constituents to watch and guard over the interests of the people whom we represent, and do most earnestly implore of you not to be led astray by the machinations of your enemies, *but to remain firm to your purpose to uphold your just rights*, as set forth in Carpenters' Hall. We call upon you to be prompt in the election of Delegates to the great Conference of Delegates, which will be held to-morrow at the Sherwood's Inn, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and that you meet immediately for such purpose, such as have not chosen delegates.

"We most solemnly pledge ourselves to persevere in *our exertions* until we achieve the complete emancipation of our brethren of the middle and working classes from the thraldom of monopoly and class legislation to the legal establishment in the People's Charter.

"The trades of Great Britain carried the Reform Bill, and the trades of Britain shall carry the Charter.

"We call upon you, then, to act with promptitude and vigour. *You do your duty, and we will do ours.* We trust the issue to the protection of Heaven and the justice of our cause."

"Ah!" sighed Charles, after carefully perusing the document, "I thought so. Is he there now, think ye, Mary?"

"Well, I don't know; but just you wait here a minute or so, and I'll step out and see whether he's been to the factory to-day. If he hasn't, I'll wager he's at the club."

She slipped on her bonnet, and before Charles had time to protest against it, she brushed by him, and passed out into the street. Charles was left alone with the sleeping children.

He could not forbear, on looking round the wretched apartment, contrasting the description he had just heard of John Mitchell with the remembrance he had of him but a few years since—a gay, light-hearted, thoughtless, but generous young fellow; and he sighed to think that his sister had neglected to improve the opportunity she had had of moulding her husband's disposition into beauty instead of deformity. It was evident to the brother that his sister's carelessness and want of order had disgusted her husband, and that, failing to find comfort at home, he had sought it, where many others sought it too, in the excitement of drink and low pleasures. But now a new source of uneasiness arose in the knowledge of John Mitchell's connection with the disaffected spouters of his wretched neighbourhood. He had no long time to moralize, however, for in a short time Mary returned with the intelligence that the hands at the mill had already struck, and were at that moment holding a meeting in Carpenters' Hall, in conjunction with the delegates from various trades in different parts of the country. To the meeting he determined to go; and kissing his sister, he slipped a shilling into her

hand, and prepared to depart. He was a poor hand at advising women, but he could not help saying, as he stood at the door with Mary's hand in his, "I think, sister, that if you kept your place in better order John would be more likely to stay at home."

"Law bless you!" exclaimed Mary, "if the place was a palace he wouldn't: besides, what time have I for makin' a place tidy, with this squalling brat always in my arms?"

"Ah, well," said Charles, as he went towards the place of meeting, "there are faults on both sides;" with which consolatory piece of old world wisdom, unworthy as it was, he entered the Carpenters'-hall.

Here a scene met his view he was quite unprepared for. On the platform, close to the chairman, was John Mitchell, evidently half intoxicated, while on the other side was a keen-eyed man, in the garb of a weaver, holding forth in the most bitter and unpremeditated language to the crowd below. "My fellow-workmen," said, or rather bawled, the speaker, "the time has arrived when we should free ourselves from the tyranny of our base and brutal masters. What we require is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and while the curse of machinery exists we must remain slaves. Arise and demand your rights; and even though we wade knee-deep in the blood of our oppressors, those rights we must obtain. Is it to be borne, my countrymen, that we should any longer groan under the weight of oligarchical tyranny? that we should waste the best years of our lives in providing luxuries for the magnates of the earth, and yet partake of no portion of the spoil? that we should go on producing riches, and yet remain poor? that we should be ground under the hoof of power, and yet disdain to assert the power which God has given us? that our strength should be very weakness in the hands of our enemies? No, rather let us arise in our strength, and assert our long-denied manhood: let us declare ourselves men, even as we have all our lives been content to consider ourselves mere machines in the power of the wealthy: let us, like our ancestors of old, awake from the lethargy of indifference, and calling upon the God of our fathers, insist on having the rights of manhood freely accorded."

The speaker paused from over-excitement, and then another took up the theme; and ere the audience could recover the effects of the strong dose already administered, poured out a long catalogue of their wrongs, and injuries, and urged them to arise in the power of their might and overthrow the tyranny of capital. Unlike the previous speaker, he indulged in no excitement of voice or gesture, but with slow measured phrase, recounted the evils of class legislation and the power of the people's oppressors. In low deep monotonous tones he gave vent to the bitterest and most appalling language; and as the people swayed to and fro in their strong excitement, and the women wept in the depth of their great sympathies, he suddenly stopped. But it was only a moment. Raising a voice to almost a screech, he inquired "Are you ready to follow where we lead? are you willing to hazard your lives in the assertion of your rights? And as the people, urged by mad excitement, cried as with one voice "We will, we will!" "Then let us pray!" said the speaker solemnly. Then as if impelled by one mighty will, the whole assembly knelt down reverently, while the speaker poured out an invocation to the God of Battles. "Guide us," he said in low but distinct accents, that reached the very extremity of the large apartment, "O God, in this our great need: help us in the depths of our despair to overthrow our enemies; and even as David of old overthrew the giant with no weapon but a sling and a stone, teach us to triumph over the monsters who oppress us, that we may rise at last superior to the wiles of the rich and the snares of hell!"

Mad, as it were, with drink, and heated with indignation, the kneelers groaned and wept as the speaker proceeded, till at last, when he stopped, strong men arose, with black thoughts in their hearts, and looked upon each other with suspicious fierceness; and women, throwing off all semblance of their weakness, bound their hair about their heads, and stripped their arms, as if already preparing for the deadly conflict, and hushed their babes within their arms as tigers might their young. It was a fearful sight, and Charles shuddered as he gazed. Suddenly one man rose up from the end of the room nearest the door, and cried out, in a rough, harsh voice—"My friends, the time for action has not yet arrived. Beware, and be peaceful: the Philistines are at our heels."

And, almost before the echo of his words had died away, armed men—soldiers and the police—crowded into the room.

To describe the confusion that ensued would be almost impossible. Everyone seemed anxious to reach the door, and some who were in the middle of the crowd were trampled under the feet of those behind them. But, unawed by the menaces of the bolder spirits, unheeding the cries and shrieks of the women, the oaths of the men and the dismal wail of the infants, the police made their way straight to the platform, and, seizing on the persons of the

chairman and speakers, bound their hands and declared them prisoners. So suddenly had the whole movement been accomplished, that scarcely any resistance was offered; and in less than five minutes the entire place was in the possession of the police.

To make his exit with the crowd was the first impulse of Charles Sparkes; but, turning his eyes towards the platform, he had just time to see John Mitchell seized and bound, when he was hurried into the street, with the rest, by the violence of the throng behind.

* * * * *

What took place at the conference was never exactly known; but on the next day, and for many days, the infuriated crowd had entire possession of Manchester. Pouring through the streets, they visited in succession the mills of the obnoxious masters, and turned out the hands, destroyed the machinery, pulled the plugs from the boilers, broke the windows of the factories, and, wherever they met with resistance, fought hand to hand with their opponents. Arriving at the mill of Mr. Davidson, which was situated at a short distance from the town, they demanded that the hands should turn out to join them. This they refused to do, and the crowd, some forty thousand strong, proceeded to act as they had done in other places—attempted to enter the premises. But they met with a resistance they little calculated on. Posted at every door and swarming at the windows, they found a strong, determined band of workmen ready to oppose their entrance.

"On, then," cried the leaders, brandishing huge clubs in their hands; and in a moment a thousand followers were at their heels, rushing into the mill. At the principal entrance were posted Mr. Davidson and Charles, with about twenty of the boldest and most trustworthy of the men; and as this was the principal point of attack, they were prepared for the worst. Situated as they were, with strongly-barred doors before them, and a fierce, excited crowd on the other side, it may well be supposed they had little time for consultation; but the struggle was not yet come.

"Open, I say," hoarsely demanded a black-looking miner; for it must be understood that the riot by this time embraced workers engaged in all trades from Glasgow to Birmingham. But his demand was unheeded by those within, and nothing was heard by them but the confused hum of the multitude, in which, like the murmurs by the sea-shore, little distinct could be separated from the mass of sound.

There was a moment's stillness; but it was the stillness that preceded the storm.

In another minute a rush was made against the gates. Another, and another: they bend and crack like reeds, but they are still firm and unyielding, and the hopes of the defenders are as strong as ever. Presently the voices from without grow louder and more fierce, and the rush against the building more tremendous than ever.

"Again, boys!" cries the dreaded voice; and, as if in answer to the summons, the ponderous gates quiver and shake before the pressure, and forcibly break from their iron fastenings and admit the crowd.

Like infuriated beasts of prey, the rioters rush in and begin their work of destruction. But not unmolested do they do their fearful errand,—for at every step they are opposed by determined bands of workmen. The whole building swarms with men: the steam is cut off, the plug of the boiler is withdrawn, the busy machinery is silent, and confusion and dismay reign paramount. But in the midst of the fray, wherever the danger to his master's property seems most apparent, there is Charles and his dozen or more determined followers. But it is of no avail: the mill is doomed, and in its destruction the object of the rioters is accomplished.

Suddenly a cry is raised in a distant part of the building, and thither hastens our hero, hot and covered with dust and blood. In the midst of a mad crowd his master struggles for his life. It is no time for reflection. Duty, reputation, excitement, affection urge him onwards, and in an instant he is in the thickest of the fray with his employer in his arms, dashing, struggling, heaving, and fighting like a lion for his prey. "Stand back, inhuman cowards!" he exclaims, and with a sweep of his staff he lays more than one opponent sprawling in the dust. "Cheer up, Sir; we'll conquer yet!" he cries; and in spite of all resistance he gains the outskirts of the crowd, and just as he falls exhausted with his master to the ground he hears the sounds of strange voices, and sees the red coats of the yeomanry in the midst of the ranks of the rioters.

(To be continued.)

THE OVERLAND ROUTE FROM THE BANK TO CHARING-CROSS.

It has become the fashion lately—and a very good fashion it is—to travel in an easy and quiet way over thousands of miles of country, and up the whole extent of giant rivers—not by means of actual locomotion, which requires time, and money, and perseverance to accomplish, but by way of PANORAMAS "three miles long," pleasantly illustrated by gentlemen with white wands, who detail the wonders, curiosities, and anecdotical histories of the places to admiring audiences of travellers comfortably seated on green-baize-covered seats. In this way a tolerably good knowledge of distant lands has been obtained, and the fatigue of real travel has been thereby avoided.

But while India and America, and New Zealand and Africa, have been thus made the common property of the untravelled public, "for the small charge of one shilling," places nearer home have been sadly neglected, though they, too, abound with both present and historical interest too important to be altogether overlooked. With the view, then, of supplying, in some slight degree, the want so seriously felt by those who would know something of their own country—or, at least, of that minute section of it called "the village of London"—we here propose to paint, *in words*, a little panorama of our own—we know not how many miles long; and we begin with a specimen *bit* of what we know, both past and present, of that portion of the world comprised within the boundaries of London, by the Bank on the east and Charing-cross on the west.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, Evelyn, speaking of the "mad intemperance of the age" in respect to building, he having in his time seen London "almost as large again as it was within his memory," deplored the cutting up of "pleasant gardens, courts, and accommodations" for the purpose of enlarging the town; what would he have said had he stood with us on the pavement before the Mansion-house, the other day, and noticed the shoals of carriages, cabs, carts, omnibuses, and people pouring westward at about four o'clock in the afternoon? In his time, the streets were unlighted, undrained, only partially guarded, and not more than half paved; each inhabitant laying such stones, bricks, tiles, or what not, before his own door as suited his own pleasure or convenience; kerb-stones were unknown, and walking after dark was a matter of no little danger, in consequence of the numbers of lawless fellows, nicknamed mohocks, scowerers, nickers, &c., who made it their nightly practice to insult the passengers and attack the feeble old watchmen. He would, no doubt, have been surprised to have noticed the stout, able-bodied, blue-coated gentry who form our present police; and he would have been more surprised, probably, to learn that in four years (1844-1848) there were more persons taken into custody (374,710) than formed the whole population of London two hundred years ago.

But to our PANORAMA: take your stand, ladies and gentlemen, on the pavement aforesaid, just underneath the ten gas lamps of the Mansion-house—a great improvement that gas, by the way; the first gas lamp in London was lighted in Pall-mall as lately only as 1807—and notice the things that are passing around you. Here you will observe, after getting used somewhat to the crush, and satisfying the policeman on duty that you are a stranger in London and not a pickpocket, some things worth remembering. If you are fresh from the country, the immense number and variety of vehicles will not fail to take your attention; there are upwards of fifteen hundred omnibuses in London, most of which make four or more journeys, of from four to eight miles each, every day; and, as you will be sure to be accosted by every conductor of every omnibus that passes, and as they do not go very fast, the best way to see the road is to get on the roof of one of them. We are speaking to you now, dear reader, in your individual capacity, as a single gentleman wishing to see town.

Well, you mount, and take your seat; and you have scarcely time to look around you, when you notice that the policeman before mentioned lifts up a kind of snuff-box to the driver, who puts his finger into it, but, strangely enough, forgets to apply the pungent powder to his nose. You inquire whether it is customary to take snuff with the police, when the driver, who is a civil sort of fellow enough, in a brown coat with a lace band round his hat, informs you, with a knowing wink, that he merely gave the constable his dues. "What," you exclaim, "do you pay for standing here?" "No, sir," replies the coachman, "we don't *pay*, but if we didn't drop a shillin' now and then we should be summoned for loitering."

This, as a first experience, is rather startling, to be sure, but the stoppage is useful, as it enables you to observe the throng of vehicles in the roadway, and the lines of

passengers passing to and fro on both sides of the way, who look for all the world as though they had been sent out on errands and charged to be back quick, so little loitering does there appear among them. And it enables you, too, to turn round on your seat and get a view of Chantrey's statue of Wellington before the Royal Exchange; and you will not fail to notice the very artistical manner in which the head of the "iron duke" is made to rise just between the horse's ears as though it were an integral part of the animal itself. From your position you will also get a good view of the Bank of England, which will be additionally interesting to you if you happen to have any money in the funds, especially now that they have raised the top of the outer wall so as to form a kind of rampart for soldiers, in case of riots in the city. The idea of fortifying the bank is by no means new, however, as during the Sacheverel riots, in the reign of queen Anne, and afterwards, when the followers of Lord George Gordon held forcible possession of London (1780), the directors, fearing that the populace might attack their stronghold, were fain to ask, and, what was better, obtain, the assistance of the military; and it will be, therefore, consolatory for you to know that your little store is nightly protected from the designs of the unruly by a strong body of soldiers; and, if you are ambitious, you will also gain much mental strength and resolution from the knowledge of the fact of the founder of that huge prison-like structure (a power within itself greater than was ever held by any single monarch in the world—the power of gold and credit,) was only a mere adventurer, one William Paterson by name, who came from Scotland in 1691; and that the famous Abraham Newland, with whose name the whole civilized world has become acquainted through the medium of those exquisite "promises to pay," on which it so often and so long appeared, was only a baker's shopman, and yet rose, by perseverance and integrity, to become chief clerk of the Bank of England, and to die, at last, surrounded by friends, and *enormously rich.* What a pleasant thing it must be to go to sleep every night with the consciousness of being enormously rich! But even a better thing than that is it to have "much respected" placed upon your tomb!

Before the vehicle starts, you will have time to observe the colonnade of the Royal Exchange, and the wide noble space before it; the present building (the third on the same site) was erected after the destruction by fire, in 1838, of Jarman's celebrated structure, which was itself the phœnix of the world-known Exchange of Gresham, doomed and destroyed in the great fire of London in 1666. The old building had been honoured by royalty, and the present was opened by Queen Victoria, on the 28th of October 1844. If you are not quite a stranger in London, you will recollect the old Exchange, with its lofty bell-tower in the centre, its covered walks, and its statues of our kings and queens, from Edward the Confessor to George the IV. The statue of the ill-fated Charles the First shared the obloquy of his memory, and was thrown down immediately after his execution, and an inscription in gold placed on the pedestal—*Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus,* "The tyrant is gone, the last of the kings." But the disaffected citizens who so recorded their hatred of royalty, were among the first to recognise the claims, and welcome the advent of his son and successor Charles the Second. So much for consistency! The present Exchange is said to have cost £180,000—something less than six times the cost of the marble arch of Buckingham Palace.

As you slowly move along, in obedience to the mandate of the policeman aforementioned, you will naturally turn round to look upon the doubly-christened palace of the Lord Mayor of London—the Mansion-*house*, which was built from the design of George Dance the city surveyor, in 1739, the former residence of the chief magistrates having been an old building till lately occupied by Tegg the bookseller, and now repaired and used as an insurance office. The Mansion-house is an ugly structure; and no wonder, for the city surveyor was only a ship's carpenter, and the building has frequently been likened to the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. Palladio, the great Italian, was persuaded by his friend Lord Burlington, himself an architect, to send in a design for the Mansion-house; but the city Solons could see no merit in it, *for Palladio wasn't a freeman.* The structure, however, contains one noble apartment, called the Egyptian-hall; which, as if to make another bull in the naming of this edifice, has at present nothing oriental about it except the name. The mayor, as you are aware, of course—resides in the Mansion-house during his year of office, and enjoys a salary of £8,000; but he generally spends considerably more. As chief magistrate of the city, he sits daily to administer justice, and, by virtue of his office, is a greater man in the city than the Sovereign himself. This right was once disputed by George IV., when Prince of Wales, but Sir James Shaw, the then Mayor, stood his ground, and the right was confirmed by George III., "of glorious memory." The whole city is under the

control of the Mayor, and the barbarism of closing the city gates (now confined only to the nuisance of Temple-bar) on the approach of the Sovereign, is still continued, and was exercised as lately as the Queen's last visit to the city. This closing of Temple-bar, however, is not for the purpose of keeping the Sovereign out of the city now-a-days, but is merely the assertion of a principle.

As you go upon your way you will get accustomed to the sight of the infinite variety of vehicles—mostly cabs, carriages, and omnibuses going west, and carts and heavy wagons coming east—the day's work of the occupants of all being nearly over—and you will no longer wonder at the multitudes of people in the streets; but you will not fail to notice the orderly manner in which they all pass along. There is very little crowding, very little loitering, very little talking, and a very minute proportion of mirth in the London streets. A loud laugh in the city is so rare as to cause the policeman on duty to turn sharply round on the offender and wonder at the phenomenon; and as for a crowd, a minute's stoppage in the Poultry, through which you are now passing—the fall of a horse, or the seizure of a pickpocket, neither of them very rare occurrences—causes one five hundred strong. You will notice, too, that all this order in walking is produced by simply *keeping your right hand to the wall.* The poet Gray, in his "Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London," directs his readers to whom to give, and to whom to refuse, the wall; and Dr. Johnson tells us that, in his mother's time, the London population were divided into two varieties, the peaceable and the quarrelsome—those who *gave* the wall, and those who *took* it.

The pace of the omnibus is so slow, that you have been enabled to record all these observations and to recall these passages as it makes its way into Cheapside from Mansion-house-street through the Poultry. But before you leave the locality it will be as well to observe the King's Head Tavern, on the left-hand side of the way, where Charles the Second saluted the innkeeper's wife with a kiss, on his entry into London at his restoration; and No. 22, now forming part of the premises of Messrs. Caldecott and Powell, Manchester Warehousemen, where Dilly, the bookseller, published the first edition of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson." As the great lexicographer was "fortunate in his biographer," it is as well to know where the biography first saw the light. At No. 31 was born the famous Tom Hood, the author of some of the wittiest things that ever were said or sung, as well as some of the sternest and most beautiful—witness "Eugene Aram's Dream" and the "Song of the Shirt." In the Poultry, on the site of Grocers'-alley, was the Compter, a debtors' prison for the city, in which was confined, in 1772, the last slave who suffered imprisonment in England. The case of poor Somerset, the negro, is said to have given to Clarkson and Sharpe the first impetus to their labours in the extinction of African slavery; and, as you relate the anecdote to the driver, you must not be surprised if he evinces but little sympathy in it, or expresses his opinion, "as there's white slaves in England as drives 'busses, as desarves jest as much carin' for, he's sartain." The Poultry Compter was the only prison unattacked by the Gordon rioters: in it died Dr. Lamb, the conjurer; and its memory has become almost classic by the fact of two poets, Boyse and Dekker, having been confined within its walls.

"Now, *Sir*," shouts the driver, as he pulls up to the *pave* for an infirm old gentleman; and "Now, SIR," shouts the conductor, a dozen notes louder and shriller, so that you fancy they are really in a hurry—as, in fact, they are, for another omnibus going the same route is just behind, and almost empty; so that you hurry through Cheapside as fast as the press of vehicles will allow. But, fortunately, a stoppage takes place just opposite Bow Church, from the balcony of which, high up in the air, Queen Anne viewed the Lord Mayor's procession, in the first year of her reign (1702); and nearly opposite to which, at the end of Wood-street, once stood the cross, one of the nine erected by Edward the First to the memory of Eleanor, his queen, on the various spots where the body rested on its way from Lincoln to Westminster. The cross at Cheape was the intermediate resting-place between the villages of Waltham and Charing. The history of this interesting memorial may be worth recording. It was set up in the year 1290, "re-edified in a more beautiful manner" in 1441; "new gilt over" in 1522, in honour of the visit of the Emperor Charles V.; again, the next year, for the coronation of Harry the Eighth (the man of many wives) and Anne Boleyn; "new burnished" on the coronation of Edward VI.; gilt in 1554, for the visit of Philip of Spain; "broken and defaced" in 1595 and 1600; and demolished at last on the 2nd of May, 1643, in the mayoralty of the regicide Isaac Pennington, to the noise of trumpets, the tramp of horses, and the cries of the multitude.

Any of the streets to the left will lead you to the Thames, the "noblest commercial river in the world," but which is converted, by the stupidity and ill-directed economy of our law-makers, into a foul and

abominable common sewer. There are plenty of sights to be seen on it, however, and plenty of associations connected with its banks. Our next excursion, possibly, may be upon its dirty waters.

Before the days of water monopolies, and when London was somewhat smaller than it is now, there were two famous conduits in Cheapside, one at the east end, near the Poultry; and the other in the centre of the roadway, opposite Old Change. The Standard in Cheape stood just opposite Bow Church; and it was here, in 1381, that Wat Tyler caused Richard Irons and others to be beheaded; and Jack Cade, "lord of London," performed a like vengeance on Lord Say on the same spot in 1450. In the intervals and stoppages caused by the ever-moving crowd, you may possibly address the driver; but he will scarcely feel any interest in your anecdotes, except they be about horses and inns; and will express no manner of concern at learning that No. 90, corner of Ironmonger-lane, was the shop of Alderman Boydell; or that No. 142 is famous as having been the residence of Sir Richard Blackmore, the poet, when he practised as a physician.

But here, having got as far as St. Paul's, you necessarily stop, for they are taking up the road to repair the gas pipes, or alter the sewer, or mend the water-course, or repave the way with wood, or iron, or a new arrangement of granite blocks—you cannot exactly tell which, neither can the driver or the other outside; at any rate, the road is up, and there is only room for one vehicle to pass at a time, so that stop you must for a quarter of an hour or so. In your case, dear reader, just imagine the week which must elapse before you can continue your Overland Journey to be the quarter of an hour alluded to.

THE LION.

Although the dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion has long rendered him famous amongst his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and habits have often been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless, I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my own personal experience, formed by a tolerably long acquaintance with him both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a fullgrown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. The lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelope, and of both varieties of the gnoo. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favourite object of his pursuit. Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possesion of, and were feasting upon, the carcases of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district, and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a fullgrown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones nearly fullgrown; at other times fullgrown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friend-

ship; two, three, and four fullgrown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together. The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The colour of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life," and "Chiel fore life;" this idea, however, is erroneous. The colour of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish colour; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-grey, pepper-and-salt sort of colour. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts, utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest districts.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is, his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly-audible sighs; at other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags in the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and, when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and esconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good ear for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them.

The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree or wide-spread bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming in dark and stormy nights; and, consequently, on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering till late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forests of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my "Westley Richards." Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard lions loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about lions is their eyes, which in a dark night glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active that the male as a general rule. Lionesses which have neve

had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear; and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. — *From Cumming's "Fiv Years' Adventures in South Africa."*

EYE-PRESERVERS.

It has been said by an eminent German writer —"As man is to be considered a microcosm—a little world in relation to the earth on which he lives, even so must the eye be considered a microcosm, in regard to the individual man."

In the use of this term there is an obvious propriety, for the structure of the eye, when examined, exhibits the striking fact, that a perfect specimen of each of the different membranes which go to form the whole body, enters into the composition of the visual organ. Every one of these membranes possesses exactly the same proportions and peculiarities, is endowed with the same vitality, and is governed by the same general laws with those to which it is akin. A mutual and most intimate sympathy is therefore constantly maintained between them; no one is isolated, or independent of the other.

This perfect sympathy—this constant and mutual dependence, is the subject of observation both in health and disease. Hence the reason why the eye is so sure an index of the state of the body. How clear and bright is its appearance when the harmony of health pervades the general system; how dull and heavy is its look when disease has invaded the citadel! This similarity of structure and function can alone explain the great variety of diseases with which the eye is affected. There is no organ whose vigour more depends on the general health of the body than the eye; none whose diseases arise more obviously from the derangement of the general health; and none in which the sympathies are more numerous with every part of the body.

If the reader has ever suffered, as the writer has frequently done, from disease of the eye, he is prepared to unite in the testimony that these remarks are verified by experience. Often have attempts been made to correct disorders of the visual organs by local applications, only to fail; for what use is it to endeavour to modify an effect, while the cause continues in active and unceasing operation? The skilful oculist will, therefore, invariably examine the state of the general health, and often does it happen that when disease is arrested in the system, and vigour succeeds to debility, the local evil is removed, while, if this demands any application, it will not fail to be made.

Whoever, then, would gain and preserve the blessing of sound, permanent vision, will do well constantly to remember that the eye is a microcosm, and consequently neglect nothing that is conducive to the preservation of the *general health*. The vigour of the eyesight depends quite as much on this being done as on a proper adjustment of light, or a wise accommodation of the labour to fitting hours. No laws of physical education or control can safely be neglected by the man who is desirous of sound, healthy, and continued vision. We shall notice some rules it is necessary to observe, as among the most important preservations of the sight.

To the continuance of healthy vision, the enjoyment of free, *pure air*, is indispensably necessary. The children of want most frequently suffer from diseases of the eyes, and they are generally confined to an impure atmosphere, which undoubtedly makes an important item in the account. The daily enjoyment of pure air is absolutely necessary to sound health, and sound health, while it continues, is one of the surest guarantees of sound eyes. But independently of the beneficial effects of pure air on the eyes, through the medium of the general health, it exerts a very genial influence on them locally. The atmosphere supplies one of the most agreeable and salutary applications to the visual organs. All who have to make great use of their eyes, should especially bear this fact constantly in mind. The room where effort is made, whether of body or intellect, should be freely and fully ventilated. The light employed, too, should be of such a kind as not to deteriorate the air of the room, by emitting a great quantity of smoke. The benefits of the pure external air should, moreover, be highly valued and largely enjoyed.

Exercise should also be considered absolutely necessary. As it is necessary for easy digestion, necessary for strength, and necessary to maintain an equalized state of the circulation, so nothing contributes more than exercise to secure the eyes from that determination of blood to the head, which is one of the most common causes of diseases of the eye. A sitting posture, so common to many working people, as well as to the studious, constantly tends to excite a determination of blood to the head and eyes, and to obstruct the free circulation

of the abdominal viscera. It excites also by the disproportionate amount of action which the brain is called upon to perform. The sedentary should, therefore, frequently change his position, and alternate, whenever practicable, the sitting for the standing posture. A few turns round a room occasionally will also moderately excite the general action of the vessels, and thereby diminish the tendency to a local determination. But such changes are not of themselves enough; those who would preserve their eyes should have daily exercise in the open air.

It is desirable to state that all due precautions should be taken to prevent *interference with any of the functions of the general system.* No handkerchief or cravat, for example, should be tied tightly; on the contrary, it should sit loosely about the neck. Every part of the dress should be so easy that there may be no undue pressure on the abdominal organs. Neglect, in either of these respects, may tend, especially under certain circumstances, to a congested state of the vessels of the head and eyes. In like manner, a confined condition of the bowels should be carefully avoided. Nothing exerts a more injurious influence on the eyes than this. It lays the foundation for obstructions of the abdominal circulation, and consequent congestions of the head and the eyes. The dull headache, the heavy spirits, the cloudy eyesight, the motes, and various other deviations from perfect vision, are experienced to a greater or less extent by the costive man; partly from congestion of the vessels of the eye, and partly from its intimate sympathy with distant organs.

Strict *temperance* must be enjoined with equal emphasis. The inspired writer who asks "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause?" adds, "Who hath *redness of eyes?*" And his answer is, "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." The use of ardent spirits is equally injurious; and on the principle already stated, injury is done to the visual powers by whatever is detrimental to the general health. The obligations of temperance are therefore manifest, since it is eminently conducive to the welfare not only of one, but of every part of the human frame. They who fill the vessels of their bodies to almost apoplectic fulness, must pay the penalty they incur by their folly and their sin. To adopt the words of a distinguished writer: "Let the man who is called upon to devote not only his eyes, but his brains, to severe labour, live on highly nutritious food, and such as is difficult of digestion, and we shall soon see how his vision will be impaired, through the vehement and persevering determination of blood to the head, which such a cause will inevitably occasion.

Against the use of tobacco we must put in a special and urgent plea. "Tobacco," says Dr. Prout, "disorders the assimilating functions in general, but particularly, as I believe, the assimilation of the saccharine principle. I have never indeed been able to trace the developement of oxalic acid to the use of tobacco; but that some analagous and equally poisonous principle (probably of an acid nature) is generated in certain individuals by its abuse, is evident from their cachectic looks, and from the dark and often greenish-yellow tint of the blood.

"The severe and peculiar dyspeptic symptoms sometimes produced by inveterate snuff-taking are well-known, and I have more than once seen such cases terminate fatally with malignant disease of the stomach and liver. Great smokers also, especially those who employ short pipes and cigars, are said to be liable to cancerous affections of the lips. But it happens with tobacco as with deleterious articles of diet; the strong and healthy suffer comparatively little, while the weak and predisposed to disease fall victims to this poisonous operation. Surely if the dictates of reason were allowed to prevail, an article so injurious to the health, and so offensive in all its forms and modes of employment, would speedily be banished from common use." The injury inflicted on the eyes by tobacco, should furnish a powerful argument for its disuse.

A due regard to *sleep* is of too much importance to be omitted, since it is one of the great omens employed by the Creator to renovate the visual organs, as well as every other part of the human frame. As a regular diurnal alternation of activity and repose of all the organs of the body is founded in the necessities of our nature, so of none is this more true than that of the eyes. Nothing wears down powers more certainly, or more speedily produces a more bid sensibility of the retina, than a long-continued want of sleep. Few things tend more to promote the health than regular sleep; it is therefore an unwise and costly economy for persons to steal from the hours of sleep, supposing that they gain time, and accomplish more work, at no expense to themselves.

But the eyes, be it remembered, may be injured by too much sleep as well as too little. When there is a resemblance to the sluggard described by Solomon, who says, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands to sleep," the red and weak eyes of the self-indulgent will show that immoderate sleep is unfriendly to sound vision, as well as to sound intellect. The experience of every one who gives the subject the attention it deserves, while it enables him to avoid both extremes, will direct him into the middle path of health and safety.

We cannot allow the present opportunity to pass of saying a word to those who give themselves much *mental labour at night.* Their

pretence that they can go through it better then, is only an impression produced by a pernicious and unwarrantable habit. The morning, after moderate but sufficient sleep, is the most favourable time for intellectual effort. Then, the eyes, as well as the other parts of the system have been refreshed and strengthened by the repose of the night, and they come at our call, with renewed vigour, to their appointed task. They are then less easily fatigued, and are able to bear greater exertion than at any other period. Few changes would conduce more to diminish the prevalence of diseases of the eye than the habit of early rising, and securing the advantages of nature's purest and softest light for the performance of our more arduous labours. They especially would secure an ample reward by it whose eyes have been rendered unfit, either by constitutional weakness, or imprudent management, for long-continued and diligent efforts. The advantages of morning over evening light to such persons are incalculably great.

It is, however, improper to go, as some do, immediately from the bed to the table where the work is to be resumed, while the eyes are but half opened, and the early riser may yet be, in fact, half asleep. This is an extreme from total repose to instantaneous exertion; and all extremes are injurious to the animal frame, especially to parts of such peculiar delicacy of structure and formation as the organ of sight. The eyes should be allowed time to recover from the first weakness that is generally experienced on waking, before effort is made.

In all cases, however, the eyes should be subjected to a proper and sufficient amount of *action*, in order to secure the advantage of healthy and enduring vision. If there are men who impair and destroy their eyes by immoderate use, not a few have done the same by using them too little. What would be the condition of an arm or leg which was only occasionally employed? The ear would suffer from long continuance in a place of silence. And the eye is not exempt from the general law of the system, which requires that each organ should be called upon to exercise its natural functions, in order to obtain its full development, and to secure the advantage of all its powers. Effort wisely made, secures to the individual a large and ample recompense, and the history of studious men may be cited to sustain the remark. There have been many of all professions, and in all times, who have used their eyes to what would seem almost an incredible amount, but who, notwithstanding, have enjoyed perfect and sound vision, from childhood to hoary age. On this principle, oculists act, when they perform an *early* operation for cataract, when only *one* eye is effected by disease. Although it is unnecessary for the immediate purposes of vision, as this cannot be at once enjoyed, yet they dare not defer it; because they know that the retina is liable to become seriously debilitated for want of use; and, consequently, at a more distant period, surgical efforts might prove unavailing.

To wash the eyes frequently in cold water, is an excellent means of giving them strength. But it is a bad practice to open them in cold water, as some persons do, as it often does injury by abstracting too much heat from the eyes, and occasioning irritability and weakness. It is a far better way to wash them simply with the hand. The dipping of the closed eyes in a full basin of water is very beneficial. There are, however, states of the eyes in which the application of cold water is highly improper, and warm or tepid water would be more appropriate. An ignorant use of it might, therefore, in some cases, prove injurious rather than useful. But to the healthy eye cold water is always serviceable. Those who have weak eyes, a peculiar disposition to close the lids, a difficulty afterwards of opening them; also an involuntary contraction of the lids, occasioning a sense of pressure in the eye-balls, with a feeling of heat, itching, and irritability, will find warm water produce more grateful sensations than cold, and do more good. A simple rule may here preserve from all error: if the effects following the application are grateful and pleasant, all is well; if they are otherwise, the application will prove injurious.

The eyes, especially when they are predisposed to weakness, are not unfrequently injured by exposure to strong currents of wind. These should therefore be avoided, especially by those who are subject to ophthalmic disease, and when they cannot be, such persons should adopt some means to modify the impression of the wind on the eyes. A neglect of this precaution has often converted simple weakness into acute, inflammatory disease.

The eyes are also often seriously injured by too early or two great use after the system has been attacked by disease, as acute inflammation of the vital organs, nervous fevers, or any disorder accompanied by much loss of blood. Such affections often leave the eyes exceedingly debilitated; hence the necessity of great caution. The best economy of the organs consists in withdrawing them from whatever requires effort, in exercising them only on pleasing objects, in accustoming them gradually to bear a full light, and in adapting all accessible means for the restoration of the general health. The old adage, "The more haste the worse speed," is peculiarly applicable to the eyes, when the body is recovering from the consequence of serious illness.

Much mischief, moreover, is frequently done by the practice of rubbing the eyes on awaking from sleep in the morning, in order to relieve the uneasy sensations—the feeling of stiffness and weight then experienced. This act occasions irritation, produces a determination of

blood to the organs, and not unfrequently slight degress of redness, which, by frequent repetitions, may easily degenerate into troublesome disease. If much force is applied in this way, it may so derange the functions of the nerve as to occasion incurable blindness. An instance of this kind may yield a salutary warning:—"I was once called," says an eminent man, "to one who had enjoyed a remarkable vision, and who, but a short time previous, had become 'stock blind.' He was in the company of some familiar friends, when a stranger suddenly came behind him, and covered both the eyes with the hands. Now, he was to tell who was behind him. Whether he knew or not, I cannot say; but, without speaking a word, he endeavoured to free himself from the pressure. But the more he endeavoured the more firmly did the other press with his hands, until, when they were removed, he found, on opening his eyes, that the sight was for ever gone!"

The practice of wearing green glasses is greatly on the decline, and it will be well when it is entirely extinct. It is a most wise and benevolent arrangement of the Creator, who has stretched out the blue firmament, to array the earth in a green robe. No colours in the solar spectrum are so perfectly adapted to these respective purposes. But, because the plants and trees put forth their green foliage, it does not follow that the medium through which they are surveyed should be green also; on the contrary, as the experience of thousands can prove, the green glass throws a sombre and disagreeable hue over all objects totally at variance with their natural colours; it casts a melancholy tint over those which are the gayest and the liveliest. Nor is this all, though this were enough; for it, at the same time, strains the eye, thus weakening it by undue exertion; and, after green spectacles have been worn for a long time, a morbid sensibility has been induced, unfitting it to bear the light without uneasiness or pain—the light, be it observed, which is its proper element, and which is calculated to afford it a natural and healthy stimulus. Blue glasses have been of late more commonly used; but these—an improvement, certainly, on the former—are now being rapidly superseded by others still better—the glasses which have only a neutral tint.

The indiscriminate use of eye-waters, as a remedy, is very injurious. Almost all the nostrums of this kind have done incalculable harm. One exception, as Travers says, may be made in favour of the famous Paris Collyrium. An old lady of Paris, whose husband had become famous for an eye-water, lost her spouse and his secret together. Harassed by applications for the nostrum, she had recourse, in her dilemma, to the water of the Seine, and was not more gratified than surprised to find that the Collyrium she continued to vend had lost nothing of its virtue. She had even enriched herself with her successful traffic, when she feli sick, and, conscience-stricken at the prospect of death, she applied to an eminent professor of surgery, instead of a priest, that she might be relieved of the burden which heavily pressed on her mind. The reply was composing: "Be easy, my friend; of all medicines, yours is the most innocent."

Distillation of Sea Water.—In June last, three of her Majesty's ships—the Arrogant, 46, Captain Fitzroy; the Plumper, 11, Commander Nolloth; and the Reynard, 11, Commander Cracroft—sailed from Portsmouth, furnished with the government distilling and cooking galley, constructed by Mr. Grant. By the improvements made since the introduction of the galleys into the naval service, the quantity of fresh water obtained by the distillation of salt water during the period it is required to keep the fires alight in the galley for the purpose of cooking, will, on the average, supply each individual on board the vessels with one gallon of distilled water every day. The latter kind of water continues to be preferred for drinking and culinary purposes to the water usually supplied to ships. It passes immediately from the condenser into the water tanks at the same temperature as the surrounding ocean. In these tanks it becomes perfectly aerated, losing altogether the vapid flavour, common to all distilled water, in the course of a few hours, without the aid of chemical preparation or mechanical arrangement, by the simple fact of the action imparted to the fluid by the motion of the ship when at sea. A series of interesting and important experiments have been made on board the Illustrious, 72, by Mr. Crosse, with the view of imparting at the moment of distillation the oxygen of which the water is deprived in the process, and giving to it that briskness which is found in spring water. This is effected by passing a proportionate current of electricity through the particles of water by means of an extremely simple and self acting apparatus. The results of the experiments made have been highly satisfactory. The only point to be determined is, whether any artificial means, either chemical or mechanical, are required for aerating distilled water on board ship, as it is found that such water becomes sufficiently aerated in the course of a few hours by the motion imparted to it by the ship; but if the distilled water be required for immediate use, Mr. Crosse's application produces the object desired most effectually.

AN EVENING WITH SHAKSPEARE.

By J. A. Langford, Chairmaker, Birmingham.

The dramas of Shakspeare have almost entirely obscured the poems of Shakspeare. Of the many thousands, English and other, who read and witness the representations of the glorious creations of his genius in the former phase, but few pause to inquire about the latter. Moses's rod of old time ate up all the rods of the necromancers and magicians of Egypt. So the altogether unequalled beauty of "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," &c., have devoured the lesser beauties of "The Rape of Lucrece," "Venus and Adonis," and the "Sonnets;" with all the strange power, and easily appreciable marks of his genius, which the latter especially contain. We purpose, then, to spend our present evening with the poems of our "glory and our pride," in order to ascertain more clearly the process through which such a mind passes before it reaches its chief and culminating point of excellence.

All that is, and probably ever will be, known of the outward and external life of Shakspeare, is familiar to all. His deeper, truer, his inner life, what of it could be uttered in words, is to be found in his own imperishable hand-writing—such an autobiography as but few of God's creatures are given to write. The matter of fact one, no hand may further unfold. His birth, at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1563; his early violation of the game laws, of which, notwithstanding all that has been said, we see no reason to doubt; his necessary departure from his birth-place, and arrival in London, where he lingered about the theatre, held horses, carried links, and went through a course of teaching under the strength-giving, but bitter master, experience; how, at last, he became an actor, writer of plays, co-partner in the theatre, and finally retired to his native scenes in comparative affluence, to write some of his finest dramas, and died at the comparatively early age of 53, on the 23rd of April, 1616, "where," says Carlyle, "the first world-great thing that remains of English history, the literature of Shakspeare, was ending;" all this is fully known to every school-boy in England, and need not be farther dwelt upon here. We have a more important matter to occupy our attention; to see, if by our present vision we can, how this great mind was formed; on what subject its youth was employed; and how it grew to that amazing greatness, which now overshadows, and is the "theme and wonder of the world."

The ordinary materials of biography being so few, there is far greater room for the imagination to fill up the meagre outline which they afford. For this purpose, his works contain sufficient for a thousand lives. He who carefully studies these, with a knowledge of the times in which he lived, and of which he wrote, will understand Shakspeare more than from any common life written of him by any common hand whatever. "Shakspeare," says Emerson, "is the only biographer of Shakspeare." It is so; and he who would read him aright must carefully note his earlier poems; not only for their own beauties, but also for the insight they give us of the course of their author. The earliest works of a great man are of the first importance to all who would have any clear idea of the after career of the man. They are keys by which to unlock many an after door which would otherwise be impassable. So in these minor works (as they are called) of Shakspeare. We there see the early opening of his mind; the first dawning of that power which afterwards achieved such wonders. With these, united to his later, and, oh! how much greater, works, for our guidance, we indeed feel, with Emerson, that, "Though our external history is so meagre, yet, with Shakspeare for biographer, instead of Aubrey and Rowe, we have really the information which is material, that which describes character and fortune; that which, if we were about to meet the man and deal with him, would most import us to know. We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart,—on life and death; on love; on wealth and poverty; on the prizes of life, and the ways whereby we come at them; on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which affect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science, and which yet interweave their malice and their gifts in our brightest hours. Whoever read the volume of sonnets, without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the love of friendship and of love; the confusion of sentiments in the most susceptible, and, at the same time, the most intellectual of men?" Such is the case in all his works. But we have here only to do with his poems. We trust to have somewhat of a pleasant evening there.

The first thing that strikes us, is the subjects chosen; what a history they reveal of the then life of the man. Love,

that passion which so often fans the latent spark, set his soul on fire. It is the history of almost every poet. Burns says, "with me began love and poetry." Petrarch found in Laura the immediate inspirer of his muse. Chaucer's first lays were of love. Spenser awoke his harp to the same all-entrancing theme. We might pursue the subject through the lives of all our great poets. Even the calm, philosophic Wordsworth has love tales and love lyrics. So with Shakspeare. He, too, felt the dominance of this mighty power, and his first strains were inspired by the potent boy-god. "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," "The Passionate Pilgrim," all confirm the question, and afford indubitable proof of this fact. In all these poems how his soul burns in his pages. His fancy, his imagination, seem on fire. He glows with passionate feeling, and adorns the objects of his love with every endearment that his fertile mind and great command of utterance can produce. There is a youthful voluptuousness thrown around his subject that at once tells the period at which they were composed; and the author's state of mind at the time. Venus appears clearly before us, smitten as a goddess only could be smitten. Milton talks about "weeping such tears as angels only weep;" she breathes forth such passionate outbursts of love as the mother of Cupid alone could utter. Take the following description of herself:—

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty, as the spring, doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning.
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph with long, dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit, all compart of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness these primrose banks whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy reeds support me."

And thus we have before us the goddess of love, the lover of Adonis, the mother of Cupid, as such a creature should appear when she visits earth, clothed in all that may inspire love, and excite desire. For Shakspeare knew full well, that when superior powers love or hate, are good or bad, they must have a fuller and deeper manifestation of these virtues or vices than poor, weak, suffering mortals. Thus, Venus strives for the gratification of her desires with all the power which the consciousness of superior claims to mortal maidens would necessarily give her. Every artifice, every charm, is employed to win the stubborn Adonis. Here Shakspeare again reveals his knowledge of nature. Opposition but produces renewed desire; and love, unreciprocated, but fans the flame in the heart of the loving one. The coldness of Adonis but increases the fire of Venus. The struggle between them about the boar-hunt is a masterly piece of writing, and the description of the boar equals any natural history painting we have. Adonis, however, will leave Venus, and go to hunt the animal, on whose

"bow back hath a battle set,
Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes;
Whose eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
Whose snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes."

while she pours forth one of the wildest, saddest strains of disappointed hope.

"*Ah, me!* she cries, and twenty times *woe, woe*,
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so."

But, "come what come may, time and hour run through the roughest day," and night also. Morning dawns, and Venus hears the wild hallo of huntsmen, and,

"*As falcon to the lure, away she flies;*
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

Nothing could be more exquisite than this flight of the goddess to learn the fate of her beloved, but unloving, Adonis. All her fears are realized. Torn by the cruel tusks of the boar, the fair form of the "god-like youth" lies a wretched and mangled corse. Over that still warm and beautiful form are wept "such tears as only angels weep," and his eulogy sung in the melodious outpourings of a celestial sorrow. All the beauty hath departed from this fair and goodly earth; nothing is left to charm and delight since he, the soul of all, hath departed. Nature hath lost her glory, and the world its beauty. All things mourn for Adonis. His death casts a gloom over the universe which no future can remove.

"No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

* * * *

"Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what can'st thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and prim,
But *true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.*"

* * * *

"To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him.
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by the birds sweet pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries."

* * * *

"She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told.
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
When lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies!"

Such is "Venus and Adonis." The "Rape of Lucrece" is a delicate subject for a poet to sing, and especially a poet with such fire and exuberance of fancy as Shakspeare. Want of space compels us to leave this work, with culling only a few couplets. How beautifully is Lucretia's love for her husband depicted in the following lines. Tarquin is relating the victories which have attended Collatinus' career:—

"Her joy with heav'd-up hands she doth express,
And *wordless* so, *greets* heaven for his success."

What a richness in the concluding lines of the following!—

"Her husband's welfare she did hear,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood."

The sorrow of Lucretia is finely and powerfully depicted. We extract three stanzas:—

"So she deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renews;
And as one shifts another straight ensues.
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk afford.

"The little birds that tune their morning joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;
For mirth doth search the bottom to annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief but is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffis'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

"'Tis double death to drown in view of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the boundary banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows."

Shakspeare's sonnets have afforded room for much controversy, some vehemently asserting that they are not his, others as vehemently maintaining that they are; some declaring them to be addressed to a man, and making many strange speculations as to their "only begotten;" others, again, creating an ideal woman as their inspirer. Thus the works of genius become the subjects of strange and curious commentations. We think that a sentence of the extract which we made from Emerson clears up the mystery. He says, "Who ever read the volume of sonnets without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the love of *friendship* and of *love?*" The sonnets themselves contain internal evidence that the early ones are addressed to a man (the love of friendship), and the latter to a woman (the love of love). With this key, how different do they read! What glorious lessons do they teach of the poet's feelings on these two rulers of man's happiness or misery on earth! We here learn the poet's spiritual history; his hopes, his fears, his doubts, his faith, his strong consciousness of the power of song to confer immortality, and the rapture his soul felt at such consciousness in the midst of trouble and soul sorrow. All this, and more, are in the sonnets, which some critics would fain have us believe are not Shakspeare's. If not his, we might ask, whose are they? We again quote from Emerson: "His lyric power lies in the genius of the piece. The sonnets, though their excellence is lost in the splendour of the dramas, are as inimitable as they; and it is not a merit of lines, but a total merit of the piece." Some of them are, however, separately, extremely beautiful, and Shakspearian lines are of frequent occurrence. A few extracts must suffice:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

* * * *

"O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live."

"Like as the wave makes towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend."

We have room for only one entire sonnet, but that is a gem:—

"From you I have been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his prim,
Had put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter st ll, and you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play."

We must conclude our "Evening with Shakspears" with the following stanzas from the "Passionate Pilgrim"—a fine lesson for all who pride themselves on outward beauty alone:—

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

"And as goods lost, or sold, or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost.
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost."

Milton, in his famous Epitaph, says of Shakspeare:—

"And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die."

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"The food of HOPE
Is meditated action; robbed of this,
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light,
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life."—WORDSWORTH.

BY HOPE, as by a torch, man finds his way through the dark places of existence, cheering himself with the confidence that his path will shine more and more unto the perfect light. Even when his heart is "almost sick with present triumph," he will be sure to find a field before him freshened with the dew of other expectations.* FREDERICK SCHLEGEL teaches† that hope is so interwoven into the very being of man, as almost to form the characteristic peculiarity of his inner life and whole condition. Hope cannot be ascribed to God, for in Him all is full and perfect; nor can it be attributed to the world of nature. But to man belongs the prerogative of hope. "We might call him an immortal spirit, subjected to the condition of hope." It were a strange, sad world without this guardian angel, which comes and ministers in the wilderness of desolation to those who have been tempted and tried. Even when the way is most wearisome, and the spirit of the pilgrim at the faintest, we find that

"Hope, from out of some sweet nooklet of the heart, sends forth its lay,
Soft as murmur of the brooklet as it wanders on its way."

The high mission of this radiant comforter and life-long friend should be earnestly and gratefully recognised by all to whom she has an embassy of love, and that is to the entire race of men. To the veriest victim of earthly ills, she at least pictures a better world. As POPE writes—

"Hope, humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

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* See *The Excursion*, book ix.

† Philosophy of Language, Lect. iv.

What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never IS, but always TO BE, blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come."*

It is the single-minded and the single-eyed, the earnest and the pure in heart, to whom Hope administers the most stimulating and legitimate support. If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, shed from the healing of her wings; for Hope can speak plainly, and smile cordially, only on those who seek to be pure and heavenly even as she is heavenly and pure. On the double-minded, who implore her benignant presence to bless their crooked policy, she cannot look with love; nor will she consent to abide with them, albeit they cannot do without her.

Never is her smile more marked than for those who are said to hope against hope. A cloud veils that smile, but they walk by faith in its sunny reality, till the day dawn and the shadows flee away. They are the alchemists of practical life—their hopeful aims transmute all things into gold, and colour the present and the future with its shining tinge. Desiring nothing that is contrary to truth and goodness, they feel that the God of truth and goodness is on their side, and therefore go on their way rejoicing, their hope being anchored in the heavens, linked to the very throne of the Eternal.

Nowhere does the eye rest on a finer spectacle than that of a steadfast pilgrim of hope. We feel that the power must be something immortal which so sustains him amid difficulties, extricates him from perplexities, animates him to new enterprises, and impels him to run, with exultation as well as patience, the race that is set before him. And many such spectacles there are among the working men and women of Britain, and many more there might be were *their* example followed by the thousands who, undergoing the same ordeal, give way during the trial, and forget that in due season they shall reap if they faint not. In one of the *Noctes*, the Ettrick Shepherd fervently exclaims, "Oh, *houp*, sir, *houp*, worth a' the ither blisses ever sent frae heaven, like a shower o' sunbeams, for it canna be darkenit, far less put out, by the mirkiest midnight o' meesery, but keeps shinin' on like a star, or rather like the moon hersell."† Still, to reap the full benefit of Hope's vitality, our moral and mental nature must have had a virtuous and intelligent training; in short, we must be working out our faith in the divine assurance that blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

For *them*, tribulation itself is the progenitor of hope; for, as it is written, tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. Having a good conscience, they may and must *hope on, hope ever;* they are at one with the Laws of Nature and with the God of Nature, and if these be for them, who shall be against them, or what good thing shall be withheld from them, or what unnecessary trial, what superfluous vexation, shall be heaped upon them? When the burden lies heaviest on their shoulders, they are light at heart; and, amid surrounding troubles, can take up their parable and reiterate its cheery moral, "All things are working together for our good,"—

"For still in them doth Hope predominate,
Faith's precious privilege, when higher powers
Give way to Fear in these portentous hours."‡

Literally they are "saved by Hope." She points evermore up to heaven, and plunges her anchor's peak in the depth or the grave, and beneath it paints a more beautiful world. She interprets dreams of the longing, and carves their visions in marble.§ Thrice blessed the hour when, as SYDNEY YENDYS beautifully says—

"The slipping foot grows firm
Upon some plot of present, and we gaze

* Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. i.
‡ Southey, *Curse of Kehama.*
† Blackwood, Jan. 1828.
§ Longfellow.

From the sufficient rock with softening eyes
Across the sweet green pastures of the future,
And for the first time dare to look on them
As heritage." *

Reader, if thou meanest well by thyself and others, if thou seekest to be greatly good, cultivate Hope to the utmost—be hope-*full!* Hope was ordained to her angelic commission for such as thee—for the striving, the self-restraining, the clean in hand and heart. Try to hope against hope, as others have done before you. It is excellent practice, and braces the nerves marvellously. You, too, will end in chanting the PLEASURES OF HOPE.

AUTUMN.

By THOMAS HOOD.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless, like Silence listening
To Silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge, nor solitary thorn,
Shaking his languid locks, all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
Where are the songs of summer?—With the sun,
Op'ning the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm, odorous mouth;
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey,
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.
Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
Where the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest,
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer?—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—three
On the mossed elm: three on the naked lime
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through,
In the smooth holly's green eternity,
The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronel of flowers laded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died—whose doom
Is beauty's—she that, with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks, most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul.

* *The Roman.*

THE PORTFOLIO.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

CUSTOMS OF OTHER NATIONS.

When a Persian comes into an assembly, and has saluted the master and received his recognition, he marks with his eye the place in the line of guests to which he holds himself entitled; and proceeding straight to it, sits down and wedges his way in there, without offering the slightest apology for the disturbance which he produces. It sometimes happens that a guest takes a higher place than that to which he is entitled; and sometimes also, but still more rarely, he takes one lower. In all such cases, however, the master of the house has the right of placing any one in whatever position in the assembly he may choose; and Mr. Morier mentions a remarkable instance of this at a public entertainment, to which he was invited. The governor of Kashan entered the room when almost all the guests had arrived; and seeing the lowest seat vacant, he placed himself in it. He was a man of humble bearing, though of exalted rank. As soon as the master of the feast perceived him, he hastened to express his welcome; and pointing to an upper seat, courteously constrained him to occupy it. This characteristic circumstance strikingly illustrates the lesson of humility which our Saviour endeavoured to impress on his disciples, when he desired them to "choose the lowest room when bidden to a wedding."

The style of the complimentary phrases used in Persia, we learn from the Rev. Judkin Perkins' account of his interview with the governor of Orcomiah, "We found the governor," he remarks, "occupying a splendid mansion, and surrounded by numerous attendants. He received us with much civility and apparent kindness; and as we entered the great hall, he beckoned us to the upper end to sit by his side, and then inquired after our health in the usual Persian manner. "*Kaef uz yokhshee dur?*" (Is your health good?) "*Damaghun chakh dur?*" (Your palate — appetite — lusty?) "*Kaef-uz koek dur?*" (Are you in hale, fat keeping?) And all this so rapidly that we could only reply by an inclination of our heads. When he had finished, we inquired after his health; to which, while solemnly stroking his beard, he replied—"By your auspices." "Only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well." He then reiterated his expressions of welcome, saying—"Your coming is delectable." "Your arrival is gladsome." "Upon my eyes you have come."

This spirit of exaggeration and insincerity is not confined to their personal intercourse with one another, but is observed in all their words and transactions, whether public or private. They are totally unacquainted with the beauty of truth, and seek to gain credence by abundant oaths and protestations. To swear by the king's life is regarded as a solemn oath; but the most awful and convincing of any other, is "by the king's beard." The disgraceful habit of swearing was also common amongst the Israelites; and, therefore, our Saviour said, "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay."

MANKIND CLASSIFIED BY HABITATIONS.

However repugnant to our ideas of social comfort, to have a local habitation in the naked clefts of the rock, in hot climates, and among tribes unaccustomed to the conveniences of civilized life, such sites have often been selected as places both of temporary and permanent abode, affording a welcome retreat from the alternate evils of the scorching solar rays, and the heavy drenching rains. Mankind may be divided into five classes, according to five different kinds of habitations.

First, "Cave-dwellers," occupying natural or artificial excavations in the rocks and mountains, or under-ground hollows. "Companions of the rock," is the Arabian epithet for the occupiers of such sites, and it recalls to our minds the words of the sacred page,—"Let the inhabitants of the rock sing." The ancients called "Cave-dweller" "*Troglodytæ*," a Greek compound, derived from two words which signified "a cave" and "to enter;" and Job alludes to them when he decribes the ancestry of his faithless friends, saying that they dwelt "in the fearfulness of the steeps, the dens of the earth, and in caverns."

Second, "Tent-dwellers," who readily pitch, and take down, and carry about, their canvas habitations, as the wandering tribes of the Arabs and Tartars.

Third, "Hut-dwellers," who construct their erections of the materials common to their respective localities; snow, earth, branches of trees, stones, or some other substance, in its natural state or coarsely wrought.

Fourth, "House-dwellers," among whom the hut is brought to perfection in the noble mansion and the regal palace; the colonnades of which are, after all, but superb imitations of the cross-beams that support the cottager's thatched roof; and all the other magnificent and highly ornamental parts are but improvements of the various portions of the same humble structure.

Fifth, "Tree-dwellers," who live chiefly on the great plains of South America, along the course of the Orinoco. This river is subject to floods, and often converts into vast swamps the plains on either side. To avoid the inconve-

nience arising from this, the Guanacas, a people who have been for ages the inhabitants of the district, construct their homes in the tops of the magnificent palm-trees. Travellers are often surprised by seeing fires lighted on the palms; but the Guacanas never injure, by doing so, the beautiful trees which afford them shelter. The hearths of their leafy habitations are composed of thick mats, on which is a coating of hard clay, and on these they kindle fires to cook their food, and to give cheerfulness and comfort to their strange home-circle.

ORIGIN OF GARDENING.

Gardening was probably one of the first arts that succeeded to that of building houses, and naturally attended property and individual possession. Culinary, and afterwards medicinal herbs were the objects of every head of a family; it became convenient to have them within reach, without seeking them at random, in woods and on the mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceased to furnish spontaneously all those primitive luxuries, and culture became requisite, separate enclosures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the same predicament; and those most in use, or that demand attention, must have entered into, and extended the domestic enclosure. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards: no doubt the prototype of all these sorts was the garden of Eden.

A cottage, and a slip of ground for cabbages and gooseberry-bushes, such as we see by the side of a common, were, in all probability, the earliest seats and gardens. As settlements increased, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earlist princes of tribes possessed just the necessaries of a modern farmer. Matters we may well believe, remained long in this situation; and we have reason to think that, for many centuries, the *garden* implied no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. The garden of Alcinous, in the Odyssey, is the most renowned in the heroic times; yet its whole compass enclosed only four acres—

> "Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
> Fenced with a green enclosure all around."

Previously to this, however, we have in the sacred writings hints of a garden more luxuriously furnished.

Gardening, in the perfection to which it has been brought in Britain, is entitled to a place of considerable rank among the liberal arts. It is as superior to landscape painting as is a reality to a representation; it is an exertion of fancy; a subject for taste; and being released now from the restraint of regularity, and enlarged beyond the purposes of domestic convenience, the most beautiful, the most simple, the most noble scenes of nature, are all within its province. No pleasure derived from art has been so universal as that taken in gardens.—BUTLER.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity; the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creations which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious vail which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compas of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

THE JUVENILE CABINET.

VALERIAN, OR THE SPIKENARD-PLANT.

He who spoke as man never yet spake, made "trees and plants to teach the people," so linking them with the passing events of life, and binding them with the hopes and desires of the human heart, that the material world is become, as it were, a beautiful page, covered with a writing so pure and so simple, that even very young minds may draw from its study "instruction, faith, meekness;" "wisdom that begins with fear," and piety that springs from love. The "rivers of waters," the "thousand hills," the "tops of the mountains," the "trees of the wood," the "grass of the field," yea, every object around us, forms the subject of a lesson; nor is there a little flower "that twinkles through the meadows" which does not tell its own portion of the world's history. By the recital of almost innumerable facts we could easily illustrate this truth, but for the present we shall confine ourselves to a simple selection of those flowers and plants which are most commonly seen in our gardens and hedgerows, and which, though now only cared for and admired in proportion to their beauty and their perfume, are yet connected with some of the most absorbing events on record.

We shall commence with the "Valerian;" first, because we know of no other which, from its associations, is deserving of precedence; and next, because we have very frequently heard little friends inquire both of teachers and parents, "What is spikenard?" "Of what is the ointment of spikenard composed? For many years this was a question difficult to answer, some scientific men believing that they had discovered, in the tall fragrant nardus-grass which waves over the plains of India, the spikenard of the Scriptures; and others that they had found it in the "sweet-cane," or "calamus," which covered the arid wastes of Arabia. However, Sir William Jones, Dr. Royle, and Mr. Watson have now placed it beyond a doubt, that we ourselves possess it in the pretty "Valerina jatamansi," or, as some botanists term it, "Nardostachys jatamansi," of our flower-gardens. There are several varieties of this plant, two or three of which shall be mentioned in this paper; and first, as the most interesting, the "Spikenard valerian," whose pretty blue blossoms, which are not unlike the "Forget-me-nots" of our woods, serve to remind us of those early ages, when plants and assences were made the powerful symbols of hopes and desires: and to call up before us that touching scene in the house of Simon the leper, when the penitent Mary sought to express the feelings of her grateful, loving heart, by pouring over our Lord a box of the very precious ointment, or "attar," which had been distilled from its fragrant roots. The oil, or essence of Spikenard, was at that time, as it is at present, an article of commerce between the Indians and Arabians and the people of Judea, Rome, and Greece. It was imported usually in boxes of alabaster, and when the master of a house received his guests, it was customary, not only to present them with chaplets of flowers, but to break the seal of one of these boxes and anoint them with the precious attar. Horace, the great Latin author, observes, that "a small onyx box full was equal in value to a large vessel of wine," and the querulous murmur of Judas, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" confirms the report of its costliness. At burials, as well as feasts, it was also much used, the Romans mingling it in large quantities amongst the sweet spices with which they embalmed their dead; and the Hebrews, as was *their* custom in burying, wrapping it with the body in the linen grave-clothes. Joseph of Arimathea did not neglect this mark of respect when he took the body of Jesus and laid it in the "tomb in the garden;" nor was Mary forgetful of it, when she came, on the first day of the week, with "the spices which she had prepared" to anoint our Lord, and finding the stone rolled away and the place where He had lain unoccupied, "remembered His words," "The son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men and be crucified, and the third day rise again."

Did we not say truly, when we observed that the Valerian was connected with some of the most absorbing events on record?

The Arabs call this plant "Sum-bul," and describe those roots as being most perfect and profitable which bear the nearest resemblance to the tail of an ermine. It grows luxuriantly all along the Himalayan mountains, in Nepaul, Delhi, Bengal, and Deccan; and forms a still more important article of commerce now, than it did in the days of our Lord. With us it is an annual, and its seed must be sown in March or April, in a bed of warm, rich mould.

Another species of this plant, known as the "Valerian celtica," has also an odorous root. It is a native of France, Italy, and Switzerland, but flourishes in its greatest perfection on the cold heights of the Alps. It is imported in large quantities into Egypt, and from thence is carried into Asia, and mingled with the more expensive root of the "Spikenard Valerian" or "Jatamansi." There is also a third variety of this plant which deserves notice, it is the "Red-spur Valerian," or, as it is sometimes called, "Pretty Betty." It is to be found in almost every British garden, and was introduced into this country, in the 11th century, by the monks and friars, who were at that time the chief cultivators of plants, and the great discoverers

of their virtues. It was called by them "Holy-herb," in allusion to the spikenard of the east, and sometimes "Pigeon's-grass." The latter name was given because pigeons seemed to delight in flying around it, and eating of its flowers. It is said that cats likewise are fond of this plant; that its perfume attracts and intoxicates them, and that not unfrequently, in what appears ecstacies of pleasure, they roll over the flowers; and then tear them to pieces. This plant is much cultivated in Derbyshire, on account of its medicinal properties, which, though not found so astonishing as those ascribed to it by the monks of old, are yet considered sufficient to repay the cost of cultivation and preparation.

Thus, then, in this humble flower of our commonest gardens, as well as in the rare exotic of the east, we may read a history of bygone days; and though the latter refers to the more ordinary scenes of life, yet are the chronicles written on its blushing petals not without interest, inasmuch as they tell of the progress of our civilization and refinement from the period when ecclesiastics alone were the only receptacles of knowledge, and their sanctuaries the crucible from whence were scattered the only crumbs of information which fell to the lot of the multitude, to the present, when practical science is cultivated even by boys, and knowledge is "as universal as sun-light."

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 26TH.

October 20. *Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.*

October 20, 1093, Malcolm III., King of Scotland was treacherously killed at Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland.

October 21, 1805. *Battle of Trafalgar.* This was a dreadful engagement off Cape Trafalgar, between the English fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, and the combined fleets of France and Spain, consisting of thirty-three sail and seven frigates. The battle lasted four hours. Twenty sail of the enemy were sunk or destroyed, and the French Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Villeneuve) with two Spanish Admirals were made prisoners. NELSON was wounded about the middle of the action, and died nearly at its close.

October 22, 1840, died, aged 67, *Vassall, Lord Holland*, an eminent statesman, and a staunch advocate of civil and religious liberty.

October 23, 1707, *Sir Cloudesley Shovel* perished at the age of forty-seven, with all his crew, on the rocks of Scilly. He was returning from Toulon, with 900 seamen of all nations; of whom not an individual survived to tell to what the fatal accident was owing. The loss of this crew has been attributed to *excess of liquor*, in drinking their "*safe* arrival" after a perilous cruize in the Mediterranean. "Indeed," says Noble, "when the dangers of Scilly are recollected, added to the fact of the Admiral's having ordered the fleet to lay-to during the day preceding, to avoid them, we are at a loss to account for the signal for sailing at night, otherwise than by supposing that Shovel and the officers about him had drunk their caution, and all sense of danger too, *in wine*."

N.B.—On the authority of a gentleman who was in the *Rothsay* steam vessel, of Liverpool, at the time of her dreadful wreck, it was related that if the passengers had seized and confined the *drunken* captain, and confided the vessel to a pilot then on board, who knew the coast and saw the danger, and remonstrated against the persistence of the frenzied commander, the vessel and passengers might have been saved.

October 24, 1536, died in childbed of Edward VI., the *Lady Jane Seymour*, Queen to Henry VIII. He had married her the day after the execution of Queen Ann Boleyn, to whom she had been maid-of-honour. She was the best beloved wife of Henry VIII., and possessed more merit than any of his Queens.

October 25. *Crispin* and *Crispianus;* two legendary saints whose festival is on this day. According to the legend they were brethren at Rome, from whence they went to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity; and because they would not be chargeable to others, they exercised the trade of *shoemakers.* But the governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. The shoemakers from that time have made choice of them for their *tutelary saints.*

October 25, 1415, the *battle of Agincourt* was fought between the English, under Henry V., and the French, under the Constable d'Albret. The French had nearly a hundred thousand cavalry, and occupied a strong position; the English force was only six thousand men at arms, and twenty-four thousand foot, mostly archers. Henry's army was much wasted with disease, broken by fatigue, and weakened by numerous privations. The English, however, obtained a most decisive victory. Among the slain of the French were 8,000 knights and esquires, more than a hundred bannerets, seven counts, the three Dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, and the constable and admiral of France. Henry took also 14,000 prisoners, The loss of the conquerors amounted to no more than 1,600 men.

October 25, 1849, this the *thousandth* anniversary of the birth of *Alfred the Great*, was celebrated by a public banquet at Wantage, Herts.

October 26, 1751, died at Lisbon, aged 49, *Philip Doddridge*, D.D. He was a Dissenting Minister; he was settled at Northampton for some years as minister and tutor, and acquired great reputation for his learning and piety. His "Family Expositor" has been frequently reprinted, and is extensively read and quoted.

October 26, 1726, died aged 78, *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, a painter of considerable eminence. He painted chiefly portraits.

October 26. 1849. *F. G. Manning*, and his wife *Maria Manning*, were condemned to death in the Central Criminal Court, London, for the murder of Patrick O'Connor, on the 9th of August; they were executed on the 13th of November.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 43.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.]

APPRENTICES.

THE DUTIES OF MASTERS.

In our last article we called the attention of our readers to the importance of a succession of Apprentices. Some have said that we are "*a nation of tradespeople, mechanics, and shopkeepers;*" and we accept the intended reproach as a compliment, and glory in our supposed shame. We have looked on titled indolence, and plebeian industry; on slothful wealth, and toiling poverty; and we candidly confess that we see more dignity in the latter than the former. In fact, England owes all her greatness to her operatives, tradesmen, and burgesses. Her working people, and not her peers, have created her riches, and given her the noble standing which she holds among the nations. Britain owes little to her aristocracy, as the producers of her resources, and nothing at all to her wars, but an enormous debt. Her industrious men and women have cultivated her fields, sunk her mines, trafficked with her stores, and filled her treasury. Already she stands high among the peoples of the world, and is destined to rise yet higher, provided she use aright the blessings which Providence has laid at her feet. But it will not be by the pride, the contempt, or the indolence of her noble families, that her progress will be sustained. These, in numerous cases, have too much sympathy with the dark ages whence they boast that their ancestors sprung, to aid heartily in the growth of intelligence, liberty, and morality, or to be anything but drags, or breaksmen, to the onward movement of the age; and therefore we must continue to look to our tradesmen and operatives for that support and energy which will consummate our country's greatness, and exert a benign influence on mankind at large.

But we cannot have a succession of artisans and men of business, unless we train the young to take the places of their fathers; and, therefore, without *apprentices* the nation must decline, and, in fact, sink into barbarism. Our visions of future eminence, to be real, and not deceptive, must be based upon the intelligence, the skill, the industry, and morality of the youths who now fill our schools and workshops. Posterity will be what we make it; we are the architects and builders of the coming age and generation; and hence the question of the treatment of apprentices is one of the greatest importance.

We have already shown that they ought to be *thoroughly instructed in their trades;* and that they ought to have *kind treatment*, and we now observe,—

III.—That their Food and Wages should be equitable and according to agreement.

This is a matter of vast importance. We have known cases in which apprentices were half-starved, or the food provided was hardly fit for the brute creation. "*It is only for the apprentices,*" has been the remark, when mere offal has been provided. We have seen the board groaning with a profusion of dainties, in the very eyes of the youth whose labours, to a great extent, procured them, and who was himself supplied with the coarsest viands. The masters and mistresses seemed never to have considered that all mouths are made alike, and that apprentices have the same longings and tastes as other people. Some of these selfish ones were professors of religion, but seemed never to have read the injunction, "Thou shalt

love thy neighbour *as thyself.*" Yet they have the cards of respectable visitors on their drawing-room tables, and perhaps take the highest seat in the synagogue! Hundreds of fortunes have been made out of the stinted appetites and hard-worked limbs of oppressed apprentices. But the money never wears well, and very rarely does a penny of it come into the hands of the third generation. The result, also, has often proved the extent to which selfishness has outwitted itself. The ill-fed apprentice, like the half-starved horse, has not been able to perform his full quota of labour, or perhaps has sickened and died under hard usage. We speak solid truth when we say that the grave has opened its mouth to receive thousands of youths, of both sexes, who have been doomed to an early death by the injustice and cruelty of those to whom they were articled. Depend upon it that at the day of doom, the Mannings, the Burkes, and the Bishops, will not hold the only place among the assassins of our race. The blood of apprentices has often cried with a louder voice than that of Abel or O'Connor.

We are no advocates for *luxury* anywhere, and much less do we wish to see young people ruined by *sumptuous living;* but *good food*, and *enough* of it, are alike demanded by God and man. Thin, pale, half-starved apprentices are a disgrace to any dwelling; while, on the other hand, healthy, vigorous, well-fed youths are a credit to their masters and mistresses.

And not only *food*, but *wages* should be attended to. Whatever is agreed upon should be paid; and, further, the agreement should be made on equitable and honourable terms. We have known an apprentice who frequently did two days' work in one, cheated out of the remuneration which was secured to him in his indentures. A heavy denunciation is uttered in Scripture against him "who oppresses the hireling in his wages, the widow, or the fatherless." The poor apprentice is often a fatherless child, and perhaps the small sum he receives is all that his widowed mother has to depend upon; and, therefore, in robbing him, cruelty is added to injustice. The struggles of apprentices during the term of their servitude, would fill volumes of touching and romantic narrative. The study, the contrivance, the self-denial, the economy, and the patience, requisite to make two or three shillings procure food, clothing, &c., are of no common order, and sometimes far beyond what has canonized many an ascetic of the monastery or the wilderness. More than common baseness, then, is required to rob these youthful labourers, and moral heroes, of the pittance they have to live upon. To filch the scrip of the pauper is meanness of which few will be guilty; but to grind, oppress, crush, and rob the poor apprentice, is meanness yet more despicable. It may be true that as yet the lad hardly earns his wages, but give him time, kindness, and good instruction, and by and by he will amply repay all that he has received. We knew a master, reckoned a most respectable man, who refused his apprentice a small sum per quarter which had been stipulated for in the indenture, and yet he declared that he would not take a hundred pounds for the last two years of his service! Many a youth is ruined for life by such injustice. He becomes careless, indolent, dishonest, and perhaps dissipated; when, by proper treatment and encouragement, he might have been made a good workman, a prosperous tradesman, an invaluable citizen. Hundreds who have died in a prison, a workhouse, or a penal colony, were lost to society through the cruelty and the injustice of their masters.

IV.—Apprentices should not be overworked.

Here a long catalogue of iniquity might be recorded. Some youths have scarcely

any time for food or sleep. The meal must be swallowed in *five minutes.* We have known this done for days and weeks together. Teeth and mastication were set at nought. The provision was bolted or washed down. And this was a matter of necessity, seeing an amount of work was demanded which was to be done in a given time; and in fixing the period for the performance of the task, breakfast and dinner hours, or rather minutes, were entirely passed over. Some hardy youths might bear this ill treatment without much injury, but in thousands of cases the health has been impaired for life. Indigestion, nervousness, and a host of other diseases have been thus engendered, and then, perhaps, we have impiously ascribed to the dispensations of Providence what had been produced solely by the cruelty of man. There is a limit to labour beyond which it cannot be carried without injury to our physical, intellectual, and moral constitution. Work the body too hard, and the mind and body will suffer: tax the powers and the mind too long, and you strain the nerves and brain, and thus enfeeble the whole frame. Close students have generally a sickly body, while over-worked labourers have minds as weak in proportion as their muscles are *unnaturally* strong and vigorous. Some that we once knew, had to work sixteen, eighteen, or twenty hours a day, and sometimes two or three whole days and nights in the same week. We have heard them say that their heads swam with fatigue, and to their eyes everything appeared double. The history of parish apprentices unfold to us a horrible tale. Many of the facts make one's blood chill, and we will not harrow up the feelings of our readers with details. We trust that for apprentices, as well as others, a "good time" is "coming," and that self interest, humanity, justice, and philanthropy will induce masters to treat those who are committed to their care with that equity and kindness which is the birthright of every child of Adam.

V.—The mental and moral improvement of Apprentices ought to be attended to by Masters.

Every human being depends upon his mind and morals; without a good character, man is a pest on earth. Nothing is in fact so pestilential as ignorance and immorality. A low, vulgar, stupid, vicious apprentice is not only a disgrace but a loss to his employer, as well as to himself. Intelligence is an advantage everywhere and in everything; and, joined with morality, perfects the character. A youth who thinks correctly, and has his mind cultivated, will understand the rationale and philosophy of his trade better than one who has never had his mental powers called forth; will learn faster, and make a more profitable shopman, or mechanic. And then, if his morals are good he will be trust-worthy, and we need not say that a servant who is honest, industrious, economical, and truthful, is worth more than his weight in gold; so that on the lowest considerations of the pence-table, every employer ought to pay the utmost attention to the mental and moral tuition of those committed to his care. Even blind and deluded slave-holders, put a higher price in the auction mart on a slave who is intelligent and upright in his deportment; thus making intellect and virtue marketable commodities. What a glorious thing it would be for all employers, if those who are under their care, were persons in whose talents, principles, and probity they could place implicit confidence. But it should be remembered that neither knowledge nor piety are born in us. They are the product of good instructions and the divine blessing. It would be just as rational to expect a harvest of corn in the bogs of Ireland, as to hope for enlightened and upright motives and conduct, when the intellectual and religious training have been neglected.

Now it is a solemn duty that we owe to the next generation—to our fatherland, to its trade, commerce, politics, and religion—and especially to the sons and daughters who are to take our places when we are dead and gone,—it is, we say, our duty to attend to the proper training of those committed to our care; and, consequently, persons who take apprentices, and thus have the flower of the country under their superintendence, have no common obligations devolving upon them, which they cannot neglect without criminality, because they have *voluntarily* undertaken the guardianship of these youthful citizens. We trust that before long we shall have no one so base as to say, with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but that every person will feel himself and herself bound to do the utmost amount of good to any and all of the sons and daughters of Adam that come within the reach of their influence, and then we shall have no ignorant, immoral, neglected, or oppressed apprentices.

VI.—No individual should take too large a number of Apprentices.

Many persons, because apprentices are cheaper than journeymen, rarely employ any others. We have known large sums gained this way, but they never spent well; and besides, the thing was as *foolish* as it was *wicked*. The trade was eventually ruined by the overflowing number of hands. The men out of work were ready to eat one another, and to work for a song. The labour market was thronged with apprentices who were just out of their time, and other individuals of the same craft who had nothing to do. To bring up boys and girls to a trade which is already ruined by so many superfluous hands, is to give to them a business which will starve them, or perhaps make them thieves. Here is robbery of a more refined character than common swindlers practice, for to enrich ourselves we take youths into our care to ruin them for life. We have seen hundreds of men in rags, working for a few pence a day, or sent to the Union, in consequence of this selfishness and inhumanity. He who thus takes more apprentices than will probably be wanted hereafter for the good of the country, is an enemy to his native land and to mankind at large.

Lastly.—Apprentices ought to be encouraged.

Why not exchange threatening and blows for good words and premiums? Depend upon it the latter would work better and be cheaper in the end. The former provoke and often engender carelessness and despair; but the latter call forth hope and a healthy emulation. No one has told, or perhaps imagined, the achievements of hope. Campbell sung "*its pleasures*," but its "*wondrous deeds*" afford a more glorious theme for some future bard. Why not give the apprentice both the pleasure and the profit? There is hardly a youth but by equitable treatment, rational training, kindness and encouragement, might be made a blessing to himself, an immense boon to his master, and a glorious benefactor to his country and the coming generation.

Artificial Mahogany.—The following method of giving any species of wood of a close grain the appearance of mahogany in texture, density, and polish, is said to be practised in France with success. The surface is planed smooth, and the wood is then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. One ounce of dragon's blood is dissolved in nearly a pint of spirits of wine; this, and one-third of an ounce of carbonate of soda, are then to be mixed together and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be laid on with a soft brush. The process is to be repeated, and in a short interval afterwards the wood possesses the external appearance of mahogany. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold drawn linseed oil.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE THREE HOMES:
A TALE OF THE COTTON SPINNERS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

By one who has been among the Spindles.

PART THE FOURTH

THE RIOTS—THE PROCLAMATION—SOME EXPLANATION OF THE CAUSES OF THE DISTURBANCE ATTEMPTED—THE REVIVAL OF TRADE—THE RESULTS OF THE DISTURBANCES—JOHN MITCHELL ONE OF THE SUFFERERS—MARY AND HER GOOD OLD FRIEND—MARY'S ECONOMY—THE "TOMMY SHOPS"—THE BROTHER AND SISTER—THE PROMISE—THE RELEASE—THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL—CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS—LITTLE JOHN AND HIS SISTER MARY MR. DAVIDSON'S PROPOSAL—CHARLES'S WEDDING FEAST—CONCLUSION.

For three months or more the riots in the manufacturing districts continued. Every branch of the cotton trade contributed its hundreds to the general crowd; and spinners, dyers, weavers, moulders, engineers, and machine-makers, taking advantage of the panic among the manufacturers, boldly struck for an advance of wages. Nor were the disturbances confined to Staffordshire, but among the stockingers of Leicester, the miners of Wolverhampton, the colliers of Glasgow, the hatters of Stockport, the potteries in various places, and even the weavers of Edinburgh, the most serious outbreaks were continually taking place, so that manufactures of nearly all kinds were either greatly delayed or stopped altogether. Meetings took place nightly in the fields and moors surrounding Manchester, and thousands of people listened to the feverish rhodomontade of interested orators, while troops rode round the town and special constables were seen in every street. Hitherto the mobs had been content with simply insisting on the workmen in mills and factories turning out and joining them, but occasionally serious collisions took place between the military and the people; and on more than one occasion death ensued. During the day-time the turn-outs paraded the town, and levied contributions on the benevolent,—though, to their honour be it said, very few cases of stealing from dwelling-houses or the person took place in these memorable disturbances. Captures by the score took place; but the turn-outs were undismayed, and not a day passed without its scenes of contention with the police or the military. In fact, to so great and dangerous a height had the disturbances arisen, that the government became seriously alarmed, and a proclamation was issued, of which the following is a copy:—

"Victoria R,—Whereas, in divers parts of Great Britain, great multitudes of lawless and disorderly persons have lately assembled themselves together in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and have, with force and violence, entered into certain mines, mills, and manufactories, and other places, and have, by threats and intimidation, prevented our good subjects therein employed from following their usual occupations and earning their livelihood;

"We, therefore, being duly sensible of the mischievous consequences which must inevitably ensue, as well to the peace of the kingdom as to the lives and properties of our subjects, from such wicked and illegal practices, if they go unpunished; and being firmly resolved to cause the laws to be put in execution for the punishment of such offenders, have thought fit, by the advice of our privy council, to issue this proclamation, hereby strictly commanding all justices of the peace, sheriffs, under-sheriffs, and all other civil officers whatsoever, within the said United Kingdom, that they do use their utmost endeavours to discover, apprehend, and bring to justice, the persons concerned in the riotous proceedings above mentioned.

"Given at our Court at Windsor, this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1842, and in the 6th year of our reign.

"God save the Queen."

To the proclamation was added a reward of fifty pounds to all such as would speedily and effectually bring the offenders to justice; so that, in a short time, there was plenty of work for the special commission which was issued to try the prisoners.

At Stockport, Leicester, and Manchester the leaders of the chartists tried all in their power to give the turn-out a political complexion, by moving amendments at the various public meetings; while the writers in the Tory newspapers endeavoured to make it appear that the agitators for a repeal of the corn-laws were at the bottom of the disaffection. Nevertheless, it has since been proved, that, however strongly the people might have felt disposed to agitate for the six points of the charter, and however favourable they were to a repeal of the corn-laws, neither movement had much, if anything, to do with the original cause of complaint, which was strictly one of wages, and arose, probably, from a want of sufficient knowledge, on the part of the workmen, of the mission of machinery and the dependence of capital on labour; and an utter disregard, in too many instances, on the part of the mill-owners and factory-masters, of the wants, wishes, feelings, prejudices, and claims of those whom they employed.

It would occupy too much space to detail the various incidents of these riots; to tell how the turn-outs begged from door to door; how they bivouacked in the streets at night; how they manfully braved danger, privation, and even death itself, in the assertion of what they believed to be a right principle; how they elicited the sympathy of the shopkeepers in the various towns; how they withstood the temptations thrown in their way by daring political speculators; how, even when the corn was ripe and ready for the sickle, they left it standing in the fields; how they gradually began to feel the cold air of the autumn evenings pierce their thin and scanty garments; how women and young children fell into want and almost died of cold; and how, at last, with galled spirits and wearied limbs, they were starved into compliance with the requirements of their masters, and crept back, one by one, to loom, and frame, and engine, and shuttle, and wheel.

As the winter set in, the demand for manufactures increased, and most of the mills about Manchester were again in active operation; that in which Charles was employed having been only temporarily closed during the necessary repairs consequent on its attack. The conduct of the hands on that occasion so gratified Mr. Davidson, the owner, that he was heard to say, a short time subsequently, that he felt a particular friendship for every individual in his employ, and that he should never forget their kindness and bravery on that memorable occasion. To Charles he at once acknowledged his obligations by making him overlooker to a factory he had only lately built at Salford, and giving him the option of choosing such of the workmen to accompany him as he thought fit. But we must not anticipate.

The riots, instead of gaining for their originators an advance of wages, had, in many cases, a directly contrary effect, and numbers went back at even lower wages than they had been before receiving. Nor were they without their martyrs, for besides thirty men and boys killed, and upwards of seventy seriously wounded, there were no fewer than two hundred tried before the Special Commission held at Stafford, of whom fully two-thirds were found guilty, and sentenced to various degrees of punishment—from transportation for life to a month's imprisonment. Among the victims required by the law was John Mitchell; for though he had been present at various meetings, and had turned out with the rest, he had in reality no further part in the outrages committed; and it was with pain, sorrow, astonishment, and disgust, that Charles and his mother learnt the fact of the poor fellow's trial and sentence. He was tried for breaking into Mr. Davidson's mill, putting out the fires, and inciting the workmen to leave that gentleman's employ, and, with five others, sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. In respect for his feelings as a brother of the prisoner, Charles was not called upon to give evidence in this particular case, though in proving the attack upon the mill and the rescue of his master, his services as witness could not be dispensed with.

Fortunately for poor Mary, she was ignorant of the fact of her husband's imprisonment, it having been intimated to her, with a view to save her feelings, that he was keeping out of the way for a time; and though her main means of support were derived from the kindness of her brother, yet it must be mentioned that as soon as her husband's fellow-workmen knew she was in want, they, drunken, idle brawlers as many of them were, immediately raised a subscription for her benefit. God bless them for it.

In the cellar where Mary and her children had formerly lived—or rather where the poor creature once so gay and thoughtless was slowly wasting away from fever and neglect—resided an old woman who still visited her in the new and airy lodgings Charles had taken for her. Poor Mary, since her husband's imprisonment, had been put to great shifts, and but for this old woman she might have died ere now. It is from the poor that the poorer obtain sympathy and assistance: the fact

is suggestive—and, as we are told that the poor shall never cease out of the land, so surely will these good Samaritans receive their reward, in heaven, if not here.

As for her own mother, Mrs. Sparkes had latterly grown so feeble and querulous that she seldom stirred from her son's house; and with a feeling common to people in her condition, now that she had risen a little in the social scale,—even though her elevation was due to her son's industry and principle, and not to her own forethought, she was unwilling to visit the scenes of her former life. But it is due to Mrs. Sparkes to say, that she had, in tenderness to her peevish temper, been kept in ignorance of her daughter's illness. It was Charles's sad task to communicate to his poor sister the news of her husband's conviction, but day after day he delayed the shocking task in the hope of her health improving. But it was not to be. In the meanwhile, Mary got on by the assistance of old Mrs. Wilkins, as well as such a poor shiftless body could. Though her rent was paid by Charles, and though he allowed her as much as he could spare—for though now as overseer great confidence was placed in him, and a largely increased salary was allowed, his expenses had naturally increased in proportion—still she was obliged to have frequent recourse to the "Tommy-shops," where she was allowed to "run up a score;" so that her weekly income was always in advance. Being no scholar, she was obliged to trust in a measure to the honesty of the shopkeeper. But she had a method of keeping accounts, quite peculiar to people of her class, and day after day, and week after week, she would sit up in her bed, and, sick and debilitated as she was, contrive to reckon up her bill. Thus, a perpendicular stroke (I) stood for a penny; a half circle (C) for sixpence; a circle (O) for a shilling; a circle crossed in the centre (⊕) for five shillings; a half circle and half cross (◠) for half-crown, and so on. Poor thing! she never dreamed that she was paying twenty or thirty per cent. more for whatever she obtained from the Tommy-shops than she would elsewhere for ready money; and though she had frequently to listen to old Mrs. Wilkins' complaints of the incivility of the keepers, and of the inferior qualities of the articles they sold, she never thought of extricating herself from the thraldom of debt or difficulty, but went on buying tripe pairings for her children, or giving them a treat of liver and bacon, vulgarly called Friday's steaks, whenever she had the means, quite unmindful, or perhaps ignorant, of the value of more wholesome and nutritious kinds of food. Mrs. Wilkins was not a very good nurse for a poor sick woman like Mary, but she was very kind and sympathizing. Poor babes! how gladly would Mary have gone away and left them, if she could have gone to work and earned something for their support. She was obliged to stay with them now; it caused more bitter pangs than she felt when first she left the baby at Mrs. Smithson's. How did she lament her waste of money years ago, and wish that some of the sums which her husband had spent in drink had been laid by against such a day as this? But she had to bear her sorrow.

"And must I stay and see them perish?" she said gloomily; her gloomy thoughts answered, "You must, you must!!"

But the door had opened, and Charles, who had heard her question, came in to reply.

"No, Mary! no, my dear sister, never while I have got a shilling to help you."

"Ah, Charley!" said Mary, faintly, "you always were a good, kind fellow; though I treated you and mother very ill; I know I did. How is she?"

"Well, Mary dear, she is better. She is coming to see you to-morrow."

She looked in his face—it was a sad, hopeless look; for her lips were thin and her cheeks very pale, though her eyes were quite bright and sparkling—those beautiful black eyes, that had charmed so many! and her long dark hair hung in straggling locks, that were quite pitiful to see—her hair had been so silky and so soft—and taking his hand between her own thin, transparent palms, she said,

"Oh, Charley! tell her I hope she will forgive her poor, miserable daughter. I shall never see her again."

"Oh, Mary, Mary, don't say so!" sobbed her weeping brother.

But no tear dimmed the eyes of the invalid. She was agitated and pale, but she did not weep.

He turned away to conceal his tears, and patted little John upon the head, as he stood beside him. The action turned the mother's thoughts into another channel.

"And must my poor children grow up in this way? must they be neglected and deserted, as I was? must they, like me, be ignorant, careless, and wicked, with no one to take care of them, no one to teach them a better way?"

"Do not take on so, my dear Mary," replied Charles; "they will be better taken care of than you were; people take more care of children than they used to do

when we were young. I will take care of them."

"Ah! you will not be always here," she said; "they will be ill-treated and poisoned, and be lost, body and soul! Oh, my poor babes! I could die happy if it were not for my poor babes!"

"Mary," said her brother, again taking her hand, and pressing his lips to hers all hot with fever, "fear nothing: I will take them to my own home, and they shall be to me as my own children."

It was strange, but she had not hitherto spoken of her husband. Now she said—"And John: will he come back again, poor fellow?

"Yes, yes, he will: I'm sure he will," said Charles; for he saw that it would be useless and cruel to tell her the whole truth now.

"Thank God! Come here, dear: closer."

He brushed his sleeve across his face and came.

"Charley," she said—"take care of my poor boy and girl; keep them from the streets and the saloons. I grew up in crime myself, and my pretty face was my ruin. Look at it now!"

She paused a little while, and then went on again, but fainter and more slowly; stopping every now and then, as if to snatch new life from the cold grasp of death.

"My brother, dear, oh, keep them from the hateful streets!....My poor little Mary ....They say she's like her mother....God forgive me!....John Mitchell was a handsome fellow when I married him....I might have been a better wife to him.... tell him so....Poor fellow....Kiss me, Charley....bring the children nearer.... There, my pets—there, there .... My mother .... husband .... children....brother—"

And so, with her head upon her brother's breast, and her arms about his neck, she dropped asleep as gently as her babe upon the nurse's knee. He held her so as hour after hour passed by, and never knew the moment when she died.

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A week after the funeral, Charles, having taken the children to his own home and reconciled his mother to the arrangement—for with an unaccountable inconsistency, she appeared unwilling that they should share the comforts of the home she had so long enjoyed herself without care or payment—obtained leave to visit the poor convict. It was a sad task to break the news to the bereaved husband, for he cried and upbraided himself as though he had been the cause of Mary's death.

Poor fellow! he had always loved his wife after a fashion; and had treated her with that mixture of kindness and negligence, of affection and moroseness, with which wild unprincipled men without discipline or self-restraint usually do treat their wives. He was sadly cut up; his heart was too full to permit him to speak; but when he heard Charles's generous offer, he took him by the hand, and said—

"Shake hands, Charley; you are, indeed, a kind fellow, and bear no ill-will for the bad way in which I treated you. You take a load off my mind; it will be bad enough to lose poor Mary after we have been together so many years, I hope she will be better off; but the poor little dears, it would break my heart if they grew up to to be as we have been. Take them, Charles, take them, and see that they are brought up better than their father and mother were."

John's speech was interrupted by sobs; his strong feelings once excited quite overcame him. Charles did all he could to comfort him.

"Never fear, John, we will do all we can," he repeated.

"Charley, the blessing of a miserable man be upon you and yours," said Mitchell.

And so, with much good feeling on both sides, and some manly tears, they parted, never to meet again. Years after, Charles heard from his brother-in-law. He was then a prosperous farmer in the interior of Australia.

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Years like summer days pass by, and we never heed their flight. Step by step had our hero risen in favour with his good employer. He had weeded the factory of the few bad spirits that once disgraced it, and in their place procured young ardent men, who were anxious to second his endeavours at improvement. If they were not all total abstainers, they were at least all sober industrious workmen. The first step he took was to provide for the mothers who worked in the factory an asylum for their children; and the "day nurseries for the manufacturing poor" owes its success mainly to his charitable endeavours:—no longer are the poor babes left to the care of hired nurses or young children, but in the new institution they are watched and nursed with the greatest assiduity. Besides recommending the youths employed at the mill to join Mechanics' Institutions, he was speedily occupied in forming others of an improvable tendency himself; and instead of raising subscriptions among the rich, he went among the poor, and wherever he found men or women inclined to learn, he invited them to come to him and be taught. The

news spread rapidly among the poor and unlearned that night schools were established, where adults might enjoy the benefits of wise teaching; and now there are so many in Manchester and Salford that no man has an excuse for ignorance. In the mill of which he was overseer, a reading and mutual improvement society was got up, of which Mr. Davidson, now grown old and venerable, was the respected president, and Charles himself the secretary. Baths and washouses, too, were built near the factory, and the waste steam from the boiler profitably employed.

Schools for the children were established, at which all the little workers at the mill were freely taught; and, as "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so playgrounds were set apart for their amusement and exercise during the intermissions of labour; and thus good healthy children grew up into good well disciplined men and women. Seeing the evils of close unhealthy dwellings, he got up a building society among his fellow-workmen, and in less than five years the whole of the persons employed on the establishment, were comfortably located in neat clean cottages. His example was quickly followed, and the legislature seconding the endeavours of he, and such as he; there are now in Manchester people's parks, people's libraries, people's baths, and people's savings banks. In short, so great was the success of the improvements which had their origin in the endeavours of Mr. Davidson and his overseer, that there is now scarcely a mill in Manchester where the workers are not in a fair way of improving themselves, if they had not already availed themselves of the opportunities offered.

John Mitchell, unlike his father, has grown up into a steady, industrious, sober young man, and now holds a responsible situation under his uncle, in Mr. Davidson's factory.

And little Mary, dear child! inherits all her mother's beauty without her faults—but she was better brought up.

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One afternoon late in the autumn, a messenger came into the mill, and invited Charles to step up to the private house of Mr. Davidson Of course he was not long in obeying the call.

"Sit down, my dear Sparkes," said the venerable old man, as soon as Charles entered the sitting-room.

So down he sat accordingly.

"I have been thinking, Charles," said his old master, "that as I owe the comfort of my life to you—indeed, my very life itself,"—

Charles would have spoken, but Mr. Davidson raised his hand in deprecation.

"That I owe you something in return. Now it is my wish, Charles, that, as you have deserved so well of me, and I have neither kith or kin—at least none that want aught of me—you should take the entire management of my mills."

Charles bowed his head in gratitude.

"And, that you should be more free to act as you wish, I propose that you should join me as working partner."

"My dear sir," began Charles.

"Stop a bit; I have not quite finished: nor am I quite unselfish in this matter. I have noticed for some time that a mutual affection has existed between my ward and you.—"

Charles blushed, but did not utter a word.

"I can quite understand your delicacy in not mentioning your love, even to the lady herself; but, my dear boy, I have settled all that matter for you. My lawyer will be here in a few minutes to witness the agreement, so that we can enter on the partnership at once."

Charles rose up and clasped the old man's hand.

"There, there! John, bring in the tea. You don't take wine, Charles: glad of it—glad of it."

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There never was such a *soirée* as that given on Charles's wedding; and there never was a happier party than that assembled at it, though no wine or spirits graced the board. Every man, woman, and child, in the factory was present, and when Charles got up to return thanks, when the healths of his bride and himself were proposed, perhaps the loudest cheer was given that had ever been heard in Mr. Davidson's house before or since. It quite brought the tears into old Mrs. Sparkes's eyes.

With the peroration of that memorable speech of Charles's our tale is concluded.

"The industrious poor man," said he, "best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home. He best amends his country by giving it good children; and, if he has not any, by setting a good example himself. He best governs by obeying the laws, and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home. His best reform is that which corrects the irregularities of his own hearth. His best meetings are those with his own family by his own fireside. His best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment and that of his household. His best speeches are those which promote peace on earth and good will towards mankind. His best petitions are those of a contrite heart addressed to the King of Heaven, by whom they will

not be despised, and those to the governors of the earth for the peaceable obtainment of amelioration for his brother man. And his best means of such obtainment is the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts and of good sense in the heads of those around him. His best wealth is contentment. His best love is that which comforts his family. His best instruction is that which humanizes and ennobles their hearts. And his best religion is that which leads to 'do justice and love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.' Would he triumph?—let him learn to endure. Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself. Would he govern?—let him first obey."

WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE!

Oh! what a world this might be,
If hearts were always kind;
If, Friendship, none would slight thee,
And Fortune prove less blind!

With love's own voice to guide us—
Unchangingly and fond—
With all we wish beside us,
And not a care beyond.

Oh! what a world this might be;
More blest than that of yore;
Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye
To love each other more.

Oh! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man did but his duty,
And helped his brother man!

The angel-guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.

A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

From some cause, real or imaginary, I felt low-spirited. There was a cloud upon my feelings, and I could not smile as usual, nor speak in a tone of cheerfulness. As a natural result, the light of my countenance being gone, all things around me were in shadow. My husband was serious, and had little to say; the children would look strange at me when I answered their questions, or spoke to them for any purpose; and my domestics moved about in a quiet manner, and when they addressed me, did so in a tone more subdued than usual.

This re-action upon my state only made darker the clouds that veiled my spirits. I was conscious of this, and was sensible that the original cause of my depression was entirely inadequate, in itself, to produce the result which had followed. Under this feeling, I made an effort to rally myself, but in vain; and sank lower from the very struggle to rise above the gloom that overshadowed me.

When my husband came home at dinner-time, I tried to meet him with a smile; but I felt that the light upon my countenance was feeble, and of brief duration. He looked at me earnestly, and, in his kind and gentle way, inquired if I felt no better, affecting to believe that my ailment was one of the body, instead of the mind. But I scarcely answered him, and I could see that he felt hurt. How much more wretched did I become at this. Could I have then retired to my chamber, and alone, give my full heart vent in a passion of tears, I might have obtained relief to my feelings. But I could not do this.

While I sat at the table, forcing a little into my mouth for appearance' sake, my husband said:

"You remember the fine lad who has been for some time in our store?"

I nodded my head, but the question did not awake in my mind the slightest interest.

"He has not made his appearance for several days; and I learned this morning, on sending to the house of his mother, that he was very ill."

"Ah!" was my indifferent response. Had I spoken what was in my mind, I would have said, "I'm very sorry, but I can't help it." I did not at the moment feel the slightest interest in the lad.

"Yes," added my husband, "and the person who called to let me know about it expressed his fears that Edward would not get up again."

"What ails him?" I inquired.

"I did not clearly understand, but he has fever of some kind. You remember his mother very well?"

"Oh, yes. You know she has worked for me. Edward is her only child, I believe."

"Yes; and his loss to her will be almost everything."

"Is he in such danger?" I inquired, a feeling of interest beginning to stir my heart.

"He is not expected to live."

"Poor woman! how distressed she must be! I wonder what her circumstances are just at this time. She seemed very poor when she worked for me."

"And she is very poor still, I doubt not. She has herself been sick, and during the time it is probable that Edward's wages were all her income. I am afraid she has suffered, and that she has not now the means of procuring for her sick boy things necessary for his comfort. Could you not go round there this afternoon, and see how they are?'

I shook my head instantly at this proposition, for sympathy for others was not yet strong enough to dispel my selfish despondency of mind.

"Then I must step round," replied my husband, "before I go to the store, although we are very busy to-day, and I am much wanted there. It would not be right to neglect the lad and his mother, under the present circumstances."

I felt rebuked at these words; and, with a forced effort, said, "I will go."

"It will be much better for you to see them than for me," returned my husband, "for you can understand their wants better, and minister to them more effectually. If they need any comforts, I should like you too see them supplied."

It still cost me an effort to get ready, but as I had promised to do as my husband wished, the effort was to be made. By the time I was prepared to go out I felt something better. The exertion I was required to make tended to disperse slightly the clouds that hung over me, and as they began gradually to move, my thoughts turned with an awakening interest towards the object of my husband's solicitude.

All was silent within the humble abode to which my errand led me. I knocked lightly, and in a few moments the mother of Edward opened the door. She looked pale and anxious.

"How is your son, Mrs. Ellis?" I inquired as I stept in.

"He is very low, ma'am," she replied.

"Not in danger, I hope?"

"The fever has left him, but he is as weak as an infant. All his strength is gone."

"But proper nourishment will restore him, if the disease is broken."

"So the doctor says. But I'm afraid it is too late. He seems to be sinking every hour. Will you walk up and see him, ma'am?"

I followed Mrs. Ellis upstairs, and into the chamber where the sick boy lay. I was not surprised at the fears she had expressed when I saw Edward's pale, sunken face, and hollow, almost passionless, eyes. He scarcely noticed my entrance.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother, "he has had a very sick spell." My liveliest interest was awakened.

"He has been sick indeed!" I replied, as I laid my hand upon his white forehead. I found that his skin was cold and damp. The fever had nearly burned out the vital energies of his system. "Do you give him much nourishment?"

"He takes a little barley water."

"Has the doctor ordered nothing else?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mrs. Ellis, but with an air of hesitation, "he said that some strong chicken broth, a few spoonsful three or four times a day, would be of great use to him."

"And have you not given him any?"

"No, ma'am; chickens are expensive, and we"—

"Oh!" I understand. We keep fowls, and have now some chickens; one of the finest of which we intended to use to-day. Step over to my house, and tell Alice to get it ready to boil immediately. I will stay with Edward till you return, and will stay also to prepare the broth for you."

How highly glowed that poor mother's face, as my words fell upon her ears!

"Oh! ma'am, you are very kind," but it will be asking too much of you to stay here so long."

"You didn't ask it, Mrs. Ellis," said I, smilingly; "I have offered to stay; so do go for the chicken as quickly as you can, for it will take some time to prepare, and Edward needs it very much."

Mrs. Ellis very soon returned. The fowl was cut up, and put into a clean saucepan, with about a pint of water; and in less than half-an-hour we had some nice strong broth ready. We took out about half a teacupfull, added a grain or two of salt, and gave the sick lad a spoonful at a time, till he had swallowed nearly half of it. The moment the flavour touched his palate, his countenance underwent a pleasing change, and he swallowed eagerly.

"It does him good," said I, speaking warmly, and from an impulse of pleasure that made my heart glow.

We sat and looked with silent interest on the boy's face. After about ten minutes some thing like warmth came upon his wan cheeks, and when I put my hand again upon his forehead, the coldness and dampness was fast departing. The broth had quickened his languid pulse. I staid nearly an hour longer; and having given him a second portion of the restorative, and finding that he was composed and likely to doze, I withdrew from the humble

abode of this widow and her only child, promising to see them again in the morning.

When I regained the street, and my thoughts for a moment reverted to myself, how did I find all changed! The clouds had dispersed—the heavy load raised from my bosom, I walked with a freer step. Sympathy for others and active efforts to do others good had expelled the evil spirits from my heart; and now serene peace had there her quiet habitation. There was light in every part of my dwelling when I re-entered it, and I sung cheerfully as I prepared with my own hands a basket of provisions for the poor widow.

When my husband returned in the evening he found me at work cheerfully in my family, and all bright and smiling again. The effort to do good to others had driven away the darkness from my spirit, and the sunshine was again upon my countenance, and reflected upon every member of my household.

THE WATCH TRADE IN SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these articles. The following account of the origin and progress of this trade may prove interesting to the reader:—

"As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who was a skilful workman.

"Richard succeeded in repairing the watch; and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among the mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil.

"For a number of years those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile, the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period, also, that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neufchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence."

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of their industry into other countries, and notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked,

that, from the upper valleys of Neufchatel, where it originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neufchatel.

It is probable that not fewer than 300,000 watches are exported annually from Geneva and Neufchatel. The greater part are necessarily smuggled out of the country, in consequence of the heavy duties of France, Austria, and other nations, through which they must go to find an outlet to America, England, Turkey, and other countries still more remote. By the lowering of import duties, however, Swiss watches are imported in a regular way into England.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE FROM THE BANK TO CHARING-CROSS.

(Concluded from page 69.)

You will now have arrived at the obelisk, where Cheapside is met on the one hand by St. Paul's-churchyard, and on the other by Paternoster-row, Newgate-street, and St. Martin's-le-Grand. Were you on foot, it would be as well to pass through the great emporium of literature, "the Row," as it is called; look into Newgate-market and Warwick-lane, where stands the old College of Physicians (now one of the entrances to the market), with its "gilded pill" on the roof; pass through the avenue of the Post-office; glance up St. Martin's-le-Grand, so called after a collegiate church and sanctuary; stand on the "highest ground in the city," in Panyer-alley, Newgate-street; or make your way into Holborn, and look up fearfully at the dark walls of Newgate, where blood-stained murderers die. But as you are fast bound on the roof of the omnibus, "all the way to Charing-cross for threepence," it will be as well, perhaps, to keep your seat and look about you. And you must make your observations shortly here, for the horses invariably quicken their pace round the "churchyard."

"Bless us, how the wind blows! What's the cause of it, coachman?"

"Vy, sir, I don't ezackly know the skyenteefic reason on it," replies that sagacious individual, "but I *have* heerd say as how the devil once brought the four winds here on a hexcursion, and left 'em waitin' for him while he paid a wisit to some friends of hisn at the Chapter coffee-house, over the way."

"Ah, then," say you, "I suppose they take it in turns to wait for him?"

"Just so, sir," chimes in one of the "outsides;" "sometimes its the west wind, sometimes the boisterous north, sometimes the rainy east, and sometimes the warm and balmy south; one or the other waits continually, so the legend goes."

With which remarkable piece of information, the "outside," the coachman, and yourself relapse into silence, which allows you to resume your previous line of thought.

The coachman cannot tell you much about the cathedral, but he can inform you that the side of the churchyard through which you are travelling, that next the Thames, is called the *bow*, and that the other side, which is stopped by a wooden barrier (one of St. Paul's chains) is known as the *string*; and he can also tell you, if he chooses, that on Lord Mayor's-day the houses hereabouts are alive with company, and that the vergers admit folks to the south outer gallery of the cathedral to view the procession, at prices varying according to the attractions—the number of men in armour, and so forth—from twopence to half-a-crown a head. And he can tell you, also, that the boys at St. Paul's school, just at the entrance of the "yard," make such a noise in their covered playground sometimes, that old ladies passing that way are fain to turn back, and go on their peaceful road on the north side, among the splendid drapers' shops, much to the detriment of the cheap "busses."

In St. Paul's-churchyard, or rather St. Paul's-chain, lived the celebrated Cocker, the arithmetician ("according to Cocker") who wrote the "Pen's Ascendancy" and taught the arts of writing and arithmetic in "an extraordinary manner;" and near the same spot is the office of the Registrar of the Admiralty. Farther on you will catch a glimpse of the entrance to Doctors'-commons—an interesting place if you have any expectances from apoplectic uncles or dowager aunts; a place in which the most heterogeneous businesses are carried on, and all affairs connected with wills, marriages, divorces, and disputes about seamen's wages, and ships running foul of each other, are amicably or disagreeably settled, as the

case may be. A very curious place is Doctors'-commons; for, besides that the man in a white apron is constantly on the look out for marriageable young men and women, and is, in fact, a touter for the proctors inside; and, besides that there is no knowing altogether what sort of justice is dispensed in its several courts; and, besides that the officers are all more or less related to each other; and, besides that an advocate in one court may be judge in another, and proctor in a third;—the plans of procedure are antiquated, slow, uncertain, and expensive, and, what is worse than all, a monopoly.

A few paces further down the Commons, towards the river, stands Heralds' College; or, according to modern etiquette, "The College of Arms;" the grand manufactory of family pedigrees, with coats of arms to match. Here may be obtained of those renowned potentates "Garter," or his assistant "Norroy," "Kings of Arms," upon the payment of certain fees, the most authentic information of any aristocratic relations to which the applicant can lay claim, with the pedigree in which they are duly marshalled, and a coat of arms to taste. Such is the pride of the genealogist, that forgetting, probably, that

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike th' inevitable hour;"

And that

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

His ingenuity has been known to trace back his pedigree some generations beyond Adam; but the sovereigns of the college were not to be tempted; their orthodoxy would never countenance any attempt to go further back than the "first man," even though the applicant had been a Chinese.*

But the vehicle will not wait, so you must defer what you have to say or think about Doctors'-commons, and even about the cathedral itself, till you get home; without you like to dismount and look at the interior; and this masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren will well repay you for more than a cursory visit; but, as your destination is Charing-cross and not St. Paul's, you must content yourself with merely noticing its noble exterior—its dome, and pillars, and galleries, and statues; its figure of Queen Anne in the forecourt, and its railing, which cost eleven thousand pounds, and which the dean and chapter refuse to take down—reserving your visit till you have been home and studied well its history and associations. On looking back upon its noble towers, as you descend Ludgate-hill, however, you will probably recall the old story of the church buried beneath it, and remember Fuller's saying, that "it might be called the mother church indeed, having one babe (St. Faith's) in her body, and another (St. Gregory) in her arms."

Regretting that your time will not permit your descent from your seat, you will just be enabled to recall the memory of some of its legends—the Ladye Chapel of the old church, the sermons at the Cross, &c.; and content yourself with the knowledge that in the churchyard (the string) were first published the majority of Shakspeare's plays, at the booksellers' shops then known as the Green Dragon, the Flower de Luce, &c., before the booksellers removed to Little Britain and Paternoster-row, on the breaking out of the fire; and that at the north-west corner, now occupied by Messrs. Grant and Griffith, once lived John Newberry, the child's bookseller, for whom Goldsmith is said to have written the "Entertaining Historie of Goody Two Shoes."

Passing through Ludgate-street and hill, where stood one of the ancient gates of the city, and where the barons in arms against King John destroyed the houses of the Jews; and where was a prison for debtors; and where terminated the rebellious march of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the reign of Queen Mary; and where the remains of the once famous wall of London may still be seen—merely casting a glance at the Times Insurance office, once the shop of Messrs. Rundall and Bridge, bankers and goldsmiths, we come to the Waithman monument, on the one side, and the obelisk to the memory of John Wilkes (erected, says Walpole, while he was yet a criminal of state and a prisoner), on the other, and enter at once upon the thoroughfare called Fleet-street.

And here an opportune stoppage enables you to gaze upon that monument of skill, Blackfriars-bridge, erected in the years 1760-9, at something *less* than the estimated cost, by a young Scotchman named Robert Mylne, afterwards surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral. Even now it presents a noble appearance, with its lamps just lighted; but its beauty was effectually injured when, in 1840, it was found expedient to lower the roadway, and remove the open balustrade. On the

[* Our correspondent's allusion requires a little explanation. Upon the Editor of one of our county histories sending a proof sheet of the pedigree of one of the oldest families to its living representative, his daughter, who prided herself on her genealogical knowledge, was desirous of carrying the pedigree three generations higher than the proof, in which the first Christian name was "*Adam*;" but upon consulting the official documents at "the College," the claim was not allowed.—Ed.]

other hand, the view of the last tottering remnant of the Fleet Prison, the outer wall of the yard towards Farringdon-street, will enable you to moralize on the spirits broken, the prospects ruined, and the legal deaths within its once dismal precincts. A long history of gloom yet hangs about the ruin. It was originally a prison for political offenders, and has undergone the usual mutations common to public buildings in London and elsewhere. Burnt in the great fire of 1666, it was rebuilt, and again destroyed by the rioters under Lord George Gordon, and the prisoners set free. Raised again on its former foundation, it acquired an unenviable fame as the scene of those disgraceful marriages known as Fleet weddings in the last century; and, after a long and dreary existence, was finally abolished and pulled down in April, 1844. The prisoners were removed to the Queen's Bench, and the site was purchased by the corporation of London for £29,000. It is at present used as a depository for paving-stones. Within its walls have been confined—Richard Savage, the poet, who lived for years within "the rules," as a security from arrest; Lord Surrey, another poet, who describes his place of confinement as "a noisome place with a pestilent atmosphere;" Bishop Hooper, the martyr; Robert Lloyd, the poet; Francis Sandford, author of the "Genealogical History," who died here in 1693; Lord Viscount Falkland, for "sending a challenge;" Keys, the husband of Lady Mary Grey, sister to Queen Jane; Dr. Donne; Wycherley, the poet, for seven years; Baker, the author of the "Chronicle" which bears his name; Sir Robert Killigrew, "for having some little speech with Sir Thomas Overbury;" William Prynne, for the crime of writing his "Histriomastix;" James Howell, the author of so many entertaining letters; Penn, the founder of the Quakers; Richard Oastler, the factory girls' friend; and a host of other no less well-known personages. In the Fleet Prison the son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague was married to a woman of no character, with whom he shortly quarrelled and arted; and here also Churchill, the poet, ed the wedding knot.

In Farringdon-street existed the celebrated Fleet-market, which was removed to its present site—where it is scarcely less celebrated as being a giant failure—in 1828, to widen the thoroughfare from Blackfriars'-bridge to Holborn; and beneath the roadway, the Fleet ditch, once the River of Wells, which supplied half London with water, still rolls its muddy tide. It became so great a nuisance in the beginning of the last century, that when the Mansion-house was built, they arched over the ditch; and the—

"Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, offal, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops,"

which Swift tells us might be seen there daily, now flow silently into the Thames, under cover, and no longer offend the eyes and nostrils of the fastidious public!

But the vehicle hastens onwards. Fleet-street stands before us; and here we are on classic ground, indeed! The very pavement, trodden and worn by thousands of pedestrians daily, is hallowed by remembrances of some of the greatest names in English literature. Here lived, or walked, or visited, the great Dr. Johnson; Sir Symon d'Ewes; Cowley, the poet; Drayton; T. Snelling, the numismatist; Lintot, the bookseller; John Murray, the father of the present publisher; Wynkyn de Worde; Richard Pynson; Joel Stephens; Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; besides a host of other celebrated men.

To go into anything like detail of the many remarkable places in this neighbourhood, would be next to impossible at the rate the omnibus is travelling now; you must, therefore, content yourselves with a glance merely at the outside of the houses as you pass along. That now occupied as the office of the *Sunday Times*, is the one in which Alderman Waithman made his fortune; and on the opposite side is the snuff-shop, known as Hardham's, once a sort of amateur dramatic school, where George Frederick Cooke, and others, made their first appearance. In St. Bride's church—the opening between the publishing office of the merry "Punch" and the establishment of Mr. Bogue, the bookseller, leads to it—were buried Ogilby, the translator of Homer; Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer; the Earl of Dorset, the poet; and Flaxman, the poet and painter; and in the passage by the side of the churchyard was one of the numerous London residences of Milton. In Shoe-lane, rare Ben Jonson held his revels; poor Thomas Chatterton was buried; and Samuel Boyce, the poet, when nearly dying of starvation, could not eat a basin of soup because there was no ketchup in it! In Bolt-court and Johnson's court, Dr. Johnson passed most of his life; and in Fleet-street he was so well known that he seldom stirred abroad, either to go to his club or his snug corner in the Rainbow tavern, without a crowd of followers: anecdotes of Johnson and Fleet-street abound in books of all sorts. In Water-lane (now called Whitefriars-street) lived John Filby, the tailor who made Goldsmith's "bloom-coloured coat." In

Salisbury-court and square, where once the Duke's theatre existed, and which was then considered a fashionable locality, there lived John Dryden, the poet; Richardson, the novelist, who had his printing-office there, where he stood at the case, and composed, without "copy," the principal part of "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," at the same time employing Goldsmith as reader or corrector of the press; lady Davenant, the widow of Sir William; Sandford, Cave, and Underhill, the actors; and here died the female quack, Mrs. Daffy, the compounder of the noted elixir. In Fetter-lane, Hobbes of Malmesbury had a house; Dryden once lodged; and Nathaniel Tomkins was hanged, on the 5th of July, 1643, for participating in Waller's plot to surprise the city. In Bell-yard lived Fortescue, the friend of Pope, "his counsel learned in the law;" and in Shire-lane, now a half demolished and filthy place, Dugdale the antiquary had his dwelling, and Theodore Hook lay under arrest at a bailiff's, for his mismanagement of accounts as treasurer of the island of Mauritius. In James the First's time it was known as Rogue's-lane, and it still deserves the epithet.

By the time you reach Temple-bar, the street lamps will be lit, and you will get as good a view of that venerable nuisance as you may care for—since the heads of malefactors are no longer exhibited on it, the Bar has come to be sadly in the way of the traffic—and a glance at the gates of the Temple itself will call up memories of the religious knights, and their gay doings. The church in the Temple is well worth seeing; and in the ground east of the choir lies buried Oliver Goldsmith, without a headstone merely! In the Temple-gardens the white and red roses which led to the destructive wars of York and Lancaster are said to have been plucked. On Temple-bar the last heads exhibited were those of Fletcher and Townley, the rebels (1772); and, except the window in the centre, which belongs, as well as the apartment in the Bar, to Messrs. Child the bankers, the best thing about Temple-bar is the shop of Tanner the barber, at the corner of Shire-lane, where you can *get shaved and your hair cut for a penny!*

The Strand! Has ours been a long journey, think you? If you love old memories, no! You will notice here that west of the bar the folks walk more leisurely, and put on something of an aristocratic air, as becoming to the good city of Westminster. This wide and open thoroughfare, gay with fine shops, and lights, and vehicles, and well-dressed people, was, three hundred years ago, a mere green covered way between London and Westminster, principally inhabited by bishops; and in the memory of thousands still living the street was so narrow that the wheels of the vehicles grazed the walls of St. Clement's church on their passage to and fro. How different now!

Although mainly devoted to business, the Strand retains, in the names of its streets, the memory of its former greatness.

"There Essex' stately pile adorned the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers'—now no more;"

and Buckingham, Southampton, Craven, and Northumberland live only in tradition, except the last; for behind the screen of Northumberland-house stands one of the finest dwellings in London, with trees and gardens, statues, paintings, and "other adornments." Somerset-house occupies the site of the palace built for the protector Somerset, and was used formerly as the residence of the queens of England; and York, Salisbury, Durham, Bedford, and Burleigh were used, not to designate streets, but mansions belonging to the noblemen bearing those titles.

Opposite the gin-shop looking front of the Adelphi Theatre (once called the Sans Pareil) is the Adelphi, so called from the brothers Adam—a noble pile of buildings, in one of the houses of which (No. 5 in the Terrace) died David Garrick. There are streets named after each of the brothers, James, William, John, and Robert. They were natives of Scotland, and the last two were architects of no mean repute. The terrace was intended as part of the (even then) contemplated embankment of the Thames. Buckingham-street, close by, stands on the site of Buckingham-house, and its owner has done something to immortalize his name and titles, for he has used them all in designating his property—*George*-street, *Villiers*-street, *Duke* street, *Of*-alley, *Buckingham*-street.

We are rapidly nearing our destination, and as we turn the corner by the Golden Cross, we get a view of "the finest *site* in Europe;" though we are fain to confess with the driver, who perpetrates the execrable pun almost daily, that there are much finer *sights* to be seen than the National Gallery and the feeble-looking fountains in front; and far more gratifying *sights* than the yet unfinished Nelson statue, or the bronze George IV. designed for the marble arch, or even the "Happy Family" daily exhibited in Trafalgar-square.

"Goin' furder, Sir?" inquires the conductor, as you prepare to descend.

"No, I'm obliged to you," say you, as you hand over the customary fare. And as you walk away you are gratified by hearing the coachman exclaim to his fellow—"I say, Bill, that's a rum old cove; I'm bless'd if he aint bin and told me the history of every buildin' on the road."

F. G. P.

THE CLOCK.

In the annals of England we are told that Alfred, justly called "*the great*," for he was the friend and instructor of his people, contrived an ingenious expedient for the measurement of time. He directed candles to be made of a certain length, and these being divided into equal portions by lines upon them, and duly sheltered from the action of the wind, indicated clearly what hours had elapsed. A minute intimation was not to be expected from such a device; it was sufficient, however, for general purposes.

The motion of fluids, as affected by the size of the aperture from which they issued, and by the height of the superincumbent columns, formed the fundamental principles of the water clocks, called clepsydræ, which were employed in the earliest ages, even before the invention of sun-dials, to measure time.

The simplest, and probably the earliest, form of the clepsydræ was constructed of two inverted cones. One was hollow, and perforated at its vertex; the other was solid, and made to fill the former with the greatest exactness. The aperture made in the one was so adjusted to its size, that, when filled with water, it emptied itself in the course of the shortest day in winter. As the length of the cone was divided into twelve equal parts, the hours, as they elapsed, were indicated by the descent of the fluid; or the same result was secured by divisions marked on the vessel into which the water flowed. Another arrangement of the cones was adapted to the varying length of the day.

Hippocrates, who was the first person that constructed tables of the sun's motion, enabled astronomers to carry the construction of clepsydræ to a high degree of perfection. Scipio Nasica, the cousin of Scipio Africanus, is described as inventing these machines about 200 years before Christ; but it is probable he only introduced them into Rome. The Egyptians are said to have used them at a much earlier period. The invention was carried to a still greater height by Ctesibius, who flourished near the beginning of the second century before the Christian era. As he was one day amusing himself in the shop of his father, a barber of Alexandria, he observed that, during the descent of a mirror, which was counterbalanced by a weight, a musical sound was emitted from the narrow space between the roller and the frame. He was thus led to the idea of a hydraulic organ, which should act by means of air and water, and succeeding in his attempt, he applied the same principles to the construction of water-clocks, which now became exceedingly curious. In experiments to which the ancients were led by these contrivances, they detected the laws of the unequal flow or pressure of water. It was found that if in twelve hours, 144 inches in height of water flowed, the flow is 23 inches in the first hour, 21 in the second, 19 in the third, and so on to one inch only in the last, or twelfth hour.

Julius Cæsar found water-clocks in Britain at the time of his invasion of our country, and it was by them he observed that the nights in this climate were shorter than those in Italy. Toothed wheels were applied to them by Ctesibius, who has been already mentioned. At what time they were first used, so that with other parts a clock might be formed at all resembling the machine with which we are familiar, appears to be involved in impenetrable mystery.

We read, indeed, of Gerbert, a native of Auvergne, and a monk of the order of St. Benedict, who was sent by his abbot into Spain, where he learned astrology and the mathematics, and became so great a proficient in these sciences as to be accounted a magician. The reputation of his genius and learning induced Adalberon, archbishop of Rheims, to establish him there, in 970, as rector of the schools, and at the same time to make him his private secretary. About the year 996, he is said to have made, at Magdeburgh, a surprising and wonderful clock, by means of weights and wheels. He arrived at the honours of the pontificate, under the name of Silvester II. What credit is due to Gerbert has been a matter of dispute. It has been said that toothed wheels, as applied to the clepsydræ, were sculptured on Trojan's column at Rome; and that there seems to be nothing extraordinary in his applying wheels to make a clock different from the machines which had been long in use. Whether he availed himself of what already existed, or, by some happy thought, re-invented what had been contrived by others ages before, it is not now possible to decide.

Richard of Walingford, abbot of St. Alban's, who flourished in 1326, is said by Gesner to have constructed a clock which had not its equal in Europe. Leland states that it traced the course of the sun, moon, and stars, and the

rise and fall of the tides, and that it continued to go in his own time, which was about the latter end of Henry VII.'s reign.

Charles V., King of France, surnamed the Wise, caused a large turret-clock to be made at Paris by Henry Vick, who was sent for from Germany for the express purpose. It was put up in the tower of his palace about the year 1370.

A few years after, in 1382, the Duke of Burgundy ordered to be taken away from the city of Courtray a clock which struck the hours. It was one of the best known at that time, and was brought to his capital, "where," says Father Alexander, "it is still, in the tower of Notre Dame."

In the celebrated monastery of Cluny, the sacristan was accustomed to go out and see the stars, in order to know the time when the monks should be awakened for their usual exercises. The clocks in use some centuries after were not sufficiently accurate to prevent the continuance of the same practice. An order was therefore issued that the person who regulated the clock should, in case of its going wrong, look at the stars or the moon, to correct the error.

The wheels in any sort of movement, when at liberty, or free to turn, and when impelled by a force, as that of a weight, would soon allow this force to terminate; for as the action of the force continues from its first commencement, the wheels would be greatly accelerated in their course, and hence there would be an improper machine, if one were thus constructed, to register time or its parts. It was necessary, therefore, to check this acceleration, and to give the wheels an uniform motion; but the means of doing this required no small effort of human ingenuity to produce. It was attained in the invention of the escapement, as it is commonly called; it is that part of a clock which is connected with the beats which we hear it give.

Meanwhile some simple regulating power was wanted, and ages elapsed, from the first contrivance of clocks, before it was attained. It required much thought to bring it clearly to light. Any ball or weight, indeed, suspended by a string drawn a little aside from the perpendicular, and then let go, continues to vibrate for a considerable time, and that with the utmost regularity. Many suspended articles had thus moved day after day, and they had been looked at in motion thousands of times, yet no one drew a great and natural inference from the fact. So true is it that the multitude *see* rather than *observe*, and content themselves with using their bodily organs, rather than employing them as instruments of the mind.

It was otherwise with the celebrated Galileo. As he observed a lamp, suspended from the roof or ceiling of a church in Pisa, accidentally vibrating, his intellect was in action, and it generated at once the idea of a pendulum. He first used it in his astronomical observations when he was mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and he wrote a tract explaining the principles of it. The tract was translated from Italian into French at Paris, and printed in 1639, in a duodecimo volume. He intended to apply the pendulum to a clock, but this he never put into execution.

The son of Galileo carried out the purpose of his celebrated father. He applied a pendulum to a clock at Venice, in the year 1649. In this, however, he seems to have been anticipated by a countryman of our own; for it is stated, on credible information, that a clock was made seven years before, by Mr. Richard Harris, of London, for the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and that this clock had a pendulum to it.

If, however, mind was required to originate the idea of a pendulum, it was still needed to solve the various questions to which that instrument gave rise. It is interesting to those who have the taste and opportunity for such pursuits—and happily an increasing number of these are found among our artisans—to trace the various calculations and experiments which occupy the history of the pendulum. In the work of Galileo it only resembled a babe: it was destined to attain a full and vigorous maturity. The experiment of Borda determined the length of the pendulum, and the same method of operation was followed by Biot, in his endeavours to determine the intensity of gravity at several stations, both in this country and on the continent.

The unit of measures adopted by the French academicians was the ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the circumference of the earth. In order to determine this fundamental quantity, MM. Mechain and Delambre undertook the measurement of the whole arc stretching between Dunkirk and Barcelona; and, often at the peril of their lives, continued their operations during all the anarchy and bloodshed of the French Revolution. Mechain then conceived the bold idea of extending the arc through Spain to the Balearic isles. He fell a victim to his exertions in this extraordinary undertaking; but able and not less zealous successors were found in MM. Biot and Arago, who completed it in 1807, by prolonging the measurement to Formentera, a small island about twenty-five degrees to the south of Ivica.

In England, attention had been given to the same object. On the restoration of peace, an opportunity was taken of connecting the French and English arcs, by which a meridional line was ultimately obtained, from the most southerly of the Balearic to the most northerly of the Shetland Islands,—the longest that the finger of geometry had ever attempted to trace on the surface of the earth. In order to render

he operations as complete as possible, the oard of Longitude in France were anxious hat the length of the pendulum should be determined at some stations on the English arc, n the same manner as it had been done on the ontinent. The governments of both countries eadily acceded to this wish, and afforded every acility for carrying it into effect. Accordingly, n the summer of 1817 Biot arrived in England; e continued his observations with unremitting rdour till he had accumulated no fewer than hirty-eight series of observations on the pendulum, each of five or six hours; 1400 observations of latitude, in fifty-five series, taken oth to the north and south of the zenith; and bout 1200 observations of the absolute heights f the sun and stars, in order to regulate his lock! Captain Kates also obtained for himself great distinction from similar experiments.

Long before this period attention was given o *compensation* pendulums, or those so constructed as to counteract the effects of heat and old. The first of these was the mercurial pendulum, nvented by Graham. It consists of a endulum rod, carrying a large glass jar filled ith mercury, so that the expansion or contraction of the rod may be counteracted by the pposite expansion or contraction of the mercury. Another was the gridiron pendulum, in ented by Harrison, and taking its name from he well-known article in culinary service. It s composed of nine round rods, five of which re made of steel, and four of brass. Others ere subsequently contrived with various sucess.

In the common clock, a pendulum conected with the wheel-work, and impelled y weights or a spring, regulates the motions f the minute and hour hands on the dialate, by which the time of day is pointed out. he pendulum is so regulated in length, as to ibrate sixty times, or seconds, in the space of a inute. At each vibration it acts on the teeth f a wheel, which turns the rest of the machinery. hat the pendulum may vibrate neither uicker nor slower than sixty times in a inute, in the latitude of London, it must meaure 39 inches and about the seventh of an ch, from the point of suspension to the centre f oscillation. The centre of oscillation may be a the rod or in the ball, or even below the endulum, according to circumstances. A penulum for the latitude of Edinburgh would reuire to be a little longer than one intended or use in our metropolis.

A pendulum having a long rod vibrates more teadily than one having a short rod; not that he time becomes longer in exact proportion s the rod is extended. It is worthy of remembrance that the vibration is analogous to the falling of bodies. The spaces fallen through by a stone allowed to drop from the hand into a well, and occupying one, two, three, or four seconds before it reaches the water, are not in proportion to 1, 2, 3, or 4, but in the proportion of 1, 4, 9, and 16, or the squares of the time occupied in falling. Thus, if the times occupied by one vibration of two pendulums be respectively one and two seconds, the lengths of the pendulums will be as 1 and 4; and if the time of one vibration of several pendulums be as 1, 2, 3, 4, their lengths are as 1, 4, 9, and 16. Here is a proof that one piece of knowledge leads to another. It is not well to dwell merely on one fact, while another equally valuable stands close by its side, and a little attention will secure this also. The law of gravity should be remembered in connexion with the law of vibration.

In adjusting the length of a pendulum, the greatest possible nicety is required, as a difference in extent amounting to only the 1000th part of an inch would cause an error of about one second in a day. To make a pendulum go slower by one second a day, it must, therefore, be lengthened by the 1000th part of an inch; and to make it go quicker it must be shortened in the same proportion.

The facts now adduced will give, we trust, additional interest to the time-measurer, with which we have become so familiar. An excellent minister had the following verse, which he penned, inscribed on his clock:—

"'Tis here my master bids me stand,
And mark the time with faithful hand;
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hour by day and night.
Master! be wise, and learn of me
To serve thy God, as I serve thee!"

It is only a careless mind that can fail to derive many a valuable lesson, as tick after tick is heard, and the intimation is thus given that life is rapidly, though almost imperceptibly, gliding away for ever.

When the late Baron Gurney was at the bar the following case was submitted for his opinion:—"A young lady was born at night, after the house-clock had struck, while the church clock was striking, but before the striking of St. Paul's clock: query, did her birth take place on the thirty-first of December, or on the first of January?" The substance of the opinion given by the learned counsel was as follows:—"The house-clock is of no authority, being simply a guide in domestic matters; the church-clock is little better; and as St. Paul's clock had not struck, the lady was born on the thirty-first of December."

Good Pay.—In Aberdeen the streets are swept every day at an annual cost of one thousand our hundred pounds, and the refuse brings in two thousand pounds per annum, the manure elling for one thousand seven hundred and thirty pounds. This is, indeed, a premium for aving life.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF ENGLISH REFORMERS.

By H. B. Stanton.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

I am about to note some occurrences in the life of one who taught and illustrated the truth, that power and place are not synonymous terms—one who exerted much sway over public affairs for fifty years, one whose services were wholly of a popular character, he never having held office. I allude to John Cartwright. His name is intimately connected with the Reform Bill, for no man did more than he to create a public opinion which demanded that great measure. By universal consent he was called "The Father of Parliamentary Reform."

Mr. Cartwright was born in 1740. He entered the navy as a midshipman, saw a great deal of hard fighting, reached the post of first lieutenant, became distinguished for his science and skill in the service, and at the age of thirty-four abandoned the seas, and turned his mind to politics. In 1774, he published "Letters on American Independence," addressed to the House of Commons, in which he took radical ground in favour of the rights of the Colonies. "It is a capital error," says he, "in the reasonings of most writers on this subject (the rights of man), that they consider the liberty of mankind in the same light as an estate or chattel, and go about to prove or disapprove the right to it, by grants, usage, or municipal statutes. It is not among mouldy parchments that we are to look for it; it is the immediate gift of God; it is not derived from any one, but it is original in every one." In 1776, an event occurred which put Major Cartwright's principles (he had been appointed major in the Nottinghamshire militia) to a severe test. He was always proud of the navy, and ambitious of promotion in the service. Lord Howe, who had witnessed his courage and skill, having taken command of the fleet to act against the American Colonies, urged Cartwright to take a captaincy of a line-of-battle ship. He was then paying his addresses to a lady of high family, whose friends would consent to her accepting his hand if he would accede to the proposal of Lord Howe. He declined, thereby losing the favour both of Mars and Hymen. This led to an acquaintance with the gallant Lord Effingham, an officer of the army, who proved himself a genuine nobleman by resigning his commission rather than act against "the rebels."

Cartwright now (1776) commenced t work to which he devoted the remaini years of his laborious and useful life Parliamentary reform. At the outset, took the most liberal ground. In his fir two pamphlets—and they were the earlie English productions of reform in t House of Commons—he maintained th equal representation, universal suffrag and annual elections, were rights inhere in the body of the people. The next ye he presented an address to the king, urgi peace with his Colonies, and a union wi them on the basis of independent State He organized, the same year, Englanc first association for promoting Parliame tary Reform, called the "Society for Po tical Inquiry." Soon after, Cartwrig stood twice for Parliament, but was u successful, partly on account of his radic principles, and partly because he wou not stoop to any form of bribery, not ev "treating;" declaring that "he would n spend a single shilling to influence t electors."

He continued to agitate for reform, pamphlets, speeches, and correspondenc till, in 1781, he organized the celebrat "Society for Constitutional Information which enrolled many of the first names the kingdom, and to which Tooke belong when tried for treason in 1794. Car wright wrote the first address of the s ciety. It received the high encomiums Sir William Jones, who said it ought to engraven upon gold. The ship of Parli mentary Reform now glided smoothl Cartwright being the chief pilot, when t French revolution burst upon the worl He hailed it as the dawn of political mi lennium, and, filled with joy, he address a congratulatory and advisory letter to t French National Assembly. But, t skies of France, so bright at the rising the revolutionary sun, soon became dar ened, and the clouds poured down bloo and fire upon the land, covering the frienc of liberty in England with sorrow and di may. The reign of terror in France w followed by a reign of terror in Englan In the former, the victims were royalist in the latter, radicals. In the forme Robespierre and the guillotine execute vengeance; in the latter, George III. an the Court of King's Bench. Large nun bers erased their names from the pr scribed roll of the society. Cartwrigh

Tooke, and a resolute band, resolved to stand by their principles and pledges, and brave the royal anger, come life, come death.

Some of Cartwright's friends besought him to stand aloof from Tooke and his "brother traitors." He was too brave and true a man to desert his associates in the ordeal hour. He addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, asking permission to visit Tooke in the Tower, avowing that it had been the greatest pleasure in his life to co-operate with him for Parliamentary reform; and if his friend was a felon, and worthy of death, so was he. He has left interesting memoranda of the trials at the Old Bailey. He says, "Gibbs spoke like an angel," in Hardy's case, and that Erskine became so exhausted, towards the close of the trial, that, in arguing incidental points to the court, an intermediate person had to repeat what he said to the judges. He conveyed intelligence of the result of Hardy's case to his family in the country, in terms as terse as Cæsar's celebrated military despatch: "Hardy is acquitted.—J. C." He was a witness in Tooke's case. On cross-examination by the Attorney General, though cautioned by the court not to criminate himself, he scorned all concealment, avowing that the objects of the Constitutional Society were to obtain equal representation, universal suffrage, and annual parliaments, and replying to the caution of the judges, that "he came there not to state what was prudent, but what was true." He says Tooke grappled with the prosecuting counsel with the strength and courage of a lion. When a paper was produced, and Tooke was asked to admit his handwriting, the Chief Justice cautioned him not to do so hastily. Turning to his lordship, he said, "I protest, before God, that I have never done an action, never written a sentence, in public or private, never entertained a thought on any political subject, which, taken fairly, with all the circumstances of time, occasion, and place, I have the smallest hesitation to admit."

The treason trials of 1794 being over, Cartwright resumed his work, and for some eight years seems to have been the only active man of character and standing in the enterprise—the others having cowered before the persecuting spirit of the times. In 1802, a ludicrous occurrence showed the suspicious state of the governmental mind. The Major had a brother, Dr. George Cartwright, who was celebrated as a mechanician, being the inventor of the power-loom, and other valuable machines. He had taken out patents for them; these had been extensively infringed, and he had commenced suits against the violators. The Major was assisting him in procuring evidence; and for that purpose he had dispatched an agent to Yorkshire, with a letter of instructions, which had a good deal to say about *levers*, *cranks*, *rollers*, and *screws*. The messenger was arrested as a joint conspirator with the Major for the overthrow of his Majesty's Government, by means of some "infernal machine"—the phrases in the letter being interpreted to cover a dark design to "put the screws" on the King. Ascertaining that his agent was in captivity, Cartwright wrote to the Attorney-General, offering to explain the matter. The Crown officer was not to be caught so. Indict and hang the conspirator he would, in spite of power-looms and malitia majors. At length the facts became known, and the astute Attorney was glad to back out of the ridiculous scrape by an apologetic letter to the parties.

It would require a volume to record all that our patriot did for Parliamentary Reform from 1804, when it had a limited revival, till 1824, when he died. Though he was sixty-four years old at the commencement of this period, and eighty-four at its close, he did more during these twenty years to procure for Englishmen their electoral rights, than any other ten persons in the kingdom. He published scores of pamphlets, written in a style bold, lucid, and going to the roots of the controversy; convened hundreds of meetings in all parts of the country, to which he addressed able speeches; sent thousands of petitions to Parliament; formed numerous societies; and conducted a never-flagging correspondence with the leading friends of liberty and reform. In 1810, he sold his farm and removed to London, that "he might be near his work." Brave old heart of oak, of threescore years and ten! The next year, thirty-eight persons were seized at Manchester while attending a reform meeting, and sent fifty miles to prison, on a charge of sedition. Cartwright went down to aid in preparing their defence and attend their examination. Having procured their release, he took a circuitous route home, getting up meetings and petitions on the tour. He was arrested, taken before a magistrate, his papers and person searched, when, finding nothing worthy of death or bonds upon him, he was discharged. Vainly endeavouring to obtain a copy of the warrant on which he was arrested, he subsequently presented the case by petition to the House of Peers. Lord Byron, the poet, in supporting the petition, said of him: "He is a man, my lords, whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the

liberty of the subject, against that undue influence of the Crown which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now, oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on age, but unimpaired in talent and unshaken in spirit, *frangas, non flectes*, he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult, of which he now complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour."

In 1814, he addressed a series of letters to Clarkson on the slave trade—he having taken an active part in the contest for its abolition—in which he argued it should be punished as piracy, a doctrine which he was the first to broach. He also wrote against bribery at elections, and in favour of voting by ballot, being the first English advocate of that measure. A year or two after this, a mercenary widow of one of his old Scotch correspondents wrote to him that the Government had offered her a large sum if she would give up his letters; adding, significantly, that the circumstances of her family were such, that she thought she should comply with the offer. He extinguished her hopes of extorting money from him by informing her, that "it gave him great satisfaction to find that any of his letters were esteemed so valuable, and begged her to make the best bargain she could of their contents." In 1816, the great number and imposing character of the demonstrations in favour of Parliamentary Reform alarmed the Government. Canning, in the House of Commons, denounced Cartwright as "that old heart in London, from which the veins of sedition in the country are supplied." The kingdom was in a flame—the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended—and the "six acts," aimed at the Irish Catholic associations and the English Reform meetings, were adopted. Cobbett, the editor of the "Register," fled to America. Others left their ears on the pillory at home, or carried them, at the request of the Government, to Botany Bay. Cartwright, who never flinched from friend or foe, stood his ground, and contrived new modes to keep up the agitation, evading the recent law against "tumultuous petitioning," by getting up *petitions of twenties*, and in various ways avoiding the prohibitions of the "six acts."

So far, he had kept out of the fangs of the law, excepting in the affair of searching his person. But, the Attorney-General had his eye upon him. In 1819, he participated in the famous Birmingham proceedings, which resulted in the appointment, on his suggestion, of a "Legislatorial Attorney" for the town, who was to present a letter to the Speaker of the Commons, as its representative. This measure of "sending a petition in the form of a living man, instead of one on parchment," as he called it, precipitated the long-expected crisis. He was indicted for conspiracy and sedition, in Warwickshire. So soon as he heard of it, he set off by post to meet the charge, travelling one hundred miles in a single day, though then bowed down with the weight of fourscore years. Putting in bail, he returned to London, and resumed his work. Soon after, he presided at a Reform meeting, drew up a petition, couched in the most energetic terms, signed it, sent it to the Commons, and then set about exposing the attempts of the Crown officers to pack the jury which was to try him. The trial took took place in August, 1820. He called no witnesses; addressed the jury mainly in defence of his principles; was convicted; was not called up for sentence till the next May; when the judge, after eulogising his general character, condemned him to pay a fine of £100, and tost and committed till it was paid. He immediately pulled out a canvass bag, counted down the money in gold, slily remarking to the sheriff, that they were all "*good sovereigns*."

When the struggles of Greece, South America, and Mexico, resounded through Europe, they had no more attentive listener than Major Cartwright. Seizing his never-idle pen, he wrote "Hints to the Greeks"—a letter to the President of the Greek Congress—and another to the Greek Deputies. About the same time, he opened his doors to two of the liberal leaders in the Spanish Revolution, who had sought refuge in England. His sun was now declining. He had attended his last Reform meeting in 1823; he wrote his last political pamphlet in 1824. In July of this year, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson, who said "Your age of eighty-four, and mine of eighty-one years, insure us a speedy meeting; we may then commune at leisure on the good and evil which, in the course of our long lives, we have both witnessed." He had taken a deep interest in the Mexican struggles for liberty, and frequently conferred with General Michelena, its envoy then in London, upon its affairs. On the 21st of September, 1824, the General sent to inform him that the scheme of Iturbide had failed, and that the liberty of Mexico might be considered as established. Two days afterwards, "the Father of Parliamentary Reform" died, retaining

his faculties and his fervent love of freedom to the last. He cheerfully resigned himself into the hands of his Maker, exclaiming, "God's will be done!"

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"Here [at Alexandria] the adorer of Fire, from the East, laughed at the less elegant superstition of the worshipper of Cats, from the West. Here Christianity, too, had learned to emulate the pious vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor was seen bending his knee gravely before a serpent, on the other a Nicosian Christian was heard contending, with no less gravity, that there could be no chance whatever of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already, with equal vigour, distinguishing itself; and I heard everywhere, on my arrival, of the fierce rancour and hate with which the Greek and Latin churchmen were then persecuting each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth!"—MOORE'S *Epicurean*.

WHAT Alciphron beheld in Egypt in the third century, is neither confined to that epoch nor to that clime. If the universality and feline vitality of a bad thing might entitle it to interest, then is *Intolerance* one of the most interesting things on record. Go back as early as you will in the world's history, or descend from the hazy peaks of its mythology to the dead level of our prosaic nineteenth century—you may rely on reaping a luxuriant crop of this noxious weed. Its botanical capabilities are surprising. It will flourish in all kinds of soils, climates, and circumstances. It will take root downwards, and bear fruit upwards, on the heights of Lebanon, and on the banks of the Ganges. It will grow rank and vigorous among the burning stones of Arabia, and the perpetual snows of Siberia. It will multiply amid the classic ruins of Rome, and the savannahs and prairies of the New World. Spanish donnas love the scent of it; Russian grandees account it a noble badge of personal attire; many an Englishman wears it jauntily in his button-hole. Sometimes St. Stephen's and Exeter-hall steam with its equivocal fragrance. Am *I* free from the odour? Reader, are *you?* Perchance this "personal" appeal makes you vividly conscious of its presence and pungency.

Early church history is full of intolerance. Some of the greatest fathers are its greatest advocates. "Even in that church which professes to follow JESUS, and calls itself after his sacred name, the ruling principle has often been to destroy the tares, let what will come of the wheat; nay, sometimes to destroy the wheat, lest a tare should perchance be left standing."* The chronicles of the Reformation teem with illustrations of this unhappy truth. One party, as SCHILLER says, rigidly adhered to the original symbol of faith, and the other abandoned it only to adopt another with equal exclusiveness.† LUTHER himself had no sooner freed his followers from the chains of papal domination, than he forged others, in some respects equally intolerable—thus strongly exemplifying the singular inconsistency of the human mind; for, while opposing Rome, the great reformer had asserted the right of private judgment with the confidence and courage of a martyr.‡ Mild MELANCTHON even could write to his friend Bullinger, respecting the martyrdom of Servetus, "I think the senate of Geneva did quite right in removing that stubborn man; and I cannot but be astonished at those who object to the severity exercised towards him."§ To use the severe language of that most impartial of historians, Mr. HALLAM, "The difference (in respect of persecution) between the Catholics and Protestants was only in degree, and in degree there was much less difference than we are apt to believe. Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion

* Guesses at Truth, First Series, p. 135.
Roscoe's *Leo X.*

† Thirty Years' War.
§ Jortin's Tracts, i. 431.

as his reading becomes more extensive." * Some might even argue that religious zeal is naturally intolerant and essentially persecuting, and thence infer the mischievous tendency of religion itself. But stay; ATHEISM, too, can be intolerant an eighteenth century of revolutionary freedom can persecute as well as a twelfth of priestly despotism. French priests, says Mr. MACAULAY, "were butchered by scores without a trial, drowned, shot, hung on lamp-posts. Thousands fled from their country to take sanctuary under the shade of hostile altars. THE NEW UNBELIEF WAS AS INTOLERANT AS THE OLD SUPERSTITION. To show reverence for religion was to incur the suspicion of disaffection. It was not without imminent danger that the priest baptised the infant, joined the hands of lovers, or listened to the confession of the dying."† So that the chiefest of Freethinkers may refuse to let others think freely. Luther will not hear of any one being other than Lutheran. Marat will not endure other phases of democracy than those lit up by the lurid glare of his own volcanic, fuming spirit. The Girondists differ from Danton; and they must die. Danton differs from Robespierre; die in his turn must Danton. Intolerance made Paris a desert-home of Ishmaels, every man's hand grasping his brother's throat.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his ironical history of the primitive people of Connecticut and thereabouts,‡ amusingly comments on that spirit of intolerance, as which, as Sydney Smith says, nothing dies so hard and rallies so often. The worthy folks in question employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or hanging divers heretical papists, quakers, and anabaptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of conscience;* which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion—*provided* he thought *right*. Now, as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought right, it followed that whoever thought different from them thought wrong; and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire. And our author asks his countrymen whether they are not acting out the same principles in other degrees and forms:—"Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my readers ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes with that virtuous indignation with which we always contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbours, and to exclaim at these well-meaning but mistaken people, for inflicting on others the injuries they had suffered themselves—for indulging the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. ..... But the difference is merely circumstantial. Thus we *denounce*, instead of banishing; we *libel*, instead of scourging; we *turn out of office*, instead of hanging; and where they burnt an offender in person, we either tar and feather or *burn him in effigy*—this political persecution being somehow or other the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a free country."

This morsel is worth digesting as well as quoting. So, at least, thinks this homily-writer.

EVERY SEASON IS BEAUTIFUL.—At a festal party of Indians, the question was asked—"Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of *fourscore years*, He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said, "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think *how beautiful is Spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers them with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are on the branches, I think *how beautiful is Summer!* When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tints of the frost, I think how beautiful is *Autumn!* And when it is *sere* winter, and there is neither *foliage* nor *fruit*, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, and I see the *stars* shine through."

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* Hallam's *Const. Hist.* ch. ii.

† Macaulay's *Critical Essays*, vol. III.

‡ Knickerbocker's New York, Book III. ch. vi.

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

ERE once was a poor and plain little girl, elling in a little room at Stockholm, the pital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl leed then—she was neglected, and would ve been very unhappy, deprived of the kind- ss and care so necessary to a child, if it had t been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had line voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, her play, running or resting, she always ng.

The woman who had her in charge went out work during the day, and used to lock in the tle girl, who had nothing to enliven her soli- de but the company of a cat. The little girl ayed with her cat and sang. Once she sat by e window, and stroked her cat and sang, hen a lady passed by. She heard a voice. d looked up and saw the little singer. She ked the child several questions, went away, d came back several days after, followed by old music master, whose name was Crelius! e took her to the director of the Royal Opera Stockholm, then a Count Pinnic, whose truly merous heart was concealed by a rough speech d morbid temper. Crelius introduced his tle pupil to the Count, and asked him to en- ge her as an *eleve* for the opera. "You ask foolish thing," said the Count, gruffly, looking isdainfully down on the poor little girl. What shall we do with that ugly thing? See hat feet she has! And then her face! She ill never be presentable. No, we cannot take er. Away with her!"

The music-master insisted, almost indig- antly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if ou will not take her, poor as I am, I will take er myself, and have her educated for the scene; hen, such another ear as she has for music is ot to be found in the whole world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at ast admitted into the school for *eleves* at the pera, and with some difficulty a simple gown f bombazine was procured for her. The care f her musical education was left to an able aster, Mr. Albert Berge, director of the song- chool of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the *leves* of the theatre, several persons were truck by the spirit and life with which a very oung *eleve* acted the part of a beggar girl in he play. Lovers of genial nature were harmed, pedants almost frightened. It was ur poor little girl who had made her first ppearance, now about fourteen years of age, rolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante vas to sing for the first time before the public, n Weber's Frieschutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up, and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth—fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact, she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing, without an effort of art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo voice" was delightful. In the night scene, where Agatha, seeing her overcome, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was *pale* for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favourite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere, and year after year she continued to sing, though after a time, her voice, being overstrained lost somewhat its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightful than ever in Pauamia (Zauberflote), or in "Anna Bolena," though the opera was almost deserted. It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays. She had evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so gave the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble, to which she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores, and to foreign people; she charmed Denmark, and charmed Germany, and charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the courts of the kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered

with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendours, she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the Baltic harbour at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumour of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered and waited, and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket arose joyfully, far out on the entrance of the harbour, and was greeted with a general buzz on shore, "There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbour, towards the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer, now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing, now it lay still. And there, on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of the lamps and rockets a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become celebrated; she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the paper of Stockholm an address to the public, written to the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, "as she once more had the happiness to be in our native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where eleves for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge." The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera-house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there.

The first time she again appeared in the "Somnambula," one of her favourite *roles*, the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her when she appeared with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly; and we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, roaring warble—until she fell into the *retournello* of her last song and again sang that joyful and touching strain:—

"No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which our latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is now in the United States of America, where her arrival was welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All have heard of her whole history we have now slightly shadowed out; the expected guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of nature and art, is—JENNY LIND!

THE PORTFOLIO.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

The cocoa-nut is very extensively cultivated in Ceylon; indeed, nearly the whole island is encircled with this useful and productive tree, which may be justly designated the *summum bonum* of the native population. The cultivation of it is rapidly increasing; for it is found to be a most valuable and safe investment of property, as it requires a trivial outlay, and little further care than the planting, except protection from cattle during the first two years, thriving as it does most luxuriantly in sandy soil, and bearing fruit in the fifth year. The estimated value of the produce of a single tree is a rix dollar per annum. This tree frequently exceeds one hundred feet in height, and there is no part of it which is unproductive to the owner. From the flower he obtains toddy, from which arrack is distilled, and from which is also prepared a coarse-grained brown sugar, called by the natives *jaggery*, and an excellent description of vinegar. The green fruit yields a delicious cooling beverage to the weary traveller, and a vegetable pulp highly esteemed by the natives. The ripened fruit is also used as food, or oil is extracted from it, which is now manufactured into candles and soap, and the refuse, or oil-cake, is used for feeding cattle, while the external husks, after long soaking, are beaten into coir, which is now well known in England, and is used for stuffing mattresses, &c., and from which cordage and

matting are manufactured. The leaves, when interwoven, are called *cajan*, and make excellent thatch, and protection from the sun's rays, or when burned, are converted into an alkali; the young leaves are used by the natives for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes, particularly the latter on joyous and festive occasions, when bamboo arches are decorated with them, and brooms and mats are made from the young pine. A medicinal oil is extracted from the bark, which the native practitioners use as an efficacious remedy in cutaneous diseases; the root is also used for medicinal purposes, and its elastic fibres are woven into strainers for liquids, while the timber may be used in building, or converted into beautiful articles of furniture. But it would be endless to describe the various additional uses to which every portion of this valuable tree is convertible, which are said to be upwards of one hundred, and have formed the theme of many native poets. There are annually exported from the colony about eight thousand pounds' worth of cocoa-nuts, thirty thousand pounds' worth of cocoa-nut oil, seven thousand pounds' worth of arrack, and ten thousand pounds' worth of coir.—*Ceylon and the Cingalese.*

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

The chief art of learning is, to attempt but a little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated. The most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulations of single propositions.—*Locke.*

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING ON GUTTA PERCHA SOLES.—Thoroughly dry the sole of the boot or shoe, and rough it well with a rasp. Heat the sole of the boot or shoe before the fire, then rub well in a thin coat of warm solution; let that dry, then hold it to the fire, and whilst warm, put on a second coat of solution, spread thicker than the first; let this dry also. Then take the gutta percha sole, hold that to the fire in one hand, and the boot or shoe in the other, when they will speedily become sticky; immediately lay the sole on, beginning at the toe, pressing it gradually until it adheres firmly in every part. In half an hour pare off carefully with a sharp knife. When the sole is too thick to become sufficiently pliable by holding to the fire, let it be immersed in hot water until soft enough to fit the last; when taken out wipe it perfectly dry and hold to the fire as before directed. As the grease and dressing of the upper leather must necessarily more or less stick to the hands of the workman, it is desirable as a last operation slightly to moisten a sponge with *pure* naphtha, and rub over therewith the surface of the sole, and also that of the boot or shoe to which it is to be applied, before warming them at the fire, thus removing all grease and insuring perfect adhesion.

ANOTHER METHOD.—1st. Dry the soles well. 2nd. Rasp or scrape them till you have a clean leathery surface. 3rd. Heat the sole of the shoe against a clear fire, then take a small portion of the cement on a knife, lay it on the heated sole till it melts, spread it with the knife or the finger (the last is best) before the fire till the sole is covered with a good coat; hold it there till the solvent is evaporated, and a sticky coat only is left. It is of service if the cement take fire for a moment, which it will do if fresh. 4th. Tack temporarily on a piece of wood (to prevent burning the fingers) at two corners, the gutta percha sole, and hold it to the fire till sticky all over; at the same time reheat the shoe sole; when ready, lay the gutta percha sole on, commencing at the toe, being careful no air is between, which is best avoided by passing the thumb down the middle before closing at the sides; in a quarter of an hour it may be pared and finished. N.B. If the sole is thin, it is best held against a clear fire as short a time as possible, so as to make the surface sticky before the heat passes through the sole to make it too soft. If thick, a slower fire is better.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE PATENT GUTTA PERCHA SOLUTION.—Warm the solution as glue is commonly heated, by placing in boiling water a vessel containing the quantity required to be used. Apply it in a warm state, stirring it before using. Be careful that the water is not allowed to mix with the solution. The solution may be reduced in consistence by adding pure coal-tar naphtha. If the common naphtha (which is greasy) be used, it will prevent the sole sticking securely.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING BLACK JAPAN VARNISH FOR GUTTA PERCHA SOLES. — Apply the varnish round the edge of the sole with a small brush. One coat will be found sufficient.

TO PREVENT SLIPPING IN FROSTY WEATHER. Slightly warm the gutta percha sole before the fire, and whilst warm press it upon a little rough sand, emery powder, iron filings, &c. Or, warm the centre of the sole against a clear fire, so as to soften the surface only, and apply upon it a piece of woollen cloth, 3 to 3½ inches square, and it will be safer walking with gutta percha than with leather soles. Or, moisten a small portion of the sole with naphtha, camphine, or turpentine, and set it on fire, let it burn a few moments so as to soften the surface of the gutta percha; warm the cloth and apply it to the soft portion of the sole. If a little solution be spread upon the cloth, it will adhere much more permanently.

WASHING-DAY.—In No. 40 of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND was an advertisement of a new preparation for washing clothes and whitening boards—namely, LARKINS and Co.'S WASHING CRYSTALS. A gentleman connected with our establishment has made trial of these Crystals in his family, and states that they answer fully the description given of them in the advertisement, and in the testimonials received from various establishments in which their merits had been fully tested. The women state that they got their washing comfortably over before dinner, instead of fagging at it till bedtime; and that the linen, &c., was rendered beautifully white.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

OCTOBER 27TH TO OCTOBER 31ST.

October 27, *Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.*

October 27, 1708, died, in her 58th year, *Lady Mary Howard*, the amiable widow of the profligate Sir John Fenwick, Bart., of Wallington, in Northumberland, who was executed for high treason.

October 28, 1467, was born *Erasmus*, of whom Dr. V. Knox says: "Poor in the world, but rich in genius; obscure in his birth, and unpreferred in his death, but illustrious by his virtues; he became the self-appointed champion of man, a volunteer in the service of miserable mortals, an unbought advocate in the cause of those who could only repay him with their love and their prayers—the poor outcast, the abject slave of superstition or tyranny, and all the nameless, numberless sons of want and woe, born only to suffer and to die." One of his works was entitled "Antipolemus; or, the Plea of Reason, Religion, and Humanity against War." He died July 12, 1536.

October 28, 1792, died *John Smeaton*, in the 66th year of his age. He was intended for the profession of the law, but was allowed to follow the decided bent of his own inclination towards mechanical pursuits. While in petticoats he formed a small pump, by which he could raise water. In his fifteenth year he invented an engine for turning wood, ivory, &c. In 1750 he established himself as a philosophical instrument maker in London. In 1753 he was elected a member of the Royal Society. In 1756 he commenced, and in 1759 completed, the celebrated lighthouse on the Eddystone rock, about fourteen miles from Plymouth Sound, which stands as a lasting monument of the genius of the man whose work has been the means of saving perhaps multitudes of lives. Another monument of his skill is the noble pier and magnificent harbour of Ramsgate, Kent.

October 29, 1618, *Sir Walter Raleigh* was beheaded. He was distinguished as a warrior, statesman, and writer, in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. He headed an expedition for the discovery and settlement of various parts of North America; also a second expedition, which terminated in the settlement of Virginia, so called in honour of Queen Elizabeth. He assisted in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In consequence of various movements, he became exposed to the jealousy and dislike of James I., who eventually succeeded in obtaining against him the sentence of death, a sentence which has justly been regarded as one of the most odious acts of that weak and inglorious reign.

October 29, 1666, died *Edmund Calamy*, B.D., aged 66. He had great influence in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and frequently preached before the Parliament. He was ejected and sent to Newgate, but such a feeling in his favour was excited among the people, that the king (Charles II.) released him in a few days.

October 29, 1831, serious *riots at Bristol.* Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder of Bristol, having announced it to be his intention to enter the city in his judicial capacity on this day, great fears were entertained, in consequence of the part he had taken in opposing the question of Reform, and some preparations were accordingly made by the authorities. On his entrance into the city a most serious riot commenced, and continued through Sunday and Monday morning; during which the gaols were broken open and burnt, the Mansion house and Custom-house destroyed, the toll-gate pulled down, and many private houses plundere and set on fire. The loss of lives, either by th rioters perishing in the flames they had themselve kindled, or from the exertions of the soldiery t repress the tumult, amounted to upwards of on hundred; amongst these were several females an children, who, on the attack of the rioters, ha retreated to the upper part of the houses, and wer consumed in the flames applied by the rioters t the bottom.

October 29, 1804, died, at the early age of 40 *George Morland*, a celebrated painter. His penc was engaged upon the delineation of picturesqu landscapes, in the early part of his career; but hi education having been neglected, and he fallin into bad company, a love of low and degradin habits was contracted, and he became an irreclaim able drunkard. Woods and fields were forsake for the tap-room, and stage-coachmen, postilions drovers, pig-jobbers, &c., became his models. H painted domestic animals, horses, dogs, pigs, &c. in a masterly manner. His life is a melancho instance of misapplied powers and abuse of natura gifts. His painting-room was alternately th parlour of a public-house, or an apartment in sponging-house, whither he had been driven by hi profligacy; and in one of the latter he died. Man of his pictures, or drawings, were executed t wipe off a public-house score.

October 30, 1485, when King Henry VII. wa crowned at Westminster, he instituted the bod of royal attendants, called *Yeomen of the Guard* who, in later times, acquired the appellation o "Beef-eaters,"

October 30, 1830, Mr. St. *John Long*, whos application of some ointment he had compounde as a sort of "cure all," to the back of a patient had caused her death, was tried at the Old Bailey found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced t pay a fine of £250.

October 30, 1841, a *great fire broke out in th Tower*, and destroyed a large portion of tha famous edifice, comprising the building called th Grand Storehouse, the Table or Bowyer Tower with two stores on each side of it, and the But ler's Tower. In the Armoury, which was 34 feet long, were 280,000 stand of arms, ready fo use, besides a vast quantity of military trophies many of them ancient, and historically interest ing.

October 30, 1849, the *New Coal Exchange*, Lon don, was opened with great pomp and ceremon by Prince Albert, accompanied by the Princ of Wales, the Lord Mayor of London, &c.

October 30, a *great meeting of the Peace Congres* was held in Exeter-hall, to receive the report o the Congress held in Paris the preceding August General Klapka, and other distinguished foreign ers were present.

October 31, *Allhallow Even*, or *Hallow E'en*, th vigil of All Saints' Day; on which, formerly many curious customs were observed, such as de termining the figure and size of husbands, an other superstitions connected with a desire t pry into futurity. Some of these customs are no wholly extinct.

IE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. IV.—No. 44.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.]

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

OR, GEORGE COPWAY,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

"Is not the Red Man's wigwam home,
As dear to him as costly dome?
Is not his loved one's smile as bright
As the proud white man's worshipped light?"

[KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH, the writer of the following and succeeding papers, ıs born in the year 1818, near the mouth of the river Trent, called, in the ibway language, *Sah-ge-dah-we-ge-wah-noong.* His parents were of the ibway nation, who lived on the shores of the Lake Ontario, Canada West. is father was of the *Crane* Tribe, his mother of the *Eagle* Tribe, and both ere famous hunters. Ka-ge-ga-gah-bowh was early taught to hunt the deer, d to handle the gun and the bow and arrow. He was also taught to worship e Great Spirit, to be kind to the poor, and not to hurt or to kill any game edlessly. He entered with eagerness into the wild sports of his country, and ed, with his countrymen, to dance around their fires, believing that it would opitiate the Great Spirit. His father and mother, however, became converted Christianity, and had their children baptized as Christians. His mother ed a happy Christian; his father is still living. In 1830, Kah-ge-ga-gah-wh, now *George Copway*, became a decided Christian. In 1834, he began to struct his brethren in the first principles of the Christian religion. After aving obtained his education, at the hands of some benevolent gentlemen, uring the years 1838-9, he returned to his nation, fired with the noble imulse of expanding his energies in labours for the elevation of his people. For his purpose he toiled and planned for some years, establishing schools and issions, instructing his people in the art of agriculture, endeavouring to teach iem the true principles of government, and all other things calculated to dvance them in civilization and individual happiness. By the policy, however, f the General Government of the United States, the purchase of lands owned y the tribes, the duplicity of agents, and the malign influences of corrupting xamples, the work of years was rapidly destroyed, and the hopes of the abourers laid prostrate.

Mr. Copway, after serious reflection, has formed a plan for the reorganization f his nation, the Indians of the North-West, consisting of about 100,000 souls. His plan includes their concentration, upon territory to be secured to them in erpetuity; an organized government; the establishment of schools and semiaries of learning; and ultimately, their admission into the Union as a State, hat they may become an integral part of the Great Confederacy. To excite the

sympathy of the inhabitants of Great Britain in this noble and patriotic object is the design of his visit to this country; and to explain it more fully, he is engaged in giving lectures in various parts of the Metropolis and the kingdom.

Mr. Copway is a forcible speaker; he entertains and interests by his lively descriptions of persons, places, and events; his touches of pathos; his bursts of violent declamation; and his powerful appeals to the understandings and the hearts of his hearers. Mr. Copway is also a zealous preacher of the Gospel, and his sermons are distinguished by the same features which render his lectures and his platform addresses so deeply interesting.]

MANY objects of interest are now presented before the eye of the enterprising and inquiring, besides the mere gaining of power, through the intelligence of the Saxon race, in all known lands, and the gradual spreading of the network of commerce. The rapid and startling discoveries of recent years having engaged the attention of the community in Europe and in America, I offer the following papers to the consideration of the man of soul and heart, hoping that the simple narration of the Red man's wrongs may induce them to sympathise with him.

The knowledge of the misfortunes of the Red man has gained him friends. It is, however, now generally known, that the history of the Red races has been given by those who were their enemies, and whose statements, therefore, were prejudicial to their character and interests. These histories abound with exaggerations, and his faults have been reared to the skies, like mountains. Thus one thing after another has prevented the rise of the North American Indians, until of recent date, since the period when letters were found to be more powerful than arbitrary force, or arms, to subdue the naturally unconquerable independent spirit of the red man. The bloody pages of the past will soon be forgotten, I hope, by both races; and the dark clouds will disappear before the glory of universal intelligence now rising on every land.

In presenting this brief outline of the past history of the American Indians, it is my intention to do so with as little prejudice as possible; merely stating what, in my humble judgment, has been the succession of causes which have effected the downfal and ruin of the noble races, ever since the commencement of the intercourse of the European races with them. Though the past cannot be recalled, the acts of former generations are recorded; and though these rest, as it were, by the slumbering ashes of our forefathers, yet, when we call to mind their dear-bought experience, what can we do but so order our own conduct that the same may not be said of us as is said of them, "that whenever they met they met for aggression, and that they gloried in bloodshed." The deeds of our forefathers we cannot mend; their conflicts are ended. The prayers of one to the Great Spirit for the destruction of the other have ended; and the other has been laid by his side with the scalping-knife, and only died because his enemies *spoke words of fire!* From their sad experience we learn to be wise! By their misfortune we become thoughtful! The *past!* Oh, what a reckless waste of human life! One absurdity after another has followed; force, brutal force, aggression, avarice, and haughty pride, have swayed the mind and actions of the two races, until the very visage of humanity, scared and defaced, is presented in the slow death of my brethren, effacing every noble quality they had, while uncontaminated by their pale friends, who were of a class not generally met with in the better circles of refined and polite society.

The past of America's history is, to every meditative mind, full of silent instruction. The grand struggle of the two races commenced more than three hundred and fifty-seven years ago! And its progress has been steady and onward to the present day. The "pale face" has bequeathed his history's bloody pages to his children. On the other hand, the Red man has related the sad stories of his wrongs to HIS children, by the side of his lodge fires, and has invariably left an impression in the minds of his children that the "pale face" was a hard "brother." Too true it is that the wrongs committed against the other have been numerous and disastrous, and may have been in some instances exaggerated. The relation has, however, had the evil tendency of embittering one against the other; it has kept them at variance, and has thus prevented them from learning those noble virtues which all men acknowledge each of them possessed.

Briefly, let any one meditate *the extent of their country.* No European who may have travelled over the extent and breadth of North America will assert that I praise the land of my birth beyond its real merits, should I say that it is one of the *grandest countries* that God ever made as the home of man. Mountains—high and lofty, piles on piles, and step after step—rise to the skies, until their tops are enveloped and lost in the passing clouds of heaven! The white mountains watch the distant surges of the Atlantic, and look down with wild contempt on the greatest works of man. The Rocky Mountains stretch four thousand miles, and on their rugged cliffs there could have been seen the forest child.

The mountains of the Alleghannas are imposing; but what are these compared to others on the banks of the great rivers of the west? Two years ago, on a visit to the mountains in Virginia, I had the pleasure of seeing a rare sight, which I will here relate, that some idea may be had of the grand mountain scenery in the wilds of America. I had spent nearly one month in the interior settlement of Virginia, when, on ascending in a coach for several miles, I became so pleased with the country that I alighted at the first town I came to, and that afternoon travelled four miles to the base of a high mountain, on the east of Harrisonburgh, in the valley of Virginia. My object was to see the sun set that evening. After climbing up rugged steeps and precipices—three hours' hard work—I came to the top. This mountain is a peculiarly-shaped one; while the range of its heights corresponding with the others for miles, running north and south, this mountain stopped its ranges all of a sudden, and its brow overhung with large masses of rock towards the south, as though the Great Architect, while busy, had ceased, and left the grand structure unfinished. On the top of this mountain was a barren waste. Here was the spot where I saw the grandest sight in nature that ever my eyes beheld. Facing the south, on my left, were the Blue Mountains, presenting a bold appearance, like clouds rising with the whirlwind to the sky. On my right were the "north mountain" ranges, at a distance of about twenty-five miles; and, visible in either direction, they run over fifty miles in view. Before me was a portion of the "Valley of Virginia," a vast plain, or rather, fields after fields, stretching over this country of the people, who had for years settled down here since they dispossessed the original owners of the soil. Behind me was the mountain on a portion of which I stood; this was the spot of observation. A little after four o'clock, in looking to the west, I observed a cloud creeping over the north mountain towards me; and another and another, until the top of the mountains was covered with the fast travel of the clouds which seemed to hasten over it, like flocks of wild pigeons. The clouds came travelling over the mountain about seven or eight miles in breadth, but on they came towards me. Then I heard the mutterings of distant thunder away in the direction in which I saw the clouds. The clouds gathered blackness, and then the forked lightning, in zigzag streams, would flash down from the skies. On, on they came. Soon the valley was spread with dismay; the cattle running, colts sporting, and men running from the fields of labour; but on the storm came, sweeping over the plain. Clouds, wind, waters, lightning, noise, all in one grand confusion! Clouds jolting up and down, and, as it were, dragging down behind them a torrent of heavy rain. Where to go for shelter I knew not; I could not find any place, unless under the ledges of rocks overhanging the brow of the mountain; but so much was I disposed to enjoy the sight that I stood still, and when the clouds came before me they seemed only to strike a portion of the mountain on the side I stood. Onward, still onward, did they move, like waves careering in their rage. Flash after flash, like the bursting of artillery, the lightning would cover the whole valley with liquid flame, which for a moment blinded my eyes. Then came the sound, the noise of its echo rebounding back again between the Blue and North Mountains. An ocean of flame, connected with the voice of the Great Spirit, made the very mountain under me tremble. There were no clouds over my head; all was calm and apparently still. No rain, but from my eyes! One sudden stroke, which I could see falling half-way down the hill below me, I found afterwards had made a gap; masses of the rock rolled down hill, and then rivulets of water ran. Far off before me, towards the Blue Mountains, still rolled dark clouds, occasionally emitting flashes of fire, till they went completely out of sight. Then came the calm, and then I saw the sinking sun, in a sky clear as though there had been no rain. The tops of mountains were dressed in robes of fire, and reflected, from the departing rays of the sun, a crimson hue. My whole nature feasted on the scene. Here was a sight in one view of the country of my forefathers. Then, I thought to myself, on that peak the Indian stood in his days of glory; from yon height he often surveyed the sight I have just witnessed. No wonder veneration was prominent in his character, for in such glorious scenes he could

"See God in clouds, or hear him in the wind."

This is rather digressing from the main subject, but pardon the fault, for I cannot do better than *try* to describe what I saw, rather than speak of what might have been familiar sights to others, on these mountains of the Red man, where, no doubt, he

"Hailed in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasped the mountains in his mind's embrace."

In the farther north, the country is broken and wild; and in the midst of these hills the Indian roamed, wild and free, without care or fear.

Then, again, *the Rivers*—The St. Lawrence, the Hudson, Missisippi, Missouri, and Columbia. First, the *Mississippi* river, running from the north to the far south, over 2,500 miles. On its banks rested the lodge fires of the Red man. His canoes, well-freighted with the game of the forest, glided down this majestic stream. Every island then had some canoe or dwelling. This might be said as to all the waters or rivers which flow to every part of the compass from the north-west. Here, by these water-courses, did he watch the wild deer, or in the midst of the thunders of these waters in their falls, did he listen to the voice of the Great Spirit!

I well remember, in the year 1837, being present at the Falls of *St. Anthony*, when the government desired, through its agents, to buy the country from the Sioux Indians, and hearing a conversation in the wigwam, after the proposition had been submitted. An elderly man, sitting with others in the wigwam, commenced upbraiding the young people, who were desirous of selling to the government for a few trinkets, that they, too, might have some money to buy liquor. "Children," said he, "you are very foolish to think of selling our country. I was quite young when I first saw the 'pale face.' He was then young, and we were strong. My fathers had this country before me, and this great river the Great Spirit made for the Indian. And now, shall we sell what the Great Spirit gave to our forefathers? By and by the 'pale-face' will come, and plough up the graves of my race. Children! don't think of selling, for I want to live and die by this great river," pointing to the river, as its waters, in silent majesty, glided before the front of his house. But, long since, he has had to give up the banks of the noble river, and if he is still living, may have had reluctantly to leave the scenes he so much loved.

On the eastern part of the country, in Canada and the United States government, the Red man, in yielding up the country, has left the poetical names of the rivers where he lived, and the significant names of his mountains. These will, I hope, advocate for him in the future, and prove that he had some better nature than that generally ascribed to him when he is called "a savage!"

Lakes, too, abound in this part of the world, of the greatest extent, and of the purest waters. The whole of this part of the continent is dotted over with them; full of fish, fowl, and wild game. This is the country the Red man inhabited. Magnificent forests waved over his head; and nature's own gardens, the vast plains, had their wild flowers, which in autumn sweetened the air!

From the coasts of Labrador to the more congenial clime of the south, one vast magnificent forest stood; and under the nodding of its mighty trees was the Indian. The game in herds roamed with him, and drank from the same limpid stream. Here he acquired that keen observation which was so peculiar to him. Here he saw a world full of grandeur, which told him of a First Great Cause. Here his character was moulded. His moral qualities grew on him as he advanced in years, for here was a grand panoramic view of the great book of nature; and veneration is one of the most prominent features in his character. He believed that the Great Monitor was a *benevolent* God, since the earth is strewed with his gifts; and the towering hills, whose tops appeared as though conversing with the Deity, indicated his *power*. All, all nature spoke the same language of *love* to him, and therefore he, in giving a name to the unseen, calls him by a right name when he calls him "ME NO, MON-E-DOO." *Me no* is beneficent; *Mon-e-doo* is God, or Spirit.

The majority of the North American Indians believed that the Great Spirit lived in the *sun*, though they never worshipped the sun, as did the more southern inhabitants. They believed that from the sun he dispersed his mercies over the world, and through different agencies over every department of nature. These were called *gods;* as the god of *medicine*, the god of the *birds* in the air, the god of the *hunter*, the god of the *fishes*, as well as the god of *war*. Connected with this they had (and have to this day) an organization of the medium of worship; and though, as a whole, it was an absurd system, yet the morals they inculcated in their teaching were so just and good, that they could not be said to be from the Evil One; for, according to the accounts given

of that "old gentleman," there is nothing good from him; and therefore, what morals they had were the vestiges of some truth, strongly impressed on their minds by their observations on the punishments which disobedience to the known laws of nature inflicted.

They had also, and have still, a kind of *masonic* institution, which is a part of their worship, and the emblems of which have descended to the latest posterity of the races of the Red man, in the records which their writings or representative drawings give. *These* transmit traditions of ages back, of which I will speak some other time.

Over three millions are supposed to have lived on this side of the Mississippi river, when America was discovered, three hundred and fifty-eight years ago! Where are they now? Their bones, which now whiten every farm-yard of the "pale-face," tell a tale which is felt by every sensitive and intelligent Indian. How rapid and how great the change!

"Change is written on their tide.
On their forests' leafy pride.

The progress of aggression has gone on in its resistless force, westward, with emigration, ever since the first colony was planted on the Atlantic shores. Wave after wave has rolled on, till now there appears no limit to the sea of population. The north of our country resounds with the woodsman's axe; the south opens its valleys to make room for the millions that are swarming from this country and the Continent. The rivers that once wound their silent and undisturbed course beneath the shade of forest trees, are made to leave their natural ways, and, bending to the arbitrary will of man, follow the path he marks out for them. The white man gazes, and he is astonished at the works which his hands have put in motion. The waters where once the beaver was hunted, serve now the "pale-face," and the Indian is out of sight; he sends no horror to the "pale-face" by his shrill war-whoop, nor pity by his death-wail! Steam thunders along over hills and vales that once were peaceful, on, on, to the mighty west. Our bow is broken, and our spears are lost. Might has been the weapon which has oppressed the North American Indian. His complaints and groans have occasionally been heard by the avaricious and intoxicated throng, and while he has waited for *justice*, the very men who have wronged him neigh over his misfortunes like the wild horse of his prairie.

The tide of emigration will soon reach the Rocky Mountains, and thence rise to its summit. Enterprise will follow in its train; and *necessity* will be the law which will operate to the removing of the Indians west. The same plea which commenced in 1804, of the *necessity* of removing the Indians west, must still be followed, until the Indian shall be seen with his children on the peaks of the Rocky Mountains singing the death-song over his ancestors! and, as his voice dies, he too must disappear before the *enlightened* people who addressed him as a "*brother*," while he had lands to dispose of, but forgot him when there was nothing more to be gained from him, after adopting only the worst features of civilization.

Will this aggression and wrong still continue? Will the disgraceful scenes which history records be acted over again? I say No! Humanity says No! The nineteenth century says No! and, I am glad that the spirit of the age says No!

THE RHINOCEROS HUNT.—The people inhabiting the woods in the province of Ishanburi are in the habit of hunting indiscriminately tigers, bears, and rhinoceroses, as well as stags and wild cows. Their mode of dealing with the rhinoceros is very remarkable. Four or five men will arm themselves with poles, made from the bamboo, after taking care to harden the sharp point, which they give to one of the ends, in the fire. Thus equipped, they sally forth and make for the animal's haunts, calling out and clapping their hands for the purpose of alluring or disturbing him from his covert. As soon as they see the enraged animal approach them (and rage is expressed by his opening and snapping his large jaws violently together), they prepare to receive him, by holding out the point of the pole in a direct line with his foaming mouth; and upon a favourable moment presenting itself, they drive the pole with astonishing nerve and adroitness not only down his throat, but into his stomach, and then take to their heels right and left. The rhinoseros sets up a frightful howl, falls down on the ground, and, in the agony of pain, rolls himself about in the dust with hideous howlings and distortions; the hunters in the meantime begin clapping their hands and vociferating their songs of triumph, in the midst of which they rush upon the monster, as soon as he appears fairly exhausted by loss of blood, and despatch him without any hazard or difficulty.

THE DUTIES OF APPRENTICES.

One main object of our publication is *the elevation of working men and working women*. We must have a skilful, industrious, intelligent, and moral population, before, as a nation, we can be truly great. A man or woman without skill, industry, intelligence and morality, is a public and private nuisance. On the other hand, those who posses these characteristics, are the glory of any country, and must bless their age and their species.

But then mankind are not born with these endowments, and those who have acquired them do not live for ever; and therefore we must educate the young that they may take th place of their fathers. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh and our anxiety should be that each succeeding age should exhibit men and women fa superior to their predecessors. We often talk of former years being better than th present; and assert that the youngsters around us are a degenerate progeny, far wors than youths used to be in the days of our juvenility. But we seem to forget that thes accusations fall heavily and solely upon ourselves; because we educate the young to b what they are. If children and youths were better forty or fifty years ago than they ar now, they must have had better parents, guardians, teachers, and associates than we are so that the degeneracy of the age is, properly speaking, our own degeneracy. If w see a garden, which, fifty years ago, was a picture of beauty, overrun with weeds; or field, which, in the days of our grandfathers, yielded forty bushels of wheat per acre covered with docks and thistles, we do not complain of the soil, but the owners an cultivators. Now it must be remembered, that, as iron is iron, and oak is oak, in al ages, so man is man, and mind is mind, from generation to generation. Of the *huma soil*, or rather, the human soul, we may say that it will yield what is sown in it, and w ourselves are the husbandmen, and the weeds, the thistles, the corn, or the flowers, ar owing to our own culture or neglect; and hence we had better not be too severe o youths and apprentices, lest we take away our own characters, and pass sentence upo ourselves.

Still, we are not going to say that the young are mere machines. and consequentl irresponsible. Children very early know the difference between right and wrong, an that they have power to do the one or the other. As soon as an infant perceives tha it can move its hand, or foot, or tongue, it receives its first idea of its own freedom an voluntaryism. Hence the disposition in an infant to repeat an action which it has onc done. Put on the table the rattle which the youngster has just thrown on the ground and a hundred to one but it will sweep it off a second, a third, or even a twentieth time So that *will*, *willinghood*, *volition*, *choice*, or whatever you may wish to call it, is a trut which is as practically understood by a child, or a savage, as by a philosopher. We a from choice, and we can understand a rule, or follow or reject an example, and therefo are responsible for our conduct. "*I can't help it*," in morals, is an untruth, becau there is neither morality nor immorality in that which we cannot help. Physical in possibilities are very different from moral ones. Any human being may say, "*I can fly;*" and, as he has no wings, no one will hold him responsible for not following the b or the eagle. But for a man or woman to say, "*I can't help*" stealing, swearin getting drunk, or being lazy, is an awful falsehood, because each one of these actions is matter of individual choice and preference. We must early impress the young with tl great fact that they have power to follow or reject good advice and good example These remarks apply to apprentices as well as to other persons.

In our last article we stated a few of the duties of *masters to apprentices;* we now hange the subject, and mention some of those obligations *which apprentices owe to their iasters*, themselves, and their country. And perhaps, at the commencement, we may be llowed to observe, that the apprentice who does not perform his duties is guilty of a six-old robbery; for he robs himself of the improvement which he so much needs; he robs is parents or guardians of the money they paid for him, and the benefits which they ad a right to expect in return; he robs his master of the credit of making him a skilful rtizan or tradesman, as well as of the labour which was his due; he robs society of a seful member; he robs the world of a good citizen; and he robs his Creator of the onour and obedience due from his children. We wish we could speak with a voice which would reach every apprentice in the land, that we might awaken them to see and eel the importance of their position, and the blessings which, if they are diligent, they an confer on their fatherland and on the world.

IT IS THE DUTY OF AN APPRENTICE TO USE HIS UTMOST EFFORTS TO LEARN HIS TRADE.

Without this he is an enemy to himself. Granted, that his master may be none of the best, and can hardly be respected because of his folly or injustice; yet every youth should respect himself; and self-interest, if nothing higher be present to call forth his energies, should induce him to do his best. A trade can hurt no one, and has been a fortune to millions. The Jews used to say that if a man did not give his son a trade, he educated him to be a thief. We need not add, that myriads have been thieves for want of a trade. A trade is one of the most independent things upon the earth. It is a misnomer to call wealthy persons who have never learnt a business, *independent*. Many of these are among the most dependent and helpless people in the world. They can scarcely minister to their own numerous wants in anything. The chief business they can do is, to draw cheques upon their banker; but for all the comforts and conveniences of life which money can buy, they are entirely dependent upon other individuals. But a man or woman who has learnt a trade, has a fortune and independence in his handicraft. It is often the case, that this learning of a business has made the individual skilful in other particulars, so that he can turn his mind or his hand to almost anything.

The great bane of society is having so many mere hangers on, who have no money, and no skill, and therefore cannot help themselves. Hence, crowds run after pensions and sinecures, and thousands go to the Union. Between aristocratic and plebeian paupers there is little difference; the one is as low as the other, and both, in thousands of cases, are thus degraded for want of that kind of training which would have given them skilful hands and independent minds. How much more honourable to be a shoemaker, a tailor, a hatter, a weaver, a hedger and ditcher, a scavenger, a charwoman, or chimney-sweeper, than a hanger-on and pensioner in the army, the navy, or the church. To be paid for doing nothing! to plunder the national purse! to dance attendance on a prime minister or overseer! to be kept awake for nights together lest our patrons, whether Whigs or Tories, should be turned out of office! to be driven to the poll-booth like a bullock to Smithfield, or a goose to the common, or loose my income! to be unmanned myself, and doomed to vote for a nondescript dressed up in human attire, or be starved to death! to say prayers to empty pews for the sake of keeping a living, because we had no power to get a penny any other way! All these, and a thousand other meannesses, are indignities to which people *must* submit who have not money, and have never learned a trade. Who would not rather be a mechanic, operative, or labourer of any grade, than be thus doomed by pride or indolence to everlasting infamy?

We want our youths to look at these facts, and resolve to learn their trade or business *well.* It is a duty they owe to themselves to become proficients, for, we repeat, that a trade, well learnt, is the best fortune. The thing is good for body, mind, health, pocket, morals, and independence. A great deal of nonsense is current in the world respecting the comparative respectability of trades and professions. One trade or business, for example, is said to be more honourable than another. Now all this smells of the dark ages. Trade is trade all the world over, and means that an individual does something for society for which he expects to be paid. It matters not whether he obtains the money by the sweat of his brain or the sweat of his brow, he is still a *labourer*, and works for wages. It is no use to call his remuneration a *salary*, a *professional income*, or a *living*, the idea of trade and wages is involved in all these terms; and the individual is a trafficker, whether he makes and sells lollypops, hats, shoes, legal advice, drugs, medical prescriptions, poems, histories, novels, or sermons. The Lord Chancellor is nothing more than a journeyman judge, hired and paid by the chief magistrate, or one of her servants. And if trade and traffic are really disgraceful, then the more a man sells or receives, the more the dishonour; and those who do the most business, or take the most money for their mechanical or professional powers, must be the least honourable.

But it is a duty which an apprentice owes to his master *to learn his trade well.* There is, after all, a great deal of trouble in teaching an individual a trade; and the person who does it ought to be adequately paid. Now it is well known that one main part of the remuneration which a master expects to receive will be derived from the skill and labour of the pupil; so that should the apprentice be idle, careless, or lazy, he will rob the person to whom he is articled, and thus common justice demands that every effort should be put forth. We knew a lad who had a horrid master and mistress, was over-worked, and badly fed, and yet was diligent in learning his trade, and close in his attendance to business; and on being asked how he could show so much fidelity to employers who gave him such a miserable return, replied—"I shall not imitate the unkindness and injustice of my master and mistress; if I did so, I should be as iniquitous as they are; and, further," said he, "my diligence and skill now will render me industrious and skilful when I become my own master." We need not add that his expectations were realized. Even a bad master should not be neglected, and, consequently, good masters, both for their own sake and the sake of the apprentice himself, should be served well. "He that is faithful in least is faithful in much," because he attaches value to little things, and acquires the habit of fidelity. There are more senses than one in which it will be said—"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a *few* things, be thou ruler over *many* things."

We repeat—An Apprentice should learn his trade or business well.

We have at present hosts of persons who are little better than half instructed in their trade; and while much blame may be laid at the door of careless masters, not a little fault belongs to apprentices. We have known those who acted as if they were determined never to become acquainted with their trade. They would not learn, and the time and money spent upon them was entirely lost. Some of these have become vagabonds and paupers; others have nothing but the coarsest work and the lowest wages, and all hope of their ever rising in life is cut off. Great injury to the trade of the country is done by these inefficient hands. How often we have heard gentlemen and ladies complain that they could have nothing done, and, therefore, deny themselves a vast number of comforts and luxuries which they might enjoy, were the artizans and operatives what they ought to be.

We believe that few of our readers belong to that class of politicians who despise what are termed the "non-producers of wealth." It is always an advantage to society to have a good sprinkling of persons who have plenty of money, and who, instead of selling or labouring themselves, buy of other people, and put other persons to work. We once travelled with a coachman who was greatly frightened because of the Roman Catholics, and at an Election was quite ready to have "No Popery" placarded on his coach. But some time after, the Catholics bought a large estate in the city where the son of the whip resided, and on travelling with him after this event, we asked him whether he was not alarmed about his new neighbours? when he instantly exclaimed, "What care we whether they are Catholics or no Catholics so they will bring some money and circulate it among us." Popery without money raised his pulse to a hundred and twenty, but the idea that they would spend a portion of their wealth on him and his friends removed his fears and restored his pulsation to its due equanimity. The fact is, we not only require mechanics to make shoes and hats, but we want men and women to buy them; and hence he who purchases and does not make, sell, or manufacture, is quite as valuable as he who does.

Now, generally speaking, a good tradesman, if there is money in the neighbourhood, is almost sure to have a part of it. Somehow or other, people like to buy a nice article; ay, and often purchase what they do not want, merely from the look of the thing. How often has our economy, frugality, and philosophy, been put on the rack by the sight of a well made article, whether useful or as a mere toy. Our purse strings seemed almost ready to relax on their own accord, and it was difficult to restrain oneself from procuring what we really did not want. And those who have property at command, and, consequently, no need to look at a shilling twice before they spend it once, when they see a toy or a useful piece of goods, immediately become purchasers. Every boy and girl, then, should labour to be the first in their profession, calling, or trade. Every thing should be done well. "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus,*" "either Cæsar or no one," may be ambitious and heathenish, but still we like to see a youth determine to be *the first* in his class or occupation. His emulation will raise him greatly.

We have too many persons willing to be ciphers, and do nothing for themselves, their country, or the world. A skilful mechanic is no small portion of a nation's wealth. To our tradesmen we owe our glory; and our apprentices, who will by and by, take the places of their fathers, ought to resolve that nothing shall be lost through their indolence, carelessness, ignorance, or inactivity; and, therefore, should determine to excel in their various departments of labour and industry. Let them do thus, and customers will not be wanting, trade will suffer no diminution, and the prosperity of the country, instead of declining, will be perpetuated.

Mechanical Leeches.—This is the invention of M. Alexander, of Paris. The main qualities of the new Annelidæ are two: they bite always and never die. In short, they are nothing more nor less than two little tubes, a sucking and a scarifying one—the former in glass, the latter in copper—destined to imitate the two acts of the leech. It would, however, be more correct to denominate them "tubular cupping glasses," for such they are in reality. The Academy of Medicine has reported favourably of them, saying, "The instrument is a very useful one, and may replace leeches with advantage in the great majority of cases." The French Ministers of War and Marine, and the directors of the different hospitals, both civil and military, have ordered these leeches to be employed in the different establishments under their control.

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart;
And were I called to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such."

COWPER.*

MAN is formed for society. The roots of his being are meant to interlace and entwine with those of others. He has joys allotted to him in the course of his pilgrim's progress, and these joys are always deepened and heightened by the sympathy of kinsfolk and friends. He has griefs apportioned to him in his passage through this vale of tears—and woe to him if he be friendless and companionless *then!* He is bound to cultivate, in its most refined and perfect development, the holy boon of true FRIENDSHIP.

Lord Bacon observes, in one of his essays, that a principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. "We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession." How healthily the pulses beat, how merrily the blood flows, how cheerily the mouth smiles, how brightly the eye beams, at the approach of an old friend! It is one of the pleasantest and purest sensations under the sun. Do you demur? Then be assured there's something rotten in the state of *your* friendship; it bids fair, if not for a galloping consumption, at least for a gradual decline, slow, perhaps, but sure. Friendship without fervour and enthusiasm, is salt that has lost its savour. It wants the one thing needful. It is like a chair that will not bear your weight; and what on earth else is a chair meant for?—or like a knife that will not cut, or writing that cannot be deciphered, or a money-bag riddled like a sieve; all very good things, perchance, to look at, but, somehow or other, members of the family of shams. What is friendship without heart? And what is a heart without warmth in it? Be as cool as you will in the upper story, the headpiece; but by all means keep up a good blazing fire downstairs. A cold heart? Faugh! How expect a friend to linger long beside a dull empty grate?

In one stage of the biography of friendship, caution and reflection are not only tolerable, but indispensable: that is, in the preliminary stage, the preface, or introduction. Let the cool head counsel the warm heart at *that* season of the history. But, having secured a good friend, oh, be not chary of your love! Says the author of "Pendennis"—"It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. Some of us can't, and are proud of our impotence too." It *is* better to be deceived in a friend, than never to have one. In the one case our higher nature is called into action, although disappointed in its result; in the other case it lies dormant, and becomes stunted, shrivelled, attenuated, and at last incapable of action. Never suspect a decrease and change of feeling in your friend, till you cannot possibly avoid it. Be frank, and hearty, and hopeful. Cherish the spirit of R. M. Milne's lines:—

"My own friend, my old friend!
Time's a soldier bold, friend!

* Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Of his lofty prowess
Many a tale is told, friend!
He can mock the conqueror,
Raze his strongest hold, friend!
Fool the stern philosopher,
Win the miser's gold, friend!
But though early nature
Has so frail a mould, friend;
What the tyrant cannot do
Is to make *us* cold, friend!"

Why do we not make more of tried companions, "bosom cronies," as Charles Lamb calls them, "old familiar faces?" Why do we let one after another drop off the list, simply by our neglect, "though nothing has occurred to kindle strife;" why do we cease to visit them, and then to ask after them, and then to keep a corner in our hearts, which are growing too narrow for them? This involuntary sort of indifference it is that makes us find

"The friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none."

And when once friendship has received a shock, it can never altogether recover its first love, its springy freshness, its early trustfulness. This is true, whether the shock be caused by actual mischief and mutual repulsion, or by mere slackening and abatement of interest and regard. The former kind is vividly pourtrayed in some of the most beautiful verses which Coleridge ever wrote:—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy dwells in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.....
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

To both kinds, however, will apply the words of Mr. W. S. Landor, to which we shall do well to take heed—(and I like to enrich my Homilies with quotations, just as our old divines did with bits from the classics):—"Friendship is a vase, which when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured may be cemented again; precious ones never." Perhaps this should be taken "with a grain of salt;" but the underlying truth is deep and valuable.

Goodrich says:—"I once heard of a boy who, being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied, that he would go if he could be allowed to change his seat. 'But why do you wish to change your seat?' said the minister. 'You see,' said the boy, 'I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy Vicars, and Mary Staples, and half-a-dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me it's pretty poor stuff.'"

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. V.

MORE MITRED MINIATURES AND PEERS' PORTRAITS.

Blossoms of Bloomfield; the Tree not known by its Fruit.—Cobbett's Compliments to the Bishop, and anti-ditto to the Loan-mongers.—A Bite at the Barings.—"C. J. London's" Political and Personal Antecedents, and Consanguineous Conservancy.—The Metropolitan See and its Appurtenances.—The Bishop's Polemical Position at present.—The Lord Harry of Exeter; how he "looks, moves, and has his being."—His quiescence in the Peers contrasted with his activity out of doors, in re *Self* v. *Gorham, and the reasons therefor.—A retrospect touching Philpotts.—His Parentage and Preferments, Pamphlets and Politics.—His Bargain with the F.M., and how and why it only came to half what was intended.—His hostility to Reform, and insensibility to Grey and Glenelg admonitions.—Suspicious indifference to the recent Papal Perversions.—Compulsory candour coming upon him.—Other legislative Pastors belonging to the Herd.—Dr. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford, and the Bampton Lectures.—Skin-deep Equality.—Dr. Price Lee, the first Bishop of Manchester.—The Bishops of Chester and Norwich.—The Seatless Bishops.—St. Asaph and Sodor and Man.—The Irish representative Bishops.*

We have said that it is difficult to distinguish one bishop from another when the right reverend fathers are seated in their flowing and snowy robes on the episcopal bench; nor is it easy, on a nearer approach, to say wherein the redoubtable metropolitan, Charles James Bloomfield, Bishop of London, differs from his ecclesiastical brethren. He is a mild, inoffensive, benevolent-looking old gentleman, in whose ruddy open countenance and round shining head both physiognomist and phrenologist would be puzzled to detect those dominant and overbearing attributes commonly understood to be characteristic of this haughty churchman, whose purple and fine linen, and equipages and retinue, and palatial style of living, are supposed to be vividly typical of the mediæval splendours of the papal hierarchy. For some years back—indeed, ever since shortly after the passing of the Reform Bill—the Bishop has been comparatively quiescent; has not unnecessarily challenged attention by insulting the Dissenters, or putting himself in collision with public opinion through any wanton resistance to the popular tendencies of the age. Hence much of the notoriety that once attached to him has entirely passed away; and the young, or even middle-aged, reader is inclined to question whether in reality this is the same Bishop of London of whom he may remember to have heard a great deal, without exactly comprehending what, from the elder politicians of a less quiescent generation than the present. He is the same man—the same in all things, though he has learnt the secret of respecting in others the independence that has always been so marked a feature in his own career, and which feature it was that recommended him so strongly to the notice of a man in every way his opposite, and who was disposed to treat a State-paid clergy with very small ceremony—we mean William Cobbett. In one of his famous anti-loanmongering letters to the head of the house of Barings, the late Lord Ashburton (uncle to the present First Lord of the Admiralty), he says:—"The Bishop of London is the son of a very worthy man, who was a schoolmaster eminent in his profession, at Bury St. Edmund's. The Bishop of London is a learned man, and is possessed of great talents; and he is an Englishman born and bred, as his fathers were before him. [This remark is intended as a fling at the foreign origin of the Barings, whom Cobbett on another occasion addressed thus:—'You are, to be sure, the son of a man who, from a merchant's clerk, rose to be a merchant, a loan-monger, and to be made a baronet by Pitt. Your wife, to be sure, was one of the daughters of old Bingham of Philadelphia, who, during the war which shook off from his country his then king, was fortunate, first in his share in a gallant privateer, and, after the war was over, equally fortunate in his dealings in the American funds. You yourself had some hand in the loan made to the United States, to enable them to purchase of Bonaparte that very Louisiana, the possession of which led to their having the Floridas, and is now letting them into that Mexico to keep them out of which you appear to be so anxious.'] The Bishop appears not to have been a dependent of the aristocracy at any time of his life; he is connected with none of them by marriage [a fling at the connubial tuft-hunting of all the Barings]; he has doubtless attained his high rank and great power because the ministry thought that his well-known talents, and zeal, and industry, would make use of that power in the most efficient manner for upholding the government and the present order of things. But there was nothing unnatural in this; he has attained to his eminence without any dirty or mean arts; and supposing the system to be a good one, as you do, there is not a man in the House of Lords more worthy of respect or of honour."

Cobbett, however, was mistaken, and so were the men who made Bloomfield Bishop of London, in the conduct he pursued after his elevation to the metropolitan see. Wellington counted upon his aid in supporting emancipation, but he opposed it; and he counted on his resistance to the Reform Bill, but he voted for it—a vote, however, not given from any attachment to the principle of the measure, but simply because it was expedient to concede a point which the country was determined to enforce, if not quietly yielded. Hence the Bishop exasperated his patrons, and did not conciliate the public; but there is no doubt that he acted conscientiously, and according to what he conceived was required by the community at large in relation to the particular interests he represented. He has never obtained, indeed never sought, credit for partiality to religious liberty in the generous sense of the term, not only as shown by his vote against the Catholics, but by his intolerance of all other persuasions claiming civil equality in the eye of the law, and by his high-handed demeanour in enforcing all the more obnoxious privileges and pretensions of the establishment, especially his resistance to all inquiry into the extent and appropriation of episcopal revenues. These in his case, as we have already had occasion to say, are something prodigious, so much so, that the nominal amount, £11,700 a-year, is well known to be but a fraction of the net aggregate that finds its way into the pockets of his lordship, who is also reputed to be vigilant in his attention to the welfare of his relatives. Some years ago, when the Bishop's name was rife in men's mouths as a leading anti-Church-reformer, at a time when the propriety of priests being in parliament was debated much more hotly than people in these piping days of peace can have a notion, it was said: "Dr. Bloomfield has a brother who has a stall and living in the diocese of Chester; he is imported from thence to the diocese of London, and placed over the heads of his own clergy. He has a brother-in-law in Stevenage, the Rev. Mr. Smith, who married his sister; he is preferred to the rich living of Ealing, and to a prebend stall of St. Paul's; and, if report speak true, there is the brother of Mrs. Bloomfield to have St. Martin's. It will be a great source of regret, it is to be apprehended, to this latter divine, who is one of the most expert fox-hunters in the kingdom, that St. Martin's *fields* are no longer in being. Dr. Bloomfield may be said to be truly wise in his generation. When he had at his disposal the valuable nomination of a scholarship to the Charter-house, his nephew (the son of his brother, the schoolmaster) is the 'poor scholar' (as the statutes direct the governor shall elect) selected; and the Bishop's own son fills up the vacancy in his brother's school."

To all these taunts, and many others of a stinging nature, the Bishop has never deigned the slightest reply; seemingly content to know, and to allow the public to feel, if they will, that he fulfils the duties of his station as to him seems best, and that the Government think so too would appear from the fact of his having been appointed a commissioner on the state of the bishoprics in 1847. He is accounted one of the best Greek scholars of the day, proficiency in that language being a sort of heirloom in his family. His career at Cambridge, from 1805 till he obtained his fellowship, was very distinguished. Having obtained the archdeaconry of Colchester and the rich living of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, he was raised to the see of Chester in 1824, still retaining the metropolitan rectory, and in 1828 was made Bishop of London, which diocese includes ninety livings. He is reported to live in a sort of feudal prelatical magnificence in his palace of Fulham, and his town residence in St. James's-square, which happens to be next door to that of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the Roman Catholic peerage. The Bishop, who is in his 67th year, has been twice married, and has a family.

Though belonging to what is called the Evangelical party, and known to be a keen controversialist, the Bishop has hitherto avoided being very prominently mixed up in the embroilments that have lately attracted so much painful attention to the internal concerns of the Establishment. It is true that he made a (unsuccessful) motion in the House of Peers, last session, prefaced by a speech of great ability, for taking the jurisdiction in things ecclesiastical out of the hands of the Privy Council, and vesting it solely in a spiritual tribunal, with a view to prevent the recurrence of such unseemly contentions as have raged between the rector of Bampford Speke and his episcopal superior; but Dr. Bloomfield has not become personally identified, as might have been apprehended he would, in the feuds arising from that source. Neither has he been at all as conspicuous as was generally expected in denouncing the recent numerous secessions to Rome, nor the attitude of the followers of that faith in assuming a status inconsistent with the dignity ond privileges of the Church of England. It is presumed, however, that the fact of Dr. Wiseman having been created, by the Pope, a Cardinal, and named Archbishop of Westminster, will recall all the anti-Roman fervour of the Bishop of

London, in the course of the coming session, and that he will give the present generation an opportunity of judging how far he may be entitled, in these days, to the great reputation he once enjoyed as a polemical disputant.

Equally puzzled, as in the case of London, would the connoisseur in countenances be to find anything facial in the lineaments of the Lord Harry of Exeter indicative of the turbulent and truculent disposition that has lent so great a notoriety to the name of Philpotts in public estimation for so many years. He looks as little of an à Beckett, a Langton, or a Wolsey, as need be. But, at the same time, age has not imparted any very venerable expression to his aspect; and now, in his 74th year, there is a sort of preternatural vivacity in his appearance, and nimbleness in his bearing, which grate strangely on one's preconceived notions of a clerical patriarch. He, too, has been very quiescent of late; that is, in the House of Lords, where alone it concerns us to deal with him; for although his proceedings in the celebrated Gorham case, both in the ecclesiastical and civil law courts, before the judicial appellate of the Privy Council and the Peers, in the cathedral of his diocese, and in private, have constituted almost the leading non-political topic of public attention, and private commentary, for a very considerable time back, he has been marvellously reluctant to press that embarrassing business on the notice of the world in his capacity as a legislator. There was considerable prudence in this, in a merely politic sense; for, in debate, it must be confessed that the lay lords have generally greatly the advantage over the spiritual peers in the discussion of questions of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. The debate on the occasion of the Bishop of London's motion, already alluded to, abundantly showed this; and in that debate—by the way, the Bishop of Exeter took no part whatever, though the subject matter related immediately to himself, and was directed to get rid of the awkwardness in church discipline, which his own acts had brought about—whether properly or improperly it is not for us to express an opinion, as it becomes us not in our impartial capacity as gleaners of facts to express a bias on topics like the one now being glanced at, and which have proved most perplexing to the ablest and honestest inquirers after the truth. But in another sense it was politic on the Bishop of Exeter's part to avoid both attack and the necessity for defence in such an arena as the Upper House, where, as in all deliberative assemblies, personal temperament, the advantages of local position, a disposition to bear down opposition by mere force of will, and all circumstances of the kind, pass for nothing, and where intellectual ability, the justice of a cause, or at least the ability with which it may be supported, are alone the passports to respect and influence on the part of the advocate.

Now, the truth is, there had very long been a belief pretty general—a belief which every subsequent test served but to confirm—that the Bishop's intellectual merits are altogether disproportioned to the large space his physical energies, his restlessness, and combattive propensities have enabled him to occupy in the public eye. The Bishop himself has for some time back been seemingly conscious of this; and hence he has shrunk as much as possible from placing in the hands of his antagonists, of which he has unfortunately (or fortunately, as he probably considers) numbers innumerable, such evidences of his mutual deficiencies as a formal speech and the necessity for an impromptu reply, would afford; and equally chary has he been of appearing in print in any manner that would fairly furnish material for analytic criticism. In fact, the Bishop made his reputation, such as it is, at a period of great public excitement, on one or two points of party warfare, and when momentary eminence was to be acquired in proportion to the violence or extravagance of the means employed; and he has since occasionally contrived to keep up some little of the peculiar prestige he then acquired, by demonstrations of great waywardness (to use a mild phrase), in his treatment of those provoking his hostility, as in the too famous case of himself against the Rev. Mr. Gorham. Without in the least wishing to express a depreciatory opinion of the Bishop, it will be essential to our present purpose to take a brief retrospective view of the leading public particulars of his career, at least of the earlier part of it, for, as we already said, it is only with his political character we are dealing, and of late that has nearly altogether subsided out of sight. In doing so, we are necessarily obliged to adopt the facts, if not exactly to employ the phraseology of those who were his lordship's biographers during the occurrence of the more memorable memoranda we are about to recapitulate.

Born in 1777, of a moderately good family, being the son of Mr. John Philpotts, of Gloucester, and youngest brother of the member for that city, he went through the usual academic and collegiate courses, and became a fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, in 1795. After continuing an insignificant country clergyman for some time, he began to distinguish himself by the ex-

treme ardour of his eulogiums and support of the high Tory executive of the day, and by his opposition of everything savouring of Liberalism, no matter how moderate. One of his earliest and most successful advertisements of himself, as open to place and pay, was a pamphleteering panegyric on the Manchester massacre, for which he obtained promotion to the deanery of Chester. He then embarked, heart and hand, against the Catholic claims, principally against the advocacy they received from Brougham, Sydney Smith, Jeffreys, Mackintosh, and many other men, every way his superiors, in the "Edinburgh Review," making Canning the chief target of his personalities, because of that statesman's well-known predilections in favour of the removal of civil disabilities; and for this he received the living of Stanhope, value £5,000, from the intolerant Tories, among whom he was a prodigious favourite. No sooner, however, did the Duke of Wellington intimate a desire to strike off the fetters which Dr. Philpotts had been so long labouring to rivet, than his reverence immediately acquiesced, for a consideration, which was, that not only should he receive the bishopric of Exeter, but that he should continue to hold, *in commendam*, the valuable revenue of Stanhope. The F.M., who was only anxious for recruits at the time, and could not very well afford to stickle about the bounty, closed with the Bishop (who had also long been prebendary of Durham), and the bargain was ratified by the high contracting parties. But there was another party whose assent was essential to the completion of the transaction, and that was the public; not simply the ordinary out-of-door miscellaneous public, but the great body of the church itself, who, being scandalized at the compact, and still more at the motives which led to it, raised a violent ferment, which did more mischief to the reputation of the Establishment than the combined and continuous attacks of all ordinary assailants. Neither the Duke nor the Bishop, however, were men to be scared from a personal purpose by any apprehension of public dislike, though that dislike was conveyed in the very unmistakeable form (among many others) of an unanimous petition of all the parties concerned against the *commendam*, to the number of 12,000 to whom it was quite impossible that he could have performed any of the duties appertaining to the rectorship for whose emolument he was so anxious; nor, indeed, did he pretend to the contrary, the acquisition of the advantage for its own sake being the sole avowed object he had in view, and in that object his imperious patron was quite prepared to back him to the last extremity, against all odds. However, the break-up of the Wellington cabinet rendered abortive the scheme in question, leaving the Duke only in possession of the see of Exeter, with its £2,700 a year revenue, and the prebendal stall of Durham, the proceeds of which we are unacquainted with.

A most extraordinary scene attended the induction of the Bishop into the diocese. The inhabitants of Exeter closed their windows and doors, and exhibited all the semblance of a city in mourning, endeavouring to propitiate Providence for the infliction of some terrible calamity! This course of proceeding, objectionable on many grounds, was not likely to mollify the antipathy of such a constitution as the Bishop's towards the popular element in our national composition; and, accordingly, no sooner did he take his seat in the Upper House than he commenced the most virulent assaults upon the cause and promoters of reform, occasionally talking of his preference of civil war, rather than make the least concession to the spirit of liberalism. His conduct on one occasion, in this respect, drew from the late Earl Grey a most impressive retort as to "the pulse of ambition beating as fiercely beneath a lawn sleeve as under one of common broadcloth;" but such rebuke took small effect on the tempestuous Bishop, who remained equally unabashed under many such castigations, including one from the mild and inoffensive Lord Glenelg, who, during the discussion on the Irish Church Bill in 1835, was roused by his belligerent rhetoric into saying—"It was with him a matter of astonishment that those right reverend prelates, who should be the first to set an example of moderation and charity, to temper any severity of feeling, and to mitigate the acrimony of debate, should have so warmly entered the arena of personal warfare, which was attended with no other consequence than to disgrace those who engaged in it, and to engender feelings of exasperation and ill-will." But even this produced no effect, and the Bishop continued to take the same line on all questions of public importance, as long as party feeling ran high in the political world; but since there has been a cessation of the old feuds, from the time the Peel policy became palpably inevitable, he has not unnecessarily sought to keep alive dissentions by any isolated revivals of debateable points, though, to be sure, he has found abundant employment for his energies in the intestinal dissentions in his see. Like Bloomfield, Dr. Philpotts has been much less hostile in public than might have been anticipated to the recent perverts to the Papacy, indeed so much so as to provoke the suspicion, expressed in many quarters, that he himself has a strong

hankering in the same direction; and people have pointed significantly to certain innovations in the ceremonial of the Church of England Service, as performed in portions of his diocese with his toleration, and in some instances, it is said, under his own immediate supervision. We believe, however, that the only ground for these inuendoes is, his partiality for the spiritual prerogative, and his belief that the hierarchy should have uncontrolled and undivided power in the administration of Church affairs of every kind and degree, together with jurisdiction in such things temporal as the state clergy may deem to be within their cognizance. But, as in Bloomfield's case too, the encroachments of Papacy, or what are held by many to be such, in reference to the adoption of high ecclesiastical titles in England, will soon compel the Bishop of Exeter to take an unequivocal position on these points, or else to submit to the imputations of Jesuitry, which his silence will have then established against him. Jesuits and the Bishop of Exeter are rather an odd compound in the English mind; but there have been quite as curious conjunctions of late; and it would be rash, perhaps, to assert that even so surprising an incongruity may not be within the achievements of the approaching *annus mirabilis*.

The Bench of Bishops, as at present filled, furnishes us with no farther materials for memoranda of this sort, none of the remaining right reverend fathers having made sufficient figure in the political world to call for remark here. The most conspicuous of the new ones is Dr. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford (official revenue £4,200), whose appointment two years ago made so great a commotion, because of certain heterodox opinions some of the clergy thought he had propounded in his "Bampton Lectures" at Oxford, some sixteen years previously, and also in his treatise on the "Philosophical Evidences of Christianity." There is nothing very remarkable, in any way, about the new Bishop, unless it be the fact that he is a West Indian, having been born at Barbadoes, though his complexion gives but small evidence of the dusky *locale* of his nativity. It would be something to boast of a real black bishop, sitting in his canonicals, amongst the Percys and Plantagenets, the Howards and the Herberts, in the chamber of hereditary legislature; and probably the time is not far distant when even *that* phenomenon will cease to be a matter of marvel. The circumstance of Lord Palmerston having appointed a gentleman of colour to be her Britannic Majesty's representative to Liberia is a step in the right direction, and promises to inaugurate something like a real equality among the common children of the Creator.

Another new bishop is Dr. Price Lee, (once assistant to the celebrated Dr. Arnold, head-master of Rugby,) and first Bishop of Manchester—official value of the see, £4,200, together with £400 a year for a residence, there being as yet no "palace" in the new diocese. The life of the Doctor has been so purely academic and unobtrusive, as to offer no point whatever to the political commentator. The same may be said of the other two new bishops; first, of Chester, Dr. Graham, Clerk of the Closet to the Queen; and, secondly, of Norwich, Dr. Hinds, who was also born at Barbadoes, where he was Principal of Codrington College, and then filled various ecclesiastical offices in England and Ireland, and again in England; and has also been a very voluminous writer on theological questions, though none of his publications have become popular out of the clerical circle of readers they seem to have been originally addressed to.

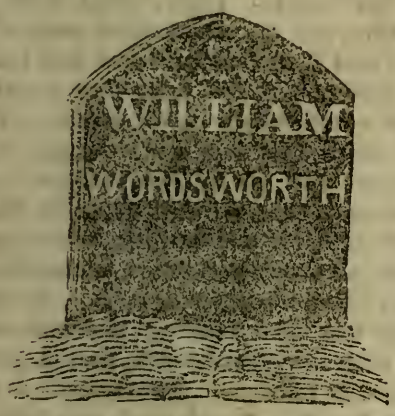
The value (official—much less than the real) of the former of these sees is £4,200; of the latter £4,465. Both the bishops, like all the others we have mentioned, have seats in the House of Lords, and there exercise all the functions of temporal peers. Not so, however, with the new Bishop of Llandaff, though the see is one of the oldest, having been founded before 522, and though the official income is much larger than that of Exeter and other sees, being £4,500 a year. But when Dr. Ollivant accepted it last year it had been shorn of its ancient senatorial privilege, being in that respect reduced to the level of the see of Sodor and Man. The present Bishop of that see, however, sits in Parliament, but not because he is a bishop, but because he is Earl of Auckland, and consequently a peer in his own right, as successor to his brother, the late Earl, so long a prominent member of the Whig party, and memorable as having been that Governor-General of India under whom the terrible disasters of the Affghan campaign occurred. These are the only bishops who have no seats, unless we except the Irish, the whole body of whom are represented each parliament by four out of the thirteen, those now in the Upper House being the Archbishop of Armagh (as mentioned on a former occasion), and the Bishops of Derry, Limerick, and Down.

So much for the spiritual. The next group we pass to is a cabinet one, of which, and several others, we shall make comparatively swift despatch.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE;

OR, WHAT ONE HAS, AND WHAT ONE DOES WITH IT.

"YES, that is it." "Impossible!" "Look behind the stone." I looked, and saw WILLIAM WORDSWORTH cut in plain and not too well made capitals, on a slab of stone, painted black, rising from the soil about three feet six inches, of this simple shape—



having another stone without inscription of any kind, and about one-third of the size, at the foot of the grave. The grave itself is a "narrow house" raised a little above the level of the churchyard, and covered with a green sod. There lie the mortal remains of William Wordsworth. My informant was right. I had sought for Wordsworth's resting-place all over the cemetery; I had sought it in vain. Resolved not to fail of the object for which I had turned aside out of the high road between Keswick and Ambleside, I asked an aged woman to show me where was Wordsworth's grave. Than that grave I know nothing more impressive. Imagine, reader, a rustic church of the humblest kind, with no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty; behind that church rests William Wordsworth. Call up in your mind a very simple, rude churchyard, no beauty of art, and the one or two attempts at artistic beauty mere disfigurements; no flowery sward, but a mere common green grass; no flowers growing on or near the tombs; no cares from loving hands; but all left to Nature in her undress. In a secluded corner of such a burial-place is the grave of William Wordsworth.

The spot is not without its obvious fitness. Near Wordsworth himself repose a married and an infant daughter, a son, a son-in-law, and a nephew. The poet of domestic love has domestic ties around him even in death.

On one side, his grave is shaded by a yew, on another by a thorn, while a rapid rivulet encircles the nook which encloses all. Rural sounds and rural sights crowd on the senses, though at this autumnal season they are as unadorned as Wordsworth's own verse. Thus is the poet's characteristic simplicity typified.

And his grandeur—how finely is that represented by those majestic mountains which enclose Grasmere (at the head of which Wordsworth lies) to the north. That "Helm Crag," rising almost directly from the grave in the shape of a huge craggy helmet, runs up thence into the clouds in bare sublimity, as if to show how, out of the humblest natural elements, the poet in his poetry formed a monument grand as the skies to which it reached.

My first impression had been one of surprise. I was almost incredulous. "Can that be the burial-place of Wordsworth?"

A few moments' reflection began to reconcile me to what I saw; and soon I felt convinced that of all mausoleums this was the most appropriate. There lies the great poet of nature, with natural objects only for his companions; those hills and mountains for ever consecrated, under their own attributes, in his tuneful verse; that lovely lake, his home for years, along whose verdant banks he strayed with his young bride, almost every spot of which he embalmed in his deathless strains—there lies William Wordsworth. To employ his own words:—

"Upon a rising ground a grey church tower,
Whose battlements were screen'd by tufted trees;
And towards a crystal mere, that lay beyond.
Among steep hills and woods embosom'd, flow'd
A copious stream, with boldly winding course,
Here traceable, there hidden—then again
To sight restor'd, and glittering in the sun;
On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appear'd
Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots,
Some scatter'd o'er the level, others perch'd
On the hill sides—a cheerful, quiet scene."

Standing there, deeply impressed, "Thus," said I, as I fell into a speaking reverie—"thus should a poet be buried; thus, specially should Wordsworth lie. What a rebuke is here to all the pomp and circumstance of outward grandeur. Yes, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the inscription, is all that is needed. Tell us merely where his honoured ashes lie; we know the rest; the world knows the rest; and to that corner the great ones of the earth will come to acknowledge a greatness far surpassing theirs. And when they come, what masonry but God's should they behold? and what herald's voice but the immortal tongue of mother nature? Thus should the great poets be urned in the grandeur of earth, sky, water, and mountain—those sublime and mystic powers with which they wrought the charms they used to captivate

men's souls withal. Thus should Wordsworth be made, even in his ashes, to curb the pride of those territorial lords on whose domains he grew up up little more than a simple swain and in whose lands he remains now for ever, A GREAT MEMORY; a name honoured all over the globe—a name of measureless power for good wherever the English tongue is or shall be known. What, ye imaginary great ones—what are your title-deeds when compared with Wordsworth's? Out of much, ye have brought forth nothing permanent; out of little, he has made for himself an immortality. Surely, surely, you ought, when you come here, to look and muse; you ought to learn that *it is not what a man has, but what he does with it, which is the question of questions.*"

"That is what I often say to our Thomas," said my attendant, interrupting me; and well was it that I was interrupted, else I know not when I should have stopped my moralizing. Nevertheless, I was a little annoyed at being thus suddenly and quietly let down to earth.

"Your Thomas!" exclaimed I, pettishly; "what has your Thomas to do with this scene?"

"Very little," answered Mrs. Wytheburn (which I afterwards found was my companion's name); "very little," added she, in tones of plaintive eloquence; "and yet we all thought he was ours. Anyway, there he lies amongst our kindred, and we who yet live will be his neighbours under the sward. But me and mine had more to do with him than you think. I don't mean that he was friendly to us, for he had a kind word for everyone, and seemed to look with special kindness on the Grasmere folks; but I do wish his words had been listened to by our Thomas; ay, Thomas now wishes so too, and he could not help thinking of his words the day the poet was buried. His words made Thomas shed bitter tears that day—nay, sir, he sobbed, did our Thomas, though, sir, he was seventy years old last Midsummer-day; he sobbed, he did, as if he would have broken his heart, and all the people around us heard him. And good reason he had for sorrow; for, sir, do ye see, he was thinking of our Margaret, poor thing! that's dead and gone these twenty years, Heaven forgive her!"

"What do you mean? Neither your Margaret nor your Thomas do I know anything about."

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "pardon me, but your words made me remember so many painful things. Good morning."

"Nay," I rejoined, interrupting Mrs. Wytheburn; "do not go away until I have thanked you for pointing out to me the grave of your poet, for yours indeed he is. These skies, these mountains, these waters, and you, his daily companions, made Wordsworth what he was. Besides, I should like you to tell me what the facts are to which you alluded but now."

"To tell you the facts would take me many a day, and very sorry should I be to grieve your heart, sir, with telling you the sufferings through which me and mine went. However, I will just give you the heads like.

"It is now near thirty years ago. One evening—it was in June, I think—the weather was very fine, and our Thomas and I were sitting at our cottage-door, looking out on the smooth waters of that sweet lake;—well, one evening, my husband's cousin, Timothy Wytheburn, comes up all of a sudden, and offers his hand, Right glad were we both to see him, for he was a good sort of a body, and we had heard that he had left the country years before. So we took him in, and made him as comfortable as we could. Before he left us, he again and again urged us to quit Grasmere, and go to Manchester. Glad he was, he said, that he had gone to that place, for, having a bit of learning, he had got nicely forward, and was a clerk in a warehouse, with a salary of two pounds a week. Well, Sir, our Thomas was then making fourteen shillings a week, with very hard work, and a good workman, too, is Thomas. Thomas, sir, is a mason; and as he, too, could read and write, and so could cut names on tombstones (he cut those letters there, sir, on Mr. Wordsworth's head-stone), he thought he might get forward a bit in Manchester; and so, do ye see, he had a mind to go. Howsoever, before he had determined for good and all, one Sunday whom should we meet there in the field near the mere, but that good man. Now, Thomas did not like to speak to him, especially as he seemed deep in thought; and yet he wished to tell him of his intention, and to bid him good bye. So, sir, up he went to him, and told him all. Mr. Wordsworth made a great many objections, and talked to Thomas a long while. I can't remember a good deal of what he said; but I know he tried to make him see that sixteen shillings a week was worth more here than forty shillings there. 'It is not what a man has'—he used these very words, sir—'but what use he makes of it, that renders one's lot desirable.' Mr. Wordsworth's words had an effect on us. We could not very well understand some things he said; and the words I have just repeated did not seem quite clear, or quite true, till we left Manchester, and got back to our own home and our own people. However, after a few months, we had almost forgotten what had been said; and a letter coming from Timothy, who urged us to quit Grasmere, and talked of great things that he was doing; we at last sold our little furniture, and went to Manchester. Thomas soon got work at four-and-twenty shillings a week. Will, that's my eldest son, went into a factory, where he had eight shillings a week; and

Margaret, too, went into a factory, and got six shillings a week. Every body said the children would soon have more; but, oh! sir, I was not happy. 'And what,' I said to our Thomas, 'what is the use of money, if it does not make you happy?' Somehow I did not like the town; it was so smoky and dirty; and the people were so rough. Besides, the street where we lived was narrow, and there were no gardens to the houses. Then, you see, I knew nobody; not a soul was there that I could speak to, save the shop-keepers with whom I dealt. Here, you see, we are all neighbours and friends like, and our minister especially. Well, sir, there we lived for two years, without forming one acquaintance, for some people that Cousin Tim brought to the house we did not like. At last I said to our Thomas, 'Well, I don't like living in this heathenish way; let us go to church; may be, we shall find a friend there; any way, we shall know the parson.' Now, Thomas wished to please me, particularly as I talked of going back; so we took a small pew in a church near our house. We were, however, no nearer to friends. For three years did I and Thomas go almost every Sunday twice to that church, and were never spoken to once by any one, minister or people. Of these three years, one, the last, was the darkest period of my whole life, and I would rather die a hundred times than go through the like again.

"You see, sir, our Thomas, about a year after we began to go to church, lost his employment, from bad times. Well, we could ill spare his wages, for somehow money did not go half as far in the town as it had done in the country; and then Thomas had taken to smoking, and had two or three drams a day, besides Margaret — oh! dear sir, she was a sweet child; and when she grew to be a girl, so kind, and such spirits! Yes, her's was a merry laugh. I think I hear it now, but now it makes me sad"—tears were running down the narrator's cheeks as she spoke these words.

"Come," I said, "come, change the subject."

"Nay," she rejoined, "I am only getting to the subject; for, as I was saying, Margaret had got to be very fond of fine clothes, and a young chap—they called him a gentleman, but I wanted no gentleman for my girl. Howsoever, the son of one of the overlookers in the factory used to come to see Margaret. Oh, that dear girl, to think she should have done so."

"Say no more; I see it all."

"Nay, Sir, you cannot see it all, unless I tell you; and tell you now I will. Maybe you can tell others, and so prevent poor ignorant country folk from being so mad to get to Manchester, as if the streets were paved with gold.

"But I forgot to say that before this we took our little boy and our little girl; they were taken off in the scarlet fever just after Thomas was discharged. Their burial took nearly all the bit of money we had saved; for those sick and burial clubs I did not like—they led to a good deal of drinking, and somehow children that were in the clubs seemed to me to die more than others; so we had to bury our dear children at our own cost. Just then provisions came to be very high; and though we had what our boy and girl brought from the factory, it would not go far in finding and clothing us all. It is true that it was a little more than what Thomas used to get here at his trade; but here it was enough for us to live comfortable on, and put money by, Well, sir, what should happen just then when we had parted with all our bit of money, and sold most of our furniture? Why, sir, the mill stopped, and all hands—they were more than a thousand—were turned away. This was a terrible blow. Our Thomas grew cross; by nature, sir, he is very kind, and very kind is he now. I wish I was never other ways; but, sir, Thomas grew cross, and surely it was enough to make him cross, for did he not for months walk those nasty streets, and could get no employment whatever? Besides, everybody said that the bad times were owing to the masters; and, after being reduced next door to starvation, many of the men began to combine in order to compel the masters to find work. And when no work came, a few talked of setting the mills on fire, which seemed to me, sir, very like burning your house over your head, in order to get shelter in a storm. However, Thomas went to one of their meetings; and though I do not think they really meant any harm, yet five of the men—I think they were called a committee—five men, with our Thomas, were taken up and imprisoned. Never shall I forget the first night that my poor husband passed in that dingy, frowning, dungeon-like place, the New Bailey. Do what I would, I could not stay in doors that night. Near my poor Tom, I must be. So I went, and walked up and down outside the walls. About two in the morning it began to rain so heavily that I was compelled to go home. Passing on my way between the Old Church, and what is now, I am told, called Victoria Bridge, I saw a young man and a young woman come out of a public-house which I knew to be of a very low kind. Making my way over to it, the rather because I thought I had seen the girl's figure before, I found to my amazement that the girl was my own Margaret; and oh sir! in what a state! Sir, in that place she had been ruined; not that night, for I learnt afterwards that for some time she had visited that den of vice occasionally. Without saying a word to her, I took her home; but alas! bed I had none to lay the poor creature on, nor fire to warm and dry her by; no nor a bit of food, though with all my grief I could have eaten. But, I cannot go on, sir, the thoughts of those things chokes me.

I will only say that Margaret, my dear child, became as bad as she could be; only, poor thing, she was without food; and so I hope God has forgiven her, for she is dead, sir; she died in about a twelvemonth after she took to those wicked ways.

We remained in Manchester till then, sir. We did all we could to win Margaret back, but she had a proud spirit, and could not come down to our poor fare; and in trying to get more she took all. Ah! sure enough it is not what we have, but the use we make of it, that renders us happy or miserable. Well now, you see, sir, here we are back by the side of Grasmere; and Thomas and me, we are both old, but we want for nothing; he works and earns as much as he can; I go out to the houses of the gentlefolk, and make myself useful; we have many kind friends; and but for the thought of our poor dear Margaret, we should be quite happy. Little, indeed, we have, but that little goes a long way, and I am beginning to hope that I, and Thomas, too, are more grateful to God than we ever were; and it seems to us that the older we get, the fonder, like, me and Thomas are of one another."

"Yes," my dear woman, I said in parting from Mrs. Wytheburn, "You have found out the true secret of happiness: which consists not in possessing much or little, but in turning to a good account what we have.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF ENGLISH REFORMERS.

By H. B. Stanton.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Among the remarkable men who, like Cartwright, helped to prepare the public mind for the Reform Bill, and like him illustrated the truth, that power and place are not necessarily synonymous terms, is William Cobbett, whom the "Corn-law Rhymer" calls England's

"Mightiest peasant-born."

His name is familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, and is much mixed up with good and evil report. He was no negation, or neutral, but a man of mark, that left his impress on the age. He was not only one of the most voluminous, but one of the boldest and most powerful writers of the present century. Ever in the thickest of the strife, his "peasant arm dealt goodly blows in the contests of the people with the Crown, during the last thirty years of his turbulent life. Cobbett was born in 1762. His father was a poor yeoman, who brought his son up to hard work and Tory principles. He never went to school, but was literally self-taught, learning even the alphabet without a teacher. He says: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence per day." Having committed Lowth's Grammar to heart, he used to make it a rule to recite it through from memory every time he stood sentry. He enlisted in the army when he was twenty-one, and served eight years in the British American colonies. He was discharged; returned to England; married; made a short tour in France, whence he embarked for the United States, arriving in New York in 1792. He was a violent Tory; joined the anti-French party; commenced publishing; attacked with ferocity Priestley, Franklin, Rush, Jefferson, Dallas, Monroe, Gallatin, Fox, Sheridan, Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and a score of other great men; was arrested, and compelled to give bail in a heavy sum for his good behaviour; was sued for a libel by Dr. Rush, who recovered five thousand dollars damages; fled from Philadelphia to New York, where the execution overtook him; was thrown into prison; the judgment was paid by his admirers; he left the country, and arrived in England in 1801. While in America, he wrote under the name of "Peter Porcupine," and on his return to England published his writings in twelve volumes. They had a large circulation among the Anti-Jacobins, who received him with open arms. He had previously sent an account of his transatlantic "persecutions" to the "Loyal Society" of London, "to be used as a panacea for the reformists, and the whole gang of liberty-men in England."

He started a paper in London, in 1801, called "The Porcupine," which supported Pitt and the Tories, and attacked Fox and the Whigs, much after the style of his Philadelphia writings. He suspended the publication of "The Porcupine," and commenced his celebrated "Weekly Political Register" in 1802, which he continued till his death, a period of thirty-three years. This journal has given him an enduring name among the political writers of his times. For two or three years, it advocated high Toryism. Wyndham was enamoured of it, and stated in the House of Commons, that its editor deserved a statue of gold. Wyndham promised to introduce Cobbett

to Pitt. The latter declined to see him. The editor was deeply mortified at this rebuff of the aristocratic minister. Immediately thereafter, and probably *therefore*, Cobbett changed his politics, and from a high Church and King man, turned to be a Radical reformer and champion of the people. The first public demonstration of the somerset was a violent philippic against the Irish Tory administration. He was prosecuted for libels, both at London and Dublin, on the Lord Lieutenant, Chancellor, Chief Justice, and Under Secretary for Ireland, and was fined a thousand pounds. This prosecution only stimulated his new-born zeal for liberalism. He sharpened his weapons, and plunged them into the bowels of his old friends as vigorously as he had before done into those of their enemies, sparing neither Church nor State, Ministry nor King. The Register soon became the terror of evil-doers. Its denunciations of profligate statesmen and rotten institutions were so bold and hearty, and its columns breathed such an air of defiant independence, that it was sought for with avidity by the radicals of the middling and lower orders, and the income as well as the fame of its editor became largely increased.

But Cobbett never could sail long in smooth water. Like the petrel, he loved the storm. In 1810 he was prosecuted for a libel on the government, contained in an article reflecting in indignant terms on the brutal flogging of a company of the local militia, under the *surveillance* of a regiment of German mercenaries. He defended himself, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, be imprisoned two years, and give sureties for his good behaviour for seven years in five thousand pounds. He never forgot or forgave this injury. Two other prosecutions of editors grew out of the same transaction. They were defended by Brougham, in two splendid speeches, which introduced the rising barrister to a first place among the forensic orators of the kingdom. The circulation of the "Register" had increased steadily from year to year; and, soon after this trial, Cobbett continuing to edit it while in prison, it reached an unprecedented sale, some weeks numbering one hundred thousand copies. Its vigorous assaults on the government conspired with the other reform movement of the times to cause the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and the passing of the "six acts," by which the ministry hoped to crush the agitators. To avoid the blow aimed at him, Cobbett fled to America early in 1817, where he remained nearly three years. He regularly remitted "copy" across the Atlantic for the "Register," which continued a pungent thorn in the side of Castlereagh and his friends, though the hand which wielded it was three thousand miles away.

Returning to England in 1820, he established a daily paper, which failed; tried to introduce the cultivation of Indian corn into the country, which failed; stood a candidate for Parliament for Coventry, and failed; defended himself against two prosecutions for libel, and failed, paying fines to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds; plunged into the Queen Caroline controversy with his brother Liberals, and did *not* fail; advocated Catholic emancipation, and saw it succeed; made an attempt to enter Parliament for Preston, and was defeated; took an active part in all the agitations for Parliamentary Reform; defended himself, in a speech of six hours, against a prosecution for sedition, growing out of an article in the "Register" in favour of the Reform Bill, the jury being discharged because they could not agree; and, finally, was reprimanded by the Speaker, for giving three cheers in the gallery of the Commons when the bill passed the house. In 1832 he reached the acmé of his ambition, by being returned to the first reformed Parliament for the borough of Oldham. But it is a rare tree that will bear transplanting in the sere and yellow leaf of advanced age. Cobbett was threescore years and ten when he took his seat in the House of Commons. Though he made a few vigorous speeches, he did not fulfil the expectations of his friends, nor exhibit the power and originality in debate which the public anticipated from the editor of the "Political Register." He closed his stormy life in 1835.

Cobbett has been called "a bold, bad man." Bold he was, but he was not so bad as the times in which he lived, nor the institutions he assailed. He was a man to be feared rather than loved—to be admired rather than trusted. But he was a MAN "for a' that." His idiosyncrasies, his egotism, his self-dependence, rendered it next to impossible for anybody to work with him even to attain a common end. He was the victim of prejudice, conceit, passion, and seemed not to advocate a cause so much from love of it as from hatred of its opposite. He bent his great energies to tear down existing institutions, but he lent but feeble aid in building up others in their place. He wielded a vast influence over the people of England. They were proud of his attainments, because they regarded him as one of themselves, who had risen, by his own strength, to a commanding position among the leaders of public opinion, and they witnessed with pride his ability to grapple with, and hurl to the earth, the

titled champions of the privileged orders. Thus, more than any other writer, he was, for thirty years, looked up to as the representative, the oracle, of the "base born" of his countrymen. It contributed not a little to his influence with the ground-tier of British society that he was a practical farmer, in a moderate way—the great sale of his writings affording him the means of gratifying his cultivated tastes for agricultural pursuits. Taking it for granted that established systems, opinions, and institutions were necessarily wrong, he attacked everything that was old, and everybody that was popular. He avowed that he attacked Dr. Rush's system of medical practice because it originated with a republican; he called Washington "a notorious rebel and traitor;" nicknamed Franklin "Old Lightning-rod;" denounced Lafayette as a "citizen miscreant;" and abused Jefferson because he was a popular democrat. But this was in the days of his Toryism. However, when a Radical, he showered ridicule on Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott, because all the *literati* praised them, and eulogized O'Connell because all Englishmen anathematized him.

But, the objects of his assaults were not always so undeserving of it, nor so ill assorted. He exposed the land monopoly of England, and vindicated the rights and dignity of labour; he maintained the rights of catholics and dissenters; he denounced the game-laws, the corn-laws, and the penal code; he advocated a large measure of Parliamentary Reform. It was impossible for a man of such giant powers and rooted prejudices, who had received the iron of persecution so often in his own person, and who was always in the thickest of the fray, to speak calmly or with measured words. Consequently, his writings abound in malevolent epithets, unmitigated vituperation, and coarse ridicule of men and measures. So do they abound in right good sense, cogent reasonings, elevated appeals to justice and humanity, interspersed with racy humour, graphic descriptions, happy illustrations, and lively anecdotes. The basis of his style was the old Saxon tongue, and it was as idiomatic and lucid as that of Franklin or Paley. He wrote on numerous subjects besides politics; and, in addition to eighty-eight volumes of the Register, and the twelve of his Peter Porcupine, he put to press nearly fifty volumes. He was kind to his family, hospitable to the poor, and had a great deal of sunshine in his soul. He will be gratefully remembered by enfranchised Englishmen, when milder and meaner men, who affected to look down upon him with contempt, are forgotten, or are recollected only to be despised.

I close this notice of the great English peasant, by quoting the closing stanza of a beautiful tribute to his memory, by Ebenezer Elliott, the author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

"Dead Oak! thou liv'st. Thy smitten hands.
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak with strange tongues in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee now!"

Abraham's Birthplace.—Leaving Aintab, we rode in an easterly direction twelve hours, towards the banks of the Euphrates, crossing which we found ourselves in Mesopotamia, the land of faithful Abraham. I felt it a privilege to pass through the land that gave him birth, and to gaze upon the mountains and cross the valleys whose names must have been familiar to his childhood. I longed to visit Charran, the place of his first sojourn, which we passed at about eight hours' distance. But this and many other places we passed by, feeling that the missionary must not give place to the traveller where duty calls for haste, and precious souls await our coming, to hear from us the word of life. The memory of Abraham in this land seems to have been taken under care by the Mohammedans rather than the Christians. The former pay greater veneration to the "friend of the most merciful," as they style him, and hold sacred every place consecrated by his footsteps. At Orfa, where we spent the Sabbath after leaving Aintab, there are two ponds of fish, which having, as they suppose, once been the property of Abraham, and now bearing his name, no person is allowed to take or destroy a single fish; but, on the contrary, every person throws them a piece of bread or a few kernels of boiled corn. Thus protected and provided for, the fish have multiplied exceedingly, and fairly crowd upon each other in heaps. They are quite tame, and follow the passers-by along the shore, expecting to receive something from his hands; and when anything is thrown to them, they make the water boil and foam by their contest for the morsel. I lingered for an hour on the brink of these ponds, enjoying the sight of their graceful movements in the water. We remained at Orfar three days, enjoying the patriarchal hospitality of the English vice-consul, an Arab, who reminded me of Abraham's times rather more forcibly than did the fish-ponds.—*From the Letter of a Missionary.*

WATCHMAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE origin of watchmaking in Switzerland is extremely curious, In 1697 one of the inhabitants of the Neuchatel mountains brought with him from London the first watch that had been seen in that country, which, happening to be out of order, he ventured to trust in the hands of a person named Daniel John Richard, of La Sagne. Richard, after examining the mechanism very attentively, determined to make a watch from the model before him, though without any aid except that of his native genius. Accordingly he employed a whole year in inventing and finishing the several instruments that were adapted to his purpose, and in six months from that period he produced a complete watch.

He continued for a time the only man in this part of the world who could make a watch; but, business increasing, he took in and instructed several associates, by whose assistance he was enabled to supply, from his own shop, all the demands of the surrounding country. Towards the close of the eighteenth century he removed to Locle, where he died in 1741, leaving five sons, all of whom followed their father's occupation. From these the knowledge and practice of the art gradually spread itself till it became almost the universal business of the inhabitants, and the principal cause of the populousness of the mountains. In addition to these a great number of workmen are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. The face of the country, too, has undergone great changes. Notwithstanding the natural barrenness of the soil, and the bleakness of the climate, the country is now studded with beautiful and well-built villages, connected by easy communications, while the population are in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence. The upper valleys of Neuchatel form the nucleus or centre, from which the manufacture has spread east and west to the cantons of Berne and Vaud, and the valleys of the Jura mountains.

It is probable that in no trade has the division of labour been successfully carried to so great an extent as that of watchmaking. In an examination before a committee of the House of Commons it was stated that there are a hundred and two distinct branches of this art, to each of which a boy may be apprenticed. The Neuchatel watchmakers, like artisans of other kinds, have therefore occasionally had their arrangements somewhat disturbed by the introduction of machinery. About the end of the last century, for example, a workman named Jeanneret invented some machines whereby many of the separate parts of a watch might be made much more rapidly than under the old method. Temporary distress arose, as it does in other instances, when changes of of a similar kind take place. The hand-workmen could not sustain the competition brought upon them by the machine-made articles, and many of them experienced, in consequence, much misery and distress. By degrees, however, this suffering disappeared; and the ultimate effect was, that a very much larger number of watches were made than when the whole were manufactured by hand, while the execution is much more accurate.

In the mountainous districts the winter lasts six or seven months, and during that time the inhabitants remain almost entirely within doors, employing themselves in watchmaking. Nearly a hundred and twenty thousand watches are produced annually by the industry and ingenuity displayed in these elevated regions; of this number about thirty-five thousand are of gold, and the rest of silver. Estimating the average value of the gold watches at about six guineas English, and of the silver watches at about seventeen shillings, it makes an aggregate of about £280,000, independent of the sale of clocks and of the instruments for watchmaking, the proceeds from which are very large, If it be said, a very low estimate is thus taken, it should be remarked that the value of a Swiss watch in Switzerland is not to be judged of by that of an English watch in England. Here the watches are made much more solid, durable, and mathematically correct, while, at the same time, the wages of labour are greatly higher than in Switzerland. The low estimate now mentioned is fully accounted for by these circumstances.

It is supposed that in the small canton of Neuchatel, and its immediate vicinity, there are about 20,000 persons employed in watchmaking, or in producing instruments or articles for the manufacture of watches. Each artisan working at home, and for whomsoever pays him the best price, a kind of emulation is thus engendered among the workmen, to obtain preference and advantage. The merchant, too, has an interest to encourage by paying the best prices to those who supply him with the best materials and work. The workmen, generally, possess some land, which they cultivate in leisure hours, and live simply and frugally in the midst of their families.

The watch cases are made of silver or gold, but the other materials of the Neuchatel watches are of little value; consisting merely of a little brass and steel. The steel is imported from England, and is considered the best that can be procured; the brass, formerly brought from Holland, is now supplied by France. The

only resource, a few years ago, for gold and silver, was to melt current money.

In the principality of Neuchatel, an unusual number of people are interested in savings' banks; out of a population of 56,000, no fewer than 3,084 persons—about one in eighteen—had become depositors in 1834. At the end of that year there remained in the hands of the directors a sum equal to £57,150, or, on the average, about £18 10s. for each individual. The deposits are as low as one Neuchatel franc, or 1s. 1¼d.

Geneva, situated to the south of Neuchatel, preceded it by centuries in the art of watchmaking. So far back as the ninth century, clocks were known in Geneva; and it is believed that the art of manufacturing them was introduced from Germany. In the year 1587, Charles Cusin of Autun, in Burgundy, settled in Geneva as a manufacturer of watches, which were sold, at first, for their weight in gold. He had many apprentices or pupils, and his success naturally attracted labour from less profitable employments, and spread the watchmaking trade very rapidly.

For a long time Geneva stood alone; the maker finding a ready sale at high prices, and consequently amassed great wealth. Rivals, however, sprang up by degrees to share the celebrity of this city. Ingenious men came from other parts to Geneva to learn the art; and, on being afterwards refused permission to settle there, carried their knowledge and skill to other cantons and other countries. A spirit of emulation was thus given to the watchmakers of Geneva. The demand for watches kept increasing, and in time the ingenuity of individuals was excited to invent machines, to improve the forms, and to display increased taste in the exterior embellishments. The works of watches are made chiefly at Fontamelon and Beaucourt, and the unfinished parts are sent to Geneva to be completed.

It is remarkable how one step, of whatever kind, leads to another. The manufacture of watches led to that of those called repeaters; and then the attention given to the various tones elicited from metals, and the education of the people in the science of harmony, soon connected music and machinery. Another species of industry arose in the production of musical seals, rings, watches, and boxes, at first costly, but soon reduced by practice as to create a large demand, and still yield a considerable profit. Success, in reference to these articles, led to others, among which were automata, or moving figures, remarkable alike for their great beauty of form, their perfection of motion, and their delightful harmony.

To take only one instance—the musical box is not a little surprising. Our African traveller, Steedman, tells us that the Caffres were much delighted at hearing one which he concealed in his pocket—crowding around him, and expressing the greatest astonishment. They naturally appeared quite at a loss to conjecture how such music could be performed without any visible exertion on their visitor's part, nor did their astonishment cease when he exhibited the box, many of them starting back, as if expecting to see something extraordinary jump out of it. And who, among ourselves, that has had the opportunity, has not admired the liquid sweetness of the tones, the great range of notes, and the rich harmonies produced by one of these little pieces of exquisite mechanism? The principles on which they act are still involved in mystery to multitudes.

To give briefly an idea of these, it should be observed that metallic springs, when fixed at one end and free to vibrate at the other, yield notes varying in pitch, according to the dimensions of the spring. Supposing two springs are of equal width and thickness, the shorter one will yield the higher note; but if the length of the two be equal, while they differ in thickness, the thicker of the two will yield the higher note. Duly varying, therefore, a series of springs, several octaves may be produced, and all the semitones accurately filled up. A musical snuff-box, when opened, shows a series of small metallic springs, ranged side by side in the order of their pitch; the most acute being at one end and the lowest at the other. They are accurately tuned by being filed or loaded; in the latter process, small pieces of metal are attached to their under surfaces.

To cause them to vibrate, small pins are fixed on the surface of a barrel, placed lengthwise, opposite to the ends of the springs. One stroke of a pin causes a spring to produce a number of vibrations, and that with a most extraordinary rapidity. When, for example, a metallic spring, or the wire of a piano-forte, or any other musical instrument, is producing the tenor C, it is actually vibrating 256 times in a second; and as the pitch of the note becomes more elevated, so does the rapidity of the vibrations increase. The revolving motion of the barrel of a musical box is effected by a similar contrivance to that which produces the motion of the wheels of a watch. A steel spring is coiled up by means of a key; and as its elastic tension causes it to unwind, it sets in motion a ratchet wheel, which acts upon another wheel attached to the barrel, by which the latter is made to revolve so long as the coiled spring is unwinding itself.

To return to the watch trade, out of which this interesting manufacture has sprung. Not only the whole of the European markets, but also those of the most distant countries, are open to the watches of Switzerland. The largest number of them go to the United States. "There is, however," says M. Houriet, an intelligent manufacturer, "a great difference with respect to the degree of facility which is afforded to us by the several nations

with whom we deal. In Austria, and in all the countries under her dominion, as well as in Sweden, our clocks and watches are prohibited, and only penetrate by fraud. In England the duty is twenty-five per cent. for home consumption; and for the colonies, though there is in London a bonding depot, it offers too many disadvantages and impediments to permit us to make use of it: for an article of such careful and delicate construction ought not to be mixed pell-mell with grosser commodities, as it runs too great a risk of being seriously damaged. In Spain, and in most of the Italian States, the duty is equivalent to a prohibition. In France, the duty was reduced some years ago, to render smuggling unnecessary. In Russia, and in the United States, the duty, though high, can still be borne. In Prussia the duty has always been moderate, and of late years it has been reduced one-half in favour of our productions. Finally, the States of the German and the Swiss Confederation are the only countries which have been entirely open to this species of commerce; and it has always been easy to forward to Turkey and the Levant by the free ports of the Mediterranean."

French watches, as they are called, are not really so. France furnishes to Switzerland about fifty thousand watch movements annually; these the Swiss work up into watches, and transmitting them to France, the manufacturers there merely examine and rectify them. France, however, imposes a tax on silver, and a higher one on gold watches. Smuggling, therefore, prevails to a greater or less extent.

In 1831 the Director of the French Customs made a report to the Minister of Finance, on the fraudulent introduction of watches and other articles into France by means of dogs. These animals were trained for this nefarious practice, and were then conducted in packs to the foreign frontier. Kept without food for many hours, they were then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their expedition. They reached the abodes of their masters—generally placed at two or three leagues distance from the frontier—as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated and provided with food. The poor animals, dreading the ill-usage which they receive on the frontier, use all their sagacity and speed to gain the French side, where plenty and good treatment await them. They are chiefly dogs of a large size, and, it is said, do great injury to agricultural property, as they usually take the most direct course across the country.

The report states that these dogs are trained to attack the Custom-house officers, in case of interference. One instance will show to what peril these men are exposed. Some officers, probably unarmed, had their suspicions excited by a pack of smuggling dogs, not loaded, but going to fetch their loads, and were about to stop them, when the dogs attacked the officers, and thus secured for themselves a free course. It also appears from the same authority, that these dogs, tormented by fatigue, hunger, and ill-usage, are exceedingly subject to madness.

In 1823, it was estimated that 100,000 kilogrammes* of goods were thus introduced into France; in 1825 nearly 200,000; and in 1826 a still greater amount; all these estimates being reported as rather under the mark. The calculation has been made on an average of two and a half kilogrammes per day; though the dogs sometimes carry as much as ten or twelve kilogrammes each. It is further supposed that in some districts one dog in ten is killed; in others, one dog in twenty; but it is probable that the number is much less than this ratio would indicate.

A curious story is told of one of the chief customs officers in France. While travelling in Switzerland, the smuggling from which often caused him much trouble, he thought he would put the dexterity of those employed in it to the test. Of one of the principal watch manufacturers of Geneva, he purchased watches and trinkets to the value of about 40,000 francs,† on condition that their safe arrival at Paris was guaranteed, without the payment of any duty on crossing the frontier. A charge of ten per cent. was made for the additional risk and expense; the price and the premium being payable only when the goods were safely delivered at Paris, which they were engaged to be as soon as the purchaser was there.

The promise was sufficiently amusing to the official, who sent orders, without delay, directing all the customs officers on the frontier to exercise the utmost vigilance: doubling the frequency of the rounds, quadrupling their patrols, and searching scrupulously every warder. Ordering his carriage, he posted off to Paris with the utmost speed. On arriving at his office, he hastened in, and speaking for a few minutes to one of his attendants, he proceeded to his dressing-room, when the first thing he saw on the table was a casket, containing watches! Struck by the fact, there seemed about it an air of impenetrable mystery; but he found, on subsequent inquiry, that the casket had travelled in his own carriage; it having been dexterously conveyed into one of the boxes of the vehicle; during his hasty preparations for his journey!

Much ingenuity is often displayed in the practice of fraud. A hundred and twenty or a hundred and fifty watches watches have often been sewn into a smuggler's waistcoat. When a high duty was imposed by the French govern-

* A kilogramme is a French measure of weight, equal to 2lbs. 3oz. 5dwts. Avoirdupois.

† A franc is of the value of 10d.

ment, its object was not only to obtain an increase of revenue, but to encourage home, by discouraging foreign, manufacture. But the attempt utterly failed; not an additional watch was made in France; while serious evils arose; for the whole frontier was infested with a band of daring and reckless persons, whose constant aim was to violate the laws. The reduction of the duty diminished smuggling, by rendering it less profitable.

One advantage which the Swiss have over the English watchmakers is the low price at which they can produce the flat watches, which are now in so much request. Labour has generally a low remuneration in Switzerland. The average wages of agricultural labour at Neuchatel is from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 8d. per day. The wages of artisans vary greatly, that is, from 9d. to 11s. per day; but it is only the most expert and skilful class, comparatively few in number, who earn the last-mentioned sum. This fact sufficiently explains the comparative cheapness of Swiss watches. Our watchmakers buy largely both at Neuchatel and Geneva, but scarcely a single watch pays the duty of twenty-five per cent., from the little risk attendant on their being introduced clandestinely. The average annual export to England is from eight to ten thousand watches. They interfere but little with our home manufacture, from the difference of the parties into whose hands they go. The English watches are more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially useful in countries where no good watchmakers are found. The Swiss watches are of a feebler structure, and consequently require very delicate treatment. A shopman complained some time ago to one of our magistrates, that he had bought a watch which was seriously injured by his jumping over the counter; and the seller pleaded that it was not intended to bear such rough usage. The Swiss watches come into the hands of those who are on the look-out for *cheap* goods, whether it be from narrowness of means or an unwise economy. The English watches are more correct and durable, and are equitably rated at a higher price.

THE SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

I've smiled on the earth ere man had his birth,
  In ages so distant and dim,
That it seems but an hour since man, like a flower,
  Sprang forth 'mid the shadows so grim.

And oft have I flown, like a meteor thrown
  From the dark misty realms of space,
Till, weary with flight through the kingdoms of night,
  I have flown to my resting place.

I kindled the light that glowed at night,
  The light of the many stars;
The moonbeam's glow that doth silently flow,
  And the gleam of the fiery Mars.

I scattered the clouds, dark hanging like shrouds,
  From the sleep-bound hills afar;
I scattered the night in my swift-bounding flight,
  And drowned each glittering star.

I planted the flowers of Paradise bowers,
  And painted their golden hue;
And often I cast o'er the cloudlets that passed,
  The dust of my glittering shoe!

I silvered the streams with my still shining beams,
  As they rushed from the mountain and hill,
While I lazily gleamed, like a spirit that dreamed,
  On the lakelet so sleepy and still.

I gilded the wave that rolled o'er the grave
  Of the antediluvian world,
When the founts of the deep were wakened from sleep,
  And floods from the heaven were hurled;

When the waves, as they sped o'er the realms of the dead,
  Rolled onward as shoreless and free
As the surges of Time rolled onward sublime—
  With no shore but Eternity!

THE PORTFOLIO.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC.

At the late meeting of the British Association, an important paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, on the subject of the magnitude of Atlantic waves, their velocity, and phenomena. Dr. Scoresby gave a vivid description of a storm which he had witnessed on the Atlantic, and stated that the result of his observations on that occasion was, that he had discovered that the height of the waves, from the trough to the crest, was forty-three feet, and that their average velocity was thirty-two and a fraction miles per hour. This, it was stated, confirmed the observations made on the velocity of waves reported to the association in 1845, by Mr. Scott Russell, who set down their velocity at from thirty to thirty-one miles an hour.

VICE.

He who gives himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose—with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just so sure as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him, like bloodhound, and tracts him to his fate.

A HINT.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself.

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry words; perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly, they talk loud, swear, and storm, though, after all, they are often only laughed at—their orders forgotten, and their ill-temper only remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even blow, cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the horse, the dog, and the cat, though they do not do what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse. The horse reared and plunged, but he still did not go in the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and, patting him on the neck, called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;" and, bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on as briskly as though the load were a plaything. Oh! how strong is a kind word!

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

Conclusive.—An American paper says, "When you see a gentleman at midnight sitting on the step in front of his house, combing his hair with the door scraper, you may conclude he has been out at an evening party."

A Bore.—A wag, who had listened to a long and insipid address delivered before a public assembly, was asked how he liked the speaker. "Very well," he replied; "to-night has *augured* well for his future success—as a *bore!*"

Editorial Soup.—The editor of a Liverpool paper having inquired for a receipt for soup, a correspondent forwards him the following: He must get a cow's cheek, a tongue, two shins of beef, two pigs' feet, and a pig's tail, a cabbage, twenty carrots, and a sheep's head. He must get eight gallons of boiling water, and put his head in; boil for a while longer, and put his pigtail in, then he must put his feet in, and then his cheek; then he must boil a little longer, and put his shins and his tongue in; and if he has not good broth, it will be his own fault.

The Top Finish.—Why is a hatter's shop like the highest class in the University? Because it is there they get the top finish, and get capp'd.

An Awkward Correction.—"I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that you have never paid for."

'Cute Question.—"Pa, have guns got legs?" "No, James." "How do they kick then?"

A Promising Help.—"What do you ask as a salary?" said an American hotel-keeper to a young man whom he proposed to engage to attend his bar. "Five dollars per week, with the run of the till," he replied, "or fifteen dollars without!"

A Young Hopeful.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter, to a rather green lad, whom he had taken as an apprentice. "All but the *handsaw*, sir!" replied the lad: "I could not get all the gaps out of that."

"You Don't, Don't You."—"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was—"Yes, I don't."

Very likely.—A person in delicate health being asked by a friend "if he would *venture on* an orange," replied, "No, I thank you; *I should roll off.*"

Sharp Lad.—"Of what fruit is cider made?" "Don't know, sir." "What a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Widow Coffin's orchard?" "I got a licking, sir."

A Safe Spec.—A genuine Yankee adventurer, having heard that a new speck had been discovered on the sun's disc, asked if it was a "safe *spec*," as he wanted to do a little trade in that quarter.

Question and Answer.—A very tall man was in the street of Boston, when an old lady, who admired his gigantic stature, addressed him—"Mister, were you large when you were small?" "Yes, marm, I was considered big when I was little."

Dr. Burgess and Link-boy.—A link-boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light?—"No, child," said the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "*you was hung up at the end of our alley*, for we live in a very *dark one*."

The Phonographers Outdone.—"A great admirer of Avon's Bard," having asked the *Boston Evening Gazette* where the following passage is to be found, "Is this a † which I C B 4 me?" Is informed by our Yankee contemporary that it may be found in Macbeth, whose murderous ☞ put a . to 1 Duncan.

Rather Ominous.—A pedlar overtook another of his class on the road and thus accosted him: "Halloa, friend! what do you carry?" "Rum and whiskey," was the prompt reply. "Good!" said the other, "you may go a-head; I carry gravestones."

Conundrum.—Why is a dunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the Jug-or-not.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

Gilded roofs do not keep out sleepless nights.

Pardon is the most glorious kind of revenge.

Fools are ruled by humour, wise men by interest.

Favourites are like sundials; no one looks at them if they are in the shade.

The folly of one man is the fortune of another.

When it is past noon with a favourite, night comes on apace.

Appetite runs, while reason lags behind.

High regions are never without storms.

Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

Those who creep through bushes must expect to meet with briars.

Command yourself, and you may command the world.

Use your wit as a buckler, not as a sword.

A fever is as troublesome upon a couch of state as upon a flock bed.

Be like a spring lock, readier to shut than open.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Too much liberty is productive of greater evils than too little.

A diligent man can always find leisure; a lazy one never.

Though the wound be healed the scar remains.

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.

The reader who has no stomach for his book will thrive badly upon it.

Do well and doubt no man: do ill and doubt all men.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

Every good scholar is not a good schoolmaster.

A goose's is quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

A poor man's debt makes a great noise.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

Though a good life may not silence calumny, it will disarm it.

Flattery is nauseous to the wise.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE BAKING TRADE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF A JOURNEYMAN BAKER.

By Mr. READ, Baker,

Secretary to the Operative Bakers' Society for the Abolition of Night Labour.

INTRODUCTION.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

From time immemorial the trade or profession of a baker has been considered a very important one, though differing in many respects from what it is at present; nor until late years has it been so servile, or anything like so laborious, an occupation as it is now.

The invention of bread-baking has been ascribed to Pan; from which circumstance has probably been derived the name by which the fermentation of bread is known among scientific persons, viz., Panary fermentation. The art of baking and constructing ovens had its rise in the east; but in what part, or at what time, it is difficult to say. It is presumed that both the Jews and the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians.

The construction of ovens was well understood by the Jews, the Greeks, and the Asiatics. According to Athenæus, the Cappadocians particularly excelled in the art of bread-baking; after them ranked the Lydians, and then the Phœnicians.

The Roman armies, after their return from Macedonia, brought Grecian bakers with them into Italy. To these foreign bakers there were added a number of freed men, who were incorporated into a body, or, as they called it, a college, from which neither they nor their children were allowed to withdraw, and even those who married the daughters of bakers, were obliged themselves to become bakers, or members of the bakers' college. To this incorporation were given all the mills, utensils, slaves, animals, and everything, in short, which belonged to the former bakehouses. In addition to these, they received considerable portions of land, and nothing was withheld that could assist them in pursuing to the best advantage the labours of their trade. Most of the regulations introduced into Rome for the guidance of bakers, and the regulation of their bakehouses, were soon afterwards acquired by the Gauls, but it was a long time before they were known to the more northern countries of Europe.

So much importance was attached to the college of bakers, that every now and then one of their body was admitted among the senators. In our own country, also, considerable importance has been attached to them, and they have been accounted superior to handicrafts; thus the 22nd of Henry VIII., c. 13, states—"No man for using the mysteries or *science* of baking, brewing, surveying, or writing, shall be interpreted a handicraft." So that bakers, like writers, now called attorneys, are gentlemen, so far as an act of parliament can make them so.

We may see by these facts that the inhabitants of all countries, when first they obtained so great a luxury as good bread, honoured those who produced it, and took especial care of their interests. For this purpose, acts of parliament have, from time to time, been passed, to secure them from loss and the public from imposition. The first regulation of this kind was a proclamation issued by King John; and the first law for the assize of bread, ale, &c., was passed in the 51st of Henry III., which continued in force for five hundred years, with an occasional alteration for increasing the allowance the baker should have "for his labour, pains, and charges, in accordance with the variations in price of the articles used by him in manufacturing it. After this, there were frequent alterations and amendments of the assize law, and many appeals to parliament were made by the bakers for an increased allowance in the price they were to receive for their bread, as set by the magistrates, especially in

times of scarcity, so as to enable them to live. At length their final repeal took place, and in 1836, the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 37, was passed, which now regulates the making and selling of bread beyond the bills of mortality, and is similar to that passed for regulating the making and selling of bread in London by the 3rd of George IV., c. 106, which abolished the assize of bread being set there.

No trade of so much importance to the public is at present so little understood or cared for as that of the bakers. It is now one of the most laborious, ill-paid, and unhealthy occupations we have; not from any peculiar effect that it has on the health of those who follow it, above any other trade, but from the manner in which it is conducted and carried on (principally in the metropolis), underground, and in low, ill-ventilated, and badly-drained places; from the many hours of labour the men have to undergo, without sufficient rest either for the body or mind, and from the baneful and unnatural system of night labour. In these respects it differs from all trades, from the same men having to continue at their work during the night and day also, being manufacturers by night and porters by day.

The low mental and moral standard of the trade generally, in London, at the present time is notorious. Among other trades and professions we find many who have attained eminence either as literary or scientific characters, or have reached some ostensible office in the State; but we look in vain among the biographical notices of eminent men to find any that have followed the business of a baker. It is a well known fact that no one among their body ever attained the office of Lord Mayor of the City of London.

The many hours of toil they have at present to undergo prevents the possibility of their acquiring any very high degree of mental proficiency, or of being enabled to understand and apply to their business those discoveries and improvements which modern science has opened to us. As a class they have degenerated in intelligence, and general knowledge of their business during the last fifty years; at the commencement of which period their labour was less arduous, and not so prolonged as at present.

An old journeyman baker, who had worked all his life time as such, is a rare thing to meet with, and so is a rich master baker who has got his wealth by the profits of his business. There are some who have acquired riches by speculations, and by legacies left them, but few, if any, especially in modern times, by the profit obtained on their bread. They frequently carry on their business at a considerable loss, from the spirit of rivalry that exists among them, and there are more journeymen in the baking trade who are decayed masters than in any other.

The numbers engaged in the baking trade in and around the metropolis is, according to the last census, nearly 14,000, out of which 7,571 are in the county of Middlesex. The total number of those engaged in the business in England, Wales, and the Isles in the British seas, is 37,143; in Scotland, 7,334; and in Ireland, 6,698.

Several movements have from time to time been made by the journeyman bakers to improve their condition. The first that we remember was their appeal to parliament to be relieved from their oppressive Sunday labour. On that day their work was incessant, as, in addition to their proper avocations, they had to be fetching and carrying home their customers' dinners during the whole of the day. Their appeal to parliament was successful, and they obtained the regulations contained in the 34th of Geo. III., chap. 60, to prevent baking and the delivery of bread on Sundays, after one o'clock, in London and twelve miles round.

The great increase in their labour on week-days caused them on several occasions to appeal to parliament for the *total* abolition of Sunday labour. In this they have been unsuccessful, as well as in their attempts to regulate wages and the abolition of Sunday labour, by a strike in 1835, and also in their recent appeal to parliament for the abolition of night labour.

Having given this short account of the history of the trade, we will proceed to describe the evils of the present condition of the operative bakers in the following narrative:—

CHAPTER I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WILLIAMS' FAMILY—THE REASONS WHY HE CHOSE THE TRADE OF A BAKER—HIS APPRENTICESHIP AND HOURS OF LABOUR.

In a pleasant town in the west of England, there resided at the time our tale commences a master carpenter named Williams, who had for some years been successful in business, and brought up in a respectable manner a family of three children—two boys and a girl. The eldest boy, Josiah, followed the business of his father, and

Thomas, the other son, had, at the time we commence our story, attained the age of thirteen years, when it was deemed necessary by his parents that he should, shortly after leaving school, be placed out to learn some business. The choice of a trade was left to himself. Thomas had frequently been to the baker's to fetch the hot cakes on a morning for breakfast, and during these visits had often fancied how he should like to be a baker. They were so comfortable and warm, he thought, in the bakehouse, during work-hours in the winter, compared with his father's men at the buildings; nor, it must be confessed, was the tempting prospect of cakes and other treats without its influence upon the lad's mind. With these feelings and views, Tom, as we shall now call him, determined to be a baker, and informed his parents of his decision. They urged no objection to the choice, expecting that when his apprenticeship had expired, and he had acquired some further experience in the business, they would be able to set him up in a respectable way on his own account with the small capital they could give him. They had heard, indeed, of the severe toil to which the journeymen bakers were subjected in London, but said, if Tom went to London he would not have to endure it long, as his only object would be to gain experience. The business of a baker, they considered, was a very thriving one, and not subject to so many fluctuations as their own. It was, therefore, settled that Tom should be a baker, if he still approved of it after the usual month's probation.

Mr. James was considered the best and most respectable baker in the town, and with him Tom's father ultimately arranged to take his son an apprentice. Mr. James had already two apprentices, whose parents were similarly situated in life to Tom's, and therefore the place was considered a desirable one for him, as his fellow-apprentices would be respectable companions for him to associate with.

The eldest of these, John Adams, was within twelve months of the expiration of his time, and the other, whom we shall call Henry Abbot, had served rather more than one-half his term, so that Mr. James wanted one who would be ready to make himself useful in the bakehouse by the time that John Adams left.

After the month's trial, Tom was duly bound, his father paying thirty pounds with him as a premium, to learn the art and mysteries of a bread and biscuit baker, confectioner, &c., such as is usually professed by country bakers.

Mr. James was generally considered a kind master, and Tom had no reason, on the whole, to say otherwise, although he had corrected him rather severely on one occasion for some fault he had committed; but this was soon forgotten by the soothings of his kind mother, and the otherwise general kindness of his master and mistress. Tom's labour, during the term of his apprenticeship, was not very severe or arduous, having to commence about four or five o'clock in the morning, and usually finishing about four or five in the evening. When they were very busy, he had of course some extra labour; but, in this case, his master, at the end of the week, would give him a small sum for pocket-money.

Every other Sunday Tom was enabled to be at home with his parents, and go to church with them in the morning. The alternate Sunday he had to remain at his master's, to attend to the dinners of the customers, while the other apprentice went out; as Mr. James so arranged it that they should relieve each other in the morning of that day. In the afternoon, however, they were all able to go to church, and in the evening for a walk—a privilege Tom always availed himself of when the weather was fine, sometimes with his father and mother, and at other times with some companion he had formed, of his own age, whom he had met at the Mechanics' Institution, where he occasionally went on an evening after his work was done.

Before the expiration of Tom's apprenticeship, his father was unfortunate in some building speculations into which he had been induced to enter. His losses were heavy, and he unfortunately found himself unable to advance Tom the money which would be required to set him up in business on his own account.

His prospects being thus materially altered, the young man took anxious counsel of his friends, and it was at length determined, in the hope of his obtaining better wages than he could obtain as a journeyman in his native town, that he should proceed to London, and try and find employment there. This course Tom accordingly adopted, and left home on his new enterprise—not, indeed, without pain and misgiving, but sustained by the excitement and high expectation natural to a youth proceeding to pay his first visit to the great Metropolis. His comfort was provided for in his outfit as far as the reduced circumstances of his family would permit, and he received the best advice as to his conduct amid the temptations of London, which an affectionate father and mother could bestow.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON — FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT — DESTITUTE CONDITION — MEETS WITH AN OLD FRIEND—HIS ACCOUNT OF LONDON WORK—PROSPECTS OF EMPLOYMENT.

"Toil – toil—toil!
'Tis a terrible thing to toil
From the morn's light,
Through the livelong day,
Through the hours of night,
To labour away,
When all around
Are sleeping sound.
To gather the means of existence, we
Toil for twenty hours eternally!"

J. C. BRADY.

ON Tom's arrival in London he was greatly astonished at the mass of buildings that met his view, the thronged streets, and the constant stream of carts, drays, wagons, carriages omnibuses, and other vehicles of locomotion that were passing. The beauty of some of the principal shops, with the articles of merchandise that were exposed in them for sale, equally astonished and pleased him. But London was not what he had conceived it to be; it was a place of noise, bustle, and confusion; every one seemed to him to be in a hurry, and to live in a state of continual excitement. It was not, as he had imagined it, the peaceful abode of arts, science, and civilization.

Having devoted a few days to the sights of London, Tom began to seek employment, but, as he knew no one that could give him any information as to where work might be obtained, he was reduced to the necessity of making application from shop to shop. This was very hurtful to his feelings at first, as he frequently met with rebuffs; and the men he sometimes saw there eyed him as an intruder, who had called for the purpose of supplanting them in their situations;—a point he afterwards learnt on which they were extremely jealous, so that a person acting thus, "when a situation was not going," was considered a kind of "sneak."

For many weeks did Tom pursue his fruitless search after employment; one day buoyed up with hope, by answers of "call again," and the next, almost hopelessly cast down by disappointment. After walking the streets of London from morning to night, he would often return to his lodgings disconsolate, weary, and almost heart-broken. How deeply did he then feel the want of his home, and the comforts he once enjoyed there! Several times he thought of returning, but being ashamed of going home without accomplishing what he came for, and knowing there was no chance of work there, he still persevered in what appeared to him a hopeless task. Whenever he had met with an opportunity of hearing of work during his daily rounds, he failed in obtaining it, because he had not before worked in London.

Meanwhile the little stock of cash he brought with him soon disappeared, and he did not like to apply at home for more, because he would not pain his mother by letting her know what condition he was in; he therefore resorted to the expedient of pawning his watch, to enable him to hold out a little longer.

On the threshold of "my uncle's"* door, he paused, ashamed to be seen going into the place, but stern necessity pushed him on, and, with a faltering step, he entered the little box assigned for such purposes, and, as it fortunately happened for Tom at the time, he was the only occupant, or it would have added to his embarrassment and confusion.

Having obtained the loan of a few shillings he hurried from the place, again to pursue his hopeless task, after partaking a little refreshment at a coffee-shop. In this way he continued for nearly a month longer, being often obliged to resort to "uncles" with what clothes he could well spare, to obtain the necessaries of life. The little money he obtained by this means had been recently augmented by a letter he received from his kind mother, who, judging from his being so long unemployed that his stock of cash was exhausted, sent him a sovereign, all she could afford at the time; as she said "business was very bad with them, and money very scarce." Her health, too, had become very indifferent, and obliged her to have many little superfluities; and these things limited her ability to help him.

This little addition to his finances had again become exhausted; and Tom was one day going down Shoreditch with a heavy heart, brooding over the ill luck that had so far attended him, at the same time thinking how unjustly, when at home, he and others had judged those who had returned from London in a few weeks without being enabled to obtain employment.

* The pawnbroker's.

Whilst ruminating on these things, Tom thought he saw a face he had once known at home; but so altered, in its present appearance, that he doubted whether he had better speak to him or no, fearing it may not be the same person. Emboldened, however, by the misfortunes he had experienced, and having a desire to speak to some one he knew, he ran after the retreating form, which, clad in a pair of dirty white trousers, covered in the front with dough, and a leather strap buckled round his waist, that served instead of braces; with a pair of old shoes and no stockings on his feet, a red flannel cap on his head, on which was poised a board heavily laden with bread; a striped blue shirt on, without either coat or waistcoat, presented his general appearance.

On meeting him, he apologised for stopping him, and asked if his name was not James Adams, who served his time with Mr. James of ———. On being answered in the affirmative, Tom then made known who he was; and Adams requested him to go about half a mile with him to the shop where he was going with the bread, and he would talk to him as he went.

During their walk Tom informed him of the difficulties he had to contend with in obtaining a situation, and the alteration of circumstances in his family. After delivering the bread, he took Tom into the first gin-shop they came to, and ordered a quartern of gin, poured out a glass, and bade him drink it, as that would do him good.

Not being accustomed to drink so much raw spirits, at one time, Tom made rather a wry face at it; and as he had been living rather abstemiously lately in order to eke out the small amount of funds he had left, he did not feel that it did him that good which Adams intended it should.

Before separating, it was agreed that they should meet in the evening at the public-house, opposite the church, about five o'clock; because, as Adams said, "it is a slack day, to-day being Thursday," and I shall leave off earlier than usual, when I will see if I can't recommend you to a job for a day or two; that will give you a lift, as I don't belong to a house just now. I can do that. I think Sam Trotter will want one. I shall then be able to give you a loaf of bread, and that will help you on."

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

OR, GEORGE COPWAY,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

(Continued from page 117.)

"ARE THERE NO MEANS OF PREVENTING THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS?" This question has oft times been asked by men of benevolence and justice, in America, and, no doubt, in Europe. It is my purpose to answer this question; but, before I do so, I will endeavour to state the elements which have been at work to the detriment of the red races in America. What has destroyed them so fast since the commencement of the intercourse between them and Europeans? I might state many reasons, but I will merely speak of a few, for the purpose of showing the progress of the downfall and ruin of the Red man.

First, DISEASES *introduced by Europeans.*—They had few diseases when found by Europeans, except pulmonary complaints, internal injuries, and those complaints brought on by over-exertion. The small-pox was not known among them, neither were measles and such like horrible diseases. The small-pox destroyed many hundreds of the Ottawo nation, in the years 1643 and 1644, on the shores of Lake Huron and Michegan. This same scourge swept away the noble Mandan tribes nearly to a man. In my visit to the banks of the great Missouri river, last summer, I heard the account of an old chief who saw whole villages depopulated by this terrible disease—his wife then being at the point of death, three of his children having already been buried, and warrior after warrior having been silenced by death. He had still two noble sons, and when he found that the two were falling a prey to the disease, addressed his sons thus:—

"Go towards the habitation of the Pale-face, and don't look back, for your dreams will be disturbed; and never again return where your father and his warriors sleep. Go to our friends by the Seebee (Mo river), and rest with our friends. We shall soon join the dance of our forefathers in the land of the spirits towards the setting sun."

The two young men left the village, depopulated already by death. They fled for their lives, and arrived near Camcil Bluff, where they were treated kindly while they remained.

The youngest became pensive, when he recollected the fate of his family and the rest of their warriors. In the fall of 1838, he, with his brother, left and proceeded to the village which in the spring was visited with death. They arrived, they surveyed the scene, and nothing but skeletons, in the silent, dilapidated wigwams, were to be seen. The youngest, in going by the side of the spring from whence they used to drink, saw the remains of his father, recognising him by his pipe and his instruments of war. The old man appeared to have crawled away from the scene of death, and under the willow brushels he laid himself to die. He had no doubt crawled there to cool his feverish, diseased tongue, and there the last of a noble race fell a victim to a disease greatly dreaded by the Indians.

The youngest called his brethren. They came together; and, as they stood by, the young man looked; and when his brethren went away he placed the muzzle of his gun in his mouth, kicked the trigger, and off the gun went, and he fell a victim to *despair*, which is still worse than disease. I saw his brother in the upper waters of Mo last summer. Entire families perished, and whole villages were depopulated. The Ojibway, in the waters of Lake Huron, over fifty years ago, were also visited by this unnatural disease, which resulted in their destruction.

This disease being of foreign origin, the Indians had no knowledge of roots or herbs with which to cure it as they could other diseases, and therefore it preyed fatally upon them. They were skilful in curing other diseases with which they are acquainted, but when this came they understood it not. The southern tribes suffered a great deal more.

The Sioux Indians and the Winchago, in the Upper Mississippi, during these few months back have suffered a great deal from the ravages of the small pox. Like a mildew, it has cast a gloom over these mighty valleys of the two greatest of rivers in our country. Even now, while I am writing, they may be preparing heaps of dry wood to burn up their dead, who have died from it, as is their custom; or they may be accusing each other as the cause of their death, and thus hate and falsely accuse one another.

Besides this, there is another species of disease which has resulted in the diminution of numbers, a disease arising from vicious habits. This is prevalent in the whole frontier settlements, and destroys the very existence of the nations.

Secondly, THE WARS AMONG THEMSELVES have proved disastrous, since the introduction of fire-arms among them. The bow and arrow was not so disastrous as has been the rifle. With the gun they have been as expert as they were with the bow and arrow. From the days of the first settlers in Virginia, New York, North and South Carolina, Massachusetts, and by Champlain in the North, in the years 1609-10-11, these weapons of war have been effectually used by them against one another. I have explored fields of woe in Canada West, in Illinois, and other parts; and have dug up the remains of warriors, and the weapons they then used have been found laying by their sides. How cruel it was for men to send such things into our country! Could you see the full operation of the Indian art of scalping, and the *Christian* mode of destruction, and had you but the knowledge how far refined and well-educated they were who were thus degrading humanity, I am sure, however revolting may be the practice of scalping, which by no means I can uphold, it would not appear to any one so cruel or disgraceful as that of being thrown from the house-top on sharp spikes below, or made to undergo the excruciating pains of the thumb-screw, let alone the effect of grape-shot or the cannon-ball! Yet the word "*savage*," is unblushingly applied to the Red-man, when the very men who gave him all the instruments of cruelty are the men who have been the foremost in this work of destruction.

Thirdly, THE WARS AMONG THE WHITE PEOPLE. The powers who have occupied our country have fought against one another, and have each called the "savage" to come to help them with his fearless nature; and he has showed himself adequate to any emergency. Yet these are the very men who have been the loudest to speak of the cruelty of the Red man! In the midst of the contests the Indians have been put in the front ranks, in the most dangerous positions, and consequently they have been the greatest losers,

The Spaniards of the south, the Canadians of the north, are instances of this. Let the fields of Lindey's speak of the battles of Cuptal's Farm, on the banks of St. Lawrence, where my aged father was engaged in the cause of the British crown; and what has he received for engaging in such a war? Was it a Bible, or some good testimonial? No! a medal. For what? For butchering the supposed enemies of the crown! I would have thanked the Christian Government of England if they had given him a crust of bread for the poor of his nation, much more than for having in this public way encouraged the feelings of war; and besides—he is a Christian!

Fourthly, The last reason which I will give, is *the disastrous influence of* SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS *among the Indians.*

This is, perhaps, one of the surest means of lessening the races of America. *War* is, comparatively, a small means of destruction. *Disease*, though often appalling, has not been so constant; but *spirituous* drinks are the surest means of destruction. In the forests I have seen appalling sights, the effects of the "*fire-water.*" Warrior after warrior, noble and free, has fallen a prey to its deadly influence. Fathers, when sober, naturally show affection to their offspring, but this they forget when fired with that bane of the world. Then they can drag their children by the heels, and dash them against the sides of the trees, or against the rock. Like demons, they can then chase their families away, tear down their wigwams, pile them on their fires, and in the midst of the blaze, in the dead of night, dance around them! Nor is this all. One shout more, and the Indian has fallen into his own fire, his voice is smothered in the flames, and he has ceased to exist! I have seen the remains of drunken Indians floating on the waters, or frozen in the snow banks. Like wave after wave from the east, this plague has come and scattered the council fires of our nations!

The "fire-water" knows no boundaries; it defies all law. And on it goes, on its God-defying course! Populous and flourishing villages, where missions had for a season prospered, lay desolate! It has undermined all moral feelings in the Indians. For a glass of liquor he has sold himself and his companions! With the instrumentality of liquor, the whole, from the Atlantic States to the base of the Rocky Mountains, has been swept away of my people. This has been one effectual means of obtaining the Indian's land. In his sober moments he refused to sell his reservations of his own country for his children; but, filled with drink, his enemies have got him to sign away millions and millions of acres of his own land to the Europeans! What he has signed in the dead of night, *when drunk*, has been declared to be *legal;* what he has signed, *when sober*, has been declared to be *illegal!*

Strong drink has robbed the Indians of their lands; of their moral power; of their improvements; of their friends; of their home. The Indian has pawned his war-club with the white man for a drink, and with it even the very fee-simple of his soul! The death-wail of the nations has filled the valleys of Mississippi and Missouri. The blood of the Pale-face with that of the Red-man has flowed together. Seventy years did the Indians and the white people live together in Pennsylvania; and not until the use of "fire-water," did the murder occur, about fifteen miles above the present site of Philadelphia, when an Indian was murdered by a white man. Then commenced the wars in the mountains of Pennsylvania, which proved so disastrous to the Moravian missions more than one hundred years ago. Town after town was burnt to the ground, occasioned by the reckless deed of the first *white murderer* on the banks of the Delaware.

In the state of New York there lived, two hundred years ago, a powerful confederated nation called the Iraquois. They had combined their forces for the purpose of invading the surrounding tribes or nations, and effectually subdued all before them. The shout of exultation could then be heard all over the land. No nation ever encountered them save the Ojibways of the north. But the fire-water has subdued and reduced them to a mere speck, and they are now scattered over an extent of a country 2000 miles long. LIQUOR has conquered them!

There lived in the northern states a nation who, in the year 1613, learnt to drink liquor received from the hands of the White-man; and my nation, heretofore unconquered, have fallen under its curse. There was no polished society to check the Indian; no restraint; unfettered, he leaped one awful leap, and he is gone!

We had no drink but water before the introduction of fire-water into America, and, therefore, the races were all sober people.

An amusing occurrence, or an anecdote, is told, of an old woman who had imbibed a strong desire to drink, after being in the interior of our country for months; after much impatience she arrived at the settlements, where liquor could be obtained; having procured and drank it, she leaned forward and said, "Oh, I wish my throat was a mile long, that I could feel it go down *all the way!*"

FIRE-WATER *is the child of the* DEVIL. It is a foul nest which breeds all kinds of curses. A thing which dethrones man, and would dethrone God, if it were possible.

Yet people have wondered why the Indians have died so fast—and say, that a certain doom is resting on the races of America; yea, *even* charge the GREAT SPIRIT as the author of their destruction! The physical laws of Nature deranged by the polished vices introduced by the White-man among the Indians, is that which has caused their gradual downfall.

In my next I shall enumerate the many causes which have prevented them from *improving*, before speaking to the most important question—namely, the means of *saving* them.

DUTIES OF APPRENTICES.—PART II.

WE resume this important subject.

IT IS THE DUTY OF AN APPRENTICE TO BE INDUSTRIOUS.

We hardly know of anything more ruinous than idleness. A lazy man, woman, or child, is a national bane. Everything around us, except indolent human beings, is active. Solomon says: "All things are full of labour. The sun ariseth, and goeth down, and hasteneth to its place. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again." The bee and the ant have been held up in all ages as models of industry. And even the most slothful animals have something to do. Not a creature was made to be idle. And, above all others, *man* is called upon to be industrious. He has more wants, corporeal, mental, and moral, and a higher mission to fulfil. Worms and reptiles have their task, and their happiness consists in performing their task well. If we interfere with their instinctive callings, we abridge their pleasure and provoke their ire. Adam and Eve in Paradise were day-labourers. They had to dress the garden and keep it. By industry our world is to be restored to more than a second Eden. Art is to be the handmaid and disciple of nature; and our dwellings, food, and clothing are to become specimens of science, industry, elegance, and taste. Idleness, or useless toil, has left many a region of our earth a wilderness. The savage does nothing to improve his own lot, or the condition of his fellows. The soldier works for nothing but to desolate the world. His labour is without profit. Society groans under him. His march is that of the locust. Before him is the garden of the Lord, and behind him a desolate wilderness.

The great want of the human family is an *educated, moral, scientific, and industrious* race. All the powers of the mind and body should be usefully and profitably employed. But, to accomplish this, trades must be taught, and pursued with diligence. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business?—he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Such are the words of the wisest of the ancients. All persons who have arrived at any praiseworthy eminence, have risen by industry. What a laborious man was Aristotle! How Demosthenes must have toiled with his brain! Virgil is said to have worked nine years at the Æneid. But time would fail to tell the labours of Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bunyan, Bacon, Newton, Franklin, &c. &c. We are no friends of war, but still we may point to Napoleon as a prodigy of industry. What a lamentable fact that *so much* talent and toil were wasted on the desolation of the earth!

Again we say, no man has become eminent without great exertion, and no one can fail who resolves to be industrious, economical, prudent, temperate, and moral. To *the diligent apprentice* a more glorious prospect opens than has ever dawned upon any of his predecessors. Every one can succeed by persevering. It is true, that each person is not destined to be a Watt, or a Davy, nor is it at all necessary; but every boy and girl can succeed so as to secure intelligence and skilfulness in their calling, the comforts and conveniences of life, independence in old age, a good character here, and the hope of happiness in another world. On the other hand, idleness has no prospect but disgrace, poverty, want, the poor-house, a pauper's grave, or, perhaps, the still deeper degradation of the gaol or the hulks. The apprentice owes industry to himself, to his master, to his country, and his Creator; and hence laziness is a sin which comprehends and propagates a legion.

IT IS THE DUTY OF AN APPRENTICE TO TAKE CARE OF HIS MASTER'S PROPERTY.

Goods to a large amount are often placed under his care. In some cases, this cannot be avoided, and hence many a master is to a great extent dependent upon his apprentices; and, therefore fidelity and honesty on the part of those in whom he has to confide is of the greatest importance. *Dishonesty*, or *wastefulness*, not only injures the employer, but the employed. It is a sorry way to begin life by purloining or destroying the goods of our neighbours, friends, masters, or enemies. The thief has no prospect in this world, or the world to come. Before he can steal, he must sacrifice every hope; and hence he robs no one so much as himself. Perhaps, at first, the persuasion that the thing would never be found out may have operated powerfully on the mind of the youngster who was about to try his skill in pilfering; but, like all other baits, it has been delusive, and eventually dishonesty has proved its own scourge. There never was a truer sentiment than the old proverb, "*Honesty is the best policy.*" Granted that we owed no respect to the property or rights of others, yet none but a madman will seek his own ruin and degradation. But this is the sure result of appropriating what is not our own. Knaves, like other persons, become proficients by practice. The first theft may not be worth a penny, but it was a theft notwithstanding, and generally leads to a greater one, and fully realizes the old verse of Watts:—

> "Oft we see a young beginner
> Practice little pilfering ways,
> Then grow up a hardened sinner,
> And the gallows end his days."

Depend upon it, that of all mad speculations dishonesty is the most ruinous; for the poor culprit risks his reputation and prospects in both worlds on less than the cast of a die, or the upshot of a game at cards.

To *waste*, also, if not so disgraceful, is generally as destructive. He who acquires the habit of destroying the goods of others will at length become careless of his own. We have witnessed many an instance in which an extravagant servant has come to beggary. They commenced their career by wasting the goods of their employers, and ended by squandering their own. We might enlarge almost indefinitely on this subject, but space forbids, and therefore only add, that every suggestion of reason, of religion, of prudence, of policy, of self-love, calls upon the apprentice to take the utmost care of his master's property. Without honesty, fidelity, and carefulness of the goods of others, his rise to eminence and prosperity in his calling will be most effectually prevented.

PUNCTUALITY IS ALSO IMPORTANT.

We are all creatures of habit. By the repetition of an action we become adepts, and form our characters for life. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also who are *accustomed to do evil* learn to do well," is the philosophical inquiry of one of the prophets of antiquity, and which forcibly points out the danger of taking the wrong course. An irregular youth will make an irregular man; a disorderly apprentice will be a disorderly master and tradesman, and inflict on himself an immense amount of mischief. Punctuality in rising, in meals, in errands, in performing the given task or labour of the day, is an element of character which must lead to eminence. A master can hardly utter a higher compliment concerning any youth than to say, "I can depend upon him." "He has never deceived me." "Your order, sir, will be punctually attended to, for I have entrusted it to an apprentice on whom I can depend." Myriads are ruined by their habits of disorder. Hence the importance of being punctual early. The youth is father to the man. An irregular apprentice will be an irregular master and tradesman, and will injure, if not ruin, his business. "I have done with Harry Jones," said a gentleman the other day, "for I can never get anything done in time. His word is not worth a straw, and no more to be depended upon than the wind." The fact is, Harry had been an irregular apprentice, and his disorder placed him in the *Gazette* as a bankrupt. Everything in nature is orderly. The sun is never a particle of time behind. The eclipse occurs at the very juncture foretold, and the moon fills her horn by an undeviating course. The crane and the swallow know the time of their coming. Flowers blossom in their own months; and even the wind blows according to a fixed law. All these facts call upon us to be punctual and orderly, and the apprentice who determines to be regular and exact in all his doings, will procure for himself a character which will be more valuable than thousands of gold and silver.

APPRENTICES SHOULD ATTEND TO THE CULTIVATION OF THEIR MINDS AND MORALS.

Man, as we have said, is born without a single idea. There was a time when Milton, Shakspeare, and Davy, knew no more than the infant of a savage. Man is born like the wild ass's colt. Whatever knowledge we have we must acquire; and youth is the best time for storing our thoughts with useful information. It may be said that learning a trade is an important mental acquisition, and so it is; but then he who only knows the routine of his business is, after all, a very ignorant and uninteresting man. Human beings were not made to be mere tailors, shoe-makers, stone-cutters, seamstresses, scavengers, or lawyers. A person who has only one or two ideas is little more than a domestic nuisance. He is only a companion to his own craft. He can talk of nothing but his particular calling. In everything else he is a silent bore. We have come in contact with thousands of these nondescripts. But what a waste and degradation of mind! The Almighty intends that thought should take a wide range. Everything he has made is pregnant with ideas to enlarge our minds, and to give us materials for profitable conversations, that we may enjoy the society of others, and be ourselves centres of intelligence, to enlighten the circle in which we move.

It is the duty of masters to provide intellectual recreation for those committed to their care; and it is equally the duty of apprentices to read, and think, and aim at eminence in intellectual pursuits. We want intelligent tradesmen, neighbours, companions, patriots, and Christians. Give us these, and we shall soon have a

new world; but as we have said already, we cannot have men of this character unless they become so by study and diligence, and, for the most part, begin early; and, therefore, apprentices should embrace every opportunity for mental improvement, remembering that in this way they will not only intellectually benefit themselves and others, but also will more thoroughly qualify themselves for the due understanding and prosecution of the trade or profession which they intend to follow.

Morals, also, should be attended to. A man or woman without character is a bane to society. But there is a very great mistake concerning the means that must be used to produce morality. Some imagine that we ought to be moral from instinct, forgetting that instinctive morality would be no morality. You might as well talk of the piety of bees and butterflies, as to assert that men could be moral from instinct. We never thank animals for any of their doings, because they act from necessity, and not from choice. An action, to be moral, must be *free*, and, consequently we cannot be virtuous unless we make ourselves so. It is true, the Almighty has given us his Word to guide us, and promised his Holy Spirit to aid our infirmities; but still morality is an affair of our own hearty choice. There can be no morals without will and effort, and apprentices therefore should feel that they can and ought to excel in virtue. Here all may rise to eminence, if they choose. There is no obstacle in religion too great for us to surmount. The noblest of our race have had difficulties to contend with, and they have owed no small portion of their eminence to their mental and moral heroism.

As an immoral man or woman is a public calamity and pest, so, on the other hand, virtue and religion add more than anything else to the value of masters, servants, apprentices, or citizens. Let our youth resolve to be known for industry, truthfulness, honesty, justice, sobriety, chastity, benevolence, and honour, and there will be no bound to their worth; and the boy whose integrity to-day yields a glorious harvest to his master, will himself, in future years, reap a still far more valuable and glorious harvest for himself.

Our apprentices should remember that their future life will be just what they make it, and that every benefit conferred on their employers will be returned a thousand-fold into their own bosoms, not so much from any actual remuneration they may at present receive, as from the infinite advantages which must accrue from habits of industry, economy, and morality.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is widely diffused through the vast forests, and is met with in herds of various numbers. The male is very much larger than the female, consequently much more difficult to kill. He is provided with two enormous tusks. These are long, tapering, and beautifully arched; their length averages from six to eight feet, and they weigh from sixty to a hundred pounds each. In the vicinity of the equator the elephants attain to a greater size than to the southward; and I am in the possession of a pair of tusks of the African bull elephant, the larger of which measures ten feet nine inches in length, and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. The females, unlike Asiatic elephants in this respect, are likewise provided with tusks. The price which the largest ivory fetches in the English market is from £28 to £32 per hundred and twelve pounds. Old bull elephants are found singly or in pairs, or consorting together in small herds, varying from six to twenty individuals. The younger bulls remain for many years in the company of their mothers, and these are met together

in large herds of from twenty to a hundred individuals. The food of the elephant consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also of a variety of bulbs, of the situation of which he is advised by his exquisite sense of smell. To obtain these he turns up the ground with his tusks, and whole acres may be seen thus plowed up. Elephants consume an immense quantity of food, and pass the greater part of the day and night in feeding. Like the whale in the ocean, the elephant on land is acquainted with, and roams over, wide and extensive tracts. He is extremely particular in always frequenting the freshest and most verdant districts of the forest; and when one district is parched and barren, he will forsake it for years, and wander to great distances in quest of better pasture.

The elephant entertains an extraordinary horror of man, and a child can put a hundred of them to flight by passing a quarter of a mile to windward; and when thus disturbed, they go a long way before they halt. It is surprising how soon these sagacious animals are aware of the presence of a hunter in their domains. When one troop has been attacked, all the other elephants frequenting the district are aware of the fact within two or three days, when they all forsake it, and migrate to distant parts, leaving the hunter no alternative but to inspan his wagons, and remove to fresh grounds. . . . . Having reached a secluded spot, I have remarked that full-grown bulls lie down on their broadsides, about the hour of midnight, and sleep for a few hours. The spot which they usually select is an ant-hill, and they lie around it with their backs resting against it; these hills, formed by the white ants, are from thirty to forty feet in diameter at their base. The mark of the under tusk is always deeply imprinted in the ground, proving that they lie upon their sides. I never remarked that females had thus lain down, and it is only in the more secluded districts the bulls adopt this practice; for I observed that, in districts where the elephants were liable to frequent disturbance, they took repose standing on their legs beneath some shady tree. Having slept, they then proceed to feed extensively. Spreading out from one another, and proceeding in a zigzag course, they smash and destroy all the finest trees in the forest which happen to lie in their course. The number of goodly trees which a herd of bull elephants will thus destroy is utterly incredible. They are extremely capricious, and on coming to a group of five or six trees, they break down not unfrequently the whole of them, when, having perhaps only tasted one or two small branches, they pass on and continue their wanton work of destruction.—*Cumming.*

THE VOYAGE BACK.

FROM WESTMINSTER STAIRS TO LONDON BRIDGE.

The words of that impertinent omnibus driver are yet ringing in our ears, though weeks have passed since they were uttered; and even now, as we sit down, in the after part of the *Moonlight*, that pattern of river steamers, and gaze upon the crowds of well-dressed people about us, we cannot help thinking what an ungrateful fellow he was. Here had we been, all the weary way from the Bank to Charing-cross, endeavouring to instil into the mind of that unfortunate individual some little love for the scenes he is in the habit of passing through a dozen times a day, between ten in the morning and twelve at night, and our only reward—the only reward for all our pains in pointing out the various objects of antiquarian interest on the road, and doing our best to increase his stock of topographical knowledge—was to listen to an execrable pun upon the late lamented Sir Robert Peel's "finest site in Europe," and hear ourself called an "old buffer." An old buffer: well, there is really no use in trying to instruct some people!

Ah, well! we won't repine; but, philosophically stamping our good old stick upon the ground till the brass ferule rings again upon the granite pavement, make up our mind for the future to bestow our confidence on some more worthy recipient. It is of no use grumbling, especially on so fine a day as this—the seventh of our pilgrimage in the "glorious city of the west (end)," as we heard it designated by an enthusiastic clerk from Newcastle, or somewhere in the "black north," who had come to town for a week's pleasure by one of the excursion trains. Capital idea that of the excursion trains, by the way: nothing like travelling to open the mind and enlarge the ideas. And, bless us, how little the Londoners know of their own giant city; it's really quite astonishing! and so, forgetful of the insult offered to our gossiping old self by the silly driver, we find ourself

on our "voyage back," chatting away again to a grimy-faced stoker, about the dear old Thames and its memories—a portion of the panoramic view of which we here endeavour to paint in words, only regretting that the task is not better performed.

How we spent an entire week in exploring the wonders of palace and park, and abbey and hall; and walking and pondering in the splendid grove of trees where the "merry monarch" was wont to play at mall; and visiting poor Nell Gwynne's town-house in Pall-mall, now in the possession of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and gazing up with curious interest at the window through which the royal Charles passed out to die; and climbing up the Duke of York's monument; and watching the erection of the palace of glass and iron in Hyde Park; and peeping up at the "iron duke" on the triumphal arch; and feeding the ducks in the ornamental water of the Enclosure; and reading the names carved in the Summer-houses of Kensington-gardens; and moralizing on the vanity of human wishes, in connexion with the tower-like houses at Albert-gate,—one to let, and the other still inhabited by the *ci-devant* Railway King; and paying a visit to the museum of the African Lion Hunter, in the gallery still known as the Chinese Exhibition; and making short excursions to Kew, and Hampton Court, and Bushy Park, and Hounslow; and looking in upon the English pictures at their new place of deposit at Marlborough House; and stopping an hour in the Egyptian-hall to "go up the Nile" and the Oregon; and strolling through Burlington Arcade, to look at the fine shops and gay windows of the foreign booksellers; and admiring the ladies in Piccadilly, and the French gentlemen in Leicester-square, moustachiod and padded after the latest style, *a-la-President*—and peeping reverently at Sir Isaac Newton's house thereanent; and wondering how fashionable people can have made such a mistake as to have chosen the neighbourhoods of Pimlico and Belgravia as town residences, when so many more elevated and healthy spots might have been selected; and thinking what a pity it was that, instead of spoiling St. James's Park and going to the trouble and expense of removing the tawdry marble arch, a new palace altogether was not built for the queen,—the relation of all these must be reserved for our little friends in the country, when we return. Our present business is with the river—and there's the *Moonlight* just about to start. So we hurry down the pier—if the old boats and barges at Westminster, with their ricketty platform deserve that name—and take our seat in the vessel, determined to enjoy ourself.

"Now for Lond*un*," bawls out one of the two men who slacken the ropes which hold the vessel to the pier; and, "Now then, *marm*," sings out the other, to an old lady coming on board: the captain waves his *left* hand to and fro to the man at the wheel, and his *right* one to the call-boy, who sings out "Hold on,"—"Ease her,"—"Half a turn a-starn,"—"Move-on," to the engine driver below, and the steamer swings round, stops, moves on again, and we are finally on our way.

As we move out into the stream we get a view, from under the arch of the ruinous old bridge of Labeyle, of the architect's puzzle, called the New Palace at Westminster, so named we presume after the *old* palace of Edward the Confessor, the only remnants of which exist in Westminster-hall and the Crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel,—the Star Chamber, the Painted Chamber, Guy Fawkes' Cellar, and other less important remains of the ancient building having been destroyed with the houses of Parliament in 1834. In St. Stephen's chapel the House of Commons held its sittings for more than six hundred years, it having been first so used in the reign of Henry the Third (1216-1272). It was in St. Stephen's that the Long Parliament was held; and when the house was purged by Colonel Pride, once a dray-man, and forty-one members of the Presbyterian party were sent down into a low room, called *hell*, by way of stigma, it was in St. Stephen's chapel that the House of Commons was assembled. This "turn-out" was long known as "Pride's Purge." The memory, or rather the name, of the old palace is yet preserved in Old Palace-yard.

But as the steamer paddles onwards, we lose sight of the towers of Westminster; and, glancing shorewise, catch a glimpse of Whitehall stairs, the last remnant of the river front of York-house, which, on the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, was taken from that prelate, and used as a town residence by Henry VIII., who re-christened by its present name, Whitehall. This was once one of the most extensive private dwellings in London, having one front towards the Thames, another facing St. James's Park, while Scotland-yard and Canon-row were its east and western extremities. It was used as a royal residence up to the time of William III. (1689-1701), but the whole building, except Inigo Jones' splendid banqueting house, being destroyed by fire during the reign of the latter monarch, his successor Anne removed to St. James's Palace (an ugly

structure. with a red brick gateway), and Whitehall was never rebuilt. The banqueting-house, by the way, was not strictly a part of the old Whitehall, but the commencement of a new palace, designed by Inigo Jones for James I.

The neighbourhood is full of historical associations. In 1603 the corpse of the "good Queen Bess" was brought by water from Greenwich to Whitehall; and of this event Camden gives us a poetical account, which, he says, formed part of an eulogy written in memory of that monarch. We recollect a verse :—

"The queen was brought by *water* to Whitehall;
At every stroke the oars did *tears* let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under *water*
Wept out their *eyes of pearl*, and swam *blind* after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have rowed their burden in the *people's eyes*;
For, howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
She had come by *water*, had she come by *land!*"

A truly pathetic ballad. The Italics are the author's, not ours. The fire which destroyed Whitehall broke out on the 4th of January, 1691, and lasted a day and a-half; it was occasioned by the carelessness of a Dutch housemaid, who placed some linen to dry too near the fire in the apartments of Colonel Stanley. "What great events from little causes spring!" Pepys, that most amusing gossip, tells us a curious story about the palace in the time of Charles II. The water rose so high at times as quite to flood the kitchens; and on one occasion, when the King was expected to pay a visit to his mistress, the Countess of Castlemaine, after the birth of her son, the Duke of Grafton, the cook came suddenly into the presence of the haughty lady, and told her that the water had risen and put out the fires, so that the supper could not be roasted. "Zounds!" replied the lady in a passion, "I'll set the house on fire, but the beef shall be cooked." "So," adds Pepys, "the joint was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's, and there roasted."

But while we are gossiping about Whitehall, the steamer has been progressing; and here we are at Hungerford before we dreamt of such a thing; with never a moment left to notice the river itself, with its muddy water of a dull brown colour; its scores of little boats plying up and down; the black and ugly wharfs upon the Surrey side; or even the man in the wherry who has been trying this half-hour to tow the timber-raft through the widest arch of Westminster-bridge against the tide.

We glance up at the paddle-box: there goes the captain's hand again, like a nervous telegraph. "Ease *her*!" "Stop *her*!" "Half-a-turn astarn!" cries the boy again; and before we have quite settled our mind as to whether the piermen are real men-of-war's men retired from the service, or only firemen-watermen past duty, the vessel is moored alongside the dumb-barge, and the people are pouring *out* in a stream across the landing-plank on one side, and pouring *in* on a similar plank, in a similar stream, on the other. We put up our gold double eye-glass, and take a look at the suspension-bridge. Really a most graceful and magnificent structure! and while we are dividing our attention between it and the busy fish-market below, and remembering that the first was erected (in 1841-1845) from the design of Mr. Brunel, at a cost of above a hundred thousand pounds, and that it is exceeded in width of span by only one other suspension-bridge in the world—that of Friburg, in Switzerland, and that, contrary to all expectation, it actually pays a dividend; and of the last, that the first market was built in 1680, and rebuilt in 1831, and that as a monetary speculation, it has proved a failure; being far more genteel than, and not half so convenient as, Billingsgate—the boy sings out again, "All *right*—move *on!*" we are out into the stream again.

After glancing at the shot towers and Lion Brewery on the Surrey side, and wondering when the use of both shots and strong beer will be superseded by universal peace and temperance, we raise our glass again to examine what there is to be seen of the Adelphi wharf and the halfpenny boat pier. There's the *Bee* just landing her passengers. What a crowd to be sure! All along on the Middlesex side of the river are coal barges in all states of transition: barges loaded, barges empty, barges half filled, barges taking in empty sacks, and barges getting rid of full ones, with all the expedition possible to the trade; barges in the mud and barges in the tide, with barges plying in the stream, impelled by brawny arms, and with at least one stout fellow lying idly on his back upon the coals in all the luxury of a short pipe and a gleam of November sunshine.

We come rapidly now to Waterloo Bridge, the noblest structure of the kind in the world, erected after the designs of John Rennie, the son of a farmer of East Lothian, the engineer of the world-known breakwater at Plymouth. The first stone of the bridge was laid on October 11th, 1811; and it was opened on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1817, and Canova, the great sculptor when he was asked what struck him most on his visit to

England, said that he was most surprised that the paltry Chinese Bridge, then in St. James's Park, should have been erected by government, and that Waterloo Bridge was built by a private company.

On the left or Middlesex side of the river stands Somerset House, the ancient seat of the Queen of England, the river front of which, like the Adelphi terrace we have just passed, was built in the anticipation of a river embankment. It is a grand and imposing structure. Sir William Chambers was the architect; and in the various departments of the building are carried on the business of the admiralty (in conjunction with the office at Horse-guards), the poor-law commission, King's-college, and the multifarious operations connected with the offices of the registrar-general and the stamps and taxes. On the interior walls of the north wing may be observed a small watch-face, said to have been placed there by a labouring man in commemoration of his wonderful escape while falling from a scaffold by his watch-chain catching a portion of the projecting stone-work. It is a pity to spoil so pretty a legend, but the truth is, that the watch-face, instead of having belonged to the labourer, was in fact, placed there to show the position of a transit instrument placed in one of the rooms of the building. In Somerset House was held the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, in apartments granted for their use by King George III. in 1730. Here are the apartments of the royal, the astronomical, the geographical, geological, and antiquarian societies; and here, also, are the audit-office, and the office for the management of the revenues of the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall.

But we must hasten on, or we shall lose sight of the grand show that takes place on the river on the ninth of every November—to wit, the procession of the Lord Mayor of London to Westminster Abbey, which is just advancing, having "taken water," as it is called, at Blackfriars Bridge. Well, what with flags and streamers, and music and gay company, the water procession, which consists of the barges of the corporation and the city companies, would be a grand sight—only, that the tide being against them, they are towed up by *Watermen* steamers numbers 9, 10, 11, &c. We stop a minute while the show passes, and look with wonder and admiration at the shoals of small boats that accompany it, and the thousands and tens of thousands of gazers, who cluster on the bridges and wharves on both sides of the river, and on the coal barges, which are pretty numerous here, snd on the premises of the city gas company, and even on the floating bath and the fire engine moored in the centre of the stream, like bees, Was ever such a sight! If the water were a little more transparent, and the sky a little brighter, and the buildings a little cleaner, and the people a little less inclined to make fun of the whole affair, we might really liken it to the Doge of Venice going out in state to wed the Adriatic. But, bless us, we have no time to spare for romances in these degenerate days of railroads and electric telegraphs!

More people in and out at the Waterloo pier, and more conjuration of the captain's hands, and more calling "Ease *her!* Stop *her!* Move her a-*head!*" and on we go again.

Well, to be sure, it *is* difficult to make way in such a crowd of little boats, and well-dressed people, and ladies, and coalheavers, and pickpockets, and policemen! but, nevertheless, we *do* move at last and arrive at Blackfriars-bridge pier—which, as it belongs to the corporation, is the best on this side of London. There used to be a toll on this bridge for foot passengers, but it was purchased by the Government at last, and the thoroughfare is, perhaps, the greatest over the river. In the burial-grounds of Blackfriars' monastery were interred the father and mother of Catherine Parr, one of the wives of the uxorious Henry VIII.; and in the precincts once lived Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated painter, from 1632 to 1641; and there also was the playhouse of the famous James Burbage, Shakspeare's actor of all work.

Behind us we notice the path of the mayor's procession, with the high houses on the Surrey side of Waterloo-bridge looking down upon it, as if in wonder—every window crowded with faces, all eyes for the show.

The people who work on the Thames—the coalheavers, ballast-heavers, bargemen, porters, and watermen—are not very nautical in their costume, and we once heard an old man, who acted as Jack-in-the-water at the Greenhithe stairs, just opposite, say, that he had not worn a new hat, coat, or continuations for forty years, having always been supplied by the merchants and wharfingers, his customers, thereabout. The place was originally called Edred's-hithe, but was afterwards known as the *Ripa Regina*, Queen's bank or hithe. The ward of Queenhithe contains seven parish churches and two companies' halls—the paperstainers and the blacksmiths. There was once a flourishing fish-market here, the rival of Billingsgate.

The "silent highway" is no longer silent now; for, what with the noise of the rival watermen touting for fares, the cheers of the men and boys, the cries of the women,

and the blowing off of the steam, as we land the passengers at the pier, you can scarcely conceive anything much more exciting, and, to us, more entertaining. We were born for a vagabond, and love a crowd.

Just here is a huge barge-like machine for raising the mud from the bottom of the river, with iron baskets, which work on an endless chain, each basket bringing up its load of stones and mud, through which the water drains and falls back again into the tide, and depositing it in the bottom of the barge. This operation is constantly going forward. There are a dozen or more of these machines at work between Westminster and Gravesend.

What a number of steeples, to be sure, and how the great St. Paul's looms high and proud above them all! "Why is it, sir," asks an intelligent-looking youth, "that some of the steeples are painted black, while others are allowed to remain unpainted at all?" "Those that are painted black," we reply, "were built before the great fire in 1666, and are so painted to distinguish them."

St. Paul's wharf, where the city and the watermen had so many little battles about erecting a pier, has come, pier and all, into the possession of the South Eastern Railway Company, and is really quite a respectable-looking place now, with its men in liveries standing under the protection of the newly-painted roof of the temporary railway-station-looking edifice on the dumb-barge.

In our haste, we had well nigh forgotten the Chinese junk, moored off the Essex-street pier. When it first came to England, the papers were full of wonder and surprise that so frail a thing could have breasted the billows of the ocean; and ladies and gentlemen went down the river in shoals to visit the junk at its resting-place in the East India dock, Blackwall; and many a little love episode took place there, we doubt not. It was so pleasant to breathe vows of constancy in those dear little cabins all covered with gold, and paint, and embroidery, and shells, and pictures, with glimpses now and then of the crew of native Chinese. But since the junk has come further up the river, its attraction has somewhat diminished, and even the spectacle of a real Chinaman carrying a board in the Strand fails to lead the people down to the show, which has got *passé* lately, and takes its place among the respectable lions of London. What truth there is in old proverbs!—"Familiarity breeds," &c.

Southwark iron bridge. We don't stop at the pier, so we can only look up as the funnel of the *Moonlight* is lowered to allow it to pass beneath, and wonder at the immense ribs of iron of which it is composed. The bridge was built by Rennie (1815-1819), at a cost of £800,000, and the weight of iron employed was upwards of 5,700 tons. It is the least frequented bridge in London: *perhaps* the toll affects it, and *certainly* the entrances to it are wretched.

Looking to the right, the curious in the matter will observe the public-house at Bankside from which Haynau, the Austrian general, escaped the vengeance of Barclay and Perkins's draymen. The front of the house is now decorated with a large placard, on which is inscribed in red letters, "HAYNAU'S REFUGE!" *Vide et crede.*

Just here are the Southwark water-works. They *say* they filter the water, but we should think it was not possible to make it *very* clear. From this, and the Lambeth and Vauxhall waterworks, nearly the whole of the Surrey side of London is supplied. The fact is suggestive—the greatest mortality during the cholera occurred in Lambeth and Rotherhithe. It is said by sailors that Thames water is the very best for sea voyages, as, after a time, it purifies itself. This is by no means unlikely, as the liquid contains a quantity of sulphate of lime, which acts upon the decomposing organic matters in solution, and is itself decomposed, so that by combining with hydrogen and sulphuretted hydrogen, a fœtid gas is evolved; in time, however, this action ceases, and the inorganic and insoluble matters are precipitated, and a comparatively pure fluid is the result. But if Thames water is fitted for use on the ocean, it is clearly detrimental to the drinkers of it in London; and the very source of its utility at sea proves its nauseousness and unfitness for consumption in great cities. The whole sewerage of London is emptied in the Thames, which, being a tidal river, retains its impurities in and about the city; for before the waves carry the filth down to the sea, the returning tide brings it back again. This has been proved by actual experiment; and a log of wood thrown in at London-bridge has been observed for days and weeks floating between Woolwich and Chelsea.

But while we have been explaining this fact to the intelligent looking youth aforementioned, the boat has reached its destination, and we are just about to land at the Swan pier. What a world of people crowding in and out of the steamers, and what a host of masts appear through the arches of London-bridge! And what shoals of pedestrians, and carriages, and omnibuses, and carts, are passing and re-passing over the bridge itself! Why, to stand here for half an hour would be a little history of itself, to an observant man. Look how the people hurry to and fro; and to see how the steam-

boats and wherries are coming and going constantly; you would think all London were afloat. But it is only an every day exhibition; for the Mayor's procession having passed out of sight, the river and the wharves have assumed their ordinary appearance. Indeed, there are fewer people about than usual, for they have gone towards Fleet-street and St. Paul's, to wait for the "show" coming back. So we hasten ashore, and make our way towards Billingsgate, with the intention of indulging in a fish dinner at Simpson's, ready every day at one and four o'clock, "for the small charge of one-and-sixpence.

G. F. P.

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"The clouds passed soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds will pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame."

MOORE.

ONE of the profoundest sentences in the Sermon on the Mount is this—"Blessed are the PURE in heart, for they shall see God." Implying, let it be observed, that the vision of all that is Highest and Best is possible only to those who abstain from that which defiles, corrupts, and disgraces. Bliss is denied to the impure, by their own act and deed. They cut themselves off from communication with the Good; they are mental and moral suicides,—"having eyes full of uncleanness, and that cannot cease from sin." The blessing of PURITY cannot be overrated. Infringements of its laws are followed by penalties the most disastrous. Imagine the awful results, both individually and socially, of a general licentiousness. The sanctities of home broken up; parents degraded before their children; brothers without manliness, and sisters without delicacy; society a foul ulcer, volcano-like discharging its pestilential sores, and smiting the whole earth with a curse! The mind of every man polluted, so that he cannot, as these emphatic words say, "see God,"—and his actions immodest, so that respect, honour, and troops of friends are impossible. For who can respect those who have lost all self-respect? Not one.

Man is made a little lower than the angels, the Scriptures tell us. But when he forfeits his purity, he makes himself a little—no, *much*—lower than the brutes. Much lower; for they do not lose any high gift or break any consecrated law; while *he*, as it were, draggles the wings of heaven through the mud and sewerage of earth.

What sadder sight has this world to show than that of departed chastity? It has been a fruitful theme of pathos to most of our poets. Thus in Scott's "Marmion:"—

"'Alas!' he thought, 'how changed that mien!
How changed those timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair.'"

Wordsworth has made it the subject of an exquisitely touching episode in his great poem of the "Excursion,"—telling the simple story of Ellen, a cottage girl, the May-queen of the hamlet—"no one touched the ground so deftly, and the nicest

maiden's locks less gracefully were braided." She once had moved in virgin fearlessness upon the dew-gemmed hills, her light step bounding from the pressure of the elastic turf,—a maiden, too, of serious and thoughtful mind; yet doomed to be called "hapless Ellen" ere she died, and to become a weeping Magdalen.

> "The road is dim, the current unperceived,
> The weakness painful and most pitiful,
> By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
> May be delivered to distress and shame.
> Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen danced,
> Among her equals, round *The Joyful Tree*,
> She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
> Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
> Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
> Alone, within her widowed mother's house."

'Tis an old tale, and often told. Ah! why so often to be told in vain? Maiden—now radiant with youth, buoyant with fresh spirits, and artless in thine innocence—keep that innocence, *whatever* else thou mayest lose; make thee not a couch of thorns and a pillow of granite; but, in the name of God, in the name of thy peace and happiness, in the name of a thousand hapless Ellens and weeping Magdalens, once pure as drifting snow, KEEP THYSELF PURE!

One turn of Robert Burns's plough cut down that mountain daisy, "wee, *modest*, crimson-tipped flower," which his fine verses have placed among flowers that never fade. This, among other things, it suggests:—

> "Such is the fate of artless maid,
> Sweet flowret of the rural shade!
> By love's simplicity betrayed,
> And guileless trust,
> Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
> Low in the dust."

What fearful meaning in those two words, "*all soiled!*" Gone the unsullied conscience that knew not the contact of evil, and at one time would have started back from its touch with the recoil of the sensitive leaf! Gone the open brow that care had never furrowed, nor shame suffused, nor guilt contracted! Gone the gleeful laugh, as light as it was musical, echoing the innocence that lodged in her heart of hearts! To *her* the common sights and sounds of nature, once so dear, each with its message of love and light from heaven, become weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. For the eye sees things through a framework of its own building; and if the eye be no longer light, the whole body is full of darkness; if the light that is in it be darkness, how great is that darkness! *All soiled* now.

Often the sorrow and the shame do not end there, but rather begin. Misery of miseries! The faded flower, instead of fading unseen, under cover of the spot where it fell from the stalk, is cast on the highway, and exhales poison and malaria and death. Such a one is pictured with saddening accuracy by another of our poets, Sydney Yendys:—

> "With dress disorder'd, and dishevell'd passions
> Streaming from desperate eyes that flash and flicker
> Like corpse-lights (*eyes that once were known on high*
> *Morning and night*, as welcome there as thine),
> And brow of trodden snow, and form majestic
> That might have walk'd unchallenged through the skies,
> And reckless feet, fitful with wine and woe,
> And songs of revel that fall dead about
> Her ruin'd beauty—sadder than a wail."

Again we say, 'tis an old tale, and often told. Why in vain!

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Mr. Editor,—When I was young, I got hold of a play-book bearing this title, "*The way to keep him.*" I do not recollect much about it, but the moral was, that it is not enough for a woman to make herself agreeable, in her person and manners, in order to obtain a husband, but that unless she is as careful to *keep* as she was to *catch* him, she will be very likely to have him go astray, if not to lose him altogether. I could relate instances from real life, in which it would have been well for the peace of families if certain women had understood "the way to keep" their husbands. I intimated, in one of my early letters, that "household management" included in it the management of husbands, and that husbands are, to a considerable extent, what their wives make them. Most marriages are preceded by sweethearting, and I want to know why men and women should not continue to be sweethearts to the end of their days? I propose to furnish a case or two which may illustrate both sides of the question. Let me, however, assure you, Mr. Editor, that I never pry into family secrets, and that I regard talebearers and scandalmongers as very unworthy members of the community. At the same time I cannot shut my eyes nor my ears, nor can I avoid forming an opinion as to what passes around me. The persons I speak of are not likely to see your pages: those who do read them may profit by the perusal.

One of my earliest companions, whom I shall call *Betsy Bland*, was a fine rosy-cheeked girl, as full of spirits and as joyous as youth, health, and comfort could make her. Her father was a carpenter and joiner, and had almost constant employ at the Manor-house, so that, though not rich, he was in what they call "respectable circumstances." By the time Betsey was nineteen, she possessed considerable personal attractions, which were in no degree diminished by her showy and rather elegant mode of dressing. A young man who acted as under-steward to the Squire paid his addresses to her, and, soon after she was turned twenty, married her. I should have told you that Betsy was somewhat vain, and, I am sorry to add, rather indolent. The fact was, that her parents were proud of her, and her mother would not allow her to do any of the house-work, lest it should spoil her delicate fingers, and that handsome face of hers, which was her only "fortune." She spent much of her time in reading novels, and in dressing and dressmaking, and was, as a matter of course, comparatively ignorant of household concerns. For a time she and her husband went on comfortably. He was dotingly fond of her, and was proud of showing her about; and she was quite as fond of being shown. This butterfly kind of life did pretty well for the summer; but when winter drew on, and she had to settle down into sober life, and was left to her own resources, it was soon made manifest that a pretty face, without active hands and a well-cultivated mind, is but of trifling value. Her husband's income not enabling them to keep a servant, Betsy had to cook, to clean, and to manage all the household concerns; and, as she set about these things in a clumsy and inefficient way, dissatisfaction was occasionally expressed. Their little cottage was anything but clean and tidy; the meals were badly cooked; and, to add to the dissatisfaction of her husband, she grew careless about her person and her dress, till, in process of time, she became a downright slattern. In proportion as her husband complained, her carelessness increased; she gave way, moreover, to displays of temper, —accusing him of want of affection, and I know not what,—till home and wife lost their attractions, and his evenings were spent in the village alehouse, the attractions of which became stronger and stronger, so that he remained there, very frequently, to a late hour. When he did return home, he was met by reproaches: no attention was paid to his comforts; his wife grew more and more disgusting in temper, in person, and in habits; till, one evening, in a fit of desperation, and more than half drunk, he enlisted into a regiment that was going abroad; and she, with two children, both under two years of age, was left to provide for her wants as she best could. Their nice little lot of furniture was seized for rent, and she and her children were obliged to take refuge in the workhouse.

Poor Betsy Bland! nearly six years afterwards I found her in circumstances of comparative poverty. She had heard nothing of her husband. She had become a poor dawdle, fond of drams and snuff, and acquiring a bare subsistence by the use of her needle. She lamented what she called her hard lot; but confessed that she had brought

all her troubles upon herself, and had lost, and perhaps destroyed, a good husband, from want of having learned "the way to keep him."

I could furnish other illustrations of the same class; but I will turn to one of a more pleasing kind.

Patty Prentice was another of my early companions. She had not the personal attractions of Betsy Bland; but she was a little, brisk, active body; plain, but remarkably neat in her dress; quick, either at her needle or household work; sensible, cheerful and obliging; and always ready and willing to do a good turn for any that needed her help. Everybody loved Patty Prentice. In an evil hour, as it was thought by many she was married to one of the lads of the village, who, though a fine-looking young fellow, was "no better than he should be," as to character or conduct. He was bad-tempered; given to expensive habits; and associated with youths who were addicted, it was more than suspected, to disreputable practices. He always contrived, however, to appear to advantage before Patty, and, as I said, they were married. He behaved pretty well for some weeks; but his old companions got him among them again, and more than once he narrowly escaped being brought into sad trouble. Being short-tempered, he often came home in a sullen, angry mood, growling and swearing about what he had met with during the evening, and quite disposed to pick a quarrel with his Patty. Patty, however, never aggravated him; she always received him with a goodnatured smile; she took care to have ready for him some nice savoury meal; and was in every way attentive to his wants and comforts. The result was, that he gradually softened down; he listened with attention, and even pleasure, to the kind, cheerful, sensible advice of his wife; till at last he found and confessed that there was "no place like *home*," like *his* home,—and to enjoy the pleasures of that home, he forsook his dangerous companions, broke off from his evil habits, corrected his bad tempers, and became the kind, attentive, considerate, affectionate husband. Clever Patty! She knew how to manage a husband; she had found out "the way to keep him."

These two cases, Mr. Editor, may suffice in the way of illustration. Let me conclude with a few remarks addressed to your female readers, and especially to those who are *married*. I take it for granted that the wife considers her husband *worth* keeping—that she esteems his company more than his absence—his cheerful smile rather than his angry frown—his kind sympathy and affectionate counsels, as greatly superior to unkind feelings, cross looks, and harsh words. Should there be any of a contrary mind—who prefer storms to sunshine—discord and strife to peace and goodwill;—all I can say is, that I am astonished at them, and that most sincerely do I pity them. Though every marriage may not be between persons who are "over head and ears in love" with each other, yet I suppose, in the majority of cases, there is the exercise of a good portion of liking and confidence; and it should be the care of every woman to preserve those feelings in lively exercise. To this end she should *study her husband's tastes and tempers*, including even what may be called his "crotchets;" and though she may not exactly approve of either, yet it will be to her interest, and to her happiness, to adapt herself as much as possible to both, with the view of securing his approbation, and also of softening down what is rugged, and of correcting what is bad. And this rule should be applied to what are called "*little things;*" first, because *little* things often cause *great* misunderstandings; and secondly, because, if they be *but* little things, the act of yielding about them will be easy. Let the man have his way in things which are perfectly indifferent; and as to those which you deem of more importance, try to bring him round to your way of thinking,—not by contradicting him, or holding a long argument with him, but by goodnatured reasoning, and by kindness of general behaviour. And let your adoption of his modes, and your submission to his tempers, be free from sullenness or sourness. Do not comply with a conceited toss of the head, as much as to say, "Well, master, you shall have your way; but mine is the best, after all." A man of the least observation will perceive this, and will be offended at it. In short, make it evident that you understand your husband—that you think him a good husband, and that your earnest wish is to make him as comfortable as possible. This is part of "the way to keep him."

To this regulation of your temper and general deportment, endeavour to add those attractions *of person* and *of home* that may render you a pleasing companion, and your habitation—humble though it may be—comfortable, and even attractive; something that

may make him think of his cot and his "little old woman," so as to sweeten his hours of toil, and hasten his steps homeward when his day's work is done. Do not too readily suppose that, when you have succeeded to gain the affections of a man, you have necessarily succeeded to secure them, let your after-conduct be what it may. The man may not be free from blame; but see that no blame attaches to you. *Why* has your husband less of *the lover* about him now than he had when "sweethearting?" What was it that attracted him to you? Think of this, and keep up, and, if possible, increase the attraction. There are charms in a clean face—a neat body—a smiling countenance—a cheerful tone—a well-swept hearth—a nice cup of tea, or a well-cooked bit of meat and potato, which few men will be able to withstand, however they may have been put out in the course of the day, or however rough their natural tempers may be. Let a poor fellow have been hard at work all day—let his work have turned out unfavourably—let him have met with some disappointment or loss—or let him return home wet and weary;—yet the sight of the attractions I have just named,—with a dry coat, and a warm pair of easy shoes,—will be sure to have a soothing, calming influence. But let a man in this state of mind encounter smoke, slop, a grimy face, wet and slovenly dress, a hearth strewed with ashes, little or no fire, children screaming and crawling on the floor, no meal ready, angry looks and cross words;—and what wonder if he express his dissatisfaction in stormy words, or, as is but too commonly the case, repair to the nearest public-house, where all is cheerfulness, comfort, and attraction? My Jem brought me home, the other day, a scrap from an American paper, so much to my purpose, that I cannot forbear quoting it. By the bye, I told Jem to search for the counterpart—the *duty of a husband* in this matter; because it is rather too much to lay the whole duty upon a wife's shoulder: he promised me he would, and I have no doubt he will be as good as his word. But for my quotation:—

"Endeavour to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from its cares, a shelter from the world, a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find a pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favour him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness, and good humour, urge him continually to think; though he may not say it—'This woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve.'"

I know there are men whose natures are amazingly rugged, and whom it is difficult to subdue or to improve; but will they be made better by sour looks, cross words, or careless treatment? They may be "odd-tempered;" but before you "cast a stone" at them, inquire whether you are altogether

"Free from temper's flaws unseemly."

Some metals, I have heard my Jem say, require a more intense heat than others to make them melt—or *fuse*, as he calls it; but none are so hard as not to be melted by some process or other. And I question whether there is any man so queer or ill-tempered, as not to be softened or subdued by kind treatment. Far be it from me to excuse men for their crooked tempers, unreasonable expectations, harsh censures, or brutal conduct (for there are such men in the world); but I do say that it is *the duty*, and will be for *the happiness*, of every married woman, to study to improve, by every means in her power, the man to whom she is wedded for life.

November 4, 1850. MARTHA MAKEPEACE.

MIND YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.—"I can't conceive," said one nobleman to another, "how it is you manage your affairs. I am convinced that you are not of a temper to spend more than your income; and, though your income is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate you do." "My lord," said the other, "I have a situation." "You amaze me! I never heard of it till now. Pray what is it?" "I am my own steward."

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

In the last week in September we sowed the seeds of some favourite vegetables used as salad, and we planted a considerable quantity of cabbages and cauliflowers; let us now come to the garden, and see what further work remains to be done. There are several beds from which carrots and parsnips have been removed, and there is also a large one, from which the main crop of onions has been pulled; all these should now be dug and well manured, and then planted with coleworts and broccoli. There cannot be too much greens in a cottage-garden in winter, for what may not be wanted for the use of the family, will be eaten by the cow, the pigs, or the fowls. Before, however, we begin either to sow or plant, we should ask a few questions relative to the storing and preserving those vegetables which have been removed from the ground. Where are your carrots? where your parsnips? Have you packed them in sand, or pitted them in a dry corner of your garden? And how have you managed the onions? What! not done anything more than house them? Then we must go to work at once, or they will be all lost.

PACKING CARROTS.

First, let us choose an out-house with a dry floor, sweep it clean, and then shake over one end of it a thick layer of sand. On this spread the carrots in rows, having their heads all in one direction. When this is done, shake sand unsparingly over them, and put on another sheet of carrots, having their heads turned in the opposite direction to those of the first layer; then add more sand, and so go on, spreading sand and the roots alternately until you have packed all. Some of our friends, however, have no house, or spare room, in which they could store them. Well, they must take them to the garden, and, choosing a warm, sunny corner, or border, put them exactly in the same way they would potatoes. In either case, there are two rules which it is necessary to observe: first, that the heads of all be cut off to prevent them shooting in spring; and secondly, that none of the roots which have been injured by worms, or wounded with the tools used in taking them from the ground, shall be stored with the others. They will decay in a short time, and must be placed by themselves, and used as soon as possible.

Parsnips to keep through the Winter.—These may be treated just in the same way we have described for the carrots, but they will preserve their fresh flavour longer if managed after the following simple method:—Dig them up carefully, cut off the heads, and spread them on the gravel-walks for three days, if the weather is dry and sunny; afterwards pack them in sand, or put them in a pit.

Onions to dry, and keep through the Winter.—I have asked above how the onions were managed. As you have not told me, I fear they have not had proper care; so I shall tell you how they should have been dried and stored. During the last week in September they ought to have been pulled, and either spread on a gravel walk or in some covered place exposed to the influence of the sun, but protected from rain. Here they should have been turned once or twice a day, until thoroughly dried, when they were fit for being stored away into any well-aired loft. If they are laid thickly on the floor of the loft, they should be turned once a week: but the better plan is, to string them by the tails, or hang them in nets.

BROCCOLI.

Now let us come to the garden, and having procured our broccoli and colewort plants, let us proceed to put them down. The beds are rich and warm and dry, and have been well dug, and raked evenly. First, let us stretch our line across one of them, and then, with a dibbling-stick, set a row of plants, as nearly as possible of one size. Let each plant be two feet apart, and between this row and the next allow a space of about three feet. As soon as the bed is finished, water it well, but quietly, so as not to disturb the earth which you have pressed round the roots. Broccoli plants have long stems, and therefore you must not forget to watch their growth, and to draw up the earth about them, as they may need it both for their nourishment and to keep them straight.

COLEWORTS.

Coleworts should also be planted with a line and a dibbling-stick; but as they do not grow to any great size, eight inches is sufficient between the rows, and a foot between each plant. Water moderately as soon as planted, and afterwards every morning, about seven o'clock, until November. Keep them free from weeds, and stir the ground about them frequently.

Advancing Crops now demand attention. They are—endive, turnips, cabbage, cauliflowers, lettuce, and parsley.

ENDIVE.

We shall see to the endive first, as it is fully grown, and only requires to be blanched. This is done by gathering together, in one hand, the leaves of a head; and then, with the other, rolling matting round it several times, until it ends in a top so pointed that neither dew nor rain can penetrate to the interior.

TURNIPS.

Thin with the hoe those sown last month, if the rough leaves are about one inch in breadth; otherwise, wait until they are so, but not longer, if you desire to accomplish the work with expedition and facility. Be careful, when using the hoe, not to draw the earth about the young roots, as it will cause them to grow into awkward shapes; and besides they do not require any other shade or protection than that which is afforded them by their own broad leaves.

CABBAGE.

Come now to the beds in which we sowed cabbage-seeds last August. You see the plants are too thick, and are beginning to look drawn and miserable. They must, therefore, be thinned without loss of time; and if we do not want for our own use those we shall pick out, let us by all means divide them amongst our neighbours. Take up as much earth round the roots as possible, and be careful not to break them; then, with a sharp knife, cut off the long tapering root or tail, which descends from the centre of the stem, as it prevents the quick formation of these little fibres which draw nourishment from the soil for the support of the plant. The York and Sugar-loaf, and all other smaller kinds, may be set in rows sixteen inches apart, and each plant at the distance of a foot from the next; but the larger kinds, such as Drum-heads and Flat-Dutch, require to be three feet apart every way. As soon as you have thinned a bed, water it; and as soon as you have filled another bed with the plants drawn from that, water it also, and afterwards, occasionally, before sun-rise.

CAULIFLOWERS.

Draw the earth round the stems of those which are ripening, and water them abundantly every morning before eight o'clock. Nothing tends so much to the flavour of this vegetable as keeping the ground moist around it.

LETTUCE.

Now prick out the young plants of the August sowing, and set them in rows in a sheltered warm border. Let each row be one foot apart, and the plants stand at the distance of about eight inches, one from the other. In severe weather you must protect this bed with hoops and mats; but the moment the fine weather returns, remove all protection that obstructs the air and the light.

PARSLEY.

This valuable herb is now becoming rank, unless it is kept frequently cut. Come to the borders where it grows. See! some looks too thick; let us at once thin it, carefully and evenly. In other places it looks coarse and hard; let us cut off the tops, and when we return next week we shall find a crop of fresh, sweet, young leaves.

Having now done so much, we would leave the garden for this week. Our next visit shall be to the fruit-trees.

APPLES.—HOW TO GATHER AND PRESERVE THROUGH THE WINTER.

It is now time we should look after the fruit-trees. Come! I see you have apple-trees, whose crop is rich and ripe; and there are also some pear-trees, laden with delicious fruit. No time must now be lost in gathering all that are ripe, for what falls, or is shaken from the trees, is always injured. Get a large basket, and send one of the little boys into a tree, and let him gather the apples one by one, and lay them gently in the basket. These only are ripe which come off without any force; and if he tries to pull any others, he will, by doing so, shake the ripe fruit from the tree. When the basket is full, let him hand it down to some one able to carry it to the store-room, where the apples should be placed in a heap for five or six days. At the end of that time let them be wiped dry, spread on the floor in single rows, and covered either with fern or sand.

PEARS.—TO GATHER AND PRESERVE THROUGH THE WINTER.

PEARS which we wish to preserve through the winter should not be allowed to hang until quite ripe; but they must be gathered still more carefully than the apples, wiped dry at once, and placed, in single rows, on a shelf. Those touched by frost cannot be kept, nor can those which are at all bruised. Neither apples nor pears should be gathered on a wet day.

PLUMS.

PLUMS are a delicious fruit; and as this is just the time when we should take the first step towards their propagation, we shall not pass it by unprofitably. First, then, let us make choice of a sheltered border, having dry, mellow soil; and, when this has been well dug and raked, let us lay on it, in rows, good plum-stones. Each row should be six inches apart, and the stones one foot distant in the rows. With the back of the spade let them be well pressed into the earth, and afterwards covered the depth of half an inch, with rich, warm soil, taken from some other part of the garden. Fine healthy plants will be the result of this management, which will grow up into strong stocks, for grafting or budding.

Many gardeners think it advisable to preserve plum-stones for sowing in spring, lest the plants which spring from those put down in this should be injured by the frost or vermin. For this purpose they procure a large garden pot, and having poured into it dry sand, to the depth of about three inches, they place on this a few stones, not suffering one to touch another. Sand, to the same depth, is again poured in; then a layer of stone; and so on, until the pot

is full. These stones will not show any symptoms of decay for several months.

CHERRY-STONES.

The same method may be adopted for the propagation of cherries as plums. The same season, the same soil, and the same treatment, will suit both.

GRAFTING.

We have mentioned the terms "grafting" and "budding," and now we would say a few words on both processes. Grafting consists in removing a branch from one tree and inserting it on the stem of another, in such a manner that the cutting is nourished by the sap of the stock. When a branch is thus applied, it is called a "scion." The two most commonly-practised methods of grafting are known as the "tongue-grafting," and the "cleft-grafting." The former is used on small-sized stocks, and the latter on the larger size. We hope to describe both in February and March, which are the proper months in which to perform these delicate operations.

BUDDING.

BUDDING is a species of grafting, and is performed for the same purpose. The difference consists in attaching a bud, instead of a branch, to the stock. The process is usually performed in July and August, and, if it is permitted us, we shall describe it when these months next visit us.

How neat a garden looks after one has finished judiciously a week's work! Let us look round us now for a moment. The great show of flowers is gone, and yet it is "pleasant to the sight"—ay, and pleasant to the thoughts, too—for in its numerous well-laid-out beds we have a rich promise of future enjoyment. Next week we shall look to the flowers.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

The youth, whose bark is guided o'er
  A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze, delights to pore
  On imaged skies that glow beneath;
But should a fleeting storm arise,
  To shade awhile the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
  And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

'Tis thus down Time's eventful tide,
  While prosperous breezes gentle blow,
In Life's frail bark we gaily ride,
  Our hopes, our thoughts, all fixed below;
But let one cloud the prospect dim—
  The wind its quiet stillness mar,
At once we raise our cry to Him,
  Whose light is Life's best Guiding Star.

JUVENILE CABINET.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper, Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly toward him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of a stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that

pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be careful in choosing associates and comrades. People will judge you from the company you keep. Avoid the society of the vulgar and vicious, for they will lead you into habits of immorality and wickedness, which will in the end degrade and ruin you. Avoid the company of the profane swearer, the gambler, the liar, and as you would shrink from the poisonous stink of a serpent, so scorn to associate with that person who frequents the groggery or gambling hell. Such as these have darkened the characters, and hopes, and lives of thousands of thoughtless young men. Take heed, therefore, and choose none but honest and upright associates.

RAIN-MAKERS.

The *Rain-makers*, or native soothsayers of Africa, are employed by the people to put an end to the droughts. "The modes in which they propitiate the clouds are various. The one most commonly practised is by collecting a few leaves of each individual variety of tree in the forest, which they allow to simmer in large pots over a slow fire, while a sheep is killed by pricking it in the heart with a 'lemue' or long sewing-needle, while the rain-maker is employed in performing a variety of absurd incantations. The steam arising from the simmering leaves is supposed to reach and propitiate the clouds, and the remainder of the day is spent in dances, which are joined in by all the tribe and kept up till midnight, being accompanied with songs having a long-continued chorus, in which all join, and the burden of which is the power and praises of the rain-maker. It often, however, happens that the relentless clouds decline attending to the solicitations of the rain-maker, and the fields of young corn become parched and withered. Other schemes are then resorted to. A number of the young men sally forth, and, forming an extensive circle, they inclose the rocky face of some mountain-side in which the rock-loving klipspringer is likely to be met with, when, by gradually contracting their circle, like our Highlanders of old, they generally manage to catch alive sundry klipspringers, whose voices are supposed to attract rain. The unfortunate little antelopes thus captured are paraded round the kraal, while the rain-maker, by pinching and tormenting them, induces them to scream. But as it often happens that these and all his other machinations prove unavailing, the rain-maker is at times obliged eventually to make a moonlight flitting and cut and run for it, when the services of another of the fraternity are courted.—*Cumming*.

THE BAROMETER.—Dr. Arnott, in his "Elements of Physics," in writing concerning the Mercurial Barometer, says its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters: even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and amidst the general consternation even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck.

THE PORTFOLIO.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Bird's Syphon Filter.—An exceedingly ingenious and efficient apparatus for filtering water has been invented and registered by Mr. Alfred Bird, an experimental chemist, of Birmingham. The instrument, as applied to the numerous domestic purposes for which it has been designed, is altogether novel in its principle, and belongs to that class in which filtration takes place by ascent. It consists of a cylindrical metallic vessel of great strength, which has an opening all round it at the base. The internal surface of the vessel is formed of two hollow truncated cones of equal dimensions, also made very strong, and united at their smaller ends, there being a free communication from one to another. Into the narrow part of this double cone, which occupies the whole interior of the filter, some finely powdered quartz is compressed by hydraulic power, the crystals, before being powdered, having been boiled successively in nitric acid and caustic potash, in order to destroy their ferruginous and argillaceous matters, which process reduces them to a condition of porosity and chemical neutrality. A layer of the same material, but in a coarser state of division, is then pressed into each cone, next to the first, and after this a layer of a third kind still coarser, until the whole interior of the filter has been filled with layers of powdered quartz, prepared as above described, and of eleven different degrees of fineness, the finest being in the middle, and the coarser ones succeeding each other in order towards the top and bottom of the instrument, where it is coarsest. The intention of this arrangement is, that there shall be a filter for each particle of foreign matter held by the water in a state of mechanical suspension, the smaller ones being stopped by the finer silex, and the larger ones by the more coarse. An elastic tube of gutta percha, or other suitable material, conducts from an orifice in the upper part of the vessel, and hangs down from it in the requisite length, terminating in a tap of electro-silver metal for domestic purposes. The instrument being plunged into a cistern or tank at the smallest elevation of level above that of the tap sufficient to convert the instrument and tube into a syphon, upon suction being produced at the tap, the water of the cistern will pass from the cistern within the vessel, through the powdered silica, up the ascending and down the descending portion of the tube, after having been completely filtered in its passage through. The operation of cleansing is readily performed by inverting the order of detail in the above operation—that is, by putting the instrument on the low, and the metal tap on the high level, the tube having been kept filled with water in the meantime.

Interesting Astronomical Fact.—Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years, they both died, also at the same spot and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going round the world towards the west, *loses* a day, and towards the east, he *gains* one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year; if one perform this constantly towards the *west*, in fifty years he will be fifty days *behind* the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sail equally towards the *east*, he will be fifty days in *advance* of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place, at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitudes, and reckoned by the same calendar.

Tact and Talent.—Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable—tact is all that, and more too. It is not another sense, but it is the life of all five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties. It is useful in all places and at all times. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes a man respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

Exercise.—In-door exercise is very different from out-door exercise. The air of a house has always less oxygen in it than the air without. It is more relaxing. Besides, mere walking up and down a room is dull employment: and exercise to be useful, ought to be cheerful and amusing. To walk merely for exercise is therefore, seldom useful. We should always endeavour to walk for entertainment. It is the entertainment that refreshes and invigorates.

Wear your Learning like your Watch.—Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Sugar.—Originally the plant was found in ia, and it was introduced into the West dies by Columbus and his followers. In pearance it is a jointed reed of from six to elve, or even fifteen feet high, and of various icknesses, of which an average may be said be two inches. From the expressed juice this reed is the sugar derived, the canes ing passed through rollers placed sometimes rpendicularly, but more frequently horizonlly, and driven either by steam, water, horse, mule power, but much more frequently, in e West Indies, by a windmill. The expressed ice being run down into the boiling-house, is there, after undergoing a certain process to temper and cleanse it, subjected to processes of skimming in coppers or other pans, the heat being gradually increased in the successive pans until it reaches the boiling point in the last pan or boiler, called in the English colonies "the teache." By these operations the juice is cleansed, and the water evaporated, and when the granulation has proceeded to sufficient length, it is poured into coolers, whence it is removed into hogsheads, in which it is allowed to stand for at least fourteen days or three weeks, to allow the molasses to run out of it, after which it is ready for shipment and sale.—*Antique Weekly Register.*

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

Convincing.—An American in England, scribing the prevalence of duelling at me, summed up with—"They even fight ith daggers in a room pitch dark." "Is possible?" exclaimed a thunderstruck hn Bull. "Possible, sir!" returned the ankee, "why I've seen them."

A Story and an Application.—At e session of a certain court in America, dge C——— was violently attacked by young and very impudent attorney. To e manifest surprise of everybody prent, the judge heard him quite through, though unconscious of what was said, and ade no reply. After the adjournment of e day, and when all had assembled at the n where the judge and many of the court lks had their lodgings, one of the comany, referring to the scene at court, asked e judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow? "Permit me," said the dge, loud enough to call the attention of l the company, among whom was the llow in question—"permit me to tell you story. My father, when we lived down untry, had a dog—a mere puppy, I might y. Well, this puppy would go out every oonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together." The judge paused, as if he had done with his story. "Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once. "Oh, nothing—nothing whatever! the moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened."

A Reply in a Proper Place.—Two persons, of a satiric turn, met a neighbour, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are more fool or rogue." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and, walking in the middle, after some hesitation, repled, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

An Entertaining Proposition.—A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and, calling next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had entertained his proposition? "No," replied the other; "your proposition has entertained me."

Letting-out.—An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after the gentlemen was told that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, and he had let them out at a shilling a week.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER 1st TO NOVEMBER 16th.

NOVEMBER.

November is formed of these words, *novem ab ntre*, because it is the *ninth* month from winter, ccording to the calendar of Romulus, though the *eventh* according to the common reckoning. The nglo-Saxons termed it *wint-monat*—namely, ind month; also *blot-monath*. In the Saxon, *lot* means *blood*; and in this month they killed reat abundance of cattle for winter store—or, in art, for sacrifice. On the 22nd of this month the n enters *Sagittarius*.

November 1, *All Saints*, called also *All-hallow*. This festival in the almanacks, and the Church of England calendar, is from the Church of Rome, which celebrates it in commemoration of those of its saints, to whom, on account of their number, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour.

November 1, 1546, died *Guilio Romano*, an eminent painter and architect. He was born in 1492; and at an early age was placed in the school of Raffaelle, of whom he was the favourite pupil, and who, at his death, made him his chief heir.

November 1, 1724, died, aged 76, *Humphrey*

Prideaux, Dean of Norwich. He was a divine of considerable learning. His most celebrated work is "The connection of the history of the Old and New Testament."

November 2, 1807, died at Rome, *M. A. Angelica Kauffmann*, a distinguished artist, and member of the Royal Academy of London. She was born in the Grisons, in 1741. She came to England in 1766, where, being patronised by Royalty, her reputation and success greatly improved her circumstances. Many of her most admired paintings were engraved by Bartolozzi, whose labours have given perpetuity to her fame.

November 3, *Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.*

November 4, 1832, died *Lord Tenderden*, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in which office he was succeeded by Lord Denman.

November 5, *Gunpowder Plot.* This day has been kept as an anniversary from 1605, when the plot was discovered, the night before it was to have been put in execution. The design was to blow up the King, James I., the Prince of Wales, and the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament. It was discovered by means of a private letter, addressed to Lord Monteagle. The day is still "celebrated" with ceremonies of an unmeaning, disgusting, and often mischievous description.

November 5, 1688, the Prince of Orange, afterwards *King William III.*, landed at Torbay; though this event is generally celebrated November 4.

November 6, 1817, died, after a few hours' illness, aged 21, the *Princess Charlotte Augusta*, daughter of George IV. and Queen Caroline. She was married to Prince Leopold, of Cobourg, now King of Belgium. She was highly accomplished, and amiable in her general character. Her sudden death spread a deep gloom over the metropolis and the nation.

November 7, 1724, died *John Eyrle*, whom Pope the poet has celebrated as "the Man of Ross," a man who, with comparatively small means, became a great public benefactor.

November 7, 1848, a sharp engagement took place before *Mooltan*, East Indies, between the British and the Sikh troops, in which the latter were driven back to the town with great loss.

November 8, 1674, died *John Milton*, aged 66. For a character of this great national poet and author, see THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, No. 31.

November 9, *Lord Mayor's Day.* On this day the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, elected on Michaelmas day preceding, enters upon his official duties as Chief Magistrate of the city of London. He proceeds from Guildhall, accompanied by the Aldermen, and the Livery of the several Companies of the City, to Westminster Hall, where he is sworn, and then returns, with a long procession, music, banners, &c., to Guildhall, to dinner, to which the chief members of the Government, and other distinguished personages, are invited.

November 9, 1802, died, at the age of 29, *Thomas Girtin*, a celebrated artist, and founder of the Water-colour School in this country. He also painted excellently in water-colours. He painted many beautiful views in Scotland and Wales, and various parts of England and France. He also painted a panorama of London, which was exhibited in Spring-gardens.

November 10, *Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

November 10, 1434, *Martin Luther* was bor For a brief account of this eminent Reformer s Calendar February 18, on which day, in the ye 1546, he died.

November 11. This day is called *Martinma day*—from *Martin* and *Mass*—the feast of S Martin, corrupted to Martinmas or Martlema Brand quotes from an ancient calendar of t Church of Rome thus:—The *Martinalia*, a geni feast. Wines are tasted, and drawn from t lees. The *Vinalia*, a feast of the ancients remov to this day. *Bacchus* in the figure of Martin.

November 12, 1684, was born *Edward Vernon*, distinguished English admiral. One of his mo distinguished exploits was the taking of Por Bello, in the West Indies, from the Spaniards.

November 13, 1849, died *William Etty*, R.A., painter of considerable eminence. His fath was a miller. When eleven and a-half years ol he was apprenticed to a letter-press printer Hull, whom he served seven years. On t cancelling of his indentures he commenced h favourite study of art, and very soon excelle He was a very diligent student; and in 1822 visit Italy for the purpose of studying the great ma ters. As a colourist, Etty was unrivalled in h class of art.

November 14, 1841, died in France, at the a of 76, *Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin.* He is be known in consequence of his having secured considerable portion of the works of *Phidias*, t ancient sculptor, which are deposited in t British Museum, and known by the name of t *Elgin* marbles. When Lord Elgin was ambassad at Constantinople, he had the opportunity securing these valuable works; and he underto the enormous cost of doing so, without condition He succeeded, and offered the treasures to h country on repayment of his expenses. H collection was most extensive, and was eventual purchased for £35,000, and deposited in t British Museum. It is said, however, that th cost his lordship nearly double that sum.

November 15, 1635, died, aged *one hundred a fifty-two years and nine months*, THOMAS PAR commonly called "Old Parr." He laboured as husbandman till he was nearly 130 years old. I was very abstemious; but being invited to t court of Charles II., he soon died in consequenc partly of change of air, but chiefly from a le regular and abstemious mode of living.

November 15, 1802, died, aged 68, *George Ron ney*, R.A., an eminent English painter. He ex celled in portraits, but painted also several hist rical pieces. "Milton and his daughters," ar "Newton making experiments with the prism were the most popular of his productions.

November 16, 1776, died, *James Ferguson*, a eminent experimental philosopher, mechanist, ar astronomer. He was born of poor parents Keith, in Banffshire, in 1710. His extraordina genius quickly displayed itself, as he learned read by hearing his father teach his elder brothe and very early discovered a peculiar taste for m chanics, by making a wooden clock, after bein once shown the inside of one. While employe by a farmer to tend his sheep, he contrived to a quire a knowledge of the stars, and to construct wooden globe. Having obtained instruction b degrees, he at length repaired to London, whe his fame became fully established, and he w chosen a member of the Royal Society. He pul lished several works.

HE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 46.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1850.]

HE INFLUENCE AND VALUE OF WOMAN IN THE RANKS OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.

/OMAN was intended to be "a *help-meet* for man," or, as some read the words, "a elp corresponding to his dignity;" perhaps both are intended, for she could not be ie former if she was not the latter. Man, by himself, without a female companion r assistant, is a miserable being. He wants some one to provide his linen, wash his lothes, cook his food, sweep his house, and superintend his domestic concerns. It ; true, that some men undertake these employments, and wait upon themselves; but he business never goes on well. We have before us two brothers, who were too conomical to keep a servant, or marry, but they were some of the most outlandish nortals alive, and seemed hardly human. They were a sort of unnatural-looking nen in a civilized age. One of them took a good deal of trouble to wash his things nd mend his clothes, and yet he never appeared decent. The other grew tired of he trouble of cleaning himself, and used to wear his shirt for two months together, nd slept in a bag of shavings. He was a clever, industrious workman, and scraped ogether a good deal of money; but, being too economical to keep a house, hire a ervant, or take a bride to the altar of Hymen, he lent out his cash to different people, who robbed him of every penny, and he died of starvation. He thought himself astly wiser and more prudent than those simpletons who accept of the help-meet which Divine benevolence gave for the comfort and improvement of the other sex; nd yet, poor fellow! his history was one of the most melancholy we have ever read. In fact, the two brothers seemed raised up to show that *woman* is the natural assistant of man, and that those who reject her aid will be pitiable objects; for, though one of them often scrubbed, and washed, and ironed, and scoured, yet his face looked so much like a washerwoman's thumb, after being soaked in soap-suds for twelve hours together, that you hardly liked to shake hands with him, lest he should make you wet.

And further, the wiseacre won a shilling and lost eighteen pence; for his week's wash, which any laundress would have done for a few pence, took him a day, and thus he lost half-a-crown or five shillings by his marvellous thrift, industry, and economy. Somehow or other, there is something exceedingly offensive to the eye, and laughable to the mind, to see a man standing at a dish or washing-tub, wielding a house-cloth, or down on his knees with a bucket cleaning a floor. In some places they call these nondescripts "*Bessy Dingles*," or by the more euphonious name of "*Molly*;" and it is that the girls, when they can catch them in favourable circumstances, pin a dish-cloth, or some such old rag, on to their tails as a most befitting ornament.

Nothing is more evident than that nature intended each sex for a different sphere of labour, and that home should especially be the empire of woman. The Romans knew little of *home*, in our good old English sense of the word; and yet that ancient bachelor, and, we fear, debauchee, Horace, sung of "*Domus et placens uxor*," which, in our mother tongue, means literally, "A house and a pleasing wife;" or, as some wag has translated the term—

"Thy *home*, and, in the cup of life,
That honey-drop, a pleasing *wife*."

Depend upon it, woman is Heaven's best gift to man. Without her, even Paradis was a dreary place. That old, or young, bachelor, Adam, had plenty of animals trees, shrubs, flowers, fruits, lawns, rivers, fountains, hills, dales, &c., and yet it wa said by his Creator, "It is not good that the man should be alone." Nor can w think that the matter would have been mended much by the creation of another man for then there would have been two pitiable beings instead of one. It was th creation of Eve that lighted up Eden with joy, and afforded hope to the world Only think what a dreary abode this world would be if peopled with men only What a rough, ragged, dirty, disagreeable race we should have been! W have a strong persuasion that the earth never could be civilized without woman indeed, history shows that where the softer sex is disregarded, man is depraved, an either a savage, a semi-barbarian, or a sort of polite and civilized brute. The soft ness, the tenderness, and even the corporeal weakness of females fit them to humaniz our race. The man who would strike a woman, or treat her with roughness o harshness, is sunk several degrees below the most savage brutes. The lion neve fights with the lioness; the tigress fears nothing from the tiger; the she-bear an the she-wolf never endure any injury or insult from their male companions. Ther seems something so commanding in the softer sex, that even the monsters of th forest are softened by it into tenderness, and by its influence are rendered, if I ma so speak, gentlemanly, polite, and humane. It is no common advantage to hav among us a being who needs our protection, and whose delicate feelings must be s reverenced, that not an improper word may escape our lips.

There is also something amazingly imposing about woman when moving in he proper sphere. She is evidently the ministering and guardian angel of man. H owes nearly all his comforts to her kindness and assiduity; and therefore, fo our own sake, as well as for hers, she deserves well at our hands. Solomor speaking of the virtuous woman, says, "Her husband is known in the assembly when he sitteth among the elders." How often we have heard the words, "Poo fellow, he has no wife, and *therefore* he is so dirty and ill-mannerly!" On th other hand, many have said, "How that man is improved since he has been mar ried! Why, he owes everything to his better-half!"

We are compelled by the force of truth to utter these sentiments, and we do s most cordially, because we feel assured that the world cannot make progress with out the enlightened agency and co-operation of woman. We might sing of "A good time coming" until doomsday, and dream every day and every night of it bliss, but shall be as far from it as ever, unless we make an effort to bring it, an enlist in this enterprise the invaluable services of the mothers, sisters, daughter and wives of our country. All poets have dreamt of a golden age, past or to come and the seers of Scripture commenced their predictions with the declaration th "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head;" so that the first not which resounded from the harp of prophecy foretold a latter day of peace, happi ness, purity, and glory. But many who sing of these future halcyon days seem t look at the period as something which will come upon us suddenly, like a meteo or unexpected comet. Nothing could be more erroneous or deceptive than thes anticipations. There will, after all, be no prodigies, nor any alteration in the phy sical laws of the universe. The sun, moon, and stars will fill the same orbits, an

shed on us the same influence. Light, heat, actinism and electricity will be the same as now. Air and water will be composed of the same elements, and the soil will possess the same properties. The luminary of day will rise and set as usual, and the seasons revolve as in the olden time. The only creature that will be changed is man; and whatever physical improvement may be effected, will be accomplished by moral means alone. It rests with the people to hasten or retard this glorious era, and with none more so than with woman.

Some have an idea that legislation will do wonders in furthering this object; but the influence of senators must be negative rather than active. Their chief work is to repeal bad laws, and thus stand out of the way of popular progression. The philosopher of old was asked by Alexander what he could do for him. "Stand out of my sunshine!" was the reply of the cynic. Here was a glorious hint for the tyrants and governments of all ages. Their chief business is, to get out of the way, and let truth, liberty, industry, trade, intelligence, and religion move on. Hitherto they have been sad hindrances to everything that is good. Their tariff and restrictions, their taxes and customs, their military and naval officials, their educational and religious establishments, have paralyzed industry, cramped the energies of their subjects, crushed the masses by heavy taxation, and prevented the growth of true morality and piety. For some centuries the people have been in advance of their rulers, and would have put the ages onward many centuries but for governmental obstacles.

It will be a glorious lesson when the nations shall see their power, and resolve to use it aright. There is a great deal of truth in the old distich—

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part that laws or kings can cause or cure!"

In everything we must work out our own salvation, or be lost. We complain bitterly of what despots have done; but the fiercest tyrants can effect but little mischief with their own hands. How many children, think ye, would have been thrown into the Nile, if Pharaoh had been left to do the business of blood? How many Daniels would have gone to the lions, or Shadrachs, Meshachs, and Abednegos, have been cast into the fiery furnace, if Nebuchadnezzar and Darius had been left to do the work of blood themselves? What a toil it would have been for Herod to have killed all the infants in Bethlehem with his own hands! We have reason to believe that, hard-hearted as he was, he would have left the work half done. Cruel as was Herodias, we query whether she would have had courage enough to cut off the head of John the Baptist, and put it in a charger for her daughter, even though her royal paramour had proffered her his assistance. It is probable that even our Lord would have been spared the cross, if Pontius Pilate and the Chief Priest had been doomed to crucify him. The misfortune has been, in all ages, that the people have sold themselves to their governments to do all kinds of dirty work. If no man could be found in the country to strangle criminals, we should have a law against hanging passed before another has passed away. Our judges and sheriffs would hardly like to be the executioners of your Burkes and Mannings.

And as tyrants left to themselves can effect but little mischief, so governments can accomplish but a very small degree of good. A millennium effected by an act of parliament would not be worth having. The "good time coming' awaits the fiat, not of the senate, but of the masses. Let them speak, and it shall come —let them give the command, and its blessings shall be permanent. "The

kingdom of heaven is" always "at hand." We may be sober, intelligent, industrious, peaceful, orderly, economical, moral, and religious, as soon as we please. We are now placed in such happy circumstances, that all ignorance is *voluntary*, and all tyranny is the work of minions drawn from the loom and the plough, rather than of aristocrats and senators. Let the people, then, have faith in their power, and practically resolve as well as sing—"Britons never shall be slaves," and the deed is done, and not only our country, but the world, is free!

But we are anxious for our readers to feel that, in this work, WOMAN must take a glorious part. In wars, men may be more fit for deeds of blood than the other sex, and none need envy them this "*bad pre-eminence;*" but in moral changes, woman can work as efficiently, if not more so, than man. Her natural intelligence is equal to his, her feelings are more refined, and the persuasive voice of her love can throw all the eloquence of your Ciceros and Demosthenes into the shade.

We shall return to this topic next week, and offer a few thoughts on marriage, &c., and in the mean time entreat our working friends to reflect a little more deeply than has yet been common, on the mental and moral dignity of woman.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Of Stuart, an American, the following capital anecdote is related, and will prove interesting to our readers:—He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting round-about questions, to find out his calling, or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time high-cropped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"You are a hair-dresser, then?"

"What!" said he, "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet, indeed, sir! I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor!"

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time they were all in a roar.

"What are you, then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, *at your service*."

"Oho! a boot and shoemaker after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

'We may as well give up guessing."

"Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honour as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote, or Charles Mathews, might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession; when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words—*I am a portrait painter!* If you will call at John Palmer's, York-buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat, or hat, dress your hair *a-la-mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

OR, GEORGE COPWAY,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

(Continued from page 148.)

IN this article I am to give some of the causes which have tended to prevent the rapid improvement of the North American Indian, since their intercourse with the Europeans, which commenced 358 years ago. This part of my subject would occupy too much of your space, were I to give all the causes which have been instrumental in preventing the improvement of my nation in education and moral elevation.

When we endeavour to check any known evil in society, it is always necessary that we should know *the cause* of that evil; and, in order to eradicate it from society, suitable means must be used; and, in the use of these means, moderation of spirit and temper is required. Hoping that, after having so long had to do with my brethren in America, I understand the first, and am not altogether devoid of the last, I propose now briefly to state some of the reasons why they have not improved.

1st.—*They come in contact with the worst classes of the white men in our country*, that is, on the western frontier. As a natural consequence, they soon adopt their foolish notions, with their vices; and their minds being thus poisoned and pre-occupied, the instructions which the better classes would impart, and the morality they would inculcate, are, as it were, forestalled. This will not be wondered at, when it is generally known that the frontier settlements are made up of wild adventurous spirits, willing to raise themselves by the downfall of the Indian race. These are traders, *spirit-sellers*, horse-stealers, counterfeiters, and scape-gallows men, who neither fear God nor regard man. When the Indians come in contact with such men, as representatives of the American people, what else could be expected from them? They scarcely believe that any good can come out of such a Nazareth as they think the United States to be; and all persons must be aware that man is more prone to learn from others their vices than their virtues. This their conduct is not strange, seeing, as they do, the gross immorality of the white men with whom they meet, and the struggle between the "pale-face" for *wrong*, and the red man for *right*, which begins when they first meet, and ends not until one dies.

An Indian in the north-west, when I was, on one occasion, endeavouring to convince him of the necessity of schooling his children, said, "What! shall my children be taught to *lie*, *steal*, *kill*, and *quarrel*, as the white man does? No, no!" he continued, shaking his head. Having never been in the midst of refined and civilized society, he knew not of its blessings; he judged from what he saw around him; and, with such examples, he decided rightly in not sending his children where they would be sure to copy them.

Among the classes of adventurers who have moved westward, there has been one whose fathers were murdered by the Indians. These having an implacable hatred against the poor Indians, have done all they can to encourage bad feelings in one race against the other, and if possible to involve the two in war, that they may step in and indulge in their favourite work of depredation and rapine.

2nd.—*Their love of adventurous life* may be assigned as another reason. The suddenness with which a band of white men has, almost always, intruded upon them, has prevented them from gradually acquiring the arts of civilized life; and, leaving local employment, they have hunted for a living, and thus perpetuated that independent roaming disposition which was imbibed in early life. Their fathers having been Nimrods, in a literal sense, they followed their steps. I would not have you suppose from this, however, that it is impossible to teach the American Indians the peaceful arts of agriculture, and other branches of civilization; they have already given abundant proof that they are well able to understand and practice both.

3rd.—*The perpetual agitation of mind which they experience in consequence of the annoyances they continually receive from mischievous men, and the fear of being removed westward by the American Government.*—None but an Indian can, perhaps, rightly judge of the deleterious influence which the repeated removals of the Indians have exercised, from the time they began, in the days of Jefferson, in 1804, and which have been continued by succeeding administrations until now. Here let me say to good men, mature a pacific policy for the mutual good of the Red men and the white men; let each love the other with the same spirit that animated the bosom of WILLIAM PENN, and we shall yet have many sunny days—

days when the Red man and the white man shall join hands, and together as brethren go up yet higher on the mount of noble greatness. *Fear* has prevented the Indian from making any very great advancement in agricultural science. Having seen the removal of many tribes, he is conscious of the fact that the Government may, and doubtless will, demand more land, and that he will be obliged to sell at whatever price Government may see fit to give him. Thus all improvements the Indians may have made become valueless to them. The Missionaries, in many instances, have done nobly, in subduing the wild and roving disposition of many of the Indians; but these lessons have all been lost, in consequence of the removal of the Indians west. And if they venture to say aught in complaint, they are represented by the agent as being in an antagonistic attitude towards his Government; and the poor Indians become the sufferers.

4th.—*The want of schools of the peculiar kind required for the education of the Indians.* You will, no doubt, tell me that the Indians have been taught to value the advantages of education; that some of them have attended, not only the common schools, but schools of a brighter order, and even colleges, and have afterwards returned to the forest; have put on the blanket, and roamed the woods. This, however, has not always been the case. I might name a great many who, to my knowledge, have done well, and are doing well for themselves, and for their people. But I must say that I have never heard of any inquiry having been made, by any society or government, as to what is the *best mode* of education for the Indian youth. My opinion may differ from that of more aged and experienced men; yet, after much observation and inquiry, I am convinced that the three things most requisite for an Indian youth to be taught are a *good mechanical trade, a sound code of morality*, and a *high toned literature.* The reason of their returning to their former habits has been the absence of a good moral training, and their not having learned any trade in which to be employed on their leaving the schools. Having no employment and no income, they found themselves in possession of all the qualities of gentlemen, without the requisite funds to support themselves. And further, their training in moral culture had not been attended to, because some of those who had been their instructors knew Christianity in theory only, and not from a practical and experimental knowledge of the pleasing and persuasive influence of the religion of the Bible.

The Indian ought not to be allowed to stand still in the course of improvement; for, if he does not advance, he will surely recede, and lose the knowledge he may already have attained. Let him taste the pleasures of education, and he will, if proper care be taken at the commencement, drink deep of the living spring.

5th.—*The great quantity of land which the Indians have reserved to themselves for the purpose of hunting.*—This wide field, filled with a variety of game, perpetuates their propensity for living by the use of the bow or gun, instead of the hoe or plough; for roaming the fields, instead of having a local habitation. When they have land that they can call their own, and that portion so limited that the scarcity of game will oblige them to till the soil for a subsistence, then they will improve; and the sooner this state of affairs is brought about the better.

Some of my Indian brethren may, perhaps, wonder that I should offer this as one of my reasons, and my white brethren may think that I would limit the Indian to rather confined quarters. If any argument I now bring forward will not bear investigation, why, throw it out. I but write what, in my humble judgment, is an impartial view of the subject, and state those plans which I think best adapted to advance the interests of all, and which should be adopted in order to elevate the condition of the Indians in America.

6th.—*The mode generally adopted for the introduction of Christianity among the Indians.*—This mode has not, I think, been one likely to induce them speedily to relinquish their habits of life. I am aware that I here tread on delicate ground. There is *zeal* enough in the missionaries who labour among them to move the world, if there were any regularly-organized system of operation. There is *piety* enough to enkindle, and fan to a blaze, the fine devotional feelings of the Indians, if one uniform course were but taken by all those who go to teach them.

The *doctrines* which have been preached in this civilized country may be necessary for the purpose of stimulating various denominations to zealous labour; but in our country they have had a tendency to retard the progress of the gospel. The strenuous efforts that have been made to introduce doctrinal views and peculiar forms of worship have perplexed the mind of the Indian, and prejudiced him against Christianity. The fact cannot be concealed, that every man who has been among the Indians as a missionary has not been as judicious as he should have been. The idea that *anything* will do for the Indian has also been a mistaken one. We want men of *liberal education*, as well as of *devoted piety.* It is not necessary that a missionary carry with him the discipline of churches, but it *is* requisite that he carry with him *consistency*, in order to meet with success among the Indian tribes. When the missionaries

preach love to God and to all men, and act otherwise toward ministers of differing denominations, it creates doubt in the mind of the watchful Indian as to the truth of the word he hears. Let the men advocating the sacred cause of God go on together—let them labour side by side for the good of the Indian, and he will soon see that they intend his good. The Indian is not wilfully blind to his own interests.

I have tried to convince the different missionaries that it is better to teach the Indians in English than in their own language, as some of them have done, and are now doing. A great amount of *time* and *money* have been expended in the translation of the Bible into various languages, and afterwards the Indian has been taught to read, when he might have been taught English in a much less amount of time, and with less expenditure of money. Besides this, the few books that have been translated into our language are the *only books* which he *can* read; and thus are perpetuated his views, ideas, and feelings; whereas, had he been taught *English*, he would have been introduced into a wide field of literature; for *so very* limited would be the literature of his own language, that he could have no scope for his powers, consequently, the sooner he learned the almost universal English, and forgot the Indian, the better. If the same policy be pursued as hitherto, the whole of the world's history needs to be translated into Indian, and the Indian be taught to read it, before he can know and profit by the history of the past.

Other reasons might be given why the condition of the Indian has not improved, did space allow.

In my next I shall state my plan of Christianizing, saving, and elevating the Indians; and shall have to be more minute, and, therefore, more lengthy than before, in order to present all its interesting features so as to be understood and appreciated.

WORK.

Attend, O Man!
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind;
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil on,—Man's heritage is Time!
Toil on!

Work on and win:
Life, without work, is unenjoyed;
The happiest are the best employed;
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on!

Work sows the seed:
Even the rock may yield its flower;
No lot so hard, but human power,
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer Fate, and capture Fame:
Press on!

Press onward still:
In Nature's centre lives the fire
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through fathoms deep of mould and clay,
It splits the rocks that bar its way!
Press on!

If Nature then
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?
Thus Man through granite Fate must find
The path—the upward path—of Mind!
Work on!

Pause not in fear:
Preach no desponding, servile view;
Whate'er thou will'st thy Will may do!
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend!
Toil on!

Be firm of heart:
By fusion of unnumbered years
A Continent its vastness rears!
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear;—
Toil on, and Nature's conquest share!
Toil on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed;
Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast,—
Things angels love, and God hath blest!
Work on!

Work on and win:
Shall light from Nature's depths arise,
And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with Fate, and idly rail?
No! Onward! Let the Truth prevail
Work on!

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE BAKING TRADE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF A JOURNEYMAN BAKER.

By G. READ, Baker,
Secretary to the Operative Bakers' Society for the Abolition of Night Labour.

CHAPTER III.

ADAMS'S NARRATIVE—CONDITION OF THE JOURNEYMEN BAKERS OF BRISTOL—VISIT TO LONDON—VARIOUS EMPLOYS—INCONVENIENCES AND HARDSHIPS.

In the evening they met according to appointment, when Adams, after calling for a "pot of beer and a screw," and passing a few general observations on the weather, and asking about some of his old acquaintances in the country, gave the following description of his career after leaving Mr. James:—

"The first place I stopped at was Exeter. There I learnt that Mr. —— wanted a man; and, as I had some desire to be there a little time, I immediately availed myself of such an opportunity, and applied for the place, which I got, and remained in it about six months. The work there was about the same as where we served our 'time.' I got eight shillings a week for wages, with board and lodging. Altogether I had a tolerably comfortable place; and I managed to save money in it. But that is more than I can do here, for as fast as I get a few shillings together, it goes again when out of work; but I can't save as much as I did then, with more than double the money wages, because there are so many in the trade I know that are unemployed, who call on me when in work; and it is always the rule to give them something.

"From Exeter I went as far as Bristol, where I succeeded in getting work after staying a week. The work there is more like what it is in London, only night work is not so general. The mate (man) I had with me worked in London some time, and from him I got more into the way we work here, so that I did not find so much difficulty when I first got a place as some do. I worked from four o'clock in the morning until six or seven in the evening Sometimes we left off a little earlier; but then we had more time allowed us for meals than we have here. Some of the places there are as bad as in London; and they were all of them, more or less, getting into the system of night work, until the late agitation there, I hear, in some measure put a stop to it."

"After working in Bristol about five months, but never at any of the 'slashing' places, I came to London. When first I came, I was out of work about six weeks, during which time I was very 'hard up,' for I had not much money when I left Bristol. My shoes were worn out, and I had no clothes more than I stood upright in. During the latter part of that period I had no means of paying for a bed, or getting lodgings. Many a night have I slept in the sheep-pens and cow-houses at Islington, both hungry and cold, and had no one to give me a bit of bread. I would then have walked four miles to obtain pieces of bread which I have since frequently seen wasted in bakehouses. This often makes me think of others, and perhaps causes me sometimes to give more to men out of work than I ought to do. If some had only been through what I have, they would have a little better feeling towards others in similar circumstances.

"Being, as I said, so 'hard up,' I was glad to take any place I could get. It was no time to be particular, so I embraced the first opening that presented itself, and went to live with Mr. S——, at Islington. I remained with him about six months, and during that time *was never in a bed* except on Saturday night. On other days we used to get about three hours' rest out of the twenty-four, and this on the boards in the bakehouse. We had three batches of bread a day, sometimes four.

"Besides assisting in doing this, I had to serve customers throughout Islington, Gray's-inn-road, Somers-town, and to the end of the City-road. We had no bed in the house to sleep on, if we had had time; and the inner bakehouse was so bad, from the want of ventilation and the low ceiling, that we were obliged to crawl in on our

hands and knees to open the oven door when the bread was baking, as we could not stand the sulphur and steam from the oven. At this place I had 10s. a week, it being only the third-hand place.

"After leaving Mr. S——'s employment, I was out of work about three months, during which period I was as 'hard up' as before, having but little money when I left him. Ten shillings a week was barely enough to provide me in what I wanted, but this I was obliged to abandon. I couldn't stand the work any longer; I was dead beat at it.

"I next got Mr. B.'s third-hand place, at Westminster, at the same wages. We had to bake twenty batches a week. When there were four batches a day, I had to make the first dough between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and then go to bed until eleven, when the foreman would call me to help to 'chuck' out the dough. I had then to continue at work until five or six the next evening, helping in the bakehouse and carrying out the bread, to supply customers round Piccadilly and the Strand, during the intervals the bread was baking. The fumes of sulphur in the bakehouse were very bad; when the bread was in we could hardly stand it. The bed-room was over the bakehouse, in the same place where the flour was kept. It was never cleaned, unless one of us had a few minutes' time to brush it up. We used to have clean linen about once a month.

"I stopped in this place about twelve months, when the master let the shop, and I went to live with him in Whitecross-street. There we did not do such a slashing trade, so he let it, and took another in the Highway, and asked me to go with him.

"When we opened shop there we had eight batches to begin with. We commenced working on Friday night, and did not leave off until Sunday morning. During the time I remained there, we used to do four thirteen-bushel batches in a day, and there were but two of us to do it. Sometimes we had two batches before the rolls in the morning, and then we used to commence work at eight o'clock in the evening, and continue until about six or seven the next evening. We never could finish work before, having always a batch of hot cakes about four o'clock for customers' tea, and another batch of bread to get out after that.

"I had a sad teaser every morning,—to carry a board with thirty-one four-pound loaves from the shop, nearly down to Blackwall. When I got into the shop with the bread, I used to put my hands up to the sides of my head and give it a pull, to feel if I had any head or neck left. We had a middling bakehouse to work in; but our bed was in the flour-loft, and frequently we used to be woke, when in bed at night, by the rats running over our faces.

"In the next two or three places I had, the work was not quite so hard as in these; but I had to make up for this when I went to live at B.'s, in Clare-market, as he was doing a trade of between sixty and seventy sacks a week. We used to commence work on Sunday night at eight o'clock, and could not stop to eat anything until twelve the next day. On some occasions I went so long without food, that when I took any it would not stay in my stomach until I drank two or three glasses of gin to keep it down. We never could get done until six or seven o'clock in the evening, and had then to begin again at eleven for the first part of the week. From eleven o'clock on Thursday night, we had to go straight on until Saturday night—baking, during that time, thirteen batches of bread. I had to stir all the sponges but the first, each day; to help to make each 'piece' of dough, as well as 'hand up' and 'mould in' the loaves. I had also seven chandlers'-shops to serve with bread, and all the bread to pack away; first on the shelves of the shop, as it was taken from the oven, and then to remove all that was not sold from the shelves, to prepare for placing on the next batch. The cause of my leaving this place was my refusal to go out with a bushel of bread at seven o'clock at night, to a chandler's shop in Bell-inn-court. This was on a Thursday night, and I should have had afterwards to continue at work until Saturday. The bakehouse we had to work in there was very bad, and so was the bed we had to sleep in.

"I was then out about six weeks, when I went to live at Mr. ——'s, Snow Hill. The bakehouse here was a very bad one. There was no ventilation but from the trapdoor in the shop that led into the bakehouse, and we were obliged to burn gas all day, as we had no other light. The bed was a tolerably good one. We used to bake there, at that time, about fifty sacks a week. One of us had to stay in on a Sunday afternoon to 'put the sponge in,' which had to be ready by seven o'clock in the evening for us to begin work, and at one o'clock the door was locked to prevent that one from going out. From seven at night we used to continue our work until about seven the next; then begin work at eleven the same night, and continue until seven the next evening, having about an hour and a-half's rest during that time.

"From this place I went to live at Mr. J——'s, in the Old Kent-road. There we

baked seventy-six sacks of flour per week' and there were only three of us to do it' one being but a boy, an apprentice, who was engaged delivering the bread the greatest part of the day. Although we had so much to do, the work was not quite so hard as in some places I had afterwards, because the principal part of it was for contracts, and some batches of that sort used to be all big bread. I recollect we used to have 232 quartern loaves in a batch, and that took up a good deal of flour, but when the loaves didn't run so large all through the batch there was not so much flour used at a time. Four and five batches a day was our usual run; two or three of these were for the shop, and the rest for contracts. The worst of this situation was, besides the heavy work, the bad sleeping-place and bed, which was over the bakehouse. The master would always make us get up at eleven o'clock, no matter if we had only been in bed an hour. It was very rarely we got done before seven o'clock, and sometimes it would be eight, or nine. I was soon obliged to leave this place, as was also the second hand that was working with me, for it was killing us. You must know that by this time I had got to be foreman.

"After this, I went to work in Red Lion-street, Whitechapel (the shop has been recently pulled down to make room for the new improvements). There we used to bake sixty sacks a week. We always had six batches of a Monday and seven of a Saturday, besides having to attend to the bakings (dinners). We had always two ovenfuls of bakings on a Sunday, but then one of us was always allowed to have his turn out on that day. We had to work there, taking the average of the work throughout the week, twenty hours out of the twenty-four. It was a very bad bakehouse to work in, and so full of sulphur when bread was in."

*** As reference is made above to the condition of the journeyman bakers of Bristol, the following description of it is subjoined. It is from a speech delivered by H. Greenly, Esq., M.D., who presided over a public meeting of the trade for the abolition of night labour, held on the 2nd of January, 1849, and reported in the *Bristol Mirror*:—

"The evils they laboured under were very great; and there could be no doubt, if the public were made acquainted with their sufferings, the number of hours they were compelled to labour, and the small amount of remuneration they received, they would unite with them in asking the legislature to free them from undue oppression (cheers). The public were almost ignorant of the fact that the bread-makers were more oppressed than any other class of workmen, even more than the negro in the boiling season, at which period they worked more hours per day than at other times of the year. He had never heard of them being obliged to work for sixty successive hours, as was the case with the journeymen bakers of Bristol, and other large towns (hear). Many of the evils complained of had been brought about by undue competition, and it was right a measure should be adopted to prevent it. It had been asked what were the evils complained of? One was that of night labour. They were expected to work at the commencement of the week from two o'clock in the morning till ten, eleven, or even twelve o'clock at night; while at the latter part they had to work nearly two nights and two days. He found that at a large public bread establishment in Bristol a similar system was adopted; and a large amount of the profits realized resulted from an undue quantity of labour exacted from those employed in the manufacture of the bread. If the shareholders were made acquainted with the fact, he was certain they would be content to receive a smaller dividend, rather than those in their employ should be so cruelly oppressed (cheers). They were ignorant of the fact, or he had no doubt it would be speedily remedied. He was also informed that the night work was absolutely unnecessary, and had been resorted to for the purpose of carrying on a system of undue competition, most of which had arisen from under-priced bakers, who bought flour that was not of the best quality, and exacted an unnecessary quantity of work from those employed by them, as a compensation for the loss sustained by selling at a cheaper rate than the regular tradesmen. That was not the only evil. A great number of the bakehouses were situated under ground, and scarcely high enough for a man to stand upright in. One consequence of this was, that a large quantity of sulphurous vapour was constantly inhaled by the workmen, impairing their health, and producing early disease, and decay of the system. Many men are thus disabled, and thrown upon the poor-rates; and in relieving and supporting these, the public have to pay for the luxury of hot bread early in the morning. The amount of remuneration received was disgraceful. What was 14s., 15s., or 20s. per week, when we take into account the number of hours in which they were employed?"

The following evidence was collected by Mr. Greenly, from a baker at Bristol:—

"A. B. works from ten o'clock Thursday

night to one on Sunday, with an occasional half hour. Ordinary days, from one or two o'clock in the morning till nine at night. Often two days and two nights without any regular rest, never going home.

"At the bread concern they begin between two and three in the morning, the first four days in the week, till five or six next evening. Begin work on Thursday at nine o'clock; get two hours' sleep between eleven and two; then work till five or six the next evening. Commence again at nine on Friday evening, and continue again until seven or eight on Saturday, and occasionally until eleven o'clock at night.

"Average wages in Bristol, 16s. to 20s. foremen; and 12s. to 14s. for second-rate men; and 9s. and 10s. for ordinary men. At low-priced shops, 8s. and 9s. for long hours.

"Bakehouses often ill-ventilated; sometimes a privy close to the oven; low ceiling; gas burning all day."

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF ADAMS'S NARRATIVE — DESCRIPTION OF THE LONDON TRADE — HEALTH OF JOURNEYMEN BAKERS—DR. GUY'S STATEMENT.

"What though the sun in beauty shine,
And you have countless hordes of wealth;
What though the world—all, all was thine,
If you but want the blessing—health."

"In the damp, o'er-heated cell,
Where disease and death do lurk,
Is the BAKER doomed to dwell—
Doomed to do his master's work.
Mid life-destroying vap'rous fume,
All night long he's toiling there—
Toiling—toiling to the tomb:
Wonder not if he despair."

ADAMS having finished smoking the screw of tobacco he had called for, he knocked out the ashes from his pipe, inquired the time, and found they had been sitting there nearly an hour and a-half. "Come, my boy," he said, "it is no use my sitting here talking to you any longer, or we sha'n't see Sam Trotter, and if he wants a jobber he will be going to get one at the club-house down here. Besides, I am afraid I shall frighten you by telling you all I have had to go through, for I suppose no poor devil in the world ever had such luck, as always to get such hard places as I have. Some do manage to get an easy place to what mine has been sometimes, but then, there is another thing, I have been pretty lucky in getting places after once I became known, which is more than many poor fellows have.

"I was thinking, the other day, what had become of all those in the trade I once knew. The last time I was out of work, I walked about the streets of London, but couldn't recognise any of the old ones, and only found two or three at some of the houses of call. The fact is, they can't stand the work long; they die off in a few years like rotten sheep. I consider I have got the constitution of a horse, or I should have been dead by this time. I think we get a new generation of journeymen bakers about every seven years or less. Some manage to weather it a few years longer than the rest, but they are not considered by many of the masters to be of *much use* after they pass forty. They say, 'We want young men that can work.'

"There are not many that reach that age who have to work regularly as journeymen in London. Those who do must have iron constitutions; for what with the heats and colds, in going from the close, hot bakehouse, when in a state of perspiration, into the open air too frequently on a cold winter's day, with, probably, a penny or threehalfpenny baking of some customer who wants it immediately, and the master swearing in the shop because it is not taken home on the instant, not allowing time for any extra clothing to be put on; the want of rest and over-labour, and also the want of regular and sufficient food when in work, with little or nothing to eat for days together when unemployed, and too much drink given them at such times,—the constitution soon becomes undermined. By these means they become old men when others are only in the prime of life. Sooner or later, we all get the bakers' cough, and then a few months of it settles us; or, as the poet said of us:

"'He is doomed by the oven to stay
As long as his nature can;
And his days they hurry away—
But half the life of a man.

Oh! think of the pale-fac'd slave,
Nor divide his body from soul,
Nor consign a *man* to the grave,
For the sake of a dainty roll!
O Christians, find in your hearts some room
To pity the toil-worn baker's doom!'

"Those who manage to get out of it, by becoming master, do live a few years longer than the rest; but they feel it very much when they get old. Rheumatism, bad legs, loss of sight from working at the heated oven, ruptures, asthma, and other diseases sorely afflict them. What is worse than their broken constitution, is, that most of them, after all their struggling, 'cutting,' and slaving, become poor at last, and are glad to get a few shillings a week (if they have luck enough among the number of applicants) from their pension society, in order to eke out a miserable existence.

"All this evil arises from the desire of a few to be big men in the estimation of the world, which they can only be at the expense of their neighbours, and the comfort of their fellow-man, by doing a large trade at little or no profit on their bread, being merely content with the discount they may get from buying a large quantity of flour, or by what they may get by gambling speculation at Mark-lane. On such occasions, some will have a 'flare up,' as they term it, in order to get rid of their flour before a change may occur in the market, if there is the least chance of a fall. When this is not the case, some one among them, if he is doing less business one week than another, will have a 'cut,' for the purpose of getting it back again. Sometimes they will 'fall out' at their societies when they meet, and then the offended party has a 'good go in,' especially if he has any stock of flour on hand that he has bought cheap.

"These proceedings on the part of any one of them will set all the masters (bakers), for miles around him, a 'cutting' too, in order to prevent their customers leaving them to go to the cheapest shop; and thus, by their 'cutting' and 'flare-ups,' they bring themselves and their families in the end to the workhouse, as well as their neighbours, and injure all with whom they have to deal. The miller is generally the greatest pecuniary sufferer, and next to him is the farmer or corn merchant. Besides these things, you must know, Tom—what is worse still, they kill us journeymen in the doing of it—keep hundreds of us men unemployed, and in a state of misery, wretchedness, and destitution—a burden upon their fellow-tradesmen or upon the poor-rates, and causing demoralization and crime."

Before proceeding with the particulars of Tom's walk to see Sam Trotter about the job, it would be as well to lay before our readers the evidence that has been given by Dr. Guy before the sanitary commission, on the state of the health of the bakers of the Metropolis; and that collected by Mr. Edge, of Manchester, as to the health and condition of the men engaged in the baking trade there, as serving to illustrate the evil effects of the severe toil portrayed in Adam's story, the main points of which are strictly true, however extravagant they may appear to those unacquainted with the condition of those engaged in the baking trade.

"I have collected," he says, "some facts in reference to the health of journeymen bakers, which ought to be made known as extensively as possible. The public have no notion of the mischievous and fatal effects of their present long hours of work. Indeed, until a few weeks of this time, I had not the most remote idea that so unhealthy an occupation was being carried on by any class of men in the Metropolis."

"What led you to examine into the health of this particular class of men?"

"My attention was first turned that way by accident. In prescribing for the out-patients of King's College Hospital, I often put questions to the patients as to the nature of their employments, their hours of work, their wages, and the opinion they have formed as to the salubrity or otherwise of their trade. One of the patients to whom I addressed these questions was a baker, who told me, to my utter astonishment, that his usual hours of work were from eleven at night to seven o'clock the next evening, being twenty-four hours of work, with only four hours of rest. Such a statement seemed to require confirmation. I accordingly took early and repeated opportunities of addressing the same questions to other journeymen bakers, from whom I received the same, or nearly the same, answers."

The statements that follow fully confirm the account given in the preceding pages as to the hours of labour, as well as the condition of the bakehouses in which the men have to work. But the description of the young man from Cork, a consumptive patient in the hospital, and of T. P., a lad seventeen years of age, as given in the "Copy of Evidence before the Sanitary Commission," and in the copy of the lecture delivered to the trade at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, is more painful and distressing than anything we have described.

To show the impartiality of his inquiry, the Doctor states, at page 6 of his lecture, "These are not picked cases; they are not all hospital cases; and not one of them

was chosen for me by parties interested in this movement for the abolition of night work;" and, again, in page 7, "The results I have arrived at have been drawn from what may be termed a fair average of the trade. I have not included any of my hospital patients, nor have I selected only men who work for under-priced bakers."

The substance of the results of his careful inquiry and strict comparison with respect to the health of the operative bakers is as follows:—

"You say that bakers are very unhealthy; are they short-lived?"

"They are; I find, for instance, that the average age at death of 164 bakers dying in London, 20 years of age and upwards, including masters and journeymen, is 49 years; while the average age of 296 tailors is 49 years three months; of 367 shoemakers, 50 years; of 408 carpenters, 52 years four months; and of 125 weavers, 57 years nine months. So that, as compared even with tailors, the bakers lose, one with another, a quarter of a year of life."

"They are a young body of men, are they not?"

"Yes; there are few old, or even middle-aged men among them. The oldest man I saw was 65, but I believe there are a few older men at work. The average age of the whole 111 was only 30¾ years, while that of 50 silk printers (men who work in hot rooms) was 31½; of 75 scavengers, 37½; of 71 bricklayers and labourers, and 26 brickmakers, 38¾; and of 25 carpenters, 42½."

"They were all of 20 years of age and upwards?"

"Yes."

"What proportion of the bakers, as compared with men following other employments, did you find in good health?"

"I found none in what may be termed robust health; that is to say, with healthy florid complexions. Only 14 in the 100 had a tolerably healthy appearance, while the carpenters, who may be said to be in the enjoyment of robust health, amount to about 72 per cent., and the proportion is still greater for men working out of doors."

"Are the bakers very liable to fever?"

"They are less liable to fever than I should have thought. Only eight out of the 111, or about seven per cent., had had typhus fever, which is a very favourable proportion; 20 per cent. of carpenters, upwards of 21 per cent. of bricklayers' labourers, and more than 35 per cent. of brickmakers, whom I examined in the same way, had had attacks of fever. The attacks of fever among the silk printers was eight per cent., which was the proportion among the scavengers; I should say, therefore, that the bakers are not very subject to fever."

"Nevertheless, we understand you to say that they are very sickly?"

"Extremely so. No less than 70 in the 100 complained of being subject to some disease or other, of whom several were liable to more than one complaint; while the proportion so complaining among the brickmakers was thirty-six per cent.; among the bricklayers' labourers 25 per cent.; among carpenters, 26 per cent.; among scavengers, 19 per cent.; and among the silk printers, 18 per cent. The total of the disorders to which the 111 bakers stated that they were subject, is 125; or more than one disorder to each man."

"Are you speaking now of severe attacks of illness?"

"No; only disorders to which the men stated that they were subject, in answer to my question, addressed to each man individually—Are you subject to any complaints?"

"Out of the 111 whom he examined, he found those subject to colds were 8; to coughs, 30; to asthma and shortness of breath, 13; to hoarseness, 4; to spitting of blood, 34; making in all 89 out of 111 subject to affections of the lungs, or in the proportion of 80 in every hundred. In addition to these complaints, to which the men stated that they were subject, 10 of them had inflammation of the lungs, and 9 had suffered from other severe and lingering diseases of those organs. So that out of 111 bakers, 19 had had some severe and lingering disease of the lungs, and 89 complained of being subject to less severe disorders of the chest. If the two numbers be added together, no less than 108 habitual or severe diseases of the lungs will have to be divided among 111 men; and that 31 per cent., or rather less than one in every three, spat blood!"

Mr. Edge, of Manchester, examined 24 men, out of which only one was in good health. In communicating the results to the Operative Bakers' Society, he states:

"I should premise that the men came to me, so far as I know, without being selected, and, I believe, may be taken as an average specimen of the mischief the present mode of carrying on that trade is doing to the health of those that are compelled to work at it. They came to me in a body, late in the evening; and on entering the waiting-room, the effect was startling—so many shrunken, pale, anxious countenances, combined with the ghastly looks of some of them, and their dusty habiliments, seemed more like a visit from the tenants of the tomb, than what ought to have been hearty, sound-constitutioned men."

In writing to the Journal of Public Health, the same gentleman states the reason of his inquiry, with the particulars of the diseases to which he found the men subject, and their condition.

"My attention having for some time past been called to the great amount of sickness among

the operative bakers, over and above other classes, that I have come in contact with, more especially since I became the medical officer for one of their societies held in Manchester; many months ago I endeavoured to seek out the cause, with the view of benefiting their general health, and of preventing, rather than curing disease. The diseases to which they are most subject are those of the respiratory organs. Bronchitis and phthisis, with all their complications, make sad havoc amongst them; likewise brain diseases, and all those diseases which arise from violent muscular exertion, great numbers of them being the subjects of hernia.

"The places in which they spend so much of their time are generally in the highest degree unwholesome. The carbonic acid gas, evolved during the rise of the sponge—the sulphurous acid gas rushing in a heated state from the oven—the impalpable dry dust of the flour—the great heat and dryness of the air—the small, low, ill-ventilated places in which the majority of ovens are placed, conjoin with, in some instances, the all but total exclusion of light; in others, with the want of thorough drainage, and the non-removal of all noxious substances—and also the reprehensible and needless practice of night work, and so many hours of incessant labour (varying from sixteen to twenty) during the day—form a catalogue of causes of disease, such as no constitution, however sound, could withstand for a lengthened period. I have met with more than twice as many cases of disease among the bakers than among all other artisans put together, the number of men in each class being equal. Another observation has forced conviction on my mind of the waste of health and life in this trade, as now carried on; it is the rapid approach of decrepitude and appearance of premature old age in almost all beyond thirty years. They would be taken to be nearly ten or fifteen years older; and at forty-five look to be of the age of sixty, and upwards. The father of a baker I saw last night is fifty-four; his appearance is that of a man of twice that age.

"Of the Bakers' Association in this metropolis of manufactures, numbering about 500 members, their ages may be represented as follows:—Two-thirds are between the ages of sixteen and thirty, the remaining third are under forty, with some five or six exceptions; and under the most favourable circumstances, they are generally unfit for working at their trade after forty years of age. Some of the bakers that I have attended have fallen victims to consumption, disease of the brain and nervous system; others that have been lately under treatment have suffered from bronchitis, in all shades of intensity, partial paralysis, extreme debility, anorexia, great prostration, and nervous disorder; and upon inquiring the cause, it was invariably traced to the cause to which I have referred, and to excessive labour, over-exertion, and too little time allowed for sleep.

"One of the most lamentable consequences, arising from their excessive labour by day and by night, is the great ignorance and demoralization produced by the recourse had to intoxicating drinks, their frequenting dram-shops, beer-houses, and other scenes of sin and depravity, and there spending the few spare hours they may have, instead of seeking out-door amusements, or enjoying the benefits to be derived from rational recreation in a pure atmosphere. Their moral position in society I consider to be as low, if not lower, than that of the colliers."

(To be continued.)

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"Oh, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care."—JOHN DYER.

IT is a natural and noble instinct in man to aspire. He is born to achieve greatness and to go on from strength to strength, even as the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. He is stirred on to progress by the divinity within him; and it bids him look not at the things behind, but reach forth unto those which are before—to be instant in season and out of season in advancing his whole being from the low to the high, and from the high to the higher.

But withal it preaches CONTENTMENT. How can these things be? "*Aspire*," and "*Be content*," in one and the same breath? Surely this is a paradox.

Not so. The doctrine is—Aim high, and leave the result with Heaven. Do your best, and then "be content with the goods the gods provide you." Do not grumble and throw down your arms in disgust, because sometimes the gun kicks, or repays you by a poor flash in the pan. A cheerful heart is a continual feast.

Industry coupled with Contentment—what a holy, happy, radiant conjunction! They make up together the Active and Passive of the verb To Be. Well may Poetry pay compliments to Content, a "nymph retired and coy," whose soothing voice, whispering low through the shade, cheers with a peace that passeth all understanding every worshipper at her shrine. Thus Mrs. Barbauld hymns her praise:—

"O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
Oh seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unaltered brow."

Green invokes her in his poem called "The Spleen"—in the "wood-notes" of which Gray discovers "strains of real poetry and music:"—

"Contentment, parent of delight!
So much a stranger to our sight,—
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find."

Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, tells us of

"Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven,
And cheerful as the rising sun in May."

And in the "Excursion" he draws a charming sketch of a shepherd lad carving a dial in the sunshine, on the green turf; one who perceives within himself a rule and measure which he can apply to the sun of truth, that shines for him and all mankind; one whose experience teaches him how few are nature's wants, and who finds in this knowledge ample recompense for manifold privations. He refers

"His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rest his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content."

The true philosophy is, to be profuse in our outlay of noble wishes—desires that pertain to our higher nature,—and to be moderate and chary in those which have their end in our mere animal constitution. Nothing withers and frets our spirit more than indulgence in aspirations after things that perish in the using, for in this pursuit disappointment is a constant shadow that dogs us and bays us into sloughs of despond. As Young says in the "Night Thoughts"—

"Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse and health's decay.
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to the shades again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool;
Caught at a court; purged off by purer air,
And simples diet—gifts of rural life!"

Lamartine tells us, in his autobiographical "Confidences," that his mother, although never ceasing to suffer from the privations of poverty, ever despised

riches. "How often has she said to me, whilst pointing out the narrow boundary of the garden and the fields of Milly—'It is very small, but it is large enough, if we learn to adapt our wishes and our habits accordingly. Happiness is in ourselves; we shall not increase it by extending the boundaries of our meadows and our vineyards. Happiness is not measured by acres, as land is; it is measured by resignation of heart; for God has willed that the poor should have an equal share with the rich, in order that neither should think of asking it from any but Himself.'"

Jean Paul finely says—and he was no theorist in this matter, but an out-and-out practical man—"An evil vanishes, if I do not ask after it. Think of a worse situation than that in which thou art. Evil is like the nightmare, the instant you bestir yourself it has already ended. We never think of the sorrows of our dreams; wherefore should we in the dream of life?" This man was once *very* poor, but such was the man that, as Thomas Carlyle remarks, "poverty of a far sterner sort than this would have been a light matter to him: there was a bold, deep, joyful spirit looking through those young eyes; and to such a spirit the world *has* nothing poor, but all is rich, and full of loveliness and wonder." His example is one of a bright cluster to assure us that happiness is cheap, did we apply to the right merchant for it. Too many of us, in our search for contentment, are like the diseased Jewess who spent all her living upon empiricists, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. If we went the right way to work, taking such as Jean Paul for our model, we might cease to belong to that weary company who are ever seeking rest and finding none—ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the true.

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

No. I.—THE DOG

The dog is the friend of man, and has assisted more than any other animal in the great work of subjugating the earth. In England the brown bear, the wolf, and the wild boar, were once common, but the dog has aided us in the extirpation of these destructive animals, and has thus helped forward that civilization which must otherwise have advanced but slowly, and has enabled us to reclaim the wild and waste places of the earth preparatory to bringing them under cultivation. The dog exists in every region of the earth, and every species has become our property. He has devoted himself to our interests, has assimilated himself to our habits, and has remained faithful to death. Other animals regard man with fear as their natural enemy, but the dog turns to him as his friend, and shows such a strong desire for his society and protection, that naturalists have concluded this universal friendship between the man and the dog to be the result of the laws of nature. We should rather say that he is one of the best and most useful of the gifts of that beneficent Creator who gave to our first parent dominion over every living creature, and brought them to receive their distinctive names from his lips.

Although dogs are found wild in every country, yet, as there are no traces of an original race, they are in this state supposed to be the descendants of domesticated animals long ago abandoned to return to their wild condition. The nearest approach to one original stock is the shepherd's dog, to whom Buffon, in an ingenious genealogical table, has traced all the varieties; but this theory has been given up as untenable, and naturalists now refer the dog to the wolf as its parent. The same physical structure exists in both animals, and whatever differences of character are found, they are only such as can be produced by instruction. The education of the dog being always directed to some peculiar purpose, and transmitted by carefully keeping each breed distinct through many generations, may account for the great difference between the tame dog and the wolf. Though the experiment has not often been tried, and is attended with difficulty, yet the wolf has been tamed, and has displayed the same affection and fidelity as the dog; and it may be fairly inferred that, if the process of training had been continued to their progeny in these instances, the results would have been still more satisfactory.

The dog was the first animal trained by man, but the exact period of its domestication is unknown. The earliest reference to its existence is in the book of Exodus, when the destroying angel is about to smite the first-born of Egypt, and the promise is given, that against the children of Israel "shall not a dog move its tongue;" unless the patriarch Job, who speaks of "the dogs of his flock," may be considered to have lived in a still earlier stage of

the world's history. The remarkable expression he uses would seem to indicate his knowledge and employment of the shepherd's dog. After the Jews were settled in the land of Canaan, we find frequent mention of the dog in the Sacred Writings; but it is only in the capacity of a scavenger prowling about the streets and suburbs of the city, in the same manner as he now exists in Lisbon, Constantinople, and in all the cities of the East, where, but for his useful labours, the streets would be filled with carrion and other filth, sufficient to cause pestilence and death. Left without a master, the dog rapidly degenerates, and assumes the habits of other wild animals of kindred race; he pursues his prey in packs, and has little to distinguish him from the wolf. In the western districts of North America, and even in the neighbourhood of the towns in the south-west, the dog wanders about in troops, without an owner, living upon either such game as can be caught, or animals that have died, and disturbing the night with his wild howls. In Australia the native dog, or Dingo, as he is called, commits the same kind of devastation, and is regarded by the settlers in all respects as a beast of prey. There is a fine specimen of this dog in the Zoological Gardens. It is a singular fact that whatever may be the kind, or however great the variety of dogs suffered in this way to run wild, they gradually assume the form of a degenerate sort of hound, and lose almost entirely all trace of their original species. Like most other animals, a change of climate exercises a great influence upon the dog; transplanted from a northern to a southern region, he loses his warm clothing of hair, and if he survives the removal, will in a few years appear of a different breed.

The domestic dog, *canis familiaris* of Linnæus, has the tail always curled upwards, and the tip, if existing, is invariably white. Cuvier divides all the varieties into three groups—1, Matins; 2, Epagneuls; 3, Dogues—of which the greyhound, the spaniel, and the bulldog may be considered the English representatives. The first includes the Albanian and Australian dogs, and the different varieties of the greyhound. The second, besides the spaniel and its varieties, the shepherd's dog, the different species of hound, setter, pointer, and terrier, and the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and St. Bernard dogs; and the third, the mastiff and all kinds of pug dogs distinguished by the shortness of their muzzles. It may seem almost incredible that all these varieties, which, to a casual observer, will appear as great as exist between any distinct species of other animals, can be supposed to descend from one uniform type; but, as it is clear that all of them left to run wild would breed back into one particular kind, so it is not difficult to imagine that the peculiarities of any individual dog, carefully developed and cultivated through several generations, would result in a distinct species, modified, of course, by training and climate.

All the present known kinds of dogs possess some distinguishing quality which makes them either attractive or useful. It is unnecessary to remark the perfect sight and unequalled speed of the greyhound, the noble nature of the mastiff and Newfoundland, the power of scent and marvellous instinct of the pointer and setter, the extraordinary sagacity of the shepherd's dog, and the cleverness and strong affection displayed by the spaniel, the many varieties of the terrier, and almost all the tribe of pet dogs.

The Esquimaux, who dwell among the eternal snows of the arctic regions, employ their dogs in hunting, in carrying burdens, and in drawing their sledges, which are their only mode of travelling. To them the animal is invaluable, and without him they would very probably descend into a lower state of barbarism, or even become extinct. The breed is a remarkably fine one; a single dog will carry a weight of thirty pounds when accompanying his master in a hunting expedition, and when yoked in numbers to heavy sledges they will convey several persons at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and will perform journeys of sixty miles a day. The same use is made of the Newfoundland dog in the country from whence he derives his name. The noble Saint Bernard dog displays his extraordinary sagacity in saving travellers who have been lost in the snows of the Alps. Their delicacy of smell enables them to discover a human body at a depth of ten or even twenty feet; they will induce children to mount their backs in order to be carried to a place of refuge, and no one seems more delighted than himself when his efforts for the recovery of the unhappy wanderer are crowned with success.

The bloodhound of Cuba has been employed for a far different purpose, but displays the same wonderful skill in tracking footsteps which could not be perceived by human eyes; he, however, instantly seizes his prey, and many a wretched Indian has been hunted down, and many a fugitive slave been destroyed or maimed for life, by the means thus used for his destruction.

Great Britain possesses some of the finest breeds of dogs; and from the great care and expense taken in introducing the most valuable kinds from other countries, in preserving the purity of the breed, and in training them to their special objects, it is probable that the finest specimens of each sort exist in this country. The mastiff, who is a native of these islands, is celebrated as far back as the time of the Romans, and was then considered to exceed all others in strength and noble qualities. The bulldog, also indigenous, is, in all his varieties, almost peculiar to England Possessed of no

beauty of form, of a sullen and unsociable temper, he is distingulshed by a determination and tenacity of purpose almost unrivalled. The different varieties of hound have all arrived at the greatest perfection here. In coursing and foxhunting, the steadiness with which the greyhound and foxhound pursue their game, and their perfect submission to the orders of their master and the rules of their art, are as extraordinary as the quick scent and discretion displayed by the setter, pointer, and other sporting dogs. But the cleverness and ability of all these races are surpassed by the sagacity of the shepherd's dog, who appears not only to understand the directions given to him, but to reason upon them, and to carry out by his own genius what he supposes would be, under unforeseen circumstances, the wishes of his master. The common drover's dog, which is a variety of this species, will conduct a flock of sheep to any given point through the most crowded thoroughfares of the Metropolis, without suffering one of them to stray, or to occupy more ground than is actually necessary for locomotion. The anecdotes related of their sagacity, in the severe winters among the mountains of Scotland, are innumerable, and almost beyond belief. Both man and his fleecy charge are equally indebted to them for the preservation of their lives, and for the power of communicating with the necessary succour, when all other means would be unavailing.

The custom of keeping pet dogs for pleasure and amusement prevails almost universally in England, there being so many distinguished for their beauty and diminutiveness as to render them peculiarly fitted for the post of the ladies' lapdog, or the children's companion and playmate. The most favourite kinds are, the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, the black-and-tan short-haired terrier, the Spitzbergen dog, and the various long-haired terriers of Scotland. On the Continent there are a great many sorts of poodles and barbets, some of them considered handsome, but many distinguished for nothing but their cleverness, and the ease with which they may be taught amusing tricks. The lion-dog of Malta, now extremely rare, and the small greyhound of Italy, are very graceful animals; and we have seen a species of the barbet, in the West Indies, so small as sometimes to weigh only a few ounces, and covered with long white silky hair. Most of these endure with difficulty the climate of England. Each variety will be found to possess some peculiar merit, and each individual will present some original features to the careful observer. All understand their position and its duties; they study the habits of their owners, seek to make themselves useful, and appear to do more in the way of self-education than those who are instructed for special purposes. A thoroughly idle dog, except when diseased or overfed, is rarely to be found, for it is his nature to be active and to seek employment from men. Whatever bustle goes on in the house, the dog seeks to join in it, and is never happier than when sent on some errand which he imagines will benefit his master.

It has been too much the custom to laugh at the fondness of most persons for their dogs, and to disapprove of the practice of keeping them; but there are benefits reciprocated from the dog to his owner which fully justify the habit. Not in vain does the reflecting mind observe the love, the fidelity and the gratitude of the dog—his docility, his patience, his obedience, and his quick forgiveness of injuries; and to children his example is especially beneficial; they will learn to admire and imitate his qualities, while the habit of giving them something to love and care for is always desirable, to act as a check on their natural selfishness. It is a great mistake to make a child timid and afraid of dogs, for it will only occasion unnecessary alarm in after-life; as dogs, however naturally generous, almost always pursue objects that fly from them, this mistaken caution goes far to create the very evil it seeks to avoid. Dogs are courageous, but not naturally cruel; and it is much to be regretted that either their instincts or capabilities, when developed by education, should be directed to the brutal sport of worrying and destroying other unoffending animals.

It is difficult to say how far the instinct of the dog verges on imagination and reason, or how far these co-exist with it; he possesses memory, and evidently argues from what has occurred before to guide himself in his conduct; and there is no one who has closely studied the more intelligent species, but will concede to them something more than mere blind instinct. The dog has a more expressive countenance than any other animal, and all the passions of hope, fear, distrust, desire, love, gratitude, and solicitude, may be seen in his eye, or on the lines of his face. No one has made a better use of such observation than our great painter, Sir Edward Landseer, and it is difficult to look on his immortal portraitures and not feel with the poor Indian, who

——"Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Anecdotes of the sagacity and faithfulness of dogs abound in every book on natural history, and something in their praise can be related by every individual who has held any intercourse with them.

A story is told of a convent in France where it was the custom to provide twenty paupers with a dinner daily. The portions were served to each individual on his ringing a bell in a "tour," or turning machine, which did not show the person who moved it. A dog who was in the habit of following the paupers to their dinner, but who only received scraps, and

sometimes nothing at all, had observed the mode by which they obtained their food; and one day, after they had all retired, he took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell,—a portion appeared as usual; and, as he found the scheme succeed, he repeated the manœuvre the next day. The cook, finding one applicant more than the number allowed, lay in wait and discovered the trick of the dog. The matter was represented to the committee, who were so pleased with the sagacity of the animal, that he was allowed to receive his dinner every day on ringing the bell for it.

A well-known dog in Edinburgh was treated by his master to a meat-pie. The next time the pieman appeared the dog seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass, till the pieman, showing him a penny, pointed to his master, to whom the dog immediately ran, begging for the penny, which was given, taken in his mouth to the pieman and exchanged for a pie. As often as the pieman made his appearance this practice was continued.

A French surgeon relates the story of a dog whose broken leg had been cured, knocking at his door one day, accompanied by another dog whose foot had received an injury, and whom he had thus brought to be attended to.

But one of the most remarkable facts is recorded of a water-spaniel, whose master having accidentally dropped a piece of gold in a place of public resort on the Continent, supposed he had lost it; at the same time he missed his dog, who had accompanied him in his walk. It subsequently appeared that the dog, after waiting sometime in guard of the money, evidently knowing its value, and finding his master did not return, had taken it in his mouth and carried it home. On his master's return, in the evening, his servant met him with the intelligence that the dog had seemed ill all day, having refused to eat, and lying beside his food without moving. But immediately his master appeared the dog jumped up, laid the money which was in his mouth at his feet, and began to eat voraciously.

In all these instances there was surely something more than mere instinct. A dog may easily be taught tricks of this sort; but in the cases mentioned his conduct was the result of his own judgment in the circumstances presented to him.

Dogs are very sensible of the differences of time, and can readily be taught to distinguish Sundays from working days, so as show no desire to pursue their usual avocations. Our own earliest recollections are connected with a Dutch pug, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Walcheren, and presented to an English lady. Bob spent the remaining twenty years of his life in a country village, where it was the custom to signalise the 5th November by bonfires and other similar demonstrations on the village green, opposite his master's house. But Bob was always missing at these periods, after the first year, invariably leaving home on the 4th, and returning on the 6th; and it was found that at such times he paid a visit to an old lady, at a lonely cottage, far away from the sound and smell of gunpowder; and so regularly did this occur, during many years, that she was in the habit of providing for his visit some delicacy, which he never failed to claim. No doubt remembrances of the battle influenced the dog in so acting. Incredible as it may seem, we can vouch for the truth of this story, and that in one or two instances in which he was prevented leaving his home, he always secreted himself on the night of the 4th, refusing either to leave his hiding-place, or to feed till the fatal day was past.

Very high prices are given for choice specimens of almost every breed possessing any value in this country. From £20 to £30 are not unfrequently paid for spaniels and terriers, and as much, or more, for sporting and house dogs, which are remarkable either for their appearance or qualities. The trade has become an important one, and is carried on to a great extent both at home and with foreign countries. It is much to be regretted that the characters of many persons employed in it have thrown discredit upon the respectable part of the fraternity.

Dogs do not become mad more frequently than men, and there is no necessity for the excessive alarm felt by some persons on this point. Much depends on their being carefully fed and treated; in many instances madness is produced by want of exercise, and by an insufficiency of water both for drinking and bathing.

Dogs are eaten in Guinea, China, and the South Sea Islands; in Lapland and Finmark they are bred and slaughtered for their skins; but with these exceptions, they are cherished and protected, and appear to inspire as deep an affection in man as they evidently feel for him. Many a monument has been erected both in ancient and modern times to distinguished individuals of this faithful race, and the affecting story of Ulysses' dog, who, according to Homer, recognised his long-lost master, and expired with joy at his feet, has often afforded a theme for the painter and the poet.

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. VI.

MISCELLANEOUS CURIOSITIES IN THE UPPER CHAMBER.

Another last word about the Bishops.—Wherein they differ from Lay Lords.—Lords who are both Barons and Bishops.—How Priests may be Peers, but not Commoners.—Horne Tooke the cause, and why.—Glance at the Author of the "Diversions of Purley," and his duelling Patron, with grave Jokes by the ex-clerical Wit.—Why a Bishop's Wife can't be a Lady.—The ins and outs of Female Precedence, lay and clerical, and the utility of its seeming uselessness.—Grand Functionaries of State Etiquette.—Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl Marshal: antiquity and duties of the office.—Its representative, the present head of the House of Howard.—The art and mystery of the manufacture of Grandfathers; that is, finding Coats of Arms for people born sleeveless.—"Garters," and their mode of tying "knots."—The poetry of all this prose; or, rhyme for our reasons.—A Disquisition on Dukes of the "Jockey of Norfolk" breed.—Graceless Graces, and unpapal Papists extraordinary.—True "Roman" virtue, in the sense classical and Catholic.—Promised peep at a Champion of England not known in the "Ring," nor yet a "fancy" sketch.

SINCE our last Memoranda, things ecclesiastical, in one shape or other, have occupied so large a share of public attention, and are likely to do so for such a length of time to come, that, notwithstanding our promises to the contrary, we are, almost perforce, compelled to linger yet awhile among the bishops, especially as we recollect that we said little or nothing of their political standing, properly so called, in the realm—that is, as to the point wherein they differ from the lay peers. Strictly speaking, says a graphic delineator of their attributes, their object is much more limited than that of the lords temporal; for although they take precedency as temporal barons, yet they do so rather by a fiction of the law than by anything approaching a reality. A temporal peer is understood to occupy his seat in the House in consequence of his ancestry—to leave the succession to his heirs; whereas, an archbishop or bishop, as a peer, has neither ancestor nor heir, unless when he happens to be both a bishop and a lay lord as well, as in the case of Lord Auckland (though, by the way, as Bishop of Man, *he* has no seat in the legislature), already mentioned; and a lay peer may also be a clergyman, as is the case, for example, with the Rev. the Earl of Guilford, son of that Hon. Brownlow North who was successively Bishop of Lichfield, Worcester, and Winchester. And here is another of the many anomalies between the two Houses. A man may be a priest and a peer, but he cannot be a priest and an M.P.

It is, however, only within a comparatively recent period that this distinction has prevailed. The individual in whose person it was first established was the celebrated Horne Tooke, about fifty years ago. This famous personage, the son of a poulterer in Newport-market, Westminster, was originally in orders, in the chaplaincy of New Brentford, which his father purchased for him, and the duties of which office he discharged with decency and regularity for three years, taking some pains to study the elements of medicine for the benefit of the poorer members of his congregation; but on being introduced to the no less celebrated John Wilkes, while on the Continent, he laid aside his clerical character, and evinced so complete a contempt for his sacred profession, that, in writing to his lax companion shortly afterwards, he said, "It is true that I have suffered the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over me, whose imposition, like the sop given to Judas, is only a signal for the devil to enter; but I hope I have escaped the contagion." And again, during one of the contests for Middlesex by Wilkes, he declared that "in a cause so just and so holy he would dye his black coat red." After several times trying to get into Parliament for Westminster (where he very nearly defeated Fox,) and elsewhere, he was returned for the notorious borough of Old Sarum, by its then proprietor, Lord Camelford, of disreputable fame as a duellist and profligate, accounted one of the best shots of his day, but who was nevertheless killed by Mr. Best, in a quarrel he provoked himself. He also rendered himself remarkable by threatening to bring his black footman into the House of Commons, by way of exhibiting his contempt of the means by which the majority of that assembly were returned at the period. Tooke, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents, which were of the very highest order, made but an indifferent figure in Parliament during the short time he held his seat, which was attempted to be taken from him on the express motion that, as a clergyman, he had no right to it. But Lord Sidmouth (then Mr. Addington), on behalf of government, preferred the milder course of bringing in an act declaratory of the future ineligibility of persons in a similar situation; and accordingly Horne Tooke retired on the dissolution in 1802.

As these remarks are being written on the anniversary celebration, at Radley's Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, of the acquittal

of Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, and the other illustrious patriots in whose persons the inestimable principle of Trial by Jury was so gloriously vindicated, Nov. 1794, it may be pardoned us to repeat the renowned witticism of Tooke on that eventful day when his life hung upon a thread. During the trial, dissatisfied with the mode in which the proceedings for his defence were being conducted, he wrote on a slip of paper to Erskine, his counsel, saying he would be his own advocate. "If you do, you will be hanged," wrote Erskine; on which Tooke, without a moment's pause, wrote back, "Then I'll be hanged if I do;" whereupon the trial proceeded, with its immortal and triumphant results, which are still gratefully and exultingly contemplated now, at the expiration of five-and-fifty years, by all who appreciate one of the most important struggles in the history of the civil freedom of the world. But Tooke's wit was ever prompt and ever to the purpose, as in the case of returning from Newgate to the Old Bailey, one cold night during his troubles, when a lady, placing a handkerchief round his neck, he said, "Take care, madame, what you are about, for I am rather ticklish in that place just now." This, however, is not the occasion for pursuing verbal pleasantries further; so resume we the graver matter of our subject.

The Bishops sit in the Upper Chamber as representatives of the clergy; but, though they may take a share in all the legislative and judicial functions of the temporal peers, their natural function, and, indeed, the function to which they chiefly attend, is watching over the interests, or the supposed interests, of the body they belong to. It has been well remarked by a dispassionate commentator that the precise line of their conduct is so very narrow and delicate, and it is so exceedingly difficult to preserve the calmness of the spiritual character upon an arena of temporal strifes, that the wisest course the Bishops can pursue is, unless upon subjects that are obviously ecclesiastical, to speak as seldom and to say as little as ever they can. They seem, on the whole, as we have already shown, to be aware of this; and accordingly we find less of the clerical eloquence of England recorded in the debates in the House of Lords than the learning and the power of the English clergy would lead a stranger to suppose. This is a constant source of wonder and disappointment to Americans, who are also greatly puzzled to comprehend why bishops' wives are not ladies—that is, ladies of title, or even of rank; for while the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence of all the peers of England, next the blood royal, his wife (dead) is plain Mrs. Sumner, and as such her station is No. 84 in the ranks, as the wife of a doctor of divinity—coming, as such, after the "wives of younger sons of knights bachelor," though even that gives her priority over eleven other grades, the lowest of all, No. 95, being "wives of professional gentlemen," coming after "wives of subaltern officers."

While on this delicate ground, it may perhaps edify some, and amuse more, of our female readers, to inform them, on the authority of one of the most accredited oracles of Herald's College, that in all but ecclesiastical cases the rank of married women is derived from, and corresponds to, that of their husbands, though with some important, or at least curious, exceptions. Thus: a woman noble by birth does not lose her rank if she marries a commoner, but it is otherwise if she marry a peer, for then her precedence is regulated by that of her husband. Although daughters of dukes and marquises take place above the wives of barons, yet the daughter of the premier duke of England (Norfolk) would sink to the rank of baroness if she married a baron, as is the case with Lady Foley at the present moment. If, however, she married a lord by courtesy (that is, not a peer), or any other commoner, or a bishop, her rank, precedence, and title, would remain unchanged. The widow of a peer, baronet, or knight, may retain her title notwithstanding a second marriage; but she does so only by courtesy, and, strictly speaking, loses her precedence. It is, therefore, only those who are noble by birth who come within the limit of these observations. That the official precedence of the husband is not communicable to the wife forms the next exception; yet this, though all but universal, has its own limitation; as, for example, the wife of a lord-mayor, or of the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The next exception is that of a married woman who happens to be a peeress in her own right. She may, through her husband, hold a higher rank than that which belongs to her birth; but she does not lose her hereditary rank by one or more marriages, or by widowhood. It is a general rule that, before marriage, women have no titles or precedence otherwise than through their fathers; but, as just stated, their paternal distinctions cease if they marry peers, unless they should actually inherit a peerage. Several ranks intervene between the eldest and other sons of the same father, but with the daughters it is otherwise; they, in point of precedence, are as one unbroken series, ranking among each other according to seniority, the eldest coming next to the wife of the eldest son (during the life of his father), and all of them several degrees above any of the wives of

their younger brethren, provided those wives enjoy no distinction by birth. It is another general rule that precedence acquired by marriage is never lost by the forfeiture of the husband. Thus, an earl may be attainted, but his wife remains a countess. It is also a rule that the rank enjoyed by a woman is incommunicable to her husband. As, for instance, a plain Mr. Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, would be no nearer to obtaining a handle to his own name, if he had a duchess, marchioness, countess, or baroness for his spouse.

It may be said, probably, that this sort of rigmarole is of very small value to a "Working Man;" and so it is. But it is a matter of infinite importance to a large and most influential section of the community, to the court and the nobility, the gentry, and the professions, and, as such, it cannot be of absolute indifference to the working man. We mean the knowledge of the importance attached to it; not, of course, the thing itself. There are large salaried officers of state, created, paid, and maintained, for nothing in the world else but their acquaintance with details of this sort, and their qualifications for carrying them into execution. The chief functionary of this class is the Duke of Norfolk, in whom the earlmarshalship is hereditary. The students of Shakspeare will remember in "Henry VIII." the passage,—

"The Duke of Suffolk claims to be High Steward;
Next, the Duke Norfolk to be Earl Marshal."

The curious in the origin and attributes of this great officer of state will find all that is necessary to be known about him in the "Manual of Dignities," where it will be seen that he is an earl *ex officio*, a description of dignity of which no other example exists. The extreme antiquity of the office is proved by the fact, that the first Earl Marshal on record was, in 1135, Gilbert de Clare, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, an ancestor of Mr. Sydney Herbert, who is presumptive heir to his brother's earldom of that title at present. This peer's son, the famous Strongbow, so memorable in the conquest of Ireland, succeeded, by inheritance, to the office, which, after remaining in that family many generations, passed, by marriage, into that of Norfolk, wherein it became extinct on the death of the fifth earl of that title. The fifth son of Edward the First was named to it in 1335, but he dying without issue, it once more passed to the Howards, with whom it has remained ever since, notwithstanding its having been several times forfeited, but again restored when the attainted individuals were reinstated in their honours. The last actual grant of the office which took place was to Henry Howard, eighth Duke of Norfolk, under which settlement the present duke holds the office; and by this grant the Earl Marshal alone was invested with all the powers in the court of chivalry which that officer was accustomed to exercise in conjunction with the Lord High Constable, a tribunal of considerable utility in former times for the investigation of all questions touching the laws of honour, and for the examination of court armour, precedence, and descent. The court of honour, in its olden sense, has entirely fallen into disuse, from the improved civilization of the times, the efficacy of the laws, and the intelligence and independence of the people; but for many of the minor purposes for which it was instituted it still possesses a substitute, as a few words will explain.

The Herald's College, of which the Earl Marshal is the head, was incorporated by Richard III., who invested it with many privileges and immunities. To publish all royal proclamations, and to arrange the solemnities of coronations, royal marriages, christenings, funerals, and other ceremonies, still fall within its province. But the evidence of heralds to support pedigrees is not received in a court of justice unless the testimony has relation to their original visitation books, which were compiled when solemn and regular circuits were periodically made throughout every part of the kingdom. These, being authorised registers of marriages and descents, verified by the heads of families, are allowed to be good evidence in matters of pedigree. The members of the college are mainly occupied in giving assistance to those who desire to trace their descent for the recovery of property, titles, or for other purposes; but they are consulted like other professional persons, and the records they keep are not to be confounded with the books of the college, in which only proved pedigrees are entered. The college has the power of granting armorial bearings to individuals who were previously not known to possess these distinctions; and such honourable augmentations, or grants of supporters, as the crown may confer, are registered, arranged, and devised by them. The corporation consists of thirteen members, viz., three kings of arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy; six heralds—Somerset, Chester, Lancaster, Richmond, York, and Windsor; and four pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Portcullis, Rouge Dragon, and Blue Mantle. There are also similar officers for Ireland, and the readers of Scott need not be told the importance attached to them by the minstrel of the north, who sung how

"Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothesay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
Attendant on a king of arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms."

Herald's College is situate in Doctor's-commons, close by St. Paul's; and when we come to speak of that building hereafter, we may have a good deal to say about the cost, pomp, and circumstance of making Knights of the Garter, and other knights too, the expense of which species of art-manufacture falls upon the public, in a fashion whereof the reader has little probable notion at present, and which will astonish him when he becomes better acquainted with it. Though the appointments in the college are made by the Crown, it is always on the nomination of the Earl Marshal, who at the present time happens also to be Master of the Horse, with a salary of £2,000 per annum—an office his grace is understood to have accepted with some considerable reluctance, and at the personal request of the Sovereign, for the emoluments could be of no object to one of his vast revenues; and the duties of it would be irksome to a nobleman who must find abundant occupation for his leisure in the administration (and they are admirably administered) of his large estates, in many different counties, but that he is well content to leave the disposal of his courtly patronage, in a great degree, in other (said to be royal) hands. The Duke, though now in his 60th year, is extremely young-looking, principally owing to his coal-black hair, which he contrives to keep in remarkable preservation, as, indeed, he does his whole person, toilet included, being somewhat famed for his attention to such matters, and valuing them more than some people consider he does things of greater moment to one in his peculiar position. Though head of the Roman Catholic nobility, he takes exceedingly little interest in the political—or, indeed, any other—proceedings of that body, therein differing materially from his son and heir, the Earl of Arundel, who is a devotee and an active disciple of his church, being much concerned in the proselytism by that persuasion during late years, but not at all in an offensive or dogmatic spirit, the noble earl being in every way worthy to bear the title of his great ancestor, "the gentle Surrey," and is as charitable and open-handed to the necessities of all sects as he is devoted to his own. The duke has so little of the bigot about him, that his daughters are brought up in the religion of their mother—in the Established Church; the sons, however (one is Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Edward Fitzalan Howard, M.P. for Horsham, salary £900 a year), being all of the hereditary faith.

Not that the Norfolk Howards have always been Roman Catholics, as is generally supposed; quite the contrary. For instance, every reader of Burnet remembers the duke to whom James the Second gave the sword of state to carry before him to the Catholic chapel, and who stood at the door on arriving there; upon which the King said to him, "My lord, your father would have gone farther;" the duke answering, "Your Majesty's father was the better man, and he would not have gone so far." The Duke of Norfolk of the last generation—*the* duke—so well known among all political and social circles of the time for his eccentricities, was a Protestant, and took an active part in all the legislative proceedings of the peers. His personal appearance and manners were remarkable. Nature, which had cast him in her coarsest mould, had not bestowed upon him any of the insignia of high descent. Large, muscular, and clumsy, he was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might indeed have been mistaken for a grazier or butcher by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were also expressive of frankness and sincerity. At a time when men of every station wore hair powder and a queue, he had the courage to cut his hair short, and to renounce powder, which he never wore except when going to court. Strong natural sense supplied in him the want of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence, something resembling the formation of his mind and body, whenever he addressed the House. In his youth he had led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the Beefsteak Club, where Sir N. Wraxall, from whom Mr. Carpenter obtained the facts we are quoting, states he has often dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist when the cloth was removed. He was much addicted to drunkenness, and was uncleanly in his person, rarely making use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment or comfort, and his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On such occasions, they stripped him, as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Complaining one day to Dudley North, that he was a martyr to rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?" His grace was a hearty Whig, and Fox could not name a more strenuous supporter. On the formation of Lord Liverpool's administration, in 1812, he might have received the garter, which the Regent tendered him, if he would have sanctioned and supported that ministerial arrangement. The tenacity of his political principles made him, however, superior to the temptation. He died in 1815, and was succeeded by his cousin, the late duke, in whose person the title became once more Roman Catholic; and in reference to *his* religious liberality, we have an anecdote to record that may

not be deemed untimely at the present juncture of spiritual affairs, as relating to the father of the present head of the house of Howard.

A memorial having been presented to him from the neighbourhood of Farnham, in Yorkshire, where the family owns large estates, he returned the following answer, under date October, 1835:—"Gentlemen, I have received your memorial, requesting me to make a grant of a suitable piece of ground in Sheffield Park, for a church and cemetery. When, upon a former occasion, I made a grant of land for erecting a new church in Sheffield, I remember, with grief, that the only acknowledgment made by the clergyman who preached at the opening and consecration of the new church, was a violent and unfounded attack upon the religion which I profess. The feelings naturally excited by conduct so illiberal, as well as so unworthy of a Christian minister, might perhaps justify me in meeting your request with a negative. But I will dismiss from my mind all such feelings; and in the true spirit of the Catholic religion, which, like every other system of Christianity, enjoins the forgiveness of injuries, I will comply with the wishes of my Protestant brethren and fellow-townsmen, and give directions that a suitable plot of ground shall be allotted for the purposes required." In order justly to appreciate this act, says the party who narrates it, one should bear in mind that the property being in strict settlement, his Grace had to pay out of his own pocket the estimated value of what he gave away, and settle the money on the family trusts. The first Duke of Norfolk obtained very considerable grants of land from Richard III., and one of his Grace's descendants, at the time of the Reformation, was equally fortunate in receiving an immense amount of church property from Henry VIII.; and it is certainly a curious circumstance that so large a portion of the possessions of the ancient ecclesiastics—in value above £100,000 a year, originally taken from the Catholic Church upon the plea of annihilating that faith in England—should have been transferred to a Catholic. The Duke of Norfolk has but little reason to complain of the Thirty-nine Articles, which leave him the control of upwards of a score of livings in the Established Church, himself Master of the Horse to the Head of that Church, his wife a Lady of the Royal Bedchamber, and his son Vice-Chamberlain to her Majesty. The Duke, as may be expected, is a Ministerialist, staunch in his votes, but nothing of a speaker, and by no means an active politician. Unlike the too-notorious duke we have been describing, he is exemplary in all the private and social relations of life, and Norfolk House and Arundle Castle are deservedly looked upon as the home of all the household virtues that should adorn the domestic circle of a British noble of the first class.

We have introduced the Duke here principally on account of his being Earl-Marshal, and in that capacity illustrating what we were saying as to the great officers of state. It is impossible, however, to dismiss so important an official without having something to say on one of his executants—the hereditary Champion of England; but we must buckle on our armour for such an encounter in another chapter.

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

FLOWERS.—BOX-EDGING.

For several weeks we have almost neglected our flowers, but we must do so no longer, if we would enjoy the gratification of an early bloom next spring. Before, however, we commence our operations on the flower-beds, let us see what state the edgings are in. In some places there is box. Yonder is one long row of it, which looks quite pretty, it is so green, and so even, and so thick, though by no means broad; but, farther on, there is another, which is uneven, and jagged, and from which, in some spots, the plants are clean gone. Now this is just the time for remending these defects. If you have planted the clippings of that row which I have admired, last spring, in some spare corner, they have by this time taken root, and you can now transplant as many of them as may be required for filling up these vacant places. First stretch a line along the outside of the edging, and then dig little pits or trenches, of a foot in depth, in the spots you intend to furnish. In these places the young plants, supporting them against the line; fill in the trench, and with your feet press the mould firmly about the roots. Then remove any clay that may have fallen on the gravel walk, and afterwards water the newly-set plants abundantly. Unless the weather is wet, they will require to be well watered every day for a month. In early spring, box edgings should be clipped.

EDGING OF HEARTSEASE AND DAISIES.

There is not a more beautiful edging in the world for the walks of a cottage garden than one formed of the above-named flowers mingled tastefully. At all seasons it is beautiful, and requires scarcely any

are. Friend, have you such a border? f so, now is the time to set it to rights for he next twelve months; and, if you have ot, this is also the time to plant one. Cuttings of heartsease are easily procured, ut you must be careful that they are oung, if woody or hollow they will not trike. Let each cutting have four joints, nd from below the first cut away all stem vith a sharp knife, in order that there be o jags which would cause the decay of he plant. Leave but an inch of the cutting above the soil, which must be pressed irmly round, for on this, and moderate noisture, much of the success of the operation depends. If you desire to form your edging of rooted plants, you must wash them clean from the old mould, and then plant them deep into the soil, watering them immediately, and afterwards daily, unless there is heavy rain.

Daisies are propagated by dividing the roots, and giving them, for a few days, an abundance of water. In forming edgings of these flowers, let them in some places be promiscuously mingled; in other places have a patch of heartsease of various shades, well contrasted; and in others of daisies of all colours. Look at such a border when you will, and you will find living beauty in it. Once a year it will require to be thinned, and in doing this you must *transplant* as well as divide the roots. Nothing serves more to improve these flowers than being periodically removed. Be careful not to forget the washing of the roots of the heartsease.

DAHLIAS.

Now that we have completed the borders, come to the flower-beds; there is much to be done in them. First, let us attend to the dahlias. Several of them have now ceased to be good; and therefore their stems must be cut to within two inches of the ground, and then straw or ashes placed over the roots, in order that they may have gained strength before they are taken up, which we propose shall be next month. When this is done, we cannot help saying that the bed looks unsightly; but this is unavoidable, and so we shall leave it, and prepare beds for planting bulbous roots in.

ANEMONE.

The Anemone is a hardy tuberous-rooted plant, which was brought to us from the Levant. There are three varieties of it—the single, the half double, and the double. If we wish that our garden should be enlivened in winter, and early spring, by its brilliant flowers, we must plant some tubers now without delay. They require a loamy soil, enriched with leaf-mould. Let us prepare a small narrow bed for them, by carrying off from it its surface soil to the depth of eight inches, and supplying its place with such as we have just described, and which should be well mixed and passed through a riddle, before it is spread on the bed. When this has been done, draw shallow drills six inches apart, and lay the tubers into them with the eye of each uppermost. Then press them down, and cover with about two inches of soil, which must be raked gently for fear of disturbing the roots. Let there be a like distance between each tuber as between the rows—namely, six inches.

Cape Bulbs should be sowed now in pots in rich, sandy loam; let one be set in each pot, about three inches below the surface. If planted in the open garden, choose a warm southern border, and cover them with seven inches of a compost of leaf-mould, peat, and sand. They must at all times be sparingly watered, and in wet weather should be protected by either straw or the leaves of horse-chesnut.

The kinds most proper for the cottage-garden are the Watsonia, the Ixia, the Trichonema, and the Streptanthera.

Hyacinths should now be planted in a warm situation, and one perfectly free from damp. Gardeners usually dig out their hyacinth beds to the depth of four feet; and having laid on the bottom small broken stones, and pieces of old flower-pots to the height of six inches, fill in the remainder of the space with light sandy soil, mixed with rich, loamy turf, or leaf-mould. A hyacinth bed must slope towards the sun. The bulbs must be set in rows, and the following method is the best to adopt:—When the bed is formed and raked, shake over it an inch in thickness of dry sand. Then lay the bulbs, in straight rows, six inches apart every way; press them down with your finger, and spread over them, if large, five inches in depth of such mould as we have just described, or three if the bulbs are small. When finished, the bed will be eight inches above the path on one side, and three on the opposite, sloping, as we have said. towards the sun.

Tulips.—For these prepare beds in the same way as for hyacinths, except that, instead of sloping in one direction, they should be raised in the centre. Set them in rows seven inches distant each way, and cover them according to size.

Crocuses.—Plant these now, in clumps, in your borders, covering them with about two inches of soil. You can set them either with a dibble or a trowel.

Perhaps these are a sufficient number of bulbs for this month; at least, they are all

we can attend to, as we wish to have some in glasses also. What ornament so lovely in our windows, or on our chimney-pieces, as a beauteous flower! which is not only "pleasant to the sight," but pleasant also to the heart; for it fills us with the remembrance of His goodness who gave it birth, and then bestowed it on the humblest working man who chooses to cultivate it as much as on the highest noble. Its beauties are not lessened to suit the poverty of its possessor; for He who gave it judges not of men by their wealth or station Let us, then, place in our snug, humble little rooms a few of these lovely gifts. How we shall rejoice, in looking on their loveliness next January, when the earth is covered with snow, and the "flower world" abroad is gone to sleep. Glasses for bulbs are very cheap; spare from some unnecessary luxury for one week, and buy a few. Fill them with soft water just to the neck, place them in the window of your sitting rooms, and then lay your bulbs on them. They require no further care than to see that the water does not sink so low as to leave the roots, which will soon shoot down into the glasses, dry. Raise the bulbs *gently*, when pouring in the water, and only as little as possible. The kinds best adapted for glasses are—Hyacinth, Narcissus, Jonquil, Dwarf-tulip, Dutch and Common Iris.

THE PORTFOLIO.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Sympathy.—It is from having suffered ourselves that we learn to appreciate the misfortune of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medicinal trees, which yield not theirhealingb alm until they have themselves been wounded."

Class Interests.—The Constitution (said Burke) is not made for great, general, and proscriptive exclusion; sooner or later *it will destroy them*, or they will destroy the Constitution.

Consistency.—If men would but obey the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters!

Expenditure.—Let not thy table exceed the fourth of thy income; see thy provision be solid and not far-fetched—fuller of substance than art; be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and freely cheerful in thy entertainment: too much is vanity; enough, a feast.

Social Influence of Women.—Unless our women be brought up in modesty, and with industrious and religious habits, it is vain that we educate the men. It is they who keep the character of men at its proper elevation.

Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; an act of emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another. —*Dr. Johnson.*

Men and Women.—A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is influenced by his head.

Reading.—It is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge; and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Business in Business.—Go to a man in business hours only *on* business. Transact *your* business, and go about your business, that he may have time to do *his* business.

An apt Simile.—To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—*Coleridge.*

The Upholsterer Bee.—There is a little insect, an ingenious, industrious little creature, that invariably employs the red poppy in building her cell. This wild bee, called the upholsterer bee, from its habits, leads a solitary life, but she takes a vast deal of pains in behalf of her young. About the time when the wild poppy begins to blossom, this little insect flies into a corn field, looks out for a dry spot of ground, usually near some pathway; here she bores a hole about three inches in depth, the lower portion being wider than the mouth, and quite a toil it must be to so small a creature to make the excavation; it is very much as if a man were to clear out the cellars for a large house with his hands only. But this is only the beginning of her task; when the cell is completed, she then flies away to the nearest poppy, which, as she very well knows, cannot be very far off in a corn field; she cuts a bit of the scarlet flower, carries it to the nest, and spreads it on the floor like a carpet; again she returns to the blossom, and brings home another piece, which she lays over the first. When the floor is covered with several layers of this soft scarlet carpeting, she proceeds to line the sides throughout in the same way, until the whole is well surrounded with these handsome hangings. This brilliant cradle she makes for one little bee, laying only a single egg amid the flower-leaves. Honey and bee-bread are then collected and piled up to the height of an inch;

and when this store is completed, the scarlet curtains are drawn loose over the whole, and the cell is closed, the careful mother replacing the earth as neatly as possible, so that after she has finally smoothed the spot over, it is difficult to discover a cell you may have seen open the day before.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

PRIMITIVE RACES IN BRITAIN.—With relation to the primitive inhabitants of Britain, we know that a Celtic people existed here at the earliest period of which we have any authentic historical information respecting them. At the period of the first Roman invasion, in the century before Christ, we obtain a distinct evidence that the Celtic population of the southern parts of the British isles had already given way before later Teutonic migrations, excepting in the more isolated and peninsular portions of the south-west of England, including the Cornish mineral districts. So far, therefore, as regards the intrusion both of the Celtic and Teutonic races in Britain, there is obviously no chronological parallel with the succession of races in Scandinavia, as assigned by Professor Nillson; nor have we any historical evidence as to the period when the Celtæ first crossed the British channel. It is not possible, within a reasonable compass, to point out all the arguments which prove the presence of a human population at a very remote period; but in the museum of the University of Edinburgh there is preserved the remains of a fossil whale, dug up in the Blair-Drummond Moss, at a distance of seven miles above Stirling-bridge, and fully twenty miles from the nearest part of the river Forth where by any possibility a whale could now be stranded; yet along with this was found the rude harpoon of deer's horn, which proved that this fossil whale belongs to the historic era, and points to a period more recent than that of the first colonization of the British isles. In the same moss other fossil whales have been found, two of them accompanied with similar indications of the primitive arts of the aborigines. Many other relics, such as flint-arrow heads, stone hatchets, and bone implements, have been met with in the same moss, as well as in the carse of Stirling. And it is interesting to note, that we learn, not only from the historians of the fourteenth century, that the field of Bannockburn was surrounded with impassable morasses at that period, but still earlier remains prove that it was in the same state in the second century, when the Roman legions first crossed it on their road to Ardoch. Yet, on clearing away this moss by the ingenious process which has given a peculiar interest to it in the eyes of our political economists, it was found to cover the indications of an ancient population, and even in some cases to surround their stone cists and cinerary urns. Similar evidence—which he stated his intention of producing hereafter in a more detailed form—justifies the conclusion that at a period nearly as remote as historic chronology will permit us to assume, there must have been a human population spread over the British isles. Their rude canoes, formed, for the most part, out of an oaken trunk, have been found in various districts of the country, many feet below the accumulated alluvium, and accompanied, in some cases, with the rude tools of their builders, proving them to be the work of the aboriginal race, destitute of metallurgic arts, and supplying their simple wants with the imperfect implements of horn and silex.—*Wilson's Paper, read before the British Association.*

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER 17TH TO NOVEMBER 23RD.

November 17, *Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.*

November 17, 1558, *Queen Elizabeth* acceded to the throne of England. She was born in 1533, and died in 1602, after having reigned for forty-five years.

November 17, 1823, died *Thomas, Lord Erskine*, an eminent lawyer. He was a native of Scotland, and was born in the year 1750. His talents were peculiarly those of the accomplished advocate, in which character he exhibited a power of commanding, at the instant, all the resources of his mind, and a dexterity of applying them, which no one at the English bar ever exceeded.

November 18, 1777, died *William Bowyer*, an eminent printer, of London. He was a man of strict probity, of exemplary morals, and of prompt benevolence. As a learned printer he had no rival for more than half a century.

November 18, 1832, a violent *eruption of Mount Etna* took place. The town of Bronte, containing a population of ten thousand people, was destroyed, though with but little loss of life.

November 19, 1703, died in the Bastile at Paris, an unknown prisoner, celebrated throughout Europe under the appellation of *the man with the iron mask*; he had been confined for state reasons, from the year 1661. It seems probable that he was an Italian diplomatist, who counteracted certain projects of Louis XIV., and was therefore condemned, by the monarch's despotism, to perpetual imprisonment, in an iron mask, for the concealment of his features.

November 20, 1839, *John Williams*, an exemplary missionary in the service of the London Missionary Society, was killed at Erromanga, one of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Williams and several friends had landed there for the purpose of opening friendly communication with the people. The

visitors seemed to have won the confidence of the natives, by presents, &c., when suddenly a terrific yell was uttered, and one of the company, Mr. Harris, was seen rushing from the bushes, and falling in the water under the clubs of the natives. Mr. Williams, in alarm, ran towards the sea and fell forward into the water, followed by a native, who struck him several times with his club; other natives followed with clubs and arrows, and though his friends strained every nerve to effect his deliverance, his life was destroyed before his friends could reach him. A number of natives immediately dragged the body to the beach, striking it with their clubs in the most furious manner, and a crowd of boys gathered round and beat the lifeless corpse with stones, till the waves were red with the blood of their victim. His friends sought to obtain the mangled body, but in vain. In 1804, a few remaining bones were collected, and interred at Apia, near the missionary chapel.

November 21, 1783, the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilatre Rosier made the *first unconfined aerial voyage*, in a machine called a montgolfier, in honour of the inventors, to distinguish it from balloons made with inflammable air. Messieurs Montgolfier, two brothers, paper makers, had, in 1782, discovered the use of rarefied air in floating balloons.

November 21, 1838, the *Protector*, East Indiaman, was lost in a gale at Bengal, when 170 persons, out of a crew of 178, perished.

Nov. 22, 1694, died, in the 65th year of his age, *Archbishop Tillotson*. He was a man of amiable dispositions, and greatly admired as a practical preacher.

November 22, 1841, was issued the *Royal Commission of Fine Arts*, formed to take into consideration the promotion of the fine arts in this country, in connection with the rebuilding of the new Houses of Parliament.

November 22, 1848, *Sir H. Gough* defeated the Sikhs on the Chenaub: many officers and men were killed.

November 23, 1848, *Sir John Barrow* died suddenly. In 1792 he accompanied Lord Macartney to China, and in 1795 to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1804 he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty, which office he filled to 1845. He published several volumes of Voyages, Travels, Biography, &c.

TO OUR READERS.

THE TALES ON THE CONDITION OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

The tales illustrative of the Condition of the Operative Classes will be withdrawn from the Working Man's Friend upon the completion of the present narrative—the *Journeymen Bakers*. The impossibility of giving the tale complete in one number, and the loss of interest occasioned by breaking it up into parts, are the reasons that have led to this determination. The publication of these popular illustrations of the Trials, Sufferings, and Virtues of the Working Classes will not, however, be discontinued. They will be issued in Numbers uniform with the Working Man's Friend, both in *size* and *price*—each Number containing a tale complete, of which due notice will be given.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

It is our intention to introduce into the pages of the Working Man's Friend a new and interesting feature. The Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, whose crystal palace is rising with fairy-like rapidity, will be a world-homage to the dignity of labour. It will be the grand Festival of the Productive Classes, at which the citizens of every clime will collect to admire the fruits of inventive genius and mechanical skill. What Westminster Abbey is to the soldier and the National Gallery to the painter, the Palace of Industry will be to the artizan. We propose to devote a portion of our space weekly to a record of the progress of this gigantic undertaking. The works in Hyde Park; the mechanical processes by which the materials of the building are being prepared; the nature and classification of the articles to be exhibited; the arrangements for the conveyance and accommodation of visitors; the regulations of the Royal Commissioners; and, in short, everything calculated to prove of interest to the working man and his family, will be fully and popularly explained. We are happy to say that we are in a position to command the most accurate and authentic information on all these points, and have received the most cordial and obliging promises of assistance from the Executive Committee and other influential parties. It will be our endeavour, by improving these advantages, to make the Working Man's Friend a complete Hand-Book to the Exhibition of Industry.

The series of Papers on this subject will commence in the first number for December.

We beg our readers to make this announcement as public as possible in their several circles.

Erratum. — In our last week's Calendar, line 2 from the commencement, for "*contre*," read "*imbre*."

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 47.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.]

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

It is an old saying, that "Love *is blind;*" and this is never so thoroughly evinced as in courtship. It is true that you often see it exemplified by parents and friends. You have many a time been surprised that those little dirty, disagreeable, squalling, quarrelsome urchins should be kissed or liked by any one; and yet there are persons who love them so dearly that they never perceive any of that imperfection which has given you so much pain, and who would not exchange them for the most beautiful, clean, and seraphic children in the world. Our younger readers may laugh at this marvellous affection, and wonder how any one should have such a curious inner man as to be able to penetrate through dirt an inch thick, and through disagreeableness still more overwhelming, and see loveableness under all, and perhaps resolve never to be so completely duped. But still it may be well to halt a little befere they pass too severe a sentence, lest they should condemn themselves, especially if they have arrived at the age when folks begin to fall in love.

Onr novelists have generally given us the bright side of the question, and made the whole affair appear wondrously enchanting. The youth has a fine figure, a commanding brow, intellectual eyes, an aquiline nose, a mouth like Adonis, and a chin that bespeaks intelligence. And then, as to the *belle*, she is quite the counterpart of a goddess. The artist fails to catch her loveliness, and the poet to sing her charms. She is "a beauty without paint." Her form, her dress, her gait, her ringlets, and the killing eyes which beam under them, and then her disposition and voice, and even the very lisp, all, all indicate that she was created to lead captive a thousand hearts. And, besides, the mansion or the cottage where she lives, is so fascinating; the town, the city, or the village is situated on the brow of a commanding hill, in a splendid valley, or near a murmuring and meandering stream. Of course, shady groves, retired glens, smiling shrubs, and warbling birds, with a little soft moonlight, &c., make up the picture, and determine half the boys and girls to fall in love, and then the creation of such bowers and beauties will be an easy affair.

Such are some of the dreams which form the staple of romance, and by its delusive and sickly fictions unfit myriads for the facts and realities of life. The novelist shuns, or is afraid to look at, the prose part of everyday life. The path trodden by the multitude he shuns, and walks, like his beaux and belles, in secluded paths, trodden only by the favoured few. A real narrative of all the loves and courtships of our world would, after all, be a strange piece of history; and present inexhaustible matter for merriment and sorrow. It is a fact, notwithstanding all the romantic tales of love, that every girl of nineteen is not quite the thing for the chisel, and that every swain is not as beautiful as Absalom, as wise as Solomon, or as valorous as the knights of the olden time. Nor does Cupid dwell alone amidst scenes of natural or artificial sublimity and beauty. Other songs than those of the nightingale greet his ear, and other prospects, besides those of Tempe or Parnassus, in the majority of cases, salute his vision; and yet, perhaps, in every case, there is little want of poetry. Love is full of imagination, and in many, if not most instances, has the good fortune to be blind. What tongue or pen can describe the

visions and dreams of our youth, not one in ten thousand of which is ever to be realized?

Yonder youth has *eight* or *ten* shillings a week, and Sally, on whom his heart is fixed, has five. The ten is not enough for John, nor the five for Sally. But could not two live more cheaply than one? Apart and by itself, ten are only ten, and five are only five—such is the miserable condition of single blessedness; but what if the *money*, as well as the youth and his love, were married? Why then, to be sure, *ten* and *five* would make *twenty!* And, in consequence of this kind of matrimonial miracle in making pence and shillings prolific, every comfort that heart can wish may hereafter be purchased; and who can tell but the happy pair may yet ride in their carriage? It is only to be married, and every vision will become a glorious reality. With such a prospect of wealth and comfort, who would live a bachelor, or die an old maid?

Time would fail us to tell the numbers who have gone to the altar with these glowing hopes and throbbing expectations; and we should be equally embarrassed to recount the myriads upon myriads who have found them all vanish before the honeymoon has filled her horn. In the arithmetic of love and courtship, *ten* and *five* may make *twenty*, or even *twenty-five;* but in the more sober calculations of the school, when that old rigid schoolmaster, Matrimony, examines the sum, all our false reckoning is rubbed out, and *ten* and *five* produce only *fifteen.*

In this blindness, folly, and impatience of what is called "*Love*," you have the origin of more than one-half of the misery and wretchedness of the country. People can never be happy unless they marry well. By "well," we do not mean *riches.* In nine cases out of ten, it is better to *make* a fortune than *inherit* one. But then everything has a beginning, a seed, or a kernel. "Out of nothing, nothing can come." Only the Deity could create a universe from nought. We are makers and accumulators, rather than creators. We knew an individual who began life with a shilling, and died worth a million: the shilling was the cornerstone of his fortune; it was the grain which yielded in the end ten hundred thousand fold. It was a glorious twelvepence for him; had he begun with nothing, he might have breathed his last in a union, and been buried in a parish coffin. But every one has not genius enough to turn a shilling into a million, and therefore to start with a few pounds is better than to commence with only a shilling or two.

There is an old saying that "when *poverty* comes in at the door, *love* flies out at the window." It was charming, and intimated unspeakable devotion, to sing in the dreamy days of courtship,—

> "My heart and lute are all my store,
> And those I give to thee."

And the dear creature that was content with such an offering to take a man "for better and for worse," was, of course, something more than an angel; still the "*heart*" and "*lute*" are very cheerless things when the cupboard is empty, the fire out, and Jack Frost is drawing all sorts of cold figures on the window. They say it is a sorry business to sing songs to a heavy heart, and it is probably not more agreeable or enchanting to play the lute to a hungry stomach. A poor woman who has not broken her fast, although it is nearer night than noon, and a number of little mortals who have been crying all day for bread, require a harp of more stupendous powers than that which old Orpheus played upon, to charm away their cold and hunger. It would be difficult to make the finest violin utter any sound

that could breathe harmony to the ears of poor wretches who are so famishing that they are more ready to eat the catgut and fiddle-stick than to listen to music; and hence you may find lots of these old instruments that have been pawned for bread. We query whether even Handel had not a stronger taste for food than for concord. A few days' fasting would have been fatal to his "Messiah."

Now, we are no friends to this starvation business, which, in nine cases out of ten, might have been avoided, by a little forethought, prudence, and patience. "*Wait a little longer,*" would work wonders for people who are thinking about matrimony. The affection that wont keep is not worth having. Such a flame had better burn out at once, before the knot is tied. True love is like gold, and if put in the bank a little, will yield a most profitable per centage. The precious metals will be as good ten or twenty years hence as now, and so will the pure and sincere emotions of the heart. At any rate, putting them into a house without furniture, a room without fire, and a cupboard without food, is not the best way of preserving them. Those who have written on famine tell us awful tales of the effects of hunger in completely withering every natural tie. Only think of a mother roasting and eating her infant, for whom a little time ago she was willing to put life and everything else in jeopardy; and yet this has been done. Although "many waters cannot quench love," yet famine can burn it to a cinder. Legislators and tyrants are sufficiently acquainted with physiology to be aware of this fact, and therefore they have always tried to carry the key of the granary in their pockets. Their ambition has been to wield a sceptre over the bread and cheese of their subjects, being confident that if empire was secure, the government of everything else would be easy. The heaven of despotism consists in having only two classes: the one rolling in luxury, and the other gnawing with hunger, and to keep them within sight of each other, that both sides may see, feel, taste, and handle what may be gained by sycophancy or lost by the want of it. "Buy us and our land for bread," said the Egyptians, "and we and our land will be Pharaoh's slaves;" showing that even liberty is bartered away at the command of hunger. The patriarch paid but a poor compliment to his son when he said, "Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and bowed his shoulder to bear and become a servant unto tribute," or, as the Hebrew might be read, "*a taxed slave,*" or "*a slave to taxation.*"

Contrasts illustrate one another. The black is blacker in the presence of pure white; and the white is whiter in the presence of jet black; so famine becomes more intolerable when tantalized by the viands on the rich man's table, and luxury more enchanting when the haggard pauper trembles at the door. Dives and Lazarus are the types which tyrants would like to have always before the eyes of their subjects; both are equally potent to produce a fawning race of minions, ready to prostrate themselves before the hand that clothes them with scarlet, or chastises them with scorpions.

Yonder lickspittle, whose hair looks out through his hat, whose feet are perfectly ventilated through his toeless shoes, whose wife is too ragged to venture out except in the dark, who dares not call his soul his own, who is afraid to assert his humanity, and whose cringing looks and gait seem to ask you to pardon him for walking the earth, was a few years ago a jolly-looking youth—quite a dandy in his way, wearing his hat on one side of his head, and over head and ears in love. Lucy,

his wife, also, was a buxom lass, adorned with more colours than the rainbow; and they might have made a happy and independent couple, but for their haste in being married. When they agreed to tie the knot, neither was out of debt; they had, notwithstanding their outward finery, hardly a change of linen, and certainly not a stick of furniture to call their own. However, marry they must, or, of course, die of love. Advice was vain; they went to the altar; children came on apace; and now both father, mother, and progeny are just fit to be serfs of Nicholas of Russia, or of the Great Mogul. If you want a picture of domestic wretchedness, visit the loft in which they live, or rather subsist, for it seems an abuse of language to call such a miserable existence *life*. A little *forethought* and *patience* would have prevented all this woe and confusion; and we refer to the subject here that our young men and young women may look at the picture, and pause, and resolve that what we have written of others shall never be their own history. We shall revert to this subject again.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:

THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE BAKING TRADE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF A JOURNEYMAN BAKER.

By G. READ, Baker,

Secretary to the Operative Bakers' Society for the Abolition of Night Labour.

CHAPTER V.

REGULATIONS AS TO THE BAKING TRADE — MILLERS OPENING BAKERS' SHOPS — UNDER-PRICED BAKERS — INCREASE OF LABOUR IN CONSEQUENCE — ORIGIN OF NIGHT WORK — BETTER MANAGEMENT IN FRANCE—HOT ROLLS—BAD BAKEHOUSES AND SHOPS.

In seeking for the cause of this over-labour, and the present spirit of competition, so destructive to the best interests of the trade, it will be necessary to go back as far as the eighth year of Queen Anne. In that year an act of Parliament for the assize of bread was passed, to remedy the obscurity existing with respect to the regulations of the act of Henry III., which had been in force for about 500 years.

The regulations that were brought in force by this act of Anne had reference only to the sorts, quality, and weight of bread, and the price to be charged for it, without determining what kind or sort of flour should be made by the millers, or the price they should charge for it. The result of this was the monopoly on the part of the millers, who—as a committee of the House of Commons, which sat to consider the subject afterwards, stated—"made what sorts of flour they pleased, and affixed thereunto what price they thought proper." From the same source we learn that the country miller was enabled, in consequence, to allow the town factor from 6s. to 10s., and sometimes as much as 12s. per sack for selling the flour to the bakers.

Sometime afterwards, the millers commenced bakers' shops, and taking the leases of bakers' houses, into which they put journeymen to work for them on commission, allowing them from five to seven shillings per sack "for their labour and charges"—that is, for yeast, salt, firing, and candles, used for manufacturing the flour into bread.

The quantity of bread they could sell by retail in these shops, or send to their neighbours only, as was then the custom, was not sufficient to consume as much flour as they required to get rid of, so that they commenced "serving chandlers' shops, at three-half-pence and sometimes twopence per loaf under the assize price." The evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons states "they could well do this," because they used inferior flour to make their bread, and gave their

returns at nearly the same price as the best, whereby they also obtained the high price agreed amongst one another, to charge for flour by the price being set according to the returns; neither did they require the baker's profit, but only the mealman's."

From this has arisen the practice of bakers serving chandlers' shops with bread, and the establishment of under-priced bakers, who principally do their large trade through the medium of these shops, to the injury of the fair-trader and the public.

With the increase of competition caused by this system of business, has the journeymen's time been gradually encroached on from working, in the Metropolis, from midnight to midday, to the twenty-four and forty-eight hours in succession, as detailed in the evidence.

In order to judge of the increase in the men's labour, it will be necessary to give a few extracts from evidence of master bakers, before committees of the House of Commons.

1804. Mr. Joseph Vere, master of the Bakers' Company: "The average quantity of flour baked by a baker *per week* is *twelve sacks.*"—Mr. Thomas Loveland, one of the assistants to the Bakers' Company: "The sum of £2 4s. is a sum requisite to be expended in labour for the purpose of manufacturing twelve sacks of flour into bread, unless the master works himself, when it may be done with one journeyman and an apprentice, otherwise *two men must be employed* to do that work."

1814 and 1815. Mr. J. Moxey, Ratcliffe-highway: "How many sacks a week will he bake with three men?" "Twenty-five sacks a week. To bake seventy sacks of flour per week, if they serve *it all over the counter, six men could do the whole with two ovens*, and if half of it was sent out, it would take *nine men.*"

1821. Mr. J. Wake, Norton Folgate: "How many hands were you forced to employ to bake seventy sacks of flour into bread?" "Five; besides myself." "How many do you now employ to bake thirty?" "Now we cannot do without four, besides myself."

Compare these accounts with that of Adams's statement and the evidence just given. Many other cases might be selected; but these will serve the present purpose.

THE ORIGIN OF NIGHT WORK has never yet been clearly ascertained; but that it is a very ancient practice is recorded by Ramazini, an Italian physician, who states:—"Bakers work in the night time, whilst others, having finished the task of the day, are shut up, like owls, to take their rest; so that in one and the same city we have *antipodes*, that is, such as follow contrary." Martial intimates that the day was far spent, and the night approached, "and, indeed, when day dawns, and the citizens return to their daily exercises, there is a necessity of having plenty of bread ready at hand, or their bellies would rise up in sedition."

This practice of working by night, and, like owls, sleeping by day, is still pursued by bakers in some parts of the Continent; but it is only in the United Kingdom that her toil-worn sons are called upon to work at night and during the day too. In France they commence work about six or seven in the evenings, and finish about the same time the next morning. In 1848 the bakers of Paris took a prominent part in the turn-out of the trades that took place in March of that year. This was in consequence of the masters having encroached on their time about two or three hours each day. They then threatened to bake no more bread unless this grievance was redressed, and some other minor ones, by the Provisional Government, which was done; and the inhabitants of that city are not at all inconvenienced by the regulations that were then made with them.

The practice for bakers to work at night cannot be a very ancient one in England, because it is not a universal one; and it is only from the example of the trade in London that it has been extended to the large provincial towns, within this last half century, or thereabouts. The statute of 5 of Eliz., c. 4, sec. 12, confirms this opinion, for it is there stated that bakers, as well as all other artificers, shall, from March to September, "be and continue at their work from five in the morning till after seven at night, except in the time of breakfast, dinner, or drinking," for which two hours were allowed, and half an hour for sleep, between May and August. In winter they were to commence at "spring of day," and continue until night, having one hour and a half for meals.

The most plausible opinion formed as to the cause of night work being adopted in the Metropolis is, that of the large quantity of hot rolls required by the public for breakfast some years back, which, with the system of fermentation then pursued, would not admit of their being got ready always at the time required. This objection is completely set aside since the introduction of German yeast and working ferments, instead of quarter sponges, even if the same quantity of rolls were required as formerly, provided those who had large trades would only have sufficient convenience, and a sufficient number of men to do their work, like other tradesmen, in the daytime. Instead of this, they never in-

crease their convenience with their business, but make one man do two men's labour, in order to supply their customers with the necessary quantity of bread.

Houses are taken and converted into bakehouses and shops, that were never intended for such a purpose, without any regard being had to the drainage or other requisites for cleanliness, and supply of pure water, as such a business demands, or to the comfort and convenience of the men who have to work in them. If the shop is well situated for business, that is all that is looked at or considered. Many bakehouses are situated in places where, if the public health was duly considered and cared for, they would not be allowed to continue, being ill drained, badly ventilated, and frequently in a most dirty condition; not at all fit places for the principal food of the people to be manufactured in.

The continuation of work from Sunday morning to Saturday night admits of no possibility of the bakehouses ever being effectually cleaned or ventilated, and the sanitary condition of the men employed is, in a great many cases, no better than that of the bakehouses in which they work, as they have no time, and, from their long hours of labour, no inclination, to perform those necessary ablutions to remove the dust that stops up the pores of their skin, and to observe those habits of personal cleanliness so essential to those who have to manufacture the bread of the people.

The condition of some of the bakehouses of London may be judged of by the following statements contained in Dr. Guy's lecture, before referred to, on "The case of the Journeymen Bakers:"—

"Now, I need not tell you that working, as with few exceptions you do, under ground, and sleeping, as many of you do, also under ground, you, too, suffer from neglect of ventilation; at the same time that the air which you have to breathe is generally rendered impure by the defective state of the drainage, and by the suffocating gusts which you often encounter at the oven's mouth. The vapours from the gas, which in bakehouses, as elsewhere, is burned without any provision being made for carrying off the products of combustion (a barbarous and most unwholesome custom), also add their share to the impurity of the air you are obliged to breathe. * * * * *

"The following memoranda collected by a journeyman baker, and put into my hand by Mr. Read, will serve to illustrate the present condition of the bakehouses:—

"'1. Under ground—two ovens—no daylight—no ventilation—very hot and sulphurous.

"'2. Under ground—no daylight—often flooded—very bad smell—overrun with rats—no ventilation.

"'3. Under ground—two ovens—no daylight—very hot and sulphurous—low ceiling—no ventilation but what comes from the doors—very large business.

"'4. Under ground—three ovens—use gas at all times—very hot and sulphurous.

"'5. Underground bakehouse—very dark—obliged to use gas—not high enough for a man five feet nine inches high to stand upright in without hitting his head—very hot—one oven.

"'6. Two ovens—very dark—full of cold draughts—the rain falls on the man that works at one of the ovens—very small bed in the floor-loft.

"'7. Two ovens—half under ground—no daylight or ventilation but what comes in at the door—privy on the top of the oven—very hot.

"'8. Under ground—bakehouse very small and hot—ventilation from a hatchway—the men are obliged to go out for air to recover themselves before they can eat.

"'9. A privy in the bakehouse—bread-room under the stairs.

"'10. Half under ground—small bakehouse—privy in it—very bad smells.'"

The statements comprised in the foregoing memoranda are in conformity with the results of my own observation. Many of the basements in which the business of baking is carried on are certainly in a state to require the assistance of the Commissioners of Sewers, and to invite the attention of the promoters of sanitary reform.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NARRATIVE RESUMED—GIN AND BEER!—THE TAP-ROOM AGAIN—SETTING SPONGE—REST!—OVERPROOF—HURRY, BUSTLE, CONFUSION—WASTE ARISING FROM BAD SYSTEM—INJURY, ALSO, TO HEALTH, AND COMFORT—GIN AGAIN!—DELUSION AS TO STRONG DRINKS.

We will now resume our narrative.

After walking through two or three back streets, Tom and Adams came to the place where Sam Trotter lived, when Adams said they had better go to the next public-house, to see if he were there, before calling at the shop. At the bar of the house stood Sam, partaking of a pot of beer, with an acquaintance who had called to request his company on the next Saturday evening at the club-house, when he was to be in the chair. A great many whom Sam knew, he said, would be there to support him; and, having obtained his promise to attend, he left to go

on a similar errand to some others in the neighbourhood.

"What have you got to drink?" asked Adams.

"Only a drop of beer," said Sam.

"Well, let's have a quartern of gin, or make it sixpen'orth—there are three of us."

Having poured out the gin, Adams told Sam what he wanted, and hoped, if he could, he would do him the favour to give Tom a job, as he was an old fellow-apprentice of his, and had come up to London to look for work, but he had not got any, and was now hard up.

As it was to oblige him, Sam said, he would see what he could do, for the master generally left it to him to get a jobber, when one was wanted; but he was fearful that, as Tom had never worked in London, he would not be of much use to him in the bakehouse.

Adams said, that Tom had always been a handy chap when an apprentice, and he had no doubt he would be enabled to do pretty well.

With this it was arranged that Tom should come the next night, and meet him at the same place, when he would take him into work.

"You had better come," said Sam, "about eight o'clock, as it is most likely we shall want five batches on Saturday, because the master is only going to have three to-morrow. By this means he saves paying a jobber for another day, and makes us suffer for it. I don't know what places are coming to now; they are getting worse and worse."

The gin was paid for by Adams, when Sam wanted to know "if they would have a cooler before they parted?" A pot of beer was then had, which Sam ordered to be "stuck up" till to-morrow. Tom wanted to pay for it, but this they would not permit, because they said "he was out."*

The beer being finished, Adams gave Tom one of the loaves he carried under his arm. They then parted with Sam Trotter, and on their way back to Shoreditch, he told Tom not to stick down in that end of the town, if he could help it, because he had got him that job; but to see if he couldn't get something at the west-end, where, although they worked almost as many hours as they did down there, still it was not quite so heavy, and they could get out more, and were not always shut up in the bakehouse, where nothing could be seen.

"It was a wonder," said Adams, "that you saw me; for had it not been that our second hand wanted to run home and see his wife, who is very ill, and he asked me to take that board of bread for him, I should not have been out."

Tom went home to his lodgings that night with a lighter heart than he had done for some weeks. He had seen some one that he knew, and could speak to, and above all, he had obtained work.

Punctually at the appointed hour the next evening, Tom reached the place where he was to meet Sam Trotter, after considerable trouble in finding it. He then seated himself in the taproom, and called for half a pint of beer. About half-past eight Sam came in, told Tom he had made it all right, and he was to come with him. On going through the bar, he asked the landlady for a "short pipe," and being thus equipped, he started off with Tom to go to work, saying, they must make haste, as he was behind time.

On reaching the bakehouse, Tom was surprised to find that they had to do so much work, in what he called a dark, dirty little hole, which was under the parlour and shop, and had no ventilation but what came from the door in the stairs that led to it, for the little window facing the street, through which any portion of light or air could be admitted was perfectly closed to keep out the cold, which would otherwise retard the fermentation.

Trotter put away his clean pipe in a hole by the side of the oven, where he appeared to have a store of black, dirty-looking ones, that had at least done Sam some service, if not the State. Having selected one from among the number, that contained some tobacco, he lighted it, then took off his things, and told Tom to do the same.

Tom dressed himself for work, as he had been in the habit of doing when an apprentice, with a clean white apron, without taking off, as the rest did, his stockings, shoes, and waistcoat. Sam even took off his shirt, and put on an old one; pieces of sack were used for aprons.

Tom was too much absorbed in his own toilet, and finding a place to put his coat, to observe what the rest were doing. When he had done, Sam asked him what he had on that white flag for, and if he was going to work like that. "It's no odds to me," ejaculated Sam; "only if any body comes down, they'll wonder who we've got here, and perhaps think it's the master. You had better put on my sack apron, young man, and then make haste and draw some liquor, that we may get this dough made and the other sponge in."

Sam had so arranged it, that the third hand had to do the work which usually

* It is always the practice with journeymen bakers not to allow those present who are unemployed to pay for any refreshment that may be had when they meet together.

belonged to the extra man, and Tom was set doing the odd jobs, besides assisting the rest as well as he could.

The comparative ease and dispatch with which the second and third hand appeared to him to make the dough quite surprised Tom. They had done in half an hour what would have taken him nearly an hour when at home. It was the first time he had seen two men working together in performing that part of the process of making bread, and then there was none of that kneading he had been accustomed to. The dough was more of a consistence of what he had been taught to consider was necessary for a sponge, and Tom began to fear, from seeing such a different process of working to what he had been accustomed to, that Sam Trotter's opinion would prove true, "that he would be no use."

The sponge being set for the second batch, the dough prepared for the first, the oven started, that is, fire lighted to heat the oven, and the coffee prepared, they invited Tom to take some refreshments with them. All this occupied about an hour and a half's time. After this they prepared to take an hour's rest, but as Sam said, they were late in beginning, they must "chuck out soon," (take the dough out of the trough). For this purpose each spread a couple of sacks on the boards (covers of the troughs, a side table), with one doubled and rolled up for a pillow, and another to cover him. Tom followed their example, and laid down, but at first he could not sleep; he lay thinking of the life of toil and misery that appeared before him, for Adams' story had made considerable impression on his mind.

Two of his companions fell fast asleep almost as soon as they laid down, but Sam appeared to be, like himself, wide awake, for twice during the interval of about an hour, he got up to attend the fire in the oven, light his pipe, and to look at the dough. "Not quite ready yet," exclaimed Sam, "I can have twenty minutes pitch before we chuck out," and down he again laid on his bed of sacks with his pipe in his mouth.

In less than five minutes he was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. The drowsy god was too powerful for the toil-worn man, and instead of twenty minutes, above an hour elapsed before he awoke from his slumbers, during which time Tom had fallen asleep too.

Some time after this, and during the changes he saw, Tom found it was frequently the practice for the foremen, when they laid down to sleep, to prevent sleeping too long, to rest their heads on the edge of the trough scraper, or on the edge of a pint pot, or quartern tin; others, again, would tie up a weight with a piece of string, and place a tin underneath, with a lighted candle by the side of the string, so that, after burning a certain time, it would ignite, and cause the weight to fall on the tin below, making sufficient noise to wake them. Some masters pay a policeman to wake their men at certain hours each night.

Sam, on awaking, started up, looked wildly around him, and exclaimed: "Here's a pretty pickle! Nobody thinks about waking if I don't." He then violently shook and awoke the rest, almost pulling them off the boards to arouse them perfectly. On looking around, Tom saw that the dough had proved over the edge of the trough to the floor; the fire in the oven had drawn nearly out, and the oven cooled in consequence. Tom first began to pick up the pieces of dough that he saw lying on the floor, and to clean off the dirt that was adhering to it. This caused Sam to swear at him, at the same time telling him not to mind that, but to chuck it on one side; to get him some shavings first, from the sack in the corner, and then fetch him some "round coals." This last order puzzled Tom, who had no conception of what they were; and on going into the cellar, or rather vault, under the street, could see none. He was not allowed to look long, before Sam came, swearing at him, to know what he was about; and, on being told he could not find any, called him a fool for his pains. He then began to pick up some large knobs of coal, which he carried away with him, and told Tom to bring some more.

During the operations that ensued, all was hurry, bustle, and confusion; flour was occasionally spilt, and small pieces of dough dropped accidentally, all of which was trampled under foot, in order to make up for the time lost by oversleeping. Tom's awkwardness and want of skill in their way of working caused Sam and the other men to swear in such a manner as quite shocked him. His ignorance of their ways and manners of conducting their operations only added, in the hurry, to the general confusion. He was frequently asked what use he was, and called a "muff," and told he had better go home again.

Tom found he could not handle the dough so readily as he anticipated; it was different to anything he had ever been used to. He was somewhat mortified to find that, whenever he attempted to mould a loaf, it was thrown back again, not being considered fit to put into the oven.

The waste that Tom saw take place, not only on this, but afterwards on other occasions, by the men oversleeping themselves, in consequence of having to work by night,

and which he never saw take place during the day, convinced him that it produced a great loss, to the master bakers, of flour, coals, gas or candle, as well as dough, and sour bread, besides the demoralization, misery, and unhappiness which it occasioned to so large a body of men as the bakers of London, whose numbers are estimated to be above 12,000, and to the public the loss of a large portion of their principal food, as well as the production of an inferior article for their consumption. On calculation, the loss occasioned by this unnecessary waste in the manufacture of bread appeared to him enormous, and to persons unacquainted with the nature of the business it would be almost past belief.

Allowing that there are 2,500 master bakers in and around the Metropolis, and *only* half-a-hundred of coals was wasted, on the average, throughout the year, in each bakehouse per week, it would amount to 3,250 tons of coals per year, which, at the lowest valuation, is worth 18s. per ton; this would, if saved, be sufficient to set sixty-two more men to work each week, at 18s. per week.*

Supposing that there is only wasted, on the average throughout the year, a half-quartern of dough and a half-quartern of flour in each bakehouse per night, there would be wasted, in all, sufficient to produce 10,000lbs. of bread each day, which would be nearly enough to supply as many people. To these things must be added the loss to the employer by sour bread, the loss by weight from over fermentation, with the extra gas and candle burnt during the night—and the whole would amount to sufficient money to employ all the extra men that would be required to do the work under a better system.

Having digressed thus far from our story, to show some of the evils resulting from night labour in bakehouses, it will be necessary to state that Tom managed, with the indulgence of the other men, to get through the day's work; for, after they had in some measure got over the difficulties they had fallen into during the first part of the night, with it their good humour returned, and he was the better enabled to make himself useful when there was no such bustle and confusion.

During the term of his apprenticeship, Tom had often fancied that he was very hard worked, but what he had to go through that day far surpassed anything he ever had to do before. From the time he "got off the boards" in the morning until half-past nine at night he had no time to rest, or even to take a comfortable meal. As soon as one batch of bread was put into the oven there was another to prepare for—"troughs to pitch" (carry the sacks of flour from the place where they stood to empty them in the trough), flour to sift, "ferments to put in," "sponge to set," bread to draw from the oven and carry into the shop, then to take it to chandlers' shops and other customers; to do which, left them little or no time to spare. At night, Tom felt sore, weary, and tired. The crown of his head was so sore that he could scarcely bear to touch it, from carrying so many loads of bread, and he was heartily thankful when he had to take the last into the shop.

Their labour being finished, Tom went with the rest into the shop to receive his money. For all these hours of severe toil he was paid the sum of 3s., and was told to take a half-quartern loaf. When they came outside the shop they said to Tom, "We had better have a drop of gin over this, as we have hardly had any to-day, and a drop will do us good now." Half-a-pint of gin was had, which Tom was going to pay for; but Sam said, as it was his first job, and he was hard up, he should only pay for a quartern, and he would pay for the other. The other two considered they "ought to be Yorkshire," and accordingly put down each "for another quartern," as they said, "to come in." Tom found that such long protracted labour, carried on in a hot, close, and unhealthy atmosphere, such as that he had been working in, induced them to have recourse to strong drinks, in order to give the body an artificial stimulus, to enable it to endure, or allay, the sense of weariness and fatigue consequent upon it—to whip up the lagging powers of nature, to perform the unnatural task assigned; and like applying fire to the boiler of the steam-engine, without supplying it with the necessary water to generate steam, to propel the mighty machine along the road. Without this it becomes stationary, and cannot perform its destined journey. So it is with these poor over-toiled bakers. Their nervous system becomes excited by long toil and watching—they fly to stimulants to keep it up, which destroys their physical and mental powers, and they stop half-way on the road of life, for the want of that natural stamina which nature requires to propel the human machine along.

After drinking what they called for, Tom hurried home to his lodgings to rest himself in bed, whilst the others went to see their respective friends at the club-houses, resolving, on his way homeward, that, if ever he could, he would do his best to alter this fatiguing, drinking, degrading, and demoralizing system.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Those master bakers who have lately tried the difference between the night and day system, find their saving in coals to be considerably more than this

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

(Continued from page 175.)

My next endeavour will be to answer this, with us the all-absorbing question—ARE THERE NO MEANS OF PREVENTING THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS?

Instead of philosophising on matters which we do not understand, it will be for us to speak plainly as to a cause which, of itself, is important, and which, as far as it concerns that part of the world to be blessed by it, is all-important. As *common sense* and *experience* influence most men through life, so in this case we need only appeal to the good understanding of men, in order that they may see our main object in placing these papers before the public; and it is to be hoped that, whatever errors may be found in the plan, they will be attributed to the imperfect understanding I have of European usages and laws, and not to any wilful perversion of facts or reasonings.

For years the missionaries of the frontier settlements have endeavoured to civilize the North American Indian; missions and schools have been established at various points, and among different nations; and having, in a great measure, in the previous article, shown the reasons of their failure, I will now speak of what I consider the most important measures to be adopted for securing the success of the means employed for the improvement of my nation.

1st.—*A special Act of Congress to secure to them a sufficient portion of the North West Frontiers, for the purpose of colonizing those who desire to improve.* This is absolutely necessary, because individual nations have not sufficient power in themselves to withstand the encroachments made upon them by those that are mightier. But if land be specially granted to them, the Indians will have confidence in the stability of the location, and the consequence must be rapid improvement.

This grant of land should be perpetual, extending to the very last races of Indians who may live upon it; and it should be so granted to individuals that they may not dispose of their portions for money, or, in other words, that men should be compelled to hold property, and to live on it, by prohibiting them from selling it for fifty years. Then, after possessing it for so many years, they will have so improved their land as to keep it and enjoy the full benefit of their persevering toil.

Their property, in the first place, should consist of whatever amount they may have produced, either from agriculture or from the mechanical arts, in which they may employ themselves. Their not selling the land to one another, or to white men, will oblige them to keep their own portions, and thus each will have a fine chance of improving; and no one will be able to complain of partiality, because all will be treated alike. And as soon as any Indian goes on to this preserve, the required amount of land he may want will be given to him, and secured by legal *deed.* Thus he will feel doubly secure from any further encroachment by the white man.

2nd.—*No white men must be allowed to live in the Indian territory, unless by express and joint permission of the Indian authorities and the American Government; and the teachers and missionaries must be retained in the territory by licence.*

This will secure the Indian population from the men who go into their country for the purpose of cheating and robbing the Indians; and in this way we shall also get among us the better classes of society, who will do the Indians good. *Rum-soakers* will find no room there for their diabolical traffic. Horse-thieves and 'scape-gallows men must find them other countries in which to hide them from the eyes of good men, and to escape the hands of justice.

3rd.—*The United States Government should have an agent within the territory, who will represent the wishes of the American Government to the Indian Government.* And, on the other hand, the Indian Government must have a representative in Washington, as a commissioner, who will represent the wishes of the Indians, and in this way perpetuate those kind feelings which must, of course, exist before they can well improve.

4th.—*The different Indian tribes, or nations, must be invited to these settlements, and their moving to this home must be a voluntary act of theirs.* They must not be driven there against their will. And as soon as the whole country begins to be settled, they will have no where to go but this land so ceded for their home.

5th.—*The chiefs of the Indian nations, about twenty-five in number, must be allowed to represent their nations according to their numbers.* And the body so constituted must make laws for the better regulations of the country which is thus made to belong to them.

6th.—*The Executive Government of the Indian territory to consist of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and the heads of the different departments of the Government*, whose business must be to enforce all laws made by the Indian General Council, and approved by the Governor; and for all other purposes which they may deem necessary and just for the improvement and benefit of the Indian population.

7th.—The Governor of the United States to have *a sufficient force of militia* in the centre of the Indian territory, *for the purpose of preserving order* and enforcing all needful laws which may have been made for that purpose.

8th.—In the sale of all lands, for the purpose of giving a good system of education and improvement to the young Indian population, *one-fifth* of the proceeds of the sale of the lands so given up, or *one-fifth* of the annuities of the Indians who will settle in this territory, should be devoted to the purposes of secular education and religious instruction. This would, in a few years, amount to a sum quite sufficient to establish all kinds of schools—mechanical, agricultural, and religious.

9th.—As a basis of Christian instruction, no missionary should be allowed to preach peculiar or sectarian views of his own, or of those who may send him to the Indian, nor so carry on his labours as to be in any way detrimental to his fellow-labourers. The morals inculcated in the Old and New Testament to be those taught to the Indians.

10th.—That preparation be made for the emigration of the Indians to the land allotted them, by erecting buildings, suitable to commence farming, before the Indians are removed, so that no suffering be entailed, which otherwise, if endured, might dispirit them from entering on the life of a farmer. And, therefore, by the fifth year, whoever raises the most of each kind of vegetables should receive a premium, which might stimulate them to greater exertion. By having two-thirds of the young Indian population instructed in agricultural arts, there is another ground for believing that they will be superior in energy of character, and that they will not be very far from their white neighbours in agricultural knowledge.

The above are the principal features of a plan which I have been advocating for my brethren. There are many other means to be adopted, in raising them to become men of education, which have yet to be matured.

Let me now enforce these considerations on my readers by a few thoughts on the general working of this plan, so far as it has to do with the Indians, as being adapted for their improvement, to show what they are capable of doing, if rightly instructed.

1st.—He has been made to become a farmer, and is delighted in the pursuits of agriculture. The Ojibway native in Canada West, and the Ottowas, Wyandotts, Shaweescrees, Delawares, Oneidas, Senicas, Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasows, Chucktows, Osages, and a great many other nations, are many of them now farming. These were once wandering and warring races. They lived by the chase; they loved to meet danger in the field of battle. At this very time there are a great many thousand bushels of wheat raised in Canada by the Indians there; and the reason attributed for this is, that they are stationary, and not likely to be removed very soon. If, then, these tribes, by having been rendered stationary, have wrought out such benefits, my readers will not wonder why I say, as one of my principal means, that we must have a home first, before we can do anything in the way of social and general improvement.

2nd.—The Indian has been found capable of acquiring knowledge, and has been seen, in a great variety of instances, to appreciate the pleasure which education confers on man. I believe that none have been sent to any school, or college, or seminary of learning, but have proved thoroughly teachable; for the Indian possesses a retentive memory, an ardour of soul, great endurance and perseverance. His heart sends forth its warm fires, as is natural to him. It wants only the pure flames of nature to set in a blaze the noble qualities of his mind. His veneration is unbounded; and, if this feature of his character had been the study of the white man, before this time the Indian would have been instructed in the true way of worship.

3rd.—Then we find in the North American Indian features which require, as necessary for self-government, a simple form of government; for it may be said of him, as was alleged by the opponents of the coloured man in Liberia, when that colony was about to assume an independent position, "that they were incapable of governing themselves." Law and custom, and old usages, having been bred in the North American Indian—these, modified gradually, must be the means of bringing about the required state of society for self-government.

4th.—The systematic operation of the means required to divest the Indian mind of prejudices long rooted must be gradual. Years and years of toil are required for those who will engage to labour to bring this nation properly to appreciate the blessings of education. If men will watch the opportunities of enforcing or introducing the best means in the community, these, one after the other, dropped into the mind of the Indians, will produce a change favourable to receiving the means of civilization. *Gradually* the clouds in his mind must give way to the splendour of the dawn of a better day, when the steeples or domes of various suitable institutions will be, as it were, in full blaze to light his children to the path of noble greatness.

There is no standing still in improvement; and this remark is suited to the Indian, as well as to other men. Sufficient motives must be placed before him, and these eventually will prove sufficient stimulus to exertion.

In that part which alludes to the instrumentality to be used in introducing the Gospel, I may be wrong. I must depend on good men to be corrected, if I am, in this idea,—that the men engaged in a great cause together ought to be one in spirit—one in feeling, if not in mind—in order that they may do effectual good. Dissension in a Christian land has greatly tended to breed infidelity among men devoid of religious feeling; and if this same spirit has at times been indulged among those sent in other lands to do good, the consequences have been to retard the great cause of morality and religion.

Doctrinal views stated to a man who has never had the advantage of learning how to read, and filling his mind with dogmas altogether apart from the great end of Christian instruction, can only tend to perplex, without any visible good. Please let all those sent among us be men of prudence, men of good judgment, and men of education. I hope to get some of these when I have secured the land for the Indians; when we may be able to build again mission-houses and schools, which may not be put down again at pleasure, but must stand to bless the American Indians.

Giving a good salary to men who would be glad to be useful to us would prevent them from entering the fields of speculation, which often have proved so disastrous to missions. Men have engaged in speculating on land as soon as the land came into market. A man sent to do good in an Indian country cannot be serving two masters at once; and, therefore, the necessity arises for having good men, as well as men of education, to guide the mind of the Indian: for—

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring;
> For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> While drinking deep will sober us again."—POPE.

It may naturally be asked—"Can such settlement be formed, where, unmolested, the Indian tribes may pursue their works of improvement?"

Position and *climate* in the West must be studied for the accomplishment of such a settlement.

Having the proposed settlement too far in the West will prevent a speedy removal of the Indians to their homes; and if placed too much in the trail of emigration, they will be liable to be molested again by the encroachments of the white settlers. Therefore, to keep free this side of the base of the Rocky Mountains, where emigration can flow unchecked, will be better. Then it is necessary that this settlement of the Indians should be on the north of this trail, in such a climate as that they may not suffer. I have pointed out on the map a position which I think would be very good—between the falls of St. Anthony and the Missouri river—where a country might be secured, say one hundred and fifty miles square; and thus settle about eighteen thousand of the North West Indians, for the purpose of perpetuating their national existence. The climate in this country is very good, as are also its soil and its natural advantages; and it is important also in a commercial point of view, from its position on the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri.

The names of some of the Indian nations who would likely be a part to form a grand settlement, are the following:—Menomenees, Potawatamies, Lowas, Lauks and Foxes, Winebagoes, Mesquahkees, Ottowas, Stockbridges, Oneidas, Brother-towns, Ojibways, Shawnees, Amahas Otaes, Crees, Mandans, Pawnees, Kansas, Lieux, and about fifteen others; for the North-west numbers over 150,000 Indians within the territory of the United States.

I will not trouble my readers any further, than to promise them another paper, which will be the conclusion, when I will state the *feasibility* of my proposed plan, and what has been done to forward it, and what is *necessary fully to accomplish it.*

LYING TO CHILDREN.—The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance stated in his life by Dr. Gregory:—"Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was then on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, 'She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off.' Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, 'Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?' 'O dear, no, sir, I should be shocked at such a thing.' 'Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her; children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken.' This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten."

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart."

SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein.*

IT is an awful thought, that a sin, once committed, can never be recalled. Repented of, it may be; atoned for, it may be; pardoned, it may be. But not all the perfumes of Arabia can wash out the fact of its existence, and the stain it leaves behind. The man who has committed it can never—we speak of things this side the grave—be altogether what he was before that commission took place. And the more noble and elevated that man's nature, the more liable is he to the pangs of REMORSE. High and generous dispositions are sensitive as to right and wrong; and feel more acutely than others the degradation in which they involve themselves by the perpetration of that which is odious to their better part. Theirs it is to exchange what WORDSWORTH calls "calm contented days, and peaceful nights," for a couch "stuffed with the thorny substance of the past for fixed annoyance; and full oft beset with floating dreams, black and disconsolate, the vapoury phantoms of futurity." The agency of Remorse is, in point of fact, a benevolent institution established as a safeguard for our moral nature. If we sin, the shadow of sin, Remorse, lieth at the door. It is like the dreadful being in *Frankenstein*, which haunts its too daring maker, go where he will, attempt what he may. It utters, in suppressed scream, a mixed cry of triumph and despair, more appalling than heart of *innocence* can conceive, the burden of which is this oppressive theme—I have a message from God to thee; *thou* art the man; thee will I never leave, never forsake! Stern is the tale, to use the words of Churchill,

"Which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind, which, starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own."

Very impressively does the German poet portray the pangs of remorseful feeling in the instance of Carl Moor, captain of *The Robbers*, when affected, during a sunset on the banks of the Danube, by reminiscences of the past contrasted with the present. "My innocence," he cries, as he lays his head on the armed breast of one of his lawless comrades, and bethinks him of a time when he could not have slept, had he forgotten his evening prayers,—"Give me back my innocence! Behold, every living thing has gone forth to bask in the cheerful rays of the vernal sun—why must I alone inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? I alone the outcast, I alone rejected from the ranks of the blessed—the sweet name of child is not for me—never for me the soul-thrilling glance of her I love—never, never the bosom-friend's embrace—surrounded by murderers—hemmed in by hissing vipers—riveted to vice by iron fetters—whirling headlong on the frail reed of sin to the gulf of perdition.....Oh, that I might return again to my mother's womb!—that I might be born a beggar! I would toil till the blood streamed down my temples, to buy myself the luxury of one guiltless slumber, the blessedness of a single tear. There was a time when my tears flowed so freely—oh, those days of peace! Dear home of my fathers—ye green halcyon vales—all ye Elysian scenes of my boyhood!—will ye never return?—will your delicious breezes never

cool my burning bosom? They are gone, gone, irrevocably gone!" To the recruit who is all eagerness to join the freebooters, he says, "Would you buy immortality by deeds of incendiarism? Mark me, ambitious youth; no triumph awaits the victories of the bandit—nothing but curses, danger, death, disgrace! See yon gibbet on the hill." And when the new-fledged robber magniloquently exclaims, "What should he fear, who fears not death?" Carl shrewdly rejoins, "You have got your Seneca cleverly by heart: but, my good friend, you will not be able, with these fine phrases, to cajole nature in the hour of suffering; they will never blunt the biting tooth of REMORSE." Allowing for the melodramatic, declamatory tone which is characteristic of the whole piece, there is vivid power, and power of truth, in this picture of a self-accusing malefactor. It is full of emphatic warning. Ingenuous minds, open to good impressions, and susceptible to the chill of the shadow of crime, cannot but be beneficially moved by the contemplation of the penalties of misdoing, and find their heart braced while it is wrung by such an exhibition as that of guilt-stricken Macbeth—

> "Canst thou administer to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

Southey, in another key, yet harping on the same theme, affectingly represents a female convict at Botany-bay, who, in her livery of shame, watches the rise of that self-same sun which once shone upon her a happy English child. She turns in saddest memory back to those bright, early days, and thinks of her woodbine-covered home, and the familiar elms in the village churchyard, and the church wherein her own father justified the ways of God to man, little deeming that his shameless child should spurn the lesson, sink the slave of vice and infamy—the hireling prey of brutal appetite; and, at length, worn out with famine and the avenging scourge of guilt, should share dishonesty, yet dread to die!—

> "O thou blessed sun! thy beams
> Fall on me with the same benignant light
> Here, at the farthest limits of the world,
> And blasted as I am with infamy,
> As when in better years poor Elinor
> Gazed on thy glad up-rise, with eye undimmed
> By guilt and sorrow, and the opening morn
> Woke her from quiet sleep to days of peace."

Wise would we be to guard in every possible way against the possible reign of such a tyrant—such a pitiless autocrat as Remorse. Whenever we commit a trespass against the laws of conscience, we make overtures to this arch-foe of peace, and smooth the way before him, and build him a throne whereon he will one day take his seat, laugh us to scorn, and declare, "Here will I rest, for I have a delight therein: you have called me, but you cannot *re*-call me. I have accepted your summons, but to your avaunt I give no heed. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, and its demoniac cry shall haunt thee in the night season, and at mid-day. I will make society to thee a burden, and solitude a thing of horror; innocence quickly fled, but not so will I."

We do not say that every sin brings upon a man remorse of *this* kind. There are degrees of both; nor is the strength of the one always in proportion (as far as we can judge) to the virulence of the other. But it *is* a divine law that whoso sins shall suffer; that whoso resists and tries to defeat the purpose of his being, shall endure the penalty of voluntary transgression, in some form or other, as diversified as are the natures of men. The good man, even at the solemn close of an industrious and beneficent life, is seldom, if *ever*, quite ignorant of sensations of remorse for not having worked still more strenuously while it was called day, before the night came in which no man can work. But how different from the pangs which lacerate *his* soul who has bartered what is God-like in him for things

sensual and devilish, and now winces and writhes under the full meaning of the wages of iniquity! Ah! why should we sow the wind to reap the desolations of the whirlwind? Who would sow the dragon's teeth, if he could see face to face their hostile progeny—armed men?

SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES AND THE JAVANESE.

No. I.

In the year 1806 the Directors of the East India Company determined to form an establishment on Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, and Mr. Raffles, then a young man, was appointed assistant-secretary to the new government. Endowed with an extraordinary facility for acquiring languages, he made such progress in the Malay in his passage out, as to gain an immediate and decided advantage over the rest of the establishment. By intense application, he speedily acquired a general knowledge of the history, government, and local interests of the neighbouring states and islands. He conversed freely on his arrival with the natives who were constantly visiting Penang, many of whom proved to be sensible, intelligent men, and greatly pleased to find a person holding Mr. Raffles's situation able and anxious to converse with them in their own language.

Rising in office, and compelled to visit Malacca, after alarming illness, for the recovery of his health, he had here new opportunities for acquiring information. He observed and mingled with the varied population congregated from all parts of the Archipelago, and from the more distant countries of Asia, from Java, Ambayna, Celebes, the Malaccas, Borneo, Papua, and other places, including China and Cochin-China. The knowledge he obtained of the nature and extent of their several resources, and of their trade, their customs, manners, and feelings, became of the greatest possible service to him in the high and responsible situation he was shortly destined to fill.

It was also well for Malacca that this visit was made. Orders had been issued for demolishing the fortifications and destroying the public buildings, in order to deter Europeans from establishing themselves there, and of transferring the trade and population to Penang. But such a proceeding was condemned by the philanthropy, no less than by the sagacity, of Mr. Raffles; and he strongly remonstrated against so cruel a proceeding. He represented that more than three-quarters of the population of Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, Arabs, Javanese, and others, far exceeding 20,000 souls, were born in Malacca, where their families had been settled for centuries. Here they felt at home, their peculiarities were attended to, their rank respected, and their wants supplied. Many were proprietors of the soil, or attached to those who were so; their gardens produced pepper, vegetables, and all kinds of fruit in abundance, and from these, and the fisheries, they derived comfort and independence. That they were strongly bound to the soil was proved by their not accepting the offer of a free passage to Penang in a single instance. These representations led to the order being countermanded, to the consequent welfare of many, and the gratification of a highly-benevolent mind.

In a visit Mr. Raffles was induced to make to Calcutta, he was received with great kindness and attention by Lord Minto, the Governor-General, who appears from this moment to have reposed in him the utmost confidence. About this time, the annexation of Holland to France had placed at the disposal of Bonaparte all the valuable and extensive possessions of the Dutch in the eastern seas, of which Java was the great central point, and from which operations were likely to be most successfully directed against the political ascendancy and the commercial interests of England. "I at once drew his lordship's attention to Java," says Mr. Raffles in a letter to his cousin,* "by observing that there were other islands worthy of his consideration besides the Malaccas—Java for instance. On the mention of Java, his lordship cast a look of such scrutiny and kindness upon me as I shall never forget. 'Yes,' said he, 'Java is an interesting island. I shall be happy to receive any information you can give me concerning it.'"

Happily, the party addressed was not like many, who in such circumstances would have had to go in quest of information. All that was accessible had been previously collected; and the result was,

* Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool.

his lordship's determination to undertake, without delay, the reduction of Java, and its dependencies. Mr. Raffles was despatched forthwith to Malacca, in the capacity of agent to the Governor-General. Here he was instructed to make the necessary arrangements, to open communications with the several native chieftains of the Archipelago, in order to obtain intelligence as to their feeling with regard to the Dutch, and to facilitate the extension of the British influence in the eastern seas.

On Lord Minto's arrival at Malacca, Mr. Raffles placed in his hands all the information he had collected, and which has been described as "one of the most wonderful specimens of what assiduity, energy, and talent, are capable of accomplishing."* It was full of information respecting every part of the Archipelago; and the view it took of the whole subject was enlightened and statesman-like. A difficulty had been started as to the choice of a passage for the expedition among the islands, and that of the narrow straits. The alternative of two routes was presented: the direct route along the south-eastern shore of Borneo, which was represented as very difficult and uncertain, if not altogether impracticable; the other round the north-east coasts of Borneo, and into the straits of Macassar, which, though considered practicable, was stated to be tedious, as well as imminently dangerous. But here the foresight and sagacity of Mr. Raffles were again apparent: the problem was actually solved; and having sent a vessel to examine the supposed difficulties, and to perform the passage, he boldly stated that he did not hesitate to stake his reputation on the success which would attend the expedition, if the route pointed out should be followed. The naval authorities were all opposed to the attempt of a new passage with so many transports; but Lord Minto, fully confiding in the judgment of Mr. Raffles, embarked with him in his Majesty's ship Modeste, commanded by his own son; and in less than six weeks after quitting Malacca, the fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, were in sight of Batavia, without accident to a single vessel. Lord Minto observed—"If I had yielded to the pretended difficulties of the passage, the expedition must have been abandoned for the present year."

Java, it should be observed, is a noble island, having an area of about 45,700 square miles, and a population of between five and six millions. A mountain chain, obviously of volcanic origin, runs west and east, entirely through the centre of the island, its peaks varying in height from 5,000 to probably 12,000 feet, and all having a conical form. All have been at some period active volcanoes, though their power appears to be extinct, except that some have an occasional eruption, and emit sulphurous vapours, especially after rain. The vegetation of this island is most luxuriant.

The tree which yields the Upas poison grows in the eastern extremity of Java. It is one of the largest in the forests of that island. The stem is cylindrical, perpendicular, and rises, completely naked, to the height of 60, 70, or 80 feet. Near the surface of the ground it spreads obliquely, dividing into numerous broad appendages, or wings. It is covered with a whitish bark, and, upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. The sap is contained in the *cortex*, or tree-bark. The inner bark, or *liber*, of young trees, is employed by the poorer class of people in making a coarse stuff, which they wear when working in the fields; but persons wearing this dress, on being exposed to the rain, are affected with a violent itching, which renders their flimsy covering almost insupportable. The deleterious quality of the poison exists in the gum, the preparation of a poison from which is an exclusive art of the inhabitants of the eastern extremity of Java.

Many fictions exist as to the virulent and destructive influence of the upas, but, except under peculiar circumstances, it is entirely innocuous. In clearing new grounds near the tree, the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption it is known to produce when nearly cut down. But only when the tree is largely wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, and the effluvia is mixed with the atmosphere, do any symptoms like those described arise. At all other times, the upas, which, like others in the neighbourhood, is surrounded by shrubs and plants, may be ascended, like any forest tree.

The Javanese are chiefly a nation of husbandmen. To the crop the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice-irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes. Not one-half the island is under culture, and yet it not only produces corn enough for its own consumption, but the granary of the Eastern Archipelago, and even of Singapore.

Rice is the principal food of the people. It is grown, not only along the whole of the sea coast, but in all the low lands and ra-

* See "Life of Sir T. S. Raffles."

vines where water is to be had. The greater quantity of the grain of Java is raised by artificial irrigation. The crests of the mountains, and the valleys at their feet, are best supplied with water, and there, consequently, is the finest and richest husbandry. There are lands which have produced, from time immemorial, two yearly crops of rice.

Coffee, which has now become the great commercial staple of Java, is grown in the uplands. The coffee-plant grows from twelve to about sixteen feet in height; it attains to maturity in about five years, and continues to bear well for the succeeding ten or twelve years. Sugar is also an important staple.

The Portuguese reached this noble island in 1511, and the Dutch in 1595. The latter founded Batavia in 1619, and gradually consolidated their power over the island, though for a long period engaged in wars with the native sovereigns.

In so doing, they laboured with unequalled perseverance to obtain and preserve the monopoly of the spice trade, evincing, in their whole conduct with respect to it, a degree of rapacity and cruelty that is hardly, we believe, to be matched in the history of any other exclusive association. "That they might," says Mr. Crawfurd, in his valuable work on the Eastern Archipelago, "regulate and control the production and price of cloves just as they thought proper, the clove-trees were extirpated everywhere but in the Amboyna, the seat of their power; and the surrounding princes were bribed, by annual stipends, to league with them for the destruction of their subjects' property. This plan was begun about the year 1631. The contracts are still in force; and their annual fleet visits the surrounding islands to suppress the growth of cloves, which, in their native country, spring up with a luxuriance which these measures of satanic rigour, and of sacrilege towards bountiful nature, can scarce repress. In consequence of this plan—a plan carried on with so much iniquity and bloodshed—the country of spices is rendered a petty farm, of which the natural owners are reduced to the worst condition of predial slavery, and the great monopoliser and oppressor is that government whose duty it should have been to ensure freedom and afford protection. Human iniquity could hardly devise a plan more destructive of industry, more hostile to the growth of public wealth, or injurious to morals, than this system, framed in a barbarous age; and it reflects disgrace upon the character of a civilized people to persevere in it."*

The British troops under Sir Samuel Achmuty were landed at Batavia, on the 4th of August, 1811; and on the 26th was fought the decisive battle of Cornelis. On this occasion a series of powerful redoubts, or batteries, were captured, and the whole of the enemy's army, amounting to 10,000 well-organized French and Dutch troops, were either killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed. We enter not into the heart-thrilling difficulties of the conflict. One fact may, however, be mentioned. In the evening, when the hard-fought action was over, and matters in some degree restored to order, the native servants of the 78th regiment, not being engaged in the fight, had gone on cooking as usual, and, at the proper hour, laid out dinner in the mess-room tent in the rear, as if nothing had happened. The remaining officers of this regiment, which had been exposed to the hottest fire of the day, assembled accordingly, but on taking their places at the table, they became sensible, for the first time, of the terrible blanks which a few short hours had made in their numbers, and looking at one another in grief and silence, rose and separated, leaving the meal untouched.

On the reduction of this grand island, or as Lord Minto described it to the authorities at home, of an empire "which for two centuries had contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe," Mr. Raffles was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Java, and its dependencies. Most extensive, arduous, and responsible was this charge. The island of Java alone comprised a population of nearly six millions, divided into thirty residences, under powerful chiefs, who had long been desirous of throwing off the European yoke, and who were consequently by no means disposed to submit quietly to the rule of their new governor.

* Vol. 3, p. 380.

A Word to the Over-Sensitive.—"A strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it fester until my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general system is materially affected—is there a person who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or insults, or by provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame the mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!"

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

No. II.—THE CAT.

The domestic cat, *Felis catus domestica* of Buffon, has generally had its place assigned to it, by natural historians, among the tigers, leopards, ocelots, and wild cats of various regions, from whom, according to them, notwithstanding some differences, it derives its undoubted origin. But "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Doubts have in later years been thrown upon this, perhaps too confident assertion, and according to professor Bell and others, the domestic cat, though certainly belonging to the genus Felis, is yet a distinct species, and does not trace its ancestry to a wild cat tamed. In addition to the physical peculiarities which are given as reasons for this belief, Professor Bell states that the tame and the wild cat will not breed together, and that, though the domestic cat, after forsaking the homes of men, soon becomes wild, yet it is readily reclaimed, while the wild cat never assumes the docility and gentleness of the tame species.

The wild cat, whose colour is uniformly of a yellowish grey, with dark stripes or spots, is found in all the woody parts of Europe, especially Germany, Russia, and Hungary, in the north of Asia, and the whole of America. It is the only species of the group Felis indigenous to Great Britain, and was very numerous in the forests which formerly covered the greater part of our island; it is still found in some parts of Scotland, the north of England, and the wilder portions of Wales and Ireland. Its favourite abodes are mountains where forests abound, and it rears its young in hollow trees and the fissures of rocks. Like the other wild beasts which once infested this country, it has been marked out for destruction, and would entirely disappear but for the forest fastnesses in which it still finds an asylum. The domestic cat, on the contrary, has always been prized and preserved with care, and as far back as the 10th century, laws existed for its preservation and for the regulation of its value. In the year 948 Hoel dda, or Hoel the good, fixed the price of a kitten at one penny; this sum was doubled when it had caught its first mouse, and was increased to fourpence when its character was established as a good mouser—a considerable sum when we remember the value of money in those days. Any man who stole the cat that guarded the King's granary was condemned to forfeit a milch ewe with its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat, suspended by its tail from the ground, would form a heap to cover it to the tip. From these facts it may be inferred that the animal had been introduced into England from some foreign country, that there were fears of its becoming extinct, and that there was no attempt made to replenish its numbers by taming individuals of the wild species.

The domestic cat was one of the sacred animals of the early Egyptians. It was treated with singular respect during life, and after death was lamented with the deepest concern and buried with funeral honours. If wilfully killed, the offender was punished with death. Frequent references to it are found in their sculptures, and their tombs contain its mummies. It is possible that it may have been worshipped on account of its usefulness in destroying the asp and other venomous reptiles. It was not improbably brought to England from Egypt by the Phœnicians, who were in the habit of trading between the two countries; or, perhaps still later by the Romans, from whose appellation, *Catus*, all the European names given to the animal are derived.

There are several varieties of the domestic cat, but the most marked are, the Tabby, the Tortoiseshell, the Charetrusé, which is bluish, and the Angora, which has long silken hair. The Tortoiseshell variety is said to have come originally from Spain, where males of this colour are so rare that large sums have been offered for them. In England his existence is as little believed in as that of the black swan was before Australia disclosed this *rara avis* to our wondering eyes; and it is most likely that the buff, with dark orange stripes, is the real male of this sort. In Cornwall and the Isle of Man there exists a variety without tails; there are also a few of these in Dorsetshire, where a tradition prevails, that a cat having accidently lost its tail, ever afterwards produced its young with the same condition, and thus gave rise to the peculiarity. This may or may not be true, though Loudon mentions a similar case in his experience. There are besides these, the white cat with bluish eyes, which is said to be deaf; and the black cat, which, in the olden time, when every woman of superior sagacity, or extraordinary ugliness and sourness of temper, was considered a witch, was looked upon as her peculiar companion. In many of our country villages from whence the lingering shadows of superstition have not entirely vanished, the possession of a black cat is considered lucky nor could any one be found bold enough to destroy one or refuse it shelter. This feeling may possibly have arisen from the danger that attended any offence given to these witches with whose arts black cats were suffered to have some mysterious connection.

The domestic cat, like the other individual of this genus, is formed to pursue and devou

living prey, and, in all its actions and movements, exhibits precisely the same habits as the savage species of the tribe. The silken creature who basks in the sunny window, lies cozily on her cushion before the blazing fire, or sits purring in our lap, steals out stealthily at night to seize the unwary mouse, who falsely imagines that the darkness will be favourable to its forbidden meal; and in the day she may be seen watching, breathlessly, at the entrance to his retreat; nor will anything induce her to move, or even blink an eye, till her object is accomplished; or creeping, noiselessly, along an ivied wall, or from branch to branch of a tree, she robs a nest of both parent bird and fledgling; or, with sudden spring, darts on some feeble one that flies near the ground, fells it with her paw, and, before the poor bird can recover, seizes her prey in her mouth, and bears it away into the thicket. She is also an indefatigable enemy to the little shrewmouse, which is so destructive in gardens; she however merely kills this animal, without devouring it. The propensity to torture her victim, before she disposes of it, which is so painful to witness, is evidently natural to her; no punishment, or other means of instruction, can change the habit; and a cat is evidently displeased if a mouse is first killed and then given to her, apparently needing the excitement of her cruel sport to sharpen her appetite for the feast. The fondness of the cat for birds renders her destructive to young game, chickens, and pet birds; she may, however, be taught to respect the latter, if trained from kittenhood; but the only means is severity. Black cats, who are generally incorrigible thieves, are more difficult to restrain in this respect than others. Cats seldom eat rats, although they will sometimes overcome their dislike to water in order to procure them; they are also passionately fond of fish; and Cowper's elegant poem on a cat drowned in a bowl of gold fish, shows to what extremities they will proceed to gratify their desires. They will feed on flies and other insects; and in houses infested by crickets, puss will take up her position by their holes, every evening, with paw extended, ready to strike them as they come forth, and with attitude so graceful, and face so meek, that it is impossible to suppose she can mean mischief. Cats are occasionally fond of bread, and may be taught to eat vegetables, but this kind of food is not suitable for them, and the construction of their digestive organs shows that they were intended to be carnivorous, and to devour their food when warm with life. Through this wise arrangement of their Creator, the cat becomes valuable; for while the dog assists us in clearing the land of savage and destructive animals, the cat is equally useful in freeing our houses from rats, mice, and other vermin, whose rapid increase would otherwise be intolerable.

Buffon and others, his followers and imitators, have greatly maligned the domestic cat; according to them, she is faithless, unsociable, cunning, uncertain in temper, and in no respect to be trusted; though, in truth, she is quiet, gentle, and docile; knows her friends from her foes; answers to her name, and, though by no means equal in talent or affection to the dog, is yet worthy of being his associate among our domestic pets. Cats have much less reason and imagination than the dog, and are not so easily taught tricks; they evidently do not partake of the dog's love of employment, and perform with reluctance those feats to which we see them occasionally trained.

Notwithstanding all that may have been said to the contrary, cats are often much attached to individuals. They have been known to watch by the dying bed of their masters, to remain with the corpse till its removal, and to refuse to leave the grave that covered the loved remains. I have in my own experience known a cat whose grief at the loss of her master was so great that she refused all food, and retired to a lumber room adjoining his former bed-room, where she died of starvation. Their attachment to places, however, greatly exceeds their attachment to persons; and the faculty of memory is so strong in them, that they will find their way back to their homes after having been conveyed blindfold to a very great distance.

A gentleman, residing at a seaport town in Wales, who had frequently tried to get rid of a cat, who pertinaciously returned home after every succeeding effort, at length determined to put him on board a vessel bound for Cornwall, with orders that he should be kept close during the voyage, and given to some one on shore who was likely to treat him well for the remainder of his days; but what was his astonishment, when seated in his office, some weeks afterwards, to see Tom quietly walk in, and stretch himself before the fire, as though he had merely returned from one of his nocturnal expeditions! On inquiry he found that during the bustle of landing, Tom had managed to jump on board a vessel which was just about to return to the port he had left. and as he had been well treated by the sailors, who are superstitiously fond of cats, he arrived at home, in excellent condition, perhaps under the impression that he had been sent on the voyage for the benefit of his health. Steam will probably baffle them a little, and I have known more than one full-grown cat sent away by railway, who has not returned. Cats are very observing creatures, and never rest till they are fully acquainted with every room in the house, and every object it contains; and if anything new is introduced, they immediately discover it, and will not be satisfied till they have accurately examined it in every direction. This may account for the facility they possess of returning to their homes, as they probably

have some means of becoming acquainted with certain peculiarities on the way which may serve as a guide. They never attempt to pass through a space too narrow to admit them, but always test the aperture by their whiskers, which are exactly the width of the head, and possess the utmost delicacy of touch. The dog, who has no such provision, often thrusts himself into narrow passages in which he sticks fast, and remains shrieking for aid, without any power of helping himself out of his dilemma.

The female cat is very strongly attached to her young, and is jealous of any interference with them. If her litters have been destroyed, she never forgives the murderer, or forgets the fact, and ever afterwards displays the greatest ingenuity in seeking places of concealment for her young, the approach to which she never by any chance reveals, until they are old enough to take care of themselves, and she can discover them with safety. She is equally kind to the young of other animals, having been known to suckle rats and rabbits, while to destitute puppies she is often a most affectionate nurse.

White, in his Natural History of Selborne, mentions that a friend of his had picked up a leveret, which he took home and attempted to bring up by feeding it with a spoon. At the same time his cat kittened, and the whole litter was destroyed. Soon after this the leveret was lost; and he supposed it had been killed, till about a fortnight afterwards, when sitting in his garden, he saw his cat, with tail erect, running towards him and calling with the peculiar complacent note which they use to their kittens; while behind her gambolled the leveret, which she had carried away to console her under her bereavement, and which she continued to support with the greatest tenderness. He gives another instance of a cat who nursed three young squirrels; but so many people went to see the unwonted sight, that she grew jealous, and hid them over the ceiling for safety, where one of them died.

The cat shows pleasure by purring, a sound which is occasioned by some peculiar action of the organs of the voice not yet explained. When angry, her back is arched, all her hairs stand erect, her tail swells to double its original size, and woe to the unlucky offender who comes within reach of her uplifted paw, the scratch of an enraged cat being particularly venomous. The fur of the cat, especially of the black variety, will yield electric sparks with a crackling noise, when rubbed in frosty weather, and in the dark.

Many notions respecting cats prevail, which are, doubtless, only vulgar errors or the remains of old superstitions; such as their possessing nine lives, their always alighting on their feet, their foretelling wind by rushing wildly about the house, fine weather by the contraction of the eye, and especially the accusation of sucking the breath of infants, which last probably arose from their love of warmth, which induces them to nestle in the cradles of children. Why cats should be always associated with old maids, I could never ascertain; but the superstition is so universally maintained, that it seems useless to deny that a love for these pretty animals has any influence over a woman's matrimonial chances, and many a solitary damsel of doubtful age has renounced her favourite, lest her fate in this respect should be sealed. The story of Whittington and his cat, which in this unromantic age is considered fabulous, exists under different versions in most European countries, and in Persia; and it may be fairly inferred to have had at least some foundation, by those who do not choose that dull reality shall rob them of the pleasant tales which, in their youth, they so implicitly believed.

Cats are eaten in China, where they are bred and fattened with great care, and brought to market for sale. In England we do not ostensibly eat them, yet we have departed far from the ancient days, when laws existed for their preservation, and the demand for cat-skins has occasioned the abduction and murder of many a gentle favourite. Of late years, however, the cruelties practised on these and other animals have been brought under the notice of the legislature; and cases of wanton ill-treatment are punished with fines and imprisonment.

MAXIMS WORTHY ATTENTION.—"Men can bear hunger for a long time under the equator, but cold and hunger united very soon exhaust the body."—"The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary."—"The time that is required to cause death by starvation depends on the amount of fat in the body; on the degree of exercise, as in labour or exertion of any kind; and on the temperature of the air."—"As an immediate effect of the manifestation of mechanical force, we see that a part of the muscular substance loses its vital properties—its character of life; and all experience proves that this conversion of living muscular fibre into compounds destitute of vitality is accelerated or retarded according to the amount of force employed to produce motion."—"With the external cooling the respiratory motions become stronger; in a lower temperature, more oxygen is conveyed to the blood, the waste of matter increases, and if the supply be not kept in equilibrium with this waste by means of food, the temperature of the body gradually sinks."—*Liebig's Work on Animal Chemistry.*

THE SYMBOLS OF THOUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

The distinguishing feature between man and the inferior animals was long held to be, the possession by the former, and the absence in the latter, of *mind*—understanding by that term the powers of observation and induction. A more careful examination of the habits and phenomena of animal life has served of late years greatly to correct this popular idea; and the grand distinction is now found to be, not the exclusive possession of mind on the part of man, but the higher nature of his intellect. Admitting that the lower races are destitute of the faculty of imagination, and the power of pursuing extended trains of reasoning, it cannot any longer be denied that they can observe and draw inferences, remember and anticipate, appreciate and reciprocate attachments, and understand the expressions of approval and censure.

Nor, seeing such to be the case, can we feel surprised at witnessing amongst them the existence and use of signs, understood by others of their own species, and by means of which they communicate information, and give expression to their emotions. If we watch a flock of sheep or birds, or a herd of cattle, we can see that there pass amongst them signs of intelligence; to say the least, that they possess the power on the one hand, of making signals, and, on the other hand, of interpreting them.

We shall find, further, that whilst there are, probably, no tribes in the animal world wholly destitute of these powers of communication, they exist in greatest perfection and variety amongst those races which are most gregarious in their habits. In proportion as they herd together, the means of intercourse will be useful and necessary to them.

In this respect, man occupies the foremost position. His nature is eminently social. The laws of his being necessitate companionship. In infancy he is dependent upon maternal care; and, though in subsequent years rendered capable of providing generally for his own necessities, there are frequently recurring seasons of disease, infirmity, social depression, &c., in which he is rendered debtor to the kindly offices of others. From others too he derives his first elements of knowledge. The theory of innate ideas has long been exploded. Man knows nothing till he is taught, and the lessons he learns in childhood are the basis of all his future acquirements. Looking again at his moral constitution, we see the extent to which he is dependent upon companionship. The pleasures of friendship are amongst his purest enjoyments, especially the friendship which characterizes the relationships of *home*. Leaving the circle of his domestic, and the outer one of his more general attachments, and going forth into the world, he is still *a member of society*—every moment thrown into contact with his fellow-man. In the pursuits of commerce, and in every professional and political avocation, he is one of many—an atom in a coherent mass. His mightiest achievements have been effected by the power of combination, whilst in the simplest operations of trade—buying and selling—he buys *of another* and sells *to another*. His life is a continuous proof that he was not made to be alone.

The brief reference made to these facts will be sufficient to show us, how much there must be needed by man the means of a mutual communication or intercourse with all to whom he stands in any public or private relations. By intercourse we mean the communication from one mind to another of its thoughts, emotions, and wishes. These, in themselves, are intangible and invisible. We cannot take a thought in our hand and give it to a friend; we cannot exhibit it to his eye that he may see it, as we might a thing of substance, shape, and colour. We cannot in any way render the *thought* appreciable by his senses. We must embody it in some symbol or sign which he can feel, or see, or hear. The entire system of signs by which thoughts are thus represented to the mind of another constitutes the *language* of man.

This word is derived, through the French *langue*, from the Latin *lingua*, which signifies a tongue. Properly, it refers only to speech, of which the tongue is the instrument; but, by a natural process of generalization, the term has come to be expressive of all signs of thought, whether the sense to which they appeal be that of touch, hearing, or sight.

Language, thus comprehensively understood, is divided into two parts—natural and artificial.

The signs belonging to the former division consist of bodily gestures, changes in the expression of the features, and simple ejaculations or intonations of the voice.

The first class of natural signs, movements, or gesticulations of the body, would probably be the earliest expedient for the expression of certain emotions, to which man in a rude and uncultivated state would resort. Indeed, many instances of the natural and involuntary use of this simple language are seen in every society, such as the sudden start of surprise, the shrinking of alarm, and the boisterous movements in

which the exuberance of childish joy finds its utterance.

Gestures have sometimes been, and still are occasionally, employed for the purpose of dramatic representation. This species of acting, in which words are dispensed with, and emotions and sentiments expressed by bodily movements, has prevailed from the earliest times amongst the Chinese, Persians, and other oriental nations. It was also practised in the theatres of the Greeks and Romans, accompanied by music, and, under the name of the *ballet* forms a usual accompaniment to the present performance of Italian opera.

Of the second class of natural signs, the changes undergone by the countenance of man under the influence of the ever-varying emotions that pass through his mind, innumerable illustrations occur in the routine of daily life. If we spend a day with an intelligent friend, of active and susceptible mind, accompanying him to the various scenes and pursuits into which he enters, we shall see his face assume an endless variety of expression. He is perhaps a merchant, involved in the excitement of large speculations, and we read as readily as on the printed pages of some book, the language of the face, as it bespeaks the suspense with which he waits some expected information, the consternation with which he at length hears the failure of his enterprise, or on the other hand, the satisfaction afforded by the success of his venture. He may be a man of much benevolence, and as he prosecutes some mission of philanthropy, his countenance depicts his grief at the spectacle of distress, or his pleasure at the relief afforded by his assistance. Or if he is of refined and cultivated taste, let him study the work of some great master of fancy; let him read, for instance, the heroic tale of Homer, or the sublime epic of Milton, and the signs of admiration, of sympathy, of honour, and the other emotions awakened by the poet, will be quickly discerned. Like the wind sweeping over the strings of an Æolian harp, awakening in quick succession its ever-changing melodies—now sad and plaintive, now gay and sprightly, now wild and startling,—is the daily intercourse of life to the man of keen susceptibility, as the new events of each passing hour impart their tone to his mind, and leave its expression on his countenance—the smile, the tear, the flashing eye, and the kindling cheek.

The intimate connection thus existing between the workings of mind and the expression of the features, constitutes the basis of the science of physiognomy. The leading principles of that science, at least, must be acknowledged to be true. Emotions of frequent occurrence, conditions of mind which have become habits, leave their traces on the face. Let us take the example of a mirthful man. The expression of mirth is laughter. Laughter consists in a certain muscular modification of the countenance. Now it will be understood by every reader, that just as a twig may be trained, or any bodily habit may be contracted by the frequent repetition of some bodily act, so the facial muscles will soon acquire a tendency to relapse into that position to which frequent laughter has accustomed them. Thus the man of habitual mirth will exhibit this characteristic in his face; and so in other cases. From the general or prevailing expression of the countenance, the predominant features of character, and the prevailing habits of mind, may be inferred. We should be obviously wrong in interpreting a gloomy countenance as the expression of a cheerful temperament, or inferring an amiable heart from a face habitually given to sneer and scowl, or a confiding generosity from one whose every look betokened suspicion.

Such facts constitute the basis of physiognomy; and so far, at least, we must admit that science to be founded upon truth. Hence arises the connection that exists between beauty —that most engaging of all loveliness, the beauty of expression—and a placid, amiable, and benevolent character. It may not be idle to remind the reader, that no more effectual means can be adopted of imparting to the countenance that charm of expression, which is more pleasing and attractive than the most unbroken regularity of feature, than the assiduous cultivation of all kindly and generous feelings, the habitual maintenance of a calm, patient, and serene deportment; and that nothing, on the other hand, will more contribute to render the countenance repulsive and displeasing than the unrestrained indulgence of fretfulness, irritation, and passion.

There is yet a third branch of natural language, consisting in those ejaculations, or involuntary utterances, which are given expression to, under the influence generally of sudden or powerful emotions. Such signs are the sigh, indicative of distress; the groaning of pain; and the cry of astonishment or fear.

These three classes of symbols were the only means available to man, to convey to his companions information of his ideas, his feelings, and his wishes, until the conventional signs of an artificial or invented language came to his aid. It is evident that, possessing such a machinery of intercourse only—*i. e.*, having no means of communication but bodily movements, facial modifications, and the inarticulate sounds of his voice,—man must have found the interchange of thought almost impossible, and certainly, when possible, a most laborious and inconvenient process. Whether there ever were a period in the infant history of our race in which men were left in such a state of privation, destitute of any more perfect language than the one whose signs we have now described, is an inquiry the prosecution of which

does not fall within our design. But without entering at length into the arguments which pertain to such a discussion, we may be permitted to remark on the extreme apparent improbability of such a supposition. For what must have been the condition of man before some great genius had discovered and realized the expedient of articulate speech? More to be commiserated than that of the lowest tribe of animals over whom he was appointed to have control, because experiencing more than they the necessities of a full and perfect intercourse, in the proportion in which he was constituted more than they a social being; constrained by the laws of his nature to constant companionship, rendered dependent upon the kindly offices of others, and finding happiness in their affection, and yet destitute of the means of giving utterance to his emotions, of telling his wishes, of holding with those he loved the endless communion of friendship—the constant interchange of thought, which makes up so much of the happiness of social man.

Such, it appears to us, must have been the condition of man for ages, had the acquisition of an adequate language been left to his own powers of invention. Articulated speech is no simple and obvious expedient. If it were a discovery of human genius, it would throw far into the shade every other achievement of man's intellect. For our own part, a consideration of the long and painful social privation men must have experienced prior to its invention, had it been left to human ingenuity to find out, affords many powerful arguments in favour of the theory of its divine origin. Only those who believe that the savage was the natural and original state of man, can hold articulate language to be a human invention.

Without multiplying arguments in a discussion which does not strictly lie within our province, we are content with recording our belief that man, as originally created, was God's finished and perfect work; that when his eyes first opened on the loveliness of nature, and he beheld by his side the companion a beneficent Creator had provided for his comfort, and there awoke within him the emotions of admiration for beauty and joy in gratified affection, he was not left without language to give utterance to the feelings which found a home in his heart; that the Power which had formed him to admire, to reason, and to love, by its influence, prompted him to speak, and furnished him with words.

We mean not to affirm that there was revealed to man a systematic and grammatical code of speech; but that a vocal machinery, sufficient in its provisions to meet his first necessities, was furnished him by divine teaching. The *great idea*—the mode of communication—being thus suggested to him, he was probably left, to find in the ever-changing circumstances around him, a sufficiently powerful motive to proceed in the career of verbal invention and improvement;—invention in finding names for the objects about him, the ideas and emotions of which he became conscious, and the actions he performed; and improvement, in rendering his language gradually more convenient and comprehensive as a vehicle for the communication of thought. We may borrow an appropriate illustration. In early ages society must have made use of rude means of transit and carriage, observation and experience gradually suggesting the successive improvements of wheels and springs, to lessen the labour and time expended in locomotion. We shall have subsequent occasion to illustrate a similar process in connection with language, from the tendency displayed by all nations to abbreviate their forms of expression, and to secure a greater accuracy of speech by the use of a class of words called *particles*.

Here let us pause for a moment to admire the wisdom displayed in the selection of the *voice* as the great instrument of human intercourse. We have already described language as consisting of symbols of thought, addressed to the senses of man. It will at once be apparent that the only senses which can thus be addressed with advantage are sight and hearing. Touch has indeed been used with much success, as a means of communication with the blind and deaf, but to a man blessed with the enjoyment of all his senses, the signs most readily appreciable, and most capable of rapid and extensive modification, without involving confusion, are those which appeal to the eye and the ear. Of these two again, the advantages of the latter over the former, in the intercourse of persons present to each other, are almost countless. The eye can be addressed by modifications of the countenance and movements of the body; the ear by the modulations of the human voice. Of these instruments the difference of capability is obvious. Had we but our limbs, our fingers, and our features, whereby to express our thoughts, how laborious and tedious would intercourse be, and how imperfect after all! Probably out of such resources no amount of ingenuity could invent a sufficient variety of signs to give expression to the multitudinous operations of the ever-active mind, unless by a manual alphabet, had the discovery of that expedient, under the circumstances, been probable or even possible; and even with that, how slow and fatiguing would have been the process—how inadequate to the communication of the rapid workings of human thought—how exhaustive of patience and strength! The intercourse of an hour would be a task from whose herculean toil we should shrink, and the light, flowing, and chatty communions of friendship, which now constitute so much of its charm, would be impossible. But in the voice—the countless

modulations of which it is susceptible, its capabilities not only of uttering distinct sounds, but of giving expression by its tone to every variety of human emotion, and lastly, the matchless rapidity and consummate ease of its articulations—we recognise all the essential features of a perfect instrument of intercourse.

THE LION.

The lion, though considerably under our feet in height, with little difficulty dashes to the ground the lofty giraffe, a shallow pretender, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion avoids small game and dwarfish company, and is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. He preys on all the larger varieties of the antelope, and both varieties of the gnou. The zebra is a favourite of his pursuit. The lion has a long and shaggy mane, which, in some instances, almost sweeps the ground. The color varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. His voice is extremely grand, and peculiarly striking; it consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. With these fine natural advantages, they form often a sort of Philarmonic Society among themselves. Not unfrequently a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and one, two, three or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. They roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions' (rival bands) approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of the troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest-concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and esconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Cumming considers the catches with which he there was regaled as the sweetest and most natural he ever heard. They are also serenaders. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their singing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, they are heard roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued.

The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day, he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain-side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different." The proverb "bold as a lion" is illustrated by a remarkable instance which came under Mr. Cumming's own observation, which confirmed the reports he had before heard from the natives. He says:—

"One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the 'Baseleka,' accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us, with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly-expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid 'Bechuanas,' he approached. A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion

the moment, four couples of my dogs, ich they had been leading, were allowed escape in their couples. These instantly ed the lion, who, finding that by his bold ıring he had succeeded in putting his emies to flight, now became solicitous for safety of his little family, with which lioness was retreating in the back-ound. Facing about, he followed after em with a haughty and independent step, owling fiercely at the dogs, which trotted ng on either side of him. Three troops of phants having been discovered a few nutes previous to this, upon which I was ırching for the attack, I, with the most artfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On nning down the hill-side to recall my gs, I observed, for the first time, the re-ating lioness with her four cubs. About twenty minutes afterwards two noble elephants repaid my forbearance."

As to the hunting of lions, Mr. Cumming remarks :—

"In winding up these few observations on the lion, which I trust will not have been tiresome to the reader, I may remark, that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may nevertheless be followed, to a certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have naturally a turn for that sort of thing. A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunt- this justly-celebrated king of beasts."

BLIND OLD MILTON.

(From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.")

"Place me once more, my daughter, where the sun
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time, perchance. My race is run;
And soon amidst the ever silent dead
I must repose, it may be half forgot.
Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who trembled not
To buckle on their armour for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot;
And I have never bowed me to his might,
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within
My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
Which made me what I am. And though the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win
More honour by it than the blinded train
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow
Unto the weakest and the most profane.

* * * * *

"Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
Within my heart I picture them; and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face.
I fain would see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace,
I hear thy voice, so musical and mild;
The patient, sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,

And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And heaven itself be opened up at last
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.

* * * * *

"Yet I, who ever felt another's woe,
More keenly than my own untold distress;
I, who have battled with the common foe,
And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandoned or betrayed
The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless—
Am left alone to wither in the shade;
A weak old man, deserted by his kind,
Whom none will comfort in his age—nor aid.

* * * * *

"Oh let me not repine! a quiet mind,
Conscious and upright, needs no other stay;
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone—
Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away;
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
Bowed down with travel, at his Master's gate
Now sits—his task of life-long labour done—
Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,
In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,
Until the door shall ope, and let him in."

THE PULSE.

Every one knows that among the numerous inquiries and examinations which precede the prescription of a careful physician, the state of the pulse is never omitted; yet, as it is probable that few of our readers are acquainted with the reasons of this inquiry, or, what is the same thing, with the facts to be learned from it, we think it may not be uninteresting if we enumerate some of the more prominent ones.

It is almost unnecessary to premise that by the pulse is meant the beat of an artery, and that the one commonly chosen for examination is the radial artery, which beats at the wrist. The first point generally attended to is the number of the beats; and since in this, as in all other medical questions, it is necessary to be acquainted with the state of health, in order to recognise any deviation from it, we must mention the ordinary frequency of the pulse at different ages. In the new-born infant it is from 130 to 140 in a minute, but decreases in frequency as life advances; so that in a middle-aged adult, in perfect health, it is from 72 to 75. In the decline of life it is slower than this, and falls to about 60. It is obvious, that if we could suppose a practitioner ignorant of these plain facts, he would be liable to make the most absurd blunders, and might imagine a boy of ten to be labouring under some grievous disease because his pulse had not the slow sobriety of his grandfather's. A more likely error is, to mistake the influence of some temporary cause for the effect of a more permanent disease; thus, in a nervous patient, the doctor's knock at the door will quicken the pulse some 15 or 20 beats in a minute. This fact did not escape the notice of the sagacious Celsus, who says, "The pulse will be altered by the approach of the physician, and the anxiety of the patient, doubting what his opinion of the case may be. For this reason, a skilful physician will not feel the pulse as soon as he comes; but he will first sit down with a cheerful countenance, and ask how the patient is,—soothing him, if he be timorous, by the kindness of his conversation, and afterwards applying his hand to the patient's arm."—(De Medica, lib. iii. cap. 7.*)

Granting, however, that these sources of

* The lapse of eighteen centuries has not destroyed the utility, much less the beauty, of the eight books on Medicine bequeathed by Celsus to posterity; they are unrivalled for perspicuous elegance and laconic good sense. Celsus is one of the writers of the Augustan age, and is worthy of the times in which he flourished.

error are avoided, the quickness of the pulse will afford most important information. If in a person, for example, whose pulse is usually 72, the beats rise in number to 98, some alarming disease is certainly present; or, on the other hand, should it have permanently sunk to 50, it is but too probable that the source of the circulation, the heart itself, is labouring under incurable disease, or that some other of the great springs of life is irremediably injured.

Supposing, again, the pulse to be 72, each beat ought to occur at an interval of five-sixths of a second; but should any deviation from this rhythm be perceived, the pulse is then said to be irregular. The varieties of irregularity are infinite, but there is one so remarkable as to deserve particular mention. It will happen sometimes that the interval between two beats is so much longer than was expected that it would seem that one beat had been omitted; in this case the pulse is said to be an intermittent one. When the action of the heart is irregular, the beat of the pulse is so likewise; but it will occasionally happen that the latter irregularity takes place without the former one, from some morbid cause existing between the heart and the wrist. It is hardly necessary to observe, that, in all doubtful cases, the physician examines the pulsation of the heart as well as that at the wrist; just as the diligent student, discontented with the narrow limits of provincial information, repairs to the Metropolis to pursue his scientific inquiries.

The strength or feebleness of the pulse, its hardness or softness, and innumerable other qualities, might be discussed here; but, from the great difficulty attending any examination of these points, and the technical niceties involved in anything more than a bare mention of them, we omit them. There is one point, however, which it would be unpardonable to pass over in silence: sometimes no pulsation can be felt at the usual part of the wrist. This may proceed from so great a languor of the circulation that it is imperceptible at the extremities; or from the radial artery (the one usually felt) being ossified; or from an irregular distribution of the arteries of the fore-arm.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

Legal Mode of Giving an Orange.—I give you all and singular my estates and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips. Anything herein before, or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding, &c.

A Fair Excuse.—A commercial traveller lately left an article of his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chamber-maid to forward it to him by the coach. He received the following answer:—

"I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt,
I'll frankly tell you all about it;
I've made a shift of your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it."

A Felt Loss.—Mr. Bannister, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired what it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be *felt*."

Anecdote of Erskine.—A client complained of a painter who had broken his written contract to paint a house; and the case stated that A. would prove this, B. that, and C. the other fact, and concluded with this laconic question: "Will an action lie?" To which Erskine answered in terms as laconic, "Yes, if all the witnesses will lie too."

Explicit Answers.—"Where is the hoe, Sambo?" "Wid de rake, massa." "Well, where is the rake?" "Why, wid de hoe." "Well, well, where are they both?" "Why, bote togedder, massa; you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin."

Strange Food.—"Do you like novels?" said a Miss Languish to her up-country lover. "I can't say," answered he, "for I never ate any; but I can tell you what I am tremendous at, a young 'possum.'"

Cool.—There is a man down east who has such a good temper that he hires himself out in summer to keep people cool.

Summer Clothing.—"How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunk?"—"It is because they *leave out* their summer clothing."

Indecision.—Enoch says he knew a man who sat up all night, because he couldn't decide which to take off first—his coat or his boots.

On Dit.—The submarine wires intend to prosecute an editor for saying they were *deranged*.

Innocence.—A Dutchman in Albany, some time back, went out to his milkman in the street with a dish in each hand, instead of one as usual. The dispenser of attenuated milk asked if he wished him to fill both vessels. The Dutchman replied, suiting the action to the word, "Dis is for de *milluk*, and dis for de *watter*, an I will mix em so as to shute myself."

A Queer Verdict.—In a libel suit at the West, the counsel for the plaintiff told the jury that he did not ask for damages from a desire to obtain money, but merely as an indication that his client had been wronged; and if a verdict in his favour, giving damages, was returned, not one cent of the money would be taken from the defendant. The jury thereupon returned "a verdict for the plaintiff of 450 dollars, *not to be paid!*"

Why and Because.—Why is a blade of grass like a note of hand?—Because it is matured by *falling dew*.

A Good Leap.—There's a fellow in Kentucky, sich a tarnation jumper, that he springs from leap-year to leap-year without tochin.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM NOVEMBER 24TH TO NOVEMBER 30TH.

November 24, *Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.*

November 24, 1849, *Pope Pius IX.* fled from Rome, in the disguise of a servant, and proceeded to Gaeta, in the Neapolitan dominions.

November 24, 1849, *Lord Melbourne* died, in the 70th year of his age. He was prime minister for several years during the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria.

November 25, 1748, died, aged 74, *Isaac Watts*, D.D., a nonconformist divine, eminently distinguished for his learning and piety. He established and extended his literary reputation by numerous work which he produced, not only on theological subjects, but on several branches of science and letters. His "Psalms and Hymns" have gone through almost innumerable editions in almost every size and form; and his "Moral and Divine Songs for Children" have been read, and most of them committed to memory, by hundreds of thousands of children.

November 26, 1847, a great monetary pressure was experienced throughout the kingdom.

November 27, 1703, a *fearful tempest* visited the kingdom, by which very considerable damage was done to life and property. One hundred and twenty-three persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; and it was computed that nearly 8,000 perished in the waters. About 800 dwellings were laid in ruins. About 2000 stacks of chimneys were blown down in and about London. Trade and business was nearly suspended. Multitudes of cattle were lost. Thousands of trees were torn up by the roots. The damage in the city of London only was computed at nearly two millions sterling. The storm lasted for nearly three days. A sermon, in commemoration of a remarkable deliverance during this event, is preached annually in the Baptist Church, Little Wild-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

November 27, 1788, died, aged 73, *Thomas Harmer*, an eminent dissenting minister. He wrote several works. His chief work was his "Observations on Divers Passages of Scripture, illustrated by the Accounts of Travellers in the East"—a work much esteemed by biblical students.

November 28, 1530, died, in the 60th year of his age, *Cardinal Wolsey*, an eminent minister of state under Henry VIII. He was the son of a butcher in Ipswich, where he was born in 1471. Having received a grammatical education, and obtained a living at Limmington, in Somersetshire, his progress in advancement became rapid, till he rose first to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, then to the Chancellorship and the Cardinalate. His revenues were almost unbounded, as was also his ambition and love of pomp; at the same time, he expended much in laudable munificence for the advancement of learning. Various court intrigues greatly entangled and embarrassed him, and at length articles of impeachment were exhibited against him in Parliament. A sentence of forfeiture ensued. After resigning York Palace and its riches to the King, he was granted a full pardon and part of his revenues. He was afterwards again arrested for treason, but died on his way to London. Shortly before his decease, he exclaimed to the officer appointed to conduct him, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served my King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." That he fell a victim to tyranny, in the sequel, is indisputable, but it was a tyranny that he had himself assisted both to form and to exercise.

November 29, 1814, the *Times* newspaper was printed by steam, being the first newspaper printed by that process.

November 29, 1842, died *Sir Charles Bell*, an eminent anatomist, and a popular lecturer and writer on anatomy and surgery. He was respected in public for his great talents, and admired in private for the bland simplicity of his manners.

November 30, *Saint Andrew's Day.* St. Andrew is called the Patron Saint of Scotland, and an order of knighthood is instituted under his name.

November 30, 1654, died, aged 70, *John Selden*, a distinguished writer. He was for some years keeper of the records in the Tower. He left a fine library to the University of Oxford.

November 30, 1823, died, *M. Belzoni*, an intrepid and persevering traveller, by whose ingenuity and industry many splendid remains of ancient grandeur have been discovered and restored. After disclosing the results of his investigations, and all the curious monuments of art he collected on his travels, he left London for the deserts of Africa, where he fell, while labouring towards Timbuctoo, for other specimens of human ingenuity, and endeavouring to explore and point out channels of enterprise to our manufacturers and merchants.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 48.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.]

HOW TO SECURE HAPPY MARRIAGES.

They tell us that the English is the only language in which the word "Home" occurs, and this arises from the fact that in hardly any other country under heaven can you find that snug, domestic circle and comfort which are so common in England and America, and indeed wherever our countrymen take up their abode. We are, in more senses than one, "a *homely* kind of people," and perhaps are destined to domesticate as well as civilize mankind. In French, the word usually rendered "*home*" means literally "*by himself*," and in many other languages the term "*house*" is merely used; and "*at the house*" is the phrase for "home." But "*at the house*" in English is a very different idea from "*home*." We have multitudes of houses which are not homes, and many times are we "*at the house*," and yet very far from being "*at home*." One of the sweetest strains in our language is—

"Home, home, sweet home!
There is no place like home."

And our anxiety is, that every working man's house may be in the best sense of the word *a* HOME; and were the observations we are about to offer attended to, this desirable object would soon be realized.

In the constitution of a home we are entirely dependent upon woman. The domestic circle is her domain, and no one can supply her place. Not an angel from heaven could become her substitute. All efforts to supplant her, or fulfil her duties by the other sex, have completely failed; but still it must not be forgotten that as she can make the family a paradise, so she can also become its pest and tormenter. Her destiny is to bless or curse everything she touches. The happiness of the husband depends on his wife, the happiness of the wife on her husband, whence everything hinges on the choice which each party makes.

It has frequently been said that "matches are made in heaven, but that they are often sadly spoiled before they reach our world." We must not, however, charge our own folly upon Providence. In most matrimonial engagements our operatives exercise their own discretion. We are not, as in some countries, betrothed in the cradle. In this particular the middle and working classes are in a far better condition than the gentry and aristocracy. Among noble families, marriage is often an affair of money, rank, sect, pension, office, or sinecure; but the labouring man and labouring woman are freed from these trammels, and can marry the persons they like best. Such are some of the advantages of being able to make one's own fortune, instead of being dependent upon others to procure us daily bread, through the patrimony of a wife, or the political or ecclesiastical patrons of a husband.

Here, also, we might say, that the *demand* for a good article will soon be the means of *producing* it. Let it be known that stupid, clownish, ignorant, dissipated, lazy, debauched men, will be kept at a distance, and for ever rejected by women; and that dirty, slovenly, ill-tempered, illiterate, wasteful, indolent, giggling, news-mongering females, will have no chance whatever of being married; and we shall soon have a race of men and women distinguished for intelligence, industry, sobriety, economy, amiableness, and morality. What hundreds of *Mutual Improvement Societies* would be formed! what hosts of books would be bought! what a number

of grammatical, geographical, scientific, and philosophical classes would be instituted! Even fools, who never read or thought before, would be quickened into activity and intelligence, when it became a well-understood thing that to be minus a husband or wife would be the severe fine which all male and female ignorance must pay! We shall now offer a few suggestions respecting this important affair, in order that our young readers may be on their guard against the ills into which thousands have fallen from thoughtless marriages, remembering that it is in their own power to make their future lives happy or miserable.

Intelligence should be sought after in a husband or wife. It was an old saying, "Beauty is a frail good." Men become old and lose their comeliness, and women fade earlier than men. But it is one of the great characteristics of mind that it charms, and loveliness may grow with age. Years ought merely to increase its vigour and youthfulness. The words which the poet addressed to his soul are not more enchanting than true:—

> "Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

A receipt for making the body grow younger and younger would be purchased by every one; but what is impossible to the outward frame can be obtained by the immortal spirit. Intellectual and moral culture can impart increasing and perpetual energy to the soul, and give it an eternity of youthfulness. It is a sad thing to see the mind, as well as the body, enfeebled with age without any physical reason; and this would never have occurred if proper mental sustenance had been taken. In the conventional and objectionable sense of the words, there ought to be neither old men nor old women. The outward man may become feeble, but the inward man should be renewed day by day. But to obtain this glorious result, mental improvement must begin early, and especially with females. It is said that few wives improve after marriage, and hence the necessity of seeing beforehand that all is right on this particular, or a thousand ills may follow. We believe that a time is coming when intelligence will be deemed the chief fortune; and, on the other hand, that it is impossible to enrich stupidity, though you endow it with all the wealth of the two hemispheres. Join in the holy band of wedlock a sensible and well-instructed man and woman, and depend upon it they will make their way; but unite two simpletons, or a wise man or woman with a fool, and it is a hundred to one, whatever may be their fortune, that they will come to the Union, and burden the age with an ignorant and wretched progeny.

Morality should be looked after. Matrimony itself is a bond which nothing but pure morality can keep from decay and dissolution. The world has had the teaching of six thousand years to assure it that there is no happiness in sin. Bring immorality into the family, and you need not send for demons as tormenters. Bad temper, indolence, pride, dishonesty, slander, falsehood, intemperance, extravagance, &c. &c., can people the house with as many evil spirits as Beelzebub could wish. The devil has such a great antipathy to morality, that he cannot live in its element without feeling more exquisite pain than in the bottomless pit. We need not send for exorcists in these days. Only be rigidly moral and virtuous, and Satan and his angels will remove quickly. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," is as philosophical as it is true; and there is no resistance equal to morality. Vice is such a spiritual thing, that it has neither eyes, ears, hands, feet, nor tongue of its own, and therefore it cannot work without ours. Hence, here, as in everything

else, we either create our tyrants, or lend them all the powers, facilities, and implements that oppress and curse us. We have had many glorious and enchanting views of real domestic bliss, and quite as many of the reverse; but we have never seen any household misery which might have not been prevented, removed, or unspeakably mitigated by morality. And to render home wretched, it is not at all necessary that husband and wife should *both* be wicked; one immoral party, whether male or female, possesses a power to scourge and torture which even Lucifer might envy. We have known an immoral and irreligious wife enter a house with an innumerable train of fiends as her natural attendants; and an equal number of tormenters following a lazy, ignorant, extravagant, and debauched husband, and we need not stay to describe the result. So evident is it that vice and misery are inseparable, that it may be received as an anxiom, that real domestic felicity can never exist in connection with immorality; and therefore, before we can have *happy hearths*, we must, in the best sense of the term, have *good* husbands and *good* wives.

Industry is also requisite. A lazy husband or lazy wife, though rich as Crœsus, is a bad bargain in any rank of society, but unspeakably so in the families of our operatives. Here everything depends upon effort. You cannot help the mechanic or labourer who will not help himself. Indolence, like drunkenness, cannot be elevated. The proverb of Solomon has been verified in all ages—"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness will cover a man with rags;" and not only men, but *women* too, for here, as in other things, you will be sure to have the same sauce for the goose and the gander. Hundreds of families are now in the most abject wretchedness solely through their sloth and idleness. We would have all young men before they go to church inquire what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just as inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not be very poetical to be thus prying, but it may save a world of trouble by-and-by. Paul's rule was, that "if people would not work, they should not eat;" and it will not be a bad addition to prohibit them from marrying, not by any parliamentary act, but by every person refusing to be yoked with such useless and heartless monsters.

Economy is also a necessary qualification in both husband and wife. We have all heard of the "cow that gave a good pail of milk, and then kicked it down." Alas! that we have so many human cows of both genders! Many a poor fellow earns enough to keep his house in respectability, and yet neither himself nor his children have hardly a single comfort; for his wife contrives to lay it all out in such a way that no one is benefited. She may be no gin-drinker, but nevertheless contrives to run through all, and would squander three times as much without adding the least to the happiness of her household. And many of the men are worse than the women. "To work like a horse and spend like an ass," is a trite biography of thousands of operatives. Better be transported to the colonies than be apprenticed all one's days to such wasteful beings. An economical couple can, if they please, make for themselves a comfortable fortune; but then they should begin early, and therefore see that the habit on both sides is confirmed before they sign their names to the certificate of marriage.

Temperance is of vast importance. What happy families myriads were before *strong drink* entered! and myriads now might reclaim themselves if they would sign the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. These liquors sink men and women below beasts and demons. We believe that the time is coming

when seven years of teetotalism on both sides will be a "*sine qua non*" of marriage. History shows that your little-drop folks, whether *saints* or *sinners*, *male* or *female*, are not safe. The liquor produces thirst, indigestion, nervousness, lassitude, and low spirits, and thus leads to an increased draught. We could fill volumes on this subject, written, like Ezekiel's roll, "within and without, with lamentations, and mourning, and woe." What want, misery, broils, dishonesty, cruelty, murders, have sprung up from the use of these beverages! and what a host of crime and woes would be prevented by total abstinence! And the principle should be adopted on both sides, lest the wife should be a tempter to the husband, or the husband a tempter to the wife.

No persons should marry until they have a GOOD HOME. That woman must certainly have been "cut for the simples" who yoked herself to a man who had nothing but furnished or unfurnished lodgings to take her to; and the man who offered a female such accommodation must be too deeply in love, too far gone in insanity, or too hard-hearted, to have thought anything about his own comfort or that of the girl he professes to worship. Of course both parties have luxuriated in golden dreams concerning the future wonders which two such prodigious geniuses will effect when they come to put their heads together; but then these castles in the air are hardly ever comeatable. One good home *on the earth*, though only a cottage, is worth a million of them; and the best way to secure this is to have it before the matter is settled "for better and for worse." It is a thousand to one if anything in the form of a substantial home be ever had if it is not obtained before marriage.

Why not also have the house COMFORTABLY FURNISHED before going to live in it? What a miserable thing it must be to drink coffee out of a hired coffee-pot, or boil water in another person's kettle! One would suppose that, to an independent mind, all the sugars of Brazil would be insufficient to sweeten tea made under such circumstances. One's own bed, though stuffed with the commonest flocks, is softer than a couch of down that belongs to another person. Better sit on the hardest wooden-bottomed chair that you have bought and paid for yourself, than on the most splendid divans of the Emperor of Constantinople. Our own bed is not half so downy as many of those we often sleep upon when from home, but the thought that it is our own is a most consolatory and soporific thought. Many imagine that all sorts of good things will follow matrimony, but it is far better to procure as great a number as possible *first*. There will be plenty of ways for the money when a family comes on, without having to buy furniture then; and, for want of this forethought, thousands have been wretched all their days.

There ought to be A LITTLE MONEY IN HAND. The song, "She wore a wreath of roses," with its melancholy close, has been realized in numbers of cases before one short year has rolled away; and the doctor's bill, &c., have left the survivor in the most straitened circumstances. Sickness, death, and various other ills, overhang us all, and therefore a little money in hand will be of great advantage. What a pity and mortification it will be to have to go to the parish, or become a suppliant for charity, in consequence of having made an improvident marriage!

Lastly,—*Wives, as soon as they become mothers, should be able to stay at home, and nurse and educate their children*, that when the husband returns from labour in the evening he may find a home. These and multitudes of other comforts may be obtained by a little consideration, patience, and forethought, and thus all marriages may be as fortunate and happy as heart can wish.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

THE BAKING TRADE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF A JOURNEYMAN BAKER.

By G. READ, Baker,
Secretary to the Operative Bakers' Society for the Abolition of Night Labour.

(Concluded from page 205.)

CHAPTER VII.

OBTAINS EMPLOYMENT—SUNDAY LABOUR—REFLECTION THEREON, AND ON THE CONDITION OF A BAKER—THE EVILS OF CLUBS BEING HELD AT PUBLIC-HOUSES, WITH REMEDIES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE TRADE.

"The Sabbath, with sacred chime,
Which holy and honoured we keep,
To them is the same dull time
Of hurtful toil and sleep.
Up, then, and plead their cause,
Nor loiter, ye men of love;
Nor longer permit man's finite laws
To prescribe the laws above:
But find in your Christian hearts some room
To ease the toil-worn baker's doom.

W. Floyd.

On the following Monday Tom went to see his friend Adams, who was glad to meet him, and had been expecting he would call. He said, "I have seen Sam Trotter, who told me how he got on, on Saturday last. Finding you could not do very well, I spoke to my master, who is not a bad one take him altogether, to let you come in with me for a few days, just to get your hand into the way of work; and as my mate has got a touch of the baker's cough, it will ease him a bit of a night, and then you can look out for a place in the day."

After working with Adams about a fortnight, he became more used to the work, and could get on pretty well. Adams, however, advised him to take a third-hand place, before he ventured to take a second-rate one, which Tom said he would, as going into a strange place to work, he might not be enabled to get on as well as he had there.

Adams had spoken to his master about Tom in the meantime, and asked him, should he hear of a third-hand place among his friends, to be kind enough to tell him of it.

Mr. Jones, Adams's master, was rather prepossessed with Tom's appearance, and therefore offered to make inquiries for him. Being out, one day, at Mark-lane, he met a friend who happened to mention to him that he was in want of a third-hand, when he recommended Tom, and told him, the next morning, to go about it, and say he sent him.

Tom went to the place as directed, which was at Westminster, and concluded an engagement for 10s. a week. He was directed to come the next day at eight o'clock to "learn the customers"—*i. e.*, to know where they resided. The person he was now going to live with was "a full-priced baker," and his customers consisted more of families, and less of persons who came to the shop to purchase bread. These latter were few compared with what he had seen at the under-sellers' shops, where he had been employed hitherto. The bread, instead of being taken out on boards on the head, was carried in baskets on the back. After making his agreement, Tom hastened back to thank Mr. Jones for his kindness in recommending him, and Adams for the interest he had taken in his behalf.

The next day Tom was at his post before the appointed time. The person whose place he was going to fill he found to be a young man from Scotland, who had come to London to seek employment under the same circumstances as himself, as there were few masters who employed journeymen in the place he served his apprenticeship. Those who serve their time at

Edinburgh generally come to London, because the masters prefer men from the Frith of Forth and Fife, and some other adjacent towns, who work for less money than those expect who serve their time in Edinburgh; and from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and such places, they come to London, their places being filled up by other young men from the country districts.* This young man whom Tom was to supersede was going on Sunday morning to a second-hand place, at 16s. a week.

At this place Tom found his work very laborious and fatiguing, having to commence at eleven o'clock at night, and it being frequently seven the next evening before he could leave off, by the time he had the bakehouse cleaned and everything put in order for the next day. Having to be on his feet from eight o'clock in the morning till five or six in the evening, delivering bread, rolls, and cakes, or biscuits: fetching and carrying home the customers' dinners, pies, puddings, &c., all of his mates had finished before him—the foreman between two and three—except on days when biscuits were made, and then he had to work till about six, as well as the rest, and left as soon as they had "put the sponge in;" the second-hand left between four and five. On Saturday he could seldom leave work before eight or nine o'clock, in consequence of the number of pies and puddings he had to attend to and carry to their respective owners; it being at this period the fruit season, when there are more pies to be baked than at any other.

Sunday was no day of rest to him or the others. That day, which ought to be devoted to the repose of the body, the improvement of the mind, and the worship of the Creator, was employed in the harrassing labours of attendance upon dinners brought to be baked, which kept them employed from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon. During this time they were fully occupied, for the master would frequently say, "You may as well clear away that flour," "Shake those sacks," and other things which he wanted done.

Some years since, when the bakers of London appealed to the legislature to grant them one day of rest in the week, they were told, that by one baker stopping at home to bake the dinners, fifty persons could go to church. Instead of this, it only enabled many working men and their wives to remain at the public-house all the Saturday night and part of Sunday morning, getting drunk, squandering their hard-earned wages, ruining their health, and destroying their domestic comfort and happiness, which they would not have been enabled to do, if they had been obliged to go to market on the Saturday, in order to prepare their dinner for the Sunday to cook at home, instead of taking it to the baker's in the slovenly state these kind of persons do, after the time allowed by law for the baker to receive and deliver it, and keeping the men at work to attend their dinners until three or four o'clock in the afternoon.†

Whilst engaged in the bakehouse on Sunday, Tom would often think of his home, and the comfort he used to experience with his parents on that day, after being at work during the week. Now, when the sun rose on the Sabbath morning, shedding beauty

* Since the strike which took place throughout Scotland in 1846, there are not so many bakers come to London as formerly. They now receive better wages than they used to do, with limited hours of labour—from five in the morning to five in the evening; and only a certain number of apprentices are allowed. The condition of the Scotch bakers is now far superior to those of London. There are a greater number of Germans *brought* to London than come from any part of England, Ireland, or Scotland. Many of the Scotch bakers have returned to work in the principal towns of Scotland, in preference to remaining in London,

† It is prohibited by law for bakers to bake any bread, rolls, or cakes on the Lord's Day, or to bake or deliver any meat, pie, pudding, tart, &c., after half-past one in the afternoon, or to receive any during the hours of Divine Service. This wholesome law, that has proved of so much benefit to the trade and the public, and which, when it was first passed, in 1794, the master bakers of London said they would be ruined by, has, of late years, been gradually encroached on, so that it is now very common, in the districts inhabited by poor people, for master bakers to receive the dinners of their customers at any hour of the day, and to keep their men till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, to attend and carry them home to their owners. The baking of bread or rolls on the Sunday is also now very common with many of them, thus leaving the men no time for rest. To such an extent was it carried by the bakers of Greenwich, a few years since, that the journeymen determined to put a stop to it. For this purpose they called upon their masters to assist them. They found the majority very willing and desirous to do so, but stated they could not carry it out, so long as a few of their body would persist in baking rolls and bread, to supply the tea and coffee houses with them hot in the afternoon, for their London visitors, as they would lose a large portion of their custom if they did not conform to the same rule. A subscription was then entered into, by the majority of the masters and the men, to prosecute those who persisted in the practice. This effectually put a stop to the evil, although, before the law was put in force, no persuasion or moral means that could be brought to bear upon the refractory parties would induce them to alter. It is the same with the abolition of night labour; the selfishness of the few prevents the many from carrying out the regulations necessary for the welfare of their men,

all over nature, causing all around to assume an air of cheerfulness and delight, he was doomed to pursue his wearisome labours, in an unhealthy atmosphere, by the aid of artificial light. When the church bells were chiming in every direction, and he saw his fellow-countrymen—fathers with their wives and children, young men with their chosen ones—neat and clean, repairing to their respective places of worship, he felt himself doomed to comparative slavery; he felt himself in a worse condition than even the beasts of burden, who, at least, were not denied one day in seven on which to rest their weary limbs.

The bad usages of the trade he had to follow did not allow him to enjoy those rights to which, as a free-born Englishman and a Christian, he and others of his class were entitled. No night had he for rest; no evening for enjoyment or improvement of his mind; and that day also that the Lord had commanded for rest, that in it we may cast off the cares of life, and meditate on the fact that this world is not our home, so as to prepare for that we are to enjoy hereafter. The hours of labour during the week are so long and arduous, that, even if Sunday itself were free, they would be unfitted for any enjoyment on that day, or from deriving benefit from any instruction they may receive by attending a place of worship.

On several occasions, when Tom went out for a walk on Sunday evening, he would envy those whose happy lot it was to go home and enjoy their rest afterwards, instead of having, like him, to go home and begin a new round of labour. Twice he went to church, but it was no use, for he could not, when there, keep his eyes open. Think of this, ye Christian teachers, and ask yourselves if these men, who have to undergo so much toil to produce your daily bread, have not souls to be saved as well as you; and think upon the fact, that not one in ten can, or do, ever enter a place of worship.

You who boast so much of the high state of civilization attained in this country, ask yourselves if the condition of these poor bakers is not as bad, or worse, as that of the negro slaves you have helped to emancipate, and if these white slaves at home do not require your aid to free them from the thraldom and oppression under which they suffer? If evils of such magnitude existed among any class of men in India or China, there would be no lack of persons to come forward and denounce them. Large public meetings would be held to remedy their condition; but because the evils are at our own doors, and affecting our own population, we pass them by unheeded and uncared for.

Much has been done by professing Christians for the purpose of liberating slaves abroad, and measures were taken by parliament by which that consummation was hastened. Thousands are now spent annually by the government to enforce that humane measure; but the same government which spends the nation's money so profusely, turns a deaf ear to the complaints of those at home, and refuses to throw its shield of protection around a number of men whose labour is as arduous, if not worse, than was ever endured by the negro slaves whom they have emancipated. These were not called upon to work day and night, and Sunday too, as these poor bakers are, and yet such a state of things as they suffer under is sanctioned by parliament—a parliament where a Brougham, and others, pleaded with so much eloquence the cause of the negro in a foreign land, though their voices are dumb when they are required to plead the cause of the white slaves at home.

Voluntary agreements are of no use; they have been tried and found wanting. If a voluntary agreement could have been effected between the masters and journeymen bakers of London, the disastrous strike would never have taken place in 1834, which caused so many men to suffer so severely, in consequence of the want of employment afterwards, when men from other countries and other employments were brought in to supersede them.

The result of a voluntary agreement cannot be better exemplified than by what took place in consequence of the proceedings of an association of masters and journeymen bakers in 1839-40, in attempting to abolish the practice of baking Sunday dinners, when, after an ineffectual appeal to parliament, the masters in several districts of London agreed to abandon it; but in less than one month they had nearly all returned to the old system. The gain to be derived from the practice weighed more with the majority of the masters than the comfort, happiness, and health of their workmen.

It is the same with the question for the abolition of night labour. Many would willingly abandon a system which they know to be injurious to themselves and their workmen; but in consequence of the selfishness of others, who would take every advantage of any change so as to increase their trade at the expense of their neighbours, they are prevented from carrying out their humane intentions.

If men were exactly what they ought to be, there would be no occasion for laws, legislators, judges, or policemen; but, taking society as you find it, there is a necessity for all the machinery of state, to secure their good behaviour. To expect that all men will spontaneously change their nature, and

"do unto others as they would that others should do to them," is expecting too much from the selfishness of communities as they at present exist. It is therefore the duty of all good governments to make laws to restrain the evil and encourage the good.

To carry our hero through all the stages of his career, would occupy more space than is allowed for these papers. I fear I have already exceeded my proper limits; I will only state that Tom passed through all the phases of a journeyman baker's life, and give a few points to exemplify it

After being a short time in the situation in which we left him, he got the second-hand's place. The increased wages he received enabled him to obtain the things he had pledged when first he came to London, and he determined on keeping a respectable appearance, which he found had some weight with the masters at that end of the town, when they wanted to engage a man, and which afterwards enabled him to get better and more easy places of work.

To enable him to do this, he was obliged to avoid, as much as possible, attending the house of call of a Saturday night, where he found that the men had often to spend more on that evening, in treating their friends, and particularly when any one of them had to take the chair, than would keep them comfortably all the rest of the week.

The benefit to be derived from men associating together, he saw was very great. It enabled them to assist each other in sickness and distress, to facilitate the means of obtaining employment, and to discuss their grievances, so as to be enabled to remedy them. But he saw, at the same time, there was a great evil in their meetings being held at public-houses, as men when unemployed, by being there the greatest part of their time, were too often drawn into habits of drunkenness, and otherwise contaminated by characters that occasionally beset these places of public resort. Their sphere of action he saw was also too limited to effect any great general good for themselves, as each one only considered the interest of his own body, without any reference to the well-being of another. True, these societies endeavoured to maintain a fair rate of wages, and to enter no one as a member that was not a good workman; but while the interest of each society was separate from that of the rest, they failed in carrying out fully the objects for which they were established. The low moral and intellectual standard of the men who principally composed the clubs, he saw was a serious draw-back to any great movement, by which they would be enabled to emancipate themselves from their present enslaved position.

By the long hours of toil and the system of labour they had to undergo, he saw that, step by step, they descended in the social scale. They had no time to improve their minds, or to know the great changes that were going on around them; most of them being, in fact, like a horse in a mill, only enabled to eat and drink, work and lie down.

When first they became the victims of this system, he found that, like himself, they felt acutely their position—that they were degraded and lost in the scale of society. Those good and moral impressions which they had received in their early days, are entirely obliterated by the system of labour they had to undergo. So long as they retain their good feelings they desire a change, but, after a time, when they become habituated to, and brutalized by, the bad usages of the trade, they are lost to all sense of their position, and desire no higher entertainment than a game of skittles, cards, or dice, or to smoke, drink, and sin. They need excitement to keep their eyes open, or they would soon be fast asleep.

Tom saw that one of the great objects towards the emancipation of his fellow working men, from their present position, was the removal of the clubs or societies away from public-houses, to some place where the same facilities were offered for the accommodation of the single men, when unemployed, for sleeping, and as a house of call for the members, with the establishment of a small, well-selected library, at each place, for the improvement of their minds.

When he considered that the bakehouse was the only home an unmarried baker had, for in nearly all cases they are debarred access to any other part of the house than that, besides their miserable sleeping rooms, he ceased not to wonder that these places did not contain the elements of their enjoyment. When they sit there, if it is only for five minutes, after their day's labour is done, without employment, it is ten chances to one but they fall asleep as they sit. They require a change sometimes, and, in order to excite their minds, they may take a walk for the evening to meet some acquaintance; but where? The public-house in most cases is their only resort—it is their only home besides the bakehouse; here they will sit and drink, and waste those hours that should be spent in sleep or mental improvement. Their evening potations, added to the long hours of toil and watching they have previously undergone, completely prostrate both their physical and mental energies, and when they return to their work, they are unfitted to attend to their duties. The consequence is, they not only

"pitch in" (sleep too long,) and spoil or injure their masters' property, but they also injure their own health and lay the seeds of future disease.

Fain would they be, when at liberty of an evening, masters of their own time, and be enabled to enjoy themselves like the rest of their fellow-mortals; but they feel, sometimes, that such happiness is not for them. They must sleep when others enjoy themselves, and recruit their minds and their bodies after the fatigues of the day; and work, not only when others sleep, but when they work also. Is it any wonder, then, that these men are no better than they are represented to be—drunken and disorderly, ignorant and immoral, and strangers to religion? If any among them are more than this, is it not a miracle? Truly, their condition is worse than that of the beasts of the field!

The more Tom reflected on the condition to which his class were reduced, the more strongly he felt that something must be done in order to compel the majority of the masters, or rather, as he found in after years, the minority—those who had become brutalized and debased by the bad usages of the trade—to observe those wholesome regulations that were necessary for the good of the whole. In after years Tom was found, with his friend Adams, the most forward in supporting the Society for the Abolition of Night Work and Limitation of the Hours of Labour, and is now one of the most strenuous advocates of the new organization of the trade, about to be established to improve their moral and social condition, by the abolition of night labour, and limitation of the hours to fourteen per day in cases of necessity, and twelve in ordinary times; the establishment of new societies, apart from public-houses, with a small well-selected library for the improvement of its members; the establishment of a fund for the relief of the distressed and those passed labour, which has received the patronage and support of that noble lord—the friend, patron, and advocate of journeymen bakers—Lord Robert Grosvenor.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM MEETS HIS FELLOW-APPRENTICE, HENRY ABBOTT—A JOURNEYMAN BAKER'S HOME—A WIFE'S STORY—HENRY ABBOTT'S REFLECTIONS—THE LIFE OF A JOURNEYMAN BAKER WITH A FAMILY—ENTERS BUSINESS—RESULT OF AN IMPROVED SYSTEM OF CONDUCTING IT.

"Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam, to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us."

Before closing this narrative, there is another personage in our story to whom our readers must be introduced, and that is Henry Abbott, the fellow-apprentice of Tom.

At the expiration of his time, Henry incurred the ill-will of his parents, by marrying, against their consent, a young woman who was servant at a respectable family where he was in the habit of going with bread. Their objections to the union were not so much against the young woman whom Henry had chosen for a wife, as she bore a most exemplary character, and was considered very good-looking, but to her station in society, and the condition of her friends, who were poor labouring people. They considered, therefore, that he had degraded himself by his marriage. He was, in consequence, told not to come near their house any more, and "as he had made his bed, so he should lie on it."

Henry, therefore, immediately left for London, where he hoped he should be enabled to maintain his wife by his honest industry, and resolved, if possible, never to solicit any assistance from his friends.

Tom, on his visit to one of the club-houses, on a Saturday evening, found Henry there, and, as it appeared to him, he was fast getting into a consumption, having a hollow cough, which appeared at times as if it would suffocate him, and drawing his breath with great difficulty.

He had at that time been about six years in London, and yet such had been the havoc which want, hard labour, and disease had made on his constitution, that he looked more like an old man of sixty than one not half that age.

Henry expressed great pleasure at seeing his old fellow-apprentice, as they had always been very friendly and sociable during the time they were together; and, on parting, hoped he would come and see him at his lodgings. He knew his wife would be glad to see him also.

Tom called on several occasions to see his friend Henry, who lived in a back room in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. The

place was very clean and neat, but scantily furnished. His wife often said to him, on these visits, she was thankful for what they had, as many poor creatures had not as many comforts as they. Poor and humble though his dwelling was, Henry often told Tom how happy he was with his "old woman," who did all she could to make him comfortable. "When unemployed," he said, "or misfortune or sickness attends us, I hear none of those complaints, lamentations, and bickerings when I come home, which I frequently hear with others. Whatever her thoughts and sorrows may be at such a time, she hides them from me; and, although we may have but a crust of bread to eat, she endeavours to make me feel happy. Often has she said to me on such occasions, 'My dear, when you are out, I know you have the cares and anxieties of the world to contend with, in striving how you can best find bread for me and my little ones. It is therefore my duty, when you return, to endeavour to lighten your cares, and make you, as far as I can, forget your troubles, and render your home happy.' This," said he, "only makes me love her the more; and, however much my parents may be offended with my marrying her because she was poor, her good qualities are more to me than riches, 'which take to themselves wings and flee away.' With her, if I had the means at my command, I could acquire riches; but with one less domesticated than her I should probably lose them, if I possessed abundance."

Tom asked him, on one occasion, if he had not written to his father and mother since he had been in London? He said he had not; for, from the manner they had treated him when he left, he resolved never to do so, so long as his circumstances remained as they were. They should never say, he had solicited help from them in his necessities; "and God knows," he said, "these have been severe enough since I have been in London."

The folly of such a course as he had been pursuing was pointed out to him by Tom, who reasoned with him on the subject, and told him it was his duty to submit to his parents; and if he had offended them to solicit their pardon, and not they his. He, no doubt, would expect his children to do the same. Besides, he said, "your father is in a position to assist you out of your difficulties, and, if you have any love for your wife and family, you are in duty bound to apply to him for their sakes, and not allow them again to suffer the privations they have already experienced."

On this point Tom was ably assisted by Henry's wife, who said "she had often wished him to do so, and not to remain estranged from his family on her account, but rather to solicit forgiveness from his parents for himself, even if they would not extend their countenances to her."

Their united persuasions had the desired effect on Henry, who said, "for his children's sake, he would seek to be reconciled to his family, and solicit their assistance to enable him to better his condition."

For this purpose he first wrote to his mother, who was only too glad of the opportunity to second her son's views, and accordingly laid the letter before her husband, who she knew had, as well as herself, repented long since of their hasty expressions and feelings on what they considered their son's imprudent marriage, and which had caused so long an estrangement. The result was, that he was in a few months afterwards placed in a situation to take a small business in London, which, with his wife's assistance, he carried on creditably to himself, although not so profitably as he could have desired; but the competitive spirit of the trade would not allow him to do better.

Before describing the particulars of his new situation, we will first give a Wife's Story:—

On one occasion of Tom's visit to his friend Abbott, of an evening before his return from work, his wife related to him the particulars of their trials during the time they had been in London, of which the following is the substance:—

"I need not tell you," she said, "the difficulties Henry had to encounter in first obtaining employment; but I consider he was more fortunate than others in this respect, as the first master he worked for was a very kind man, and did all he could to assist him in getting forward, especially when he found he was a married man. This is not the case generally, as many master bakers object to employ married men, for what reason I don't know, unless it is that, by the usages of the trade, they are entitled to have a certain quantity of bread and flour each week for the use of their families, which, of course, enhances the profit of their labour. In other respects I am sure they must be preferable to some of the young men I have heard Henry speak of, who are anything but steady in their habits and manners. Henry often compares them to sailors, who, having their liberty so seldom to mix with society, cannot enjoy it in moderation, but run into all kinds of excesses, and waste their money in debauchery and drunkenness.

"Many times, in order to gain employment, has Henry had to deny that he has been married, and on such occasions I

have seen him but once in the week, and that for an hour or two, except of a Saturday night. Two or three of his employers found out that he was married, and they soon afterwards sought some pretext for discharging him. On each occasion it was some time before he got employment; and I don't know what we should have done at such times, if it had not been for the bit of bread he would get given him from his club mates and others that he knew. This, and the trifle he would get a week from the club, with a sixpence or so occasionally Henry would earn for helping some of the men he knew with their basket or their barrow in delivering their bread, enabled us at least to live.

"At one time, when he was in the habit of going round in this way with one of his acquaintance, to the gentlemen's houses at the West-end, he would often bring home some bits of meat the servants would give him, that could not be used in the family, and which have made us many a nice, warm, comfortable meal, when we should have had none else; but these things are seldom to be obtained by the poor unemployed now among the trade to assist them in their necessity.

"It used to be very hard upon us at first when Henry was unemployed after we came to London, as he knew no one to assist us, as we do now, neither did he belong to any club, and I did not know how to get anything to help us in our difficulties, as I do now, by washing and mending the linen of some of Henry's acquaintances.

"It is a sad life for any woman to live who marries a journeyman baker. When he is employed, she can enjoy none of the comforts of her husband's society, for as soon as he returns from his labour in the evening, he is too tired to sit up with her even for a short time; and as to taking a walk together, except of a Saturday night, it is out of the question, unless he deprives himself of rest altogether. I have frequently seen Henry so tired of an evening when he has come home, that he has fallen asleep over his tea, and I have had to keep on rousing him in order that he might finish it.

"As soon as he comes home and has taken his tea, he generally goes to bed; but of late he has not been enabled to rest long, the cough troubles him so much; and if just before working time he falls asleep, I have to wake him before he is half refreshed by his slumbers; and as you must know, Tom, by yourself, it is so difficult to make him understand what he is about; when he gets out of bed, he appears in a state of stupefaction, and dresses himself, as it were, mechanically, his eyes being shut the greatest part of the time. These long hours of labour are killing him daily, and I see no hope of any remedy for the present state of things.

"You know, Tom, that when Henry is employed, the wages he receives are barely sufficient to maintain us, and therefore he is obliged to put up with many things when at work he would not otherwise do, in order to continue in employment. If he could get anything else to do I should be so thankful, as I am sure his health would improve if he could only get out of the baking trade."

"There is a young man Henry knows, who appeared not long ago in the last stage of a consumption, and his cough was so bad that it shook him almost to pieces. He went to some of the hospitals, and the medical men all told him they could do nothing for him, and there was no hope of his ever getting the better of his complaint unless he left the business; but that if he did they might be able to patch him up so as live a little longer. His wife prevailed on him to do something else, and he took to mending umbrellas and selling a few penny publications. The last time Henry saw him, he said he was now as well as ever he was in his life, much more comfortable with his family, and managed to get sufficient to live upon with less labour than when he was a journeyman.

"You know not, Tom, the temptations that many journeymen bakers' wives are beset with; for during the absence of their husbands both by day and night, and having none of their society to make their home happy or comfortable, they, many of them, seek society elsewhere, and frequently with neighbours who are not of the most sober and prudent habits. They then, little by little, neglect their homes, become gin-drinkers, gossipers, slatterns, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes what is far worse. I have always avoided mixing with company of this kind whenever I have met with them, considering it better to be lonely and uncomfortable, in my own little home, than be merry with such company. I find now, with my little ones, I have enough to do to keep them, as well as my room, neat, clean, and tidy, and to do the little work I have taken, so as to add to our comforts. Some, when they do fall, are to be pitied, for they have not courage to withstand the temptations that beset them, either to drown their cares in gin, or to fall before the fascinations of the seducer, when the means of getting their children bread is offered them.

"Then, again, their little ones enjoy none of the benefit of a father's control or instruction, for as soon as he returns from work, they have to be put to bed, or, when older, and when, as is generally the case, they have only one room to live in, are sent

into the streets to play, that they may not disturb their father's slumbers by their noise. The fate of many of these poor children is too well known to need comment."

At this stage of their conversation Henry entered, when he was informed by Tom that they were talking about the comforts of a journeyman baker's home.

"Comforts of a journeyman baker's home!" exclaimed Henry. "What mockery to call them comforts! Journeymen bakers need no home, and have no business with a wife, is often," said he, "stated by some of the masters, and truly such is the case. How can the journeyman enjoy his home, if he has any? He has to leave his wife and family at eleven o'clock every night but Saturday. He leaves them alone at a time when they most require his protective care. If fire, sickness, or aught else occur, he is not there to protect them. The little ones he most loves may be destroyed, or die, for want of his assistance, and he is far away, and cannot come home if called, being locked in his prison-house. Once, when my wife was taken very ill during the night, she, after some exertion, which added to her illness, got a neighbour to come and call me, but I could only speak to her through the grating of the cellar where I worked. As to waking the master to let me go home, it was out of the question. I tried to do so, but he was dead to everything until his regular time in the morning, having gone to bed drunk at night. Then why talk of comforts? It makes my heart bleed when I think of the miseries we have to endure.

"What time is there left the journeyman to spend in the enjoyment of wife and family after the labours of the day are done? None. If there he aught to sweeten life's cares and toils, surely it is their society—surely it is the pleasure of listening to the innocent prattle and stories of a man's little ones. How delightful it is for them to nestle in his bosom, and to bestow on him their fond caresses, whilst he teaches them the early lessons of instruction and guides them in the way they should go. All these comforts are denied him, through the bad usages of the trade he has to follow, and also any time to attend the public lecture-room, the duties of religion, or to observe what those men are doing who have been sent to parliament to make the laws whereby he is to be governed, or how they manage the affairs of his country. Surely it is time for this degrading and brutalizing system of business to be abolished, by which the better feelings of our nature are blunted or destroyed, and we are rendered callous to all the blessings that surround us in this life.

"Often do I think, when I leave my home at eleven at night, especially in cold wintry weather, to resume my labour for the next day, and when I see all other persons retiring to bed, of the unnatural system of carrying on the baking business in London. We cannot rise, like others, in the morning, refreshed by sleep during the time Nature has assigned for all men to rest, and commence our labour like rational beings; but after a short and feverish sleep, with our natures only half satisfied, we have to be dragged from bed, to plod some mile or two to work, and when we arrive at our master's door, the fact of its being only a few minutes past eleven will frequently cause a man to lose his situation, although he may not have left the house above three or four hours before. Often do I think of the hardship of our lot. But this state of things will surely have an end, and that soon. Men cannot much longer continue to be so degraded and debased, without some determined effort to better their condition."

Henry having been enabled by his father's assistance to commence business for himself, began to consider, when he was thoroughly settled, how he could best alter the evils of the system he had suffered from. About this time a bill was left at his shop, announcing a discussion, at Somers-town, between the master-bakers of that district and a deputation from the committee of the Operative Bakers' Society, as to the practicability of making those alterations in the mode of working the men required, so as to redress the grievance of which they complained. This he attended; he also took great interest, as well as a part, in the proceedings during the five weeks the discussion lasted; when he, as well as all who attended regularly to the whole of them, became convinced of the practicability of the measures proposed by the society. A resolution to that effect was carried unanimously. This resolution they determined to put in practice immediately, and to give a fair trial. At first he was much annoyed by persons coming to his shop in the morning for a hot loaf, or part of a loaf, before the batch could be baked, and then going to his neighbours' for it, by which he lost some of his customers. He had plenty of hot rolls, or bread of the previous evening's baking, but that would not satisfy them. What vexed him and his wife most was, that those who required this hot bread for breakfast were generally the poorest persons, and those who could ill afford it, some of them having large families.

Nothing daunted by these annoyances, Henry determined to proceed in the good

work he had begun, and had the satisfaction to find that he not only obtained better bread than before, at more regular hours, but found his men had no occasion, as was frequently the case under the old system, to spoil the rolls for the sake of the batch, or the batch for the sake of the rolls, so that the latter may be baked to be in the shop punctually by eight o'clock in the morning, when, if they had "pitched in" during the night (slept too long,) the batch would have had to have been drawn before it was properly baked.

Under the new arrangement he found, that, by his men coming to work in the morning after being refreshed by sleep, they worked better, and got through their work quicker than before. With a little extra assistance, he found he could get three batches a day done within the specified time; but when he required three batches, he always sent dinners that were required to be baked to a neighbour's, that they might not interfere with the regular routine of work. He considered the health, comfort, and happiness of his men of more importance than accommodating a few persons by baking their dinners.

The health of the men he found to improve considerably. They also became more steady and intelligent than before, and took greater pride in their personal appearance. So great a metamorphosis as that which took place in the habits, manner, and character of his men, he little expected to find; and what was equally pleasing to his feelings, he found on inquiry that a few others had, after the discussion before alluded to, been induced to give the proposed system a fair trial, and had witnessed the same results as himself.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.

2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.

3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest possible price for your goods, never delay to pay your debts.

4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.

5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.

6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts.

7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, and pay your debts.

8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, but pay your debts.

9. If you would do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts.

10. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, pay your debts.

11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.

12. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts.

13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.

14. Should your debts be ever so old, or should you have "taken the benefit of the Act," if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you pay your debts.

To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice:—Let your food, living, and equipage be plain, and not costly; avoid expensive clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquor, and never keep it in the house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be shareholders in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnerships; be careful as to lending money, or being bound with others; avoid all lawsuits; keep your books posted, and look well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry.

If you observe these things, you will always be able, with God's blessing, to pay your debts.

Self-Reliance.—The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. VII.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, AND THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL.

Shakspearian Introduction; Dramatic Prelude.—Who is the Champion, and why he is so.—The descent of the Dymoke.—A touch about Tamworth, with a pœan on Peel.—A Lay of the Last Minstrel on Marmion.—A Clerical Champion put hors de combat, *and a true son of the Church to the rescue.—The Challenge, how given, and its reward.*—Souvenirs *of George and William IVth's Coronation.—Caroline and Adelaide.—Childe Harold's Chaunt on the Brunswicks.—Economic enthronements; Lord Londonderry's horror thereat, and restoration of his equanimity.—An uncommonly long Line of very illustrious Ancestors, and what it has not led to.—"Barbarous Pomp" leading Civilization captive.—The varied ingredients that make up the popularity of a Coronation.—Particulars of the Show.—The Procession outside and in the Abbey.—The "Recognition of the Sovereign."—The demand—King, or no King?—The first Offering.—The golden Altar-cloth and ingot of gold.—The Oath.—The Anointing.—The presentation of the Insignia.—The Crowning.—The Enthronization and the homage.—Administration of the Sacrament. Conclusion of the Ceremony.*

In the third part of "Henry VI." the following passages occur. Edward, after long hesitating before York, whether he should there venture to announce himself monarch instead of duke, being finally persuaded by his brother Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), and others, at last decides in the affimative:—

Edward.—Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Sir John Montgomery.—Aye, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hastings.—Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed;
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Soldier [reads].—*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c. &c.*
Montgomery.—And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All.—Long live King Edward the Fourth!
King.—Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all;
If fortune serves me I'll requite this kindness.

This quotation is so singularly graphic that it well nigh anticipates all that need be said of the nature of the office and duties of the Champion of England. But as some years have now elapsed since this functionary figured in public, and as a great number of years are, fortunately, likely to elapse before he is again a living reality on the only occasion that presents him to general notice, our readers, especially the younger portion, will not be sorry to make his acquaintance at our hands.

Like the Earl-Marshal, the Champion is an hereditary officer of state. The feudal manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, carries with it the possession of this dignity, and the championship constitutes the tenure by which the lands are held, just as the presentation of a flag by the Duke of Wellington on the 18th of June is a quit-rent for the broad domains of Strathfieldsaye, and a similar offering on the 2nd of August by the Duke of Marlborough is an equivalent for Blenheim. This manor was anciently vested in the Marmion family, who, it is said, were hereditary champions to the dukes of Normandy long prior to the conquest of England. Be this as it may, William the Conqueror granted the castle and manor of Tamworth, which, though a small and insignificant country town as to population (less than 8,000 inhabitants), was a place of considerable historical importance, and is not likely soon to lapse into oblivion, thanks to its connection with the late Sir R. Peel, whose character becomes more warmly appreciated as our distance from his immediate presence increases. Tamworth, situate on the junction of the Tame and Anker, in Warwick and Stafford, stands on the ancient Watling-street of the Romans, and was a principal residence of the kings of Mercia. Immediately south of the town is a castle, reputed to have been founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, and modernized by its proprietors, the Townsends, one of whom, Captain Townsend, is the Liberal member for the borough, dividing the representation with the present Sir R. Peel, as he did for a considerable period with the deceased statesman. But the fame of Tamworth, and of the family first alluded to, is, in modern days, principally derived from the passage in the greatest of Scott's poems, viz.:—

"Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheons round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion:

They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town!"

In a note on this very passage Sir Walter supplies a great portion of the information necessary to illustrate our present object. After mentioning some of the personal facts already given, he goes on to say that when the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the first possessor, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in the 20th of Edward the First, without issue male. A relation by marriage, Baldwin de Freville, by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of Royal Champion in the reign of Richard the Second, and to do the service appertaining—namely, on the day of coronation to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster-Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day.

The championship having been decided to be annexed to the Scrivelsby estate, as the *caput baroniæ*, and with it continued to descend in the male line of the Dymoke family for sixteen generations, when the manor and championship became vested in the Rev. John Dymoke, rector of Scrivelsby, prebendary of Lincoln, &c., who, being called upon to officiate at the coronation of George IV., preferred a petition to the court of claims; and, in consideration of his clerical character, he was allowed to act by deputy in the person of his son. This gentleman accordingly officiated on that the last occasion when a coronation banquet has been held in this country, and went through all the customary ceremonies. These consist, as already partially indicated, of the following observances:—Shortly before the serving of the second course at the coronation banquet, it is the practice for the royal Champion to appear at the door of Westminster-Hall, mounted on a white horse, and in complete armour. Advancing from the entrance towards the throne, his herald proclaims, at three different stages in his progress, the following challenge:—"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny our Sovereign Lady Queen (Victoria) of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to be right heir to the imperial crown of Great Britain, or that she ought not to enjoy the same, here is her champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life"—the Champion, at the conclusion of each sentence, throwing down his gauntlet. Having reached the throne, a gold cup full of wine is brought to the Sovereign, who pledges the Champion, and then, sending him the cup, the latter drinks, and carries off the vessel and its cover as his fee.

Such was the ceremonial observed at the coronation of Queen Anne; but nothing of the sort took place at the coronation of Victoria, nor, indeed, of Queen Adelaide. The extraordinary prodigality of the expenses attending the coronation of George IV., who devoted months, it might almost be said years, to the study of the paraphernalia, from the setting of the jewels in the crown to the tints and ties of the footmen's shoe-ribbons, had quite indisposed the public to a repetition of similar gewgaws; and it was full in keeping with the simple tastes and feelings of his late Majesty, and with the spirit prevailing when he came to the throne, just in the crisis of the Reform agitation, that he should avoid everything beyond a becoming and appropriate splendour. Accordingly, the assembling at Westminster Hall, the procession thence, the return thither, the challenge of the King's Champion, all this was done away with; but still the coronation, even as a spectacle, was superior to the preceding one, principally because of the contrast the presence of Queen Adelaide offered to the absence of Queen Caroline, or rather to the shock given to public decorum by the efforts of the latter lady to be present, and the violent efforts of her husband and his partizans to prevent her, in which they succeeded but too well; and their success produced a degree of mortification that brought on her death, and so relieved her persecutors of their unfortunate victim.

Always remembering that we are writing for a majority of those to whom the occurrences we speak of are personally unknown, and bearing in mind how small the opportunity now is of gleaning any idea of the state of feeling that prevailed at the period, we are induced to dwell a little on the incident last mentioned, viz., in reference to Queen Caroline. On the 23rd of January, 1821, the King opened Parliament in person, and recommended, in his speech from the throne, that a separate provision should be made for the queen, who, on her part, distinctly stated, through Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, that she should decline any pecuniary grant, until her name was restored to the Liturgy, from which, by the King's express command, it had been excluded. Ultimately, however, she thought

proper to accept an income of £50,000 per annum, which Parliament had voted to her. A day was at length fixed for the coronation, and no sooner had it transpired than the Queen insisted on her right to be crowned; but her claim was disallowed, and her presence at the ceremony strictly prohibited. She strongly protested against this command; and during the ceremony (July 19,) made most determined attempts to be present, rushing from entrance to entrance, from portico to postern; squabbling with door-keepers, and elbowed by prize-fighters, who knew that the greater their ruffianism the greater would be their reward. Stung with rage, she returned home to Brandenburgh-house, fell ill, and died within a fortnight. But even in death she was not at peace. In opposition to the directions of government (George was in Ireland,) as to the route of the funeral procession, it was forcibly conducted, after a violent conflict between the Life-guards and the populace, through the city of London, the great focus of her popularity all the time of her feuds with the King and his ministers. At length her remains were embarked at Harwich, and on the 24th of August were deposited at Brunswick, with but little ceremony, between her father and brother, the latter of whom was the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, at the head of his regiment at Waterloo, or rather at Quartre Bras, as immortalized in one of the finest stanzas in "Childe Harold," where also there is allusion to the well-known fact of the Duke's having devoted himself to avenge the death of his father, who was slain in the battle of Jena, so disastrous to Prussia, and so glorious to Napoleon. The lines would bear repeating, if only for the noise they made in their day; but the reader must refer to the poem himself.

The contrast, as we were saying, between the coronation of George and of William was very great, if only for the contrast afforded in the persons of the two queens. It was seventy years since a queen was crowned before Adelaide, who deported herself most admirably, though the sailor-king, her husband, was thought to have carried his quarter-deck simplicity of attire, &c., somewhat too far, especially as his taste, or rather, tastelessness, as it was called, in that respect, operated as a heavy blow and great discouragement to many of the nobles, who wished to exhibit their splendour to the utmost; Lord Londonderry, in particular, being violently enraged with ministers, and protesting vehemently against Whig treasonable partiality for parsimony. His lordship has probably outlived his alarms on the latter score by this time. On the accession of her present Majesty, there was no return to the lavish excesses of George IV., who is said to have been so enamoured of his coronation robes, that he used to have them placed on a huge servant, and keep the man walking up and down in his royal presence for hours at a time, admiring his august self, as it were, by proxy. The performance of the Champion was one piece of antique etiquette dispensed with by her Majesty; but Mr. Dymoke claimed his gold cup and cover, nevertheless, and had his claim allowed, and, in 1841, was created a baronet; but whether at the instance of Lord Melbourne or of Sir Robert Peel, we really forget, and have not the means at this moment of determining. Sir Henry Dymoke is not only Hereditary Champion of England, as we have seen, but is also grand prior of the sixth langue of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. He is the seventeenth of his family who has possessed the privilege of the championship, the first being instituted to that office at the coronation of Richard II. A Dymoke has figured at every coronation since, excepting the last two, and excepting, also, at that of Edward IV. (see our opening quotation), in which reign Sir Thomas Dymoke, a distinguished soldier, was put to death by that monarch for favouring the House of Lancaster, as opposed to that of York. His son had the singular honour of being champion to three kings not less remarkable than Richard III. Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; and his grandson did the same for two queens, Mary and Elizabeth, as well as for their brother, Edward VI. Another Dymoke officiated at the coronation of William and Mary, and again at that of Anne; while another Dymoke, who lived to upwards of 90, enacted the part of Champion to the two first monarchs of the line of Brunswick. Well may their motto be, *Pro Rege Dimico*, —"Dymoke fights for the king." The wonder is, that, considering their long descent, they have not obtained far greater titular distinction, seeing how very freely distinctions have been bestowed on others, and more especially as it is understood that the family estates in Lincolnshire are quite adequate to the maintenance of an ennobled position.

Having said so much about the Champion, perhaps we could not find a more fitting opportunity than the present to say something in detail of the occasion upon which alone he figures, or in connection wherewith his office is at all associated in the public mind, even traditionally, for he is now virtually but a myth. And we may make pretty sure that the white horse has pranced his last in Westminster-Hall, and

the herald rung out his final defiance, and the knight flung down his guage; that, in short, the chivalric glories of the Dymokes have passed away, so far as their actual acquaintance with the business of this every-day world is again possible, even in so rare a pageant as a coronation. The splendid and impressive ceremony by which our monarchs are inaugurated possesses a character of the highest interest in the eyes of every British subject, although the exact nature of that interest may be as various as the ceremony, for even the most rigid utilitarian, no matter how strong his objection to "barbarous pomp," as such, is nevertheless a keen participant in some or other of the varied emotions which such a spectacle must conjure up. "The antiquary," says Mr. Dodd, "luxuriates in the quaint yet expressive formalities which stamp its ancient origin; the admirer of our Government glories in the monarchy as an institution, and honours the sovereign as its type and representative; the philanthropist rejoices in the kindly feelings, and the relief from care, portrayed in the joyous animation of assembled thousands; while the professed sight-seer is regaled with a display of gorgeous pageantry, which he scarcely ever hopes to see equalled, and in which he feels that he personally enjoys an important share, since a show without spectators would lose its identity, or, as Johnson forcibly expresses it, 'magnificence in obscurity is as useless as a sun-dial in a grave."

To impress the monarch with a due sense of the weighty duties he has undertaken, when the happiness of whole nations is confided to his care, and to afford his subjects an opportunity of openly acknowledging their sovereign, by universal homage, are among the important objects attained by the imposing rights of the coronation ceremony—a ceremony where the representatives of the most powerful sovereigns on the earth vie in glittering grandeur with the native nobility. In as brief a compass as possible, we shall endeavour to put an explanatory abstract of the more important details.

Previous to the arrival of the Sovereign, the peers and peeresses, together with such others as have been fortunate enough to obtain tickets (these are sometimes sold by the first possessor as high as £50, and even £100, and upwards) take the places assigned them in Westminster Abbey. The great officers, the archbishops and bishops, together with the peers who are appointed to carry the regalia, assemble in the Jerusalem chamber, adjoining the deanery. There the Chamberlain of the Royal Household delivers to the Lord High Constable the royal ensigns, and the latter functionary places them in the custody of the Lord Great Chamberlain of England, by whom they are delivered to the peers appointed to bear them at the expected ceremony. The Sovereign, with the princes and princesses of the blood royal, attended by the officers of the royal household, proceed from the Palace to the Abbey; and in this procession they are accompanied by the representatives of the foreign powers, both resident and extraordinary. To enumerate the component parts of this procession would occupy too much space, so it must suffice to say that it includes almost every functionary at any time in attendance upon the person of the Sovereign—every one, of course, male and female, in the best possible attire. On arriving at the west entrance of the Abbey, the Monarch is received by the great officers of state, and the noblemen bearing the regalia; while the officers of all the royal households, who have no specific duties during the ceremony, pass to their respective seats. Having been robed, the Sovereign advances up the nave into the quire, while the choristers sing the anthem, and the spectators shout their congratulations. Those who form this procession then pass to the places in the Abbey appointed either to their official position or to their rank in the peerage, while the Sovereign passes on the south side of the throne to a chair of state named the Recognition Chair, where, after the usual private devotion, kneeling upon the faldstool, he (or she) takes his seat. The bishops stand on each side, the peers who bear the four swords being on the right hand, and the sword of state next the royal person; on the left hand the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable; the other state officers and the regalia-bearers near the royal chair; the three bishops, who have the Bible, chalice, and patina, near the pulpit; while the train-bearers, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and the Groom of the Robes, stand behind the Sovereign.

When the anthem is concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, in the east, west, north, and south sides, make the recognition thus:—The Archbishop says: "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen (or King) the undoubted Queen (or King) of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Loud acclamations reply to the demand; and the Sovereign again becomes seated; next passes to the altar, and there makes the first offering—viz., an altar-cloth of gold, which is delivered to the Archbishop, by whom it is laid on the altar. In the same way, an ingot of gold, weigh-

ing one pound, is delivered by the Sovereign, and placed by the Archbishop in the oblation basin. The prayer, "O God, who dwellest in the high and holy place," &c., is then said by the Archbishop; after which the Monarch returns to the chair of state, and the regalia are placed on the altar by those peers who bore them. The litany is then read by two bishops, and the communion service by the Archbishop, assisted by the bishop; and then the sermon is preached by the Archbishop of York, or the Bishop of London.

The oath is now administered in the form of a question, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in it the Sovereign swears to govern the kingdom according to law, to maintain "the Protestant reformed religion, established by law," and to preserve the rights, possessions, and privileges of the clergy; and to a copy of this oath the Monarch applies the sign manual. The choir then sings—"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," &c., the Archbishop reading the first line. At the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop reads the prayer—"O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil;" followed by the anthem—"Zadock, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet;" at the commencement of which latter the Sovereign proceeds to the altar, and is there disrobed. The King or Queen is then seated in King Edward's chair, while four Knights of the Garter hold a rich pall above the royal head. The Archbishop anoints on the head and hands in the form of a cross, with the consecrated oil. which had been poured from the ampula into the anointing spoon. He then pronounces the words, "Be thou anointed with holy oil," &c., and the Sovereign again sits down in the chair of the Confessor. The spurs are then presented, and having been laid on the altar, the sword is placed in the Sovereign's hand, with the words, "Receive this kingly sword, brought from the altar of God," &c.; and is then offered on the altar by the Sovereign, and redeemed for 100 shillings by the Prime Minister, who afterwards bears it naked for the rest of the ceremony. Then follows the investiture of the imperial mantle or Dalmatian robe, of cloth of gold; the orb is delivered, and the ruby ring put on the royal hand; the lord of the manor of Worksop presents a pair of richly-embroidred gloves, and the two sceptres are placed in the Monarch's hands.

Next follows the crowning. The Archbishop consecrates the crown with prayer, and, with the other bishops, places it on the Sovereign's head; the peers and peeresses all put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, the kings of arms their crowns, amidst the firing of guns, the acclamations of the assembly, and the clangor of trumpets. After a variety of other observances, the next in importance is the enthronization: the Sovereign being placed in the throne, and the exhortation given to "Stand firm and hold fast, from henceforth, the seat and state of royal dignity," &c. Next is the homage, performed by the Archbishop, first for himself, and the other lords spiritual repeating the words of the homage, next the royal dukes, and then the senior of each rank in the peerage for his own degree, each peer repeating after his premier, and successively touching the royal crown, and kissing the Sovereign's hand. During this, the Treasurer of the Household throws about the medals struck to commemorate the occasion. The Sacrament is then administered, amidst the greatest formality; after which the communion service proceeds, at the end whereof the final prayers are read and the blessing pronounced. Finally, the Sovereign passes into King Edward's chapel, and there exchanges the robe of state for the royal robe of purple velvet; the orb and sceptre royal are placed in the royal hands, and the procession having been in the meantime formed by the heralds and officers at arms, the Monarch returns to the royal palace, in the same state as in the procession to the Abbey.

There are some curious data and considerations in connection with the foregoing to which we shall probably return again, as illustrating topics of much general interest just now.

Illuminated Printing.—In many of the old printed books, the initial letters, and occasionally other parts, were printed in red. This was done by two workings at press, and was an imitation of the earlier fashion of *illuminating* manuscripts. The practice is still followed in some almanacs, the saints' days and holidays being "red-letter days." Some ingenious contrivances have been devised for working in various colours; and a few years since, a curious book was written and published on the subject by Mr. Savage. Still more recently printing in gold and other metals has been practised. This is done by printing with a sort of size, and afterwards applying the metal leaf. Some very handsome specimens of this have been produced by Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer; but, of course, the process is too costly and too tedious ever to enter into competition with common printing, or to be used for other than purposes of luxury.

THE SYMBOLS OF THOUGHT.

CHAPTER II.

SPOKEN language is variously designated. It is called articulate, or regularly jointed; artificial; and arbitrary, or conventional. This last definition means that there is no natural connection existing between the objects represented by certain sounds, and these signs themselves; no connection other than that of general consent or agreement in the appropriation of the particular sounds selected. Thus, we have agreed that the sound *town* shall be indicative of a place inhabited by a certain proportion of population, under certain municipal arrangements; but in the sound itself there is no more peculiar aptitude to express such an idea than there would be in any other of the innumerable articulations the human voice is capable of uttering. To illustrate this statement, it is sufficient to say that other nations have adopted other sounds to denote the idea we express by *town*, with of course as much fitness as belongs to our own, that is a fitness whose only foundation is the common consent which has agreed to use them. Thus, our French neighbours have agreed to make the sound *ville*, and the Germans the sound *stadt*, expressive of the same idea we indicate by the sound town. Such is the meaning of the terms arbitrary and conventional as descriptive of the nature of vocal language.

We may reasonably suppose that every language in the earlier stages of its history was far ruder in construction, possessing less both of convenience and elegance, than in after-ages, when the cultivation of the people using it had increased in mind and manners. As a natural attendant of their progressive civilization, they would seek to render their medium of intercommunion more comprehensive in its vocabulary, more nervous in its idioms, more euphonious in its vocal combinations, and more rich in that important and numerous class of small words we designate particles. Names were, in all probability, first given to palpable and visible objects—persons and things—before emotions and abstract thoughts. We see illustrations of the nature of language in this its earlier stage in the figurative or symbolical style found to prevail amongst rude and simple nations, *qualities* being frequently expressed by the symbol of some animal or thing prominently marked by them. There can be little difficulty in conceiving the process by which, as civilization advanced, the pressure of inconvenience, inaccuracy, and confusion arising out of such a practice would lead to the invention and appropriation of new terms.

In all probability then the first articulate sounds or words employed were what are designated substantives, or names of things; then the names of actions, or verbs; and then the names of qualities or properties of objects, which we call adjectives. With these three classes of words intercourse might very well be conducted. Accustomed as we have been to a more comprehensive and convenient apparatus, we should indeed find it difficult to carry on communication if restricted to the use of nouns, verbs, and adjectives only, just as a man who had long enjoyed the ample resources of wealth would find it difficult to accommodate himself to the necessary expedients of poverty. Yet poverty is a condition in which many live without repining, and so is a language destitute of the many contrivances which civilization has invented for the *convenience* of intercourse capable of serving as a vehicle of thought—a language possessing only such words as we have now classified. It must be remembered we are speaking of *possible* intercourse, not of easy and elegant. For this, the *article* is plainly unnecessary, however it may add to the definiteness of our expressions. Adverbs (and indeed adjectives also), as indicating qualities, only supply the place of a cumbrous repetition of nouns. The pronoun is a luxury of language, very valuable no doubt, but at the same time very capable of being dispensed with. We need not prolong this enumeration. An interesting illustration of the correctness of our statement is seen in the fact, that many of the words which now take an independent rank in our "Parts of Speech," are in reality nothing but the fragments of nouns and verbs. Philologists know that the article *a* or *an* is an abbreviation of the numeral one, that the conjunction *and* is the corrupted imperative (*anad*) of the Saxon verb to add, and *if* (or as anciently written, *gif*) that of the Saxon *gifen*, to give; that the preposition *through* is derived from the Saxon *door*, &c. &c.

The ingenious writer Horne Took, in his work called the "Diversions of Purley," uses the following illustration of the manner in which the apparatus of language has been gradually enlarged by the multiplication of parts of speech. The first rude carriages constructed for purposes of conveyance consisted only of such parts as were *necessary* for locomotion. The various contrivance of modern vehicles, the wheels which render them rapid and easy of motion, the cushioned seats which increase their comfort, the glass-windows regulating the admission of light and air, are the improvements and after-thoughts of luxury. So the abbreviations and modifications of original and less convenient words, which

we possess in our articles, adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, &c., are the *wheels* and *springs* of language—the wings of Mercury. We might get on without them, as we might travel from place to place on a carriage without wheels, but our progress would be slow, heavy, and tedious.

Man is naturally impatient. When journeying he is anxious to press on as rapidly as possible, and with as little expenditure as possible of strength and comfort. Hence the successive improvements in our modes of transport. Thought, too, is impatient, ever quicker in its operations than speech, and in obedience to its impulse, the tendency of society has invariably been to render the great medium of intercourse as nearly rapid as possible with the workings of the mind, of whose thoughts it is the minister. This tendency has displayed itself in two ways, first, in the adoption of abbreviated modes of expression, and secondly, in the coinage of new words.

Every familar idiom bespeaks the disposition to abbreviate. Lengthy sentences become compressed into formulas whose analysis often puzzles the ingenuity of the philologist. It is in this way that the stately "God be with you" has given place to the brief and facile "good-bye." The names of persons and places present innumerable instances. Thus, Hospitalfields have become abbreviated into Spitalfields. Colquhoun and Cholmondely, though yet containing their antique orthography, are pronounced Cohoun and Chumley. Such are illustrations of the uniform tendency displayed so to modify the medium of human intercourse as to render its use easy and rapid.

In the course of this process, as we have said, numerous additions have been made to the vocabulary of language, and the words at present employed are divided by grammarians into several distinct classes, denominated "Parts of Speech." They are nouns, adjectives, adverbs, verbs, prepositions, conjunctions, interjections, articles, and pronouns.

The interjection does not properly belong to conventional speech. The sounds so named are but the simple and inarticulate utterances occasioned by sudden or powerful emotions. They belong to the third class of natural signs. The grammatical arrangement of the remainder is open to many and grave objections. It would, however, require greater space than we can afford to do justice to the grounds upon which we should suggest a new classification.

There are two circumstances connected with vocal language which necessarily limit its utility. In the first place, it can serve as a medium of intercourse only to persons present to each other. The human voice is of limited range, and even with the artificial aid of acoustical instruments, its sound can be heard only at a short distance. In the second place, sound is not permanent; its utterances perish at birth. It is the medium of communicating, but not of preserving or transmitting, thought; and without some new expedient of human ingenuity, not only could no record be preserved, further than memory could accomplish this, of the ordinary events of private and public life, the transactions of commerce, and the enactments of legislation; but all the sublime conceptions of genius—the creations of poetry—the speculations of philosophy, would be doomed to perish. The voice of genius might propound them, but beyond the circle of their auditors they could not be carried, except by the labour of vocal repetition; nor could their author leave behind him, as his monument and legacy to man, the mighty thoughts of his mind, save as tradition might become the uncertain vehicle of handing them down, mutilated and impaired, from sire to son. Then, too, would the salutary lessons of history, and the healthful examples of the mighty dead, have been lost to us.

To possess some means of preserving the memory of events, and of recording public enactments and the various results arrived at by the investigations of the great and wise, must be of the highest importance to society under all circumstance and in every stage of progress. There arise too in the daily experience of all classes — whether the statesman concerned in the government of distant dependancies and interested in the policy of foreign states, or the merchant holding commercial relations with far-off portions of the great globe, or the philanthropist whose sympathies extend to remote climes less advanced in the arts of peace and the blessings of civilization than his own, or the friend separated by the wide expanse of ocean from many yet near to him in thought and affection—there arise in the daily experience of such, innumerable necessities for communicating, for holding intercourse, far beyond the limits to which the voice of man can travel, and conducted by means easy, convenient, and certain.

Thus to preserve thought, and thus to send it forth—to transmit it to the distant and the future—it becomes necessary to employ some material substance, *tangible* and *durable*, and to invent a series of marks, to be impressed by painting or indentation upon such substance—those marks serving as *visible signs* to represent the sound of the voice, as sounds are *audible signs* representing thoughts. So that by a process exactly similar in its principle to that by which we express thought in sound, do we now express sound in painted or indented characters: appealing in this case to the sense of seeing, as in the former we appealed to the sense of hearing. The substance on which these signs or embodiments of thought are thus impressed, being capable of preservation to future times, or of transmission to distant parts

renders thought as permanent as its own durability, and as easy of conveyance as itself.

Such are the nature and uses of WRITTEN LANGUAGE. By means of it there have been handed down to us the records of the past, and preserved, for our instruction and profit, the lessons of those sages who have lived before us, but who, being dead, are thus enabled yet to speak. By means of it we carry on correspondence with peoples, how distant soever be their habitation from our own shores; holding with them the varied intercourse of friendship, of commerce, and of legislation; and accumulating, in the mutual knowledge we thus gain of each other's circumstances and fortunes, the materials and food of that sympathy which should exist between those of whom it is said, "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth."

The comprehensiveness, the convenience, and the accuracy of the apparatus employed for intercourse of this kind will of course depend upon the progress made in civilization by the nations using it. The exceeding beauty of our own system of signs we shall hereafter have occasion to describe. Let us however first glance at some of the ruder means which have been adopted by peoples less cultivated than ourselves. With this we shall commence the next chapter.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS:

THEIR CHARACTER, THEIR PLACE IN THE SCALE OF EXHIBITIONS; AND THEIR EFFECTS ON THE MIND.

THERE is an old saying, "Show me a man's companions, and I will tell you what he is." This old saw, I think, can never be better illustrated, or more unmistakeably confirmed, than at a public execution. Do we want to ascertain the intrinsic character of these legal performances, let us take our stand in one of the principal thoroughfares leading to the scene; and there, if we are anything of adepts at reading the countenances of those who pass, a very few minutes will satisfy us at once, and for ever, on this really important point.

Long before I questioned the *righteousness* of capital punishment, I could not avoid being struck by the strange peculiarity of feature in the assemblage always collected by such an event. I have stood for hours, at my own shop door, contemplating the scene before me in disgust and astonishment. Such a continuous stream of gaping and grinning jaws, wooden faces and leaden eyes, forms uncouth, and diabolical visages, have I witnessed, that my very heart has seemed to turn within me, and I have loathed to think myself a man. Surely some slight consciousness of a self-gratulatory disposition is excusable on an occasion like this; but most certainly, whether excusable or not, I must plead guilty to a very considerable dash of it myself; and I would moreover venture a wish that such a feeling may not only exist in one person, but that it may become general, and prevail even until the cause of it be wholly annihilated.

The gatherings at an execution consist of the lowest and most degraded of the people; men whose countenances are innocent of one redeeming feature, and that seem utterly incapable of moulding themselves into an expression of benevolent sentiment, flock to an execution. People who never go out of sight of their own chimney-tops, except to their daily toil or the public-house, will yet strain a point, and go to the "hanging," as they call it. The coal-pit banks will be cleared for a dozen miles all round, to witness an execution. I do not say this in contempt of colliers, since they are a most useful set of men; but it must be admitted that, as a body, they have had fewer advantages than almost any other class of the community, and consequently are not to be blamed if they exhibit a greater amount of ignorance. My native town has been invariably thronged with them whenever an execution has taken place, and never at any other time. In short, the notoriously-depraved character, of whatsover kind, will be the witness of an execution.

And what do these poor, brutalized creatures want to see? Is it to see that the law is duly and honestly carried out? Pooh! nothing of the sort; they are not so particular on other occasions. Is it merely an excuse to get a holiday? No, for they may have that another time. Is it, then, just to see the crowd, and go back again? No, not that; for they are not content to be in the crowd, if they cannot get a sight of the darling spectacle. And, moreover, it *has* happened that a reprieve has come just in time to balk the gazers of their anticipated gratification, and this has given rise to such symptoms of disappointment as plainly showed that they wanted a fellow-creature to be strangled for their special amusement! Yes, now we have it. Alas! alas.

it is the "*amusement*"—the "fun"—they want to see. They want to see how the poor wretch "stands it" when he comes upon the drop. They want to see whether he's "game;" whether he looks pretty "cockit," or chopfallen, and to see if he trembles, and to think how strangely he'll feel himself just now. They want to hear the noise of his body as it falls upon the rope, and to see the sickening convulsion that follows. They want to feast their eyes upon his quivering limbs, and his desperate, but ineffectual struggles for air, and to think how he is enduring the agonies of suffocation. These are the abominable secrets of those who go to an execution; these are the hellish appetites they desire to gratify.

The numerous cases of theft, and the scenes of gross impropriety, drunkenness, and riot, that take place among such a mob *after* an exhibition of this kind, are of no importance here, except as they afford an additional proof of the brutality of the persons by whom they are enacted, and who have so recently profited by the truly amiable and judicious teachings of that best and greatest of all moralists—"JACK KETCH!"

In the next place, who are the characters that studiously *avoid* such exhibitions? Are they the brutal? No, but the reverse. They are the refined and cultivated; the refined in heart as well as in manner; such as would not wantonly, and for mere sport, put the least sentient animal to needless pain. The meek and pious Christian has no such grovelling appetites to satisfy as those we have been describing. It is no pleasure to him to witness the sufferings of another. His only pleasure would be that of relieving the sufferer; and as this could not be done in the case before us, he would not witness what he could not relieve.

I think it must be granted, then, that whatever harmonizes wholely and solely with our *evil* passions is in itself an unmitigated evil.

But experience shows that public executions harmonize wholly and solely with the evil passions.

The unavoidable consequence, therefore, is, that public executions are umitigated evils.

But they harmonize also with the most vulgar and uncultivated taste, and, consequently, must stand the lowest in the scale of exhibitions.

And now *what is their effect* upon the mind? My own experience shall furnish the answer. I have not witnessed an execution since I was a boy at school; and no sum of money would induce me to be present at another. The effects of the last have not yet evaporated from my mind, and I shall always retain the disagreeable impressions it produced. The immediate effects of it were of such a horrible description that I cannot relate them without a vivid recollection of the agony I once endured, and which I would not endure again for anything short of life. For some time my thoughts and actions did not seem to be my own. There seemed to be another being within me, with whom I was obliged to maintain an incessant struggle for the mastery. I could not sit at the dinner table without thinking I should, in some unguarded moment, be impelled to snatch up a knife and plunge it into the bosom of some one of my nearest and dearest friends; and that too for no other apparent purpose than to place myself in the awful position of the poor wretches I had seen dangling upon the gallows. Many a time has the cold perspiration stood upon my forehead, in the moment of severe trial; and many a time have I escaped from the paroxysm with a faintness that told how sharp had been the inward contention between sanity and madness.

And did I love those dear friends any the less while I was thus passing through the ordeal of—kill them or not kill them? No; I loved them as my own life; nay, I would have sacrificed my life in their behalf; and yet the revolting fascination of blood and the gallows fired my brain, and inspired me with the dreadful thought I tell of. What would have been the agony of my dear parents and sister had they known what was passing within me! And how could I warn them of their danger by revealing the horrid secret? It was too dreadful to disclose. But happily, I could trace the effect to its proper cause; and trusting that the excitement may in time wear itself out, I retained my terrible secret.

If, then, such has been the experience of one person, who shall say that it has not been the experience of hundreds? And who shall dare to assert that homicide, under such circumstances, is marked with the deep, dark stain of murder, and is worthy of death—of the gallows! And yet what plea could be set up by a poor, guilty innocent, that would satisfy a jury unable to appreciate the nature and extent of his misfortune? None whatever. Unquestionably, such a one would be consigned to the gallows, as a bloody-minded and deliberate murderer! But in the eye of heaven, who would be *responsible* for the blood shed by this man? The rulers of his country; those who had the power to withhold such cursed spectacles from his sight, and would not do it. These are the truly guilty; and heavy indeed will be the load of crime for which they must answer, if they do not speedily

remove those loathsome nuisances—those abominable and wide-wasting immoralities —public executions—from the much-abused eye of society.

But I have every reason to believe that a relative of mine, on one occasion, experienced distress similar to my own. For some time, after witnessing an execution, the peculiar expression of his countenance induced me to watch him narrowly. The loss of appetite, the pallid face, the stolen glance, the set or grinding teeth, and the expression of horror he uttered, all led me to think that if he did not actually labour under the same smothered madness as I had done, his mind was still far from its usual condition.

There is a delicacy connected with these matters that shuns the light, and hides itself under the surface of society; and therefore prevents the public from seeing the extent of the evil occasioned by the sight of an execution. No one likes to expose the secrets of his own prison-house. No one likes to be called "mad dog." No one likes to be regarded as the dangerous individual who might perchance bite you if you go too near him. But could the veil that separates real from artificial life be drawn aside, what an amount of incipient crime, confirmed brutality, and downright madness, may we not discover! And how much of it may not be directly traceable to that most unhallowed and blasting sight—a public execution

I, however, am one of those who think it a duty to sacrifice private feeling for public good, and therefore give my humble testimony to the *injurious effects* of public executions. And I most firmly believe that if all who have been injured as I have been, would lay themselves open as I have done, a case may be produced overwhelming enough to bury this hateful relic of barbarism out of our sight.

It is useless to say that certain classes *ought not* to attend these scenes; for they *will* attend them. To some persons of a nervous temperament, such scenes have a peculiar and dreadful fascination; and, unless restrained by moral principle from attending them, they cannot resist the temptation.

But if it be true that one very large class of characters—perhaps the greater half of the people—ought not to witness these spectacles, it is equally true that government ought not to exhibit them; for, certainly, that which is not fit to be seen is not fit to be shown; and this we may set down as an axiom of common sense, without consulting either Watts or Whateley.

We have now seen the nature of the feelings that are gratified by the sight of an execution. Is it proper, then, that such feelings should be gratified? No, most assuredly not; for brutality, like anything else, will grow if it be fed and cherished; and that public executions yield it a most delectable food, the depraved thousands that witness them are an ample proof. No enlightened physiologist of the present day will advocate public executions. Let us hear what Combe says:—"Under the animal system, the offspring of parents who have been recently engaged in either suffering, inflicting or witnessing punishment, inherit, by the organic law, large and active animal organs, occasioned by the excitement of these organs in the parents. Thus a public execution, from the violent stimulus which it produces in the lower faculties of the spectators, may, within twenty-four hours of its exhibition, be the direct cause of a new crop of victims for the gallows. Under the moral system, children born of parents actively engaged in undergoing, executing, or witnessing the elevating and ennobling process of moral reformation, will, by the organic law, inherit an increased development of the moral and intellectual organs, and be farther removed than their parents from the risk of lapsing into crime."—"Constitution of Man," p. 76.—People's edition.

Now this is philosophy. This is the opinion of physiologists in general; and the opinion is founded upon a due observance of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God.

How then can our rulers expect the lower classes of this country to advance in civilization and religion, so long as they feed and foster those vicious propensities which retard both, and scatter abroad more mischief in one short hour than all our teachers, moral and intellectual, may counteract in a twelvemonth? How, I ask, can legislators expect the blessing of God to rest upon their labours so long as they grossly, wilfully, and distinctively violate the laws he has stamped upon nature, and by which he upholds and governs his mighty universe? No; if society progress at all, it must do so in obedience to the laws of God, as they are given in the codes of nature and revelation. And until government *condescend* to study those codes a little more closely, and carry out their great principles in the affairs of men, we need not expect to make much head-way, whether the helm of state be guided by this, that, or the other order of politicians.

We have, however, something to hope *from the people*. Let *them* study these things, and study them carefully and devoutly, as by the immediate command of God, and as they will account to Him for every hour they spend. Let them do this, I say, and very soon we may hope that the "pressure from *without*" will produce those needful reforms which the money-grubbing transactions *within* will never, never produce.

THOMAS BERTENSHAW.

SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES AND THE JAVANESE.

No. II.

A JUST view of the actual condition of the people of Java was of the first and most urgent importance, and this Mr. Raffles was intent on obtaining. The local circumstances which he thenceforth took into account were, the wishes and the genuine interests of the nations of the Archipelago; and in respecting these he left out no class, but considered himself bound to secure the rights of the sultans, regents, and other high native authorities, as well as those of the lowest ranks, who tilled the soil with their own hands.

For this purpose he instituted statistical inquiries in every part of Java; ordered the whole island to be surveyed; took the utmost pains to discover who were the best-informed natives, and communicated personally with them all; listened with unwearied patience to whatever they had to say: and let it be understood in every quarter that his sincere desire was, not to establish any particular views or theories, but to obtain correct information on all points. In short, to use the wise and benevolent expression of Lord Minto in his first proclamation—"The people of Java were expected to consider their new connection with England as founded on principles of *mutual* advantage, and to be conducted in the spirit of kindness and affection."

Not satisfied without seeing and hearing for himself all he could, and personally explaining his intentions with respect to the new measures of government, Mr. Raffles proceeded on an actual survey of the island. The admirable military roads recently made by Marshal Daendels rendered it quite easy to communicate with any part of it. In going from Sourabaya to Samarang, a distance of two hundred miles, he was only twenty-four hours on the road. During his visits, which were extended even to the most uncivilized parts of the country, he adopted a plan which, while it filled the Dutch residents with unmingled amazement, both astonished and delighted the natives. As he knew no guile, he thought it right to suspect none in others, and therefore went out everywhere unarmed, and without escort.

He now engaged in other matters of great importance — the institution of trial by jury, the prosecution of statistical surveys by a committee, and the establishment of schools for natives.

Early in 1813 Mr. Raffles re-established the Society of Arts and Sciences in Batavia, which had entirely declined in consequence of the difficulties to which Java had been exposed for many years. The addresses which he delivered as its president on the first meeting of the society, and at a subsequent one, in 1815, tended to excite a warm interest in all the members, while they showed that the performance of the arduous duties of a public station are not incompatible with an active pursuit of literary and scientific objects. The society took for its motto, "The public utility." At the same time he was intent on raising the condition of the great agricultural population, by the withdrawment of forced deliveries of produce, and conferring the privilege of bringing it to a free and open market. By these measures the revenue, which at no time under the Dutch exceeded 4,000,000 of rupees, was not less in the year he left than thirty millions.

One fact deserves special notice: he appears to have been anxious from the commencement of his administration to abolish the dreadful scourge of slavery throughout the Dutch provinces; and though there were difficulties arising from the Bengal authorities, he had the satisfaction to find the leading inhabitants express their concurrence in his views. Hence, when it was proposed that all the slaves on the island should be registered, a native chief, the Penambahan of Samunap, declared, "I will not register my slaves; hitherto they have been kept such because it is a custom, and the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves, when we visited the palace; but as that is not the case with the English, they shall cease to be slaves; for long have I felt shame, and my blood has run cold when I reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Samarang, where human beings were exposed for public sale, placed on a table and exposed like sheep and oxen." When Mr. Raffles mentioned this transaction to Mr. Wilberforce on his first return to England, he was commissioned to carry out a seal to be presented to this chief, as an acknowledgment of his liberal conduct; and the latter, in return, requested Mr. Wilberforce's acceptance of a handsome kris or dagger.

The benefits conferred by Mr. Raffles on the inhabitants of Java were not unattended with difficulties, or the occasional occurrence of circumstances of a disagreeable nature. The public tranquillity was speedily disturbed by some of the native powers, particularly the Sultan of Djojocarta, who imagined he could succeed in driving the Europeans from the islands. But Mr.

Raffles was averse to the confederacy, and promptly crushed it by an adequate force. The proceeding of the Sultan of Palembang, a dependency situated in the island of Sumatra, next demanded attention. A commission being sent to this chief to have the right of British dominion acknowledged, he not only disdainfully refused to hear such a claim, but formed the diabolical plan of murdering the commissioners, and all the Dutch inhabitants of the place. Such atrocities require immediate and decisive measures. As a commanding force was proceeding on its way, intelligence was brought that the Sultan had fled,—that confusion, plunder, and murder prevailed, not only within the fort and palaces, but in many parts of the city; and that the massacre by the Sultan's adherents was meditated the very next night on the wealthy Chinese and other inhabitants, whose prosperity was to become the prize of the assassins. Col. Gillespie, on hearing this, proceeded with the Arab chief who had brought the intelligence, in his canoe, accompanied only by Capt. Meares and a Spanish gentleman; in it and another small canoe were distributed seven grenadiers of the fifty-ninth regiment, and they were followed by two men-of-war's boats.

"The canoes, in one of which the colonel was, had gained much on the other two boats, and were now completely out of sight, when the report of a signal gun fired by the enemy not a little alarmed them, and increased the anxiety for the rest of the party; the more so, as every thing around tended to excite suspicion of some treacherous design being in agitation. A dreadful yell, and shrieking in all directions, was next heard, and lights and conflagrations were seen throughout the whole extent of this large tract of population, which stretched along both banks of the river for upwards of seven miles. By the redoubled exertions of the crews, the boats in the rear were soon brought up to the support of the little band, and thus happily formed in time an important junction.

To paint the horrors of the scene that presented itself in their true colours, or to attempt an expression of the sensations it was calculated to excite, would be a difficult task. Undismayed in the face of numerous bodies of armed men, Colonel Gillespie boldly stepped on shore, at eight o'clock at night, and, with those who had accompanied him in the canoe, and the seven grenadiers, he marched with a firm step through a multitude of Arabs and treacherous Malays, whose missile weapons, steeped in poison, glimmered by the light of torches.

Huge battlements, with immense gates, leading from one area to another, presented the frightful spectacle of human blood still reeking and flowing on the pavement. The massive gates closed upon the rear, and the blood-stained court-yard through which the party were conducted, appeared as if they were the passage to a slaughter-house.

A Malay, who had pressed through the crowd, approached the colonel, and was walking by his side, when a large double-edged knife was secretly put into his hands by one of his countrymen. It was a dark, stormy night, and a ray of lightning, at the very instant when the man was pushing the knife up his long sleeve, to conceal it, discovered the weapon. The colonel's eye caught the object, and, instantly turning round, he had the fellow seized, totally regardless of the crowd, thus fortunately frustrating, by his firmness, the murderous design. The weapon was found as described; but the man contrived to steal away in the crowd, and escaped.

The palace exhibited a melancholy picture of devastation and cruelty. Murder had been succeeded by rapine; and while the place was completely ransacked, the pavements and floors were clotted with blood. In every direction spectacles of woe caught the sight, and were rendered peculiarly awful by the glare of the surrounding conflagration, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder.

The flames, which continued to spread destruction, notwithstanding the rain that poured down in torrents, had reached the outer buildings of the palace, and threatened the part where the colonel, with his party, had taken up their temporary abode. The cracking of bamboos resembled the discharge of musketry. The tumbling-in of burning roofs with a tremendous crash; the near approach of the fire, in the midst of an immense hostile multitude and assassins, altogether gave to their situation a most appalling prospect.

"The little band, consisting of only seventeen British grenadiers, with the officers, naval and military, already mentioned, and a few seamen belonging to the gig and barge, had to secure possession of the fort, and to provide for their safety in the determined resolution of selling their lives dearly, should any attack be made before the arrival of reinforcements. Having carefully reconnoitred, by the light of torches, the interior of the palace court, and ordered all the entrances, except one, to be shut and barricaded, Colonel Gillespie stationed the grenadiers at the principal entrance, and the strictest guard was

kept up. Soon after midnight they had the satisfaction of hailing the welcome arrival of Major Trench, with about sixty men of the 89th regiment; and the remaining part of the ordered advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Leod, joined the little garrison early the next morning.

"Thus, it was said, an act of daring enterprise, conceived with judgment, and executed with intrepidity, gained possession of the fort and batteries, defended by two hundred and forty-two pieces of cannon, without the loss of a man. This formidable position could not have been carried under any other circumstances of attack, but by the sacrifice of many lives, and by hazarding altogether the safety of the little armament."

The open course pursued in reference to the Javanese, and the kind consideration displayed for their feelings, gave them the liveliest satisfaction; and when coupled with the prospect of an equitable and steady system of taxation, an efficient police, the just administration of the laws, the entire freedom of internal, and very nearly of external commerce, diffused a degree of energy and industry over the island to which it had long been a stranger, —if, indeed, it had ever known such prosperity before. Such has been the testimony of parties altogether unconnected with the government.

Lord Minto, when discussing the judicial regulations, observed—"it is not certain whether or no the English will retain permanent possession of Java; but in the mean time let us do as much good as we can;" and on this principle Mr. Raffles appears invariably to have acted.

The possession of the island was, however, relinquished by the English under circumstances into which we do not enter. Most deplorable were the consequences of the procedure. The tranquillity and prosperity which had prevailed under the British administration were followed by rebellion and bloodshed. Another lamentable fact may be stated. The deposition of the sultan of Palembang followed the circumstances already detailed; he had fled, and his brother was placed on the throne, to the great joy and satisfaction of the people. Yet no sooner had the Dutch resumed possession of Batavia, than they rejected another treaty made with the new Sultan, commenced machinations against him, seized and sent him a prisoner to the capital, recalled the old tyrant who had so inhumanly butchered their own countrymen, and replaced him on the throne, in consideration of the payment of 400,000 dollars.

On Mr. Raffles taking his final leave of Batavia, the Europeans and native inhabitants united in expressing their deep regret at his departure, and acknowledging in the warmest terms their gratitude for the benefits which he had conferred upon them during his administration. A magnificent service of plate was given him.

"On the morning of his embarkation the Roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one for whom they entertained the most lively affection. On reaching the vessel he found the decks filled with offerings of every description—fruits, flowers, poultry,—whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. It is impossible to describe the scene which took place when the order was given to weigh the anchor; the people felt that they had lost the greatest friend whom Java ever possessed; and perhaps they anticipated, as too near, their re-delivery to the Dutch power, and the consequently too probable revival of the scenes of misgovernment, from which, under the administration of Mr. Raffles, they had been relieved for five years, and ought to have been relieved for ever."

On his arrival in England he was presented to the Prince Regent, and received the honour of knighthood. Appointed to the government of Fort Marlborough, in Sumatra, he resolved, before his departure, to proceed to Holland, to demand an interview with the King of the Netherlands, to lay before him some representations on behalf of the native inhabitants of Java, and some of the Dutch whom he conceived to have claim on his attention. The king received him with marked courtesy, but he found counter influences in operation which defeated his purpose.

KINDNESS.—How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! Upon the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself as it were shut out of the world, wrapped up in gloomy imaginings, how sweetly falls the voice of sympathy and consolation! Why is it, then, since everything proves, and none are ignorant of the fact—that all must lie down in mother earth together, since all are travellers in this highway to death—why is it, that each should be so sparing of that which costs him nothing—but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbour, and cheer him on his journey—a few kind words and kindly looks?

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration.

Constancy and temperance strengthen virtue.

Bad books are the public fountains of vice.

Forsake not GOD till you can find a better master.

Misery is the necessary result of a deviation from rectitude.

Seal words with silence, and silence with opportunity.

Reason without exercise will degenerate to inanity.

Religion is best understood when most practised.

Meditation is the fountain of discourse.

Obedience is better than many obligations.

Some by wit get wealth, but none by wealth can purchase wit.

Sin is not less dangerous because men are hardened in it.

To tell our own secrets is folly; to divulge the secrets of others is treachery.

Petulant contentions engender malice.

That which was bitter to endure may be sweet to remember.

Zest may be given to virtuous practices by the loveliness of virtuous precepts.

Unwillingly go to law, and willingly adjust your grievances.

The loquacity of fools is a lecture to the wise.

Sweet is the look of sorrow when the heart truly repents.

Pay not to fortune the regard you owe to merit.

Politeness is the just medium between ceremony and rudeness.

Affectation is part of the trappings of folly.

Criticism, to be useful, should rectify errors or improve the judgment.

Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Difficulties to be surmounted must be met with energy.

Fidelity and truth are the foundation of all justice.

FAMILY RECEIPTS.

ECONOMIC SOUP.—Get two pounds of leg or shin of beef, cut it into pieces, and boil gently, in six quarts of water, for about an hour and a-half. Then add a pint of split peas, a pound of mealy potatoes sliced, and a head of celery cut small. Slice a few onions, and fry them in a little fat, dredging them slightly with flour, till they are nicely brown; then stir them into your soup, and add salt and pepper to your taste. Let the whole boil till the celery, &c., is thoroughly tender, and the peas well broken in; then serve up, either with or without toasted bread.

ROAST SPARE-RIB OF PORK.—If very lean, baste with a little butter; but, generally speaking, its own fat will suffice for this purpose. When nearly done, dredge with a little flour. A short time before taking it up, sprinkle with dried sage finely powdered. A little apple sauce is a pleasant, and not expensive, addition.

BAKED DITTO.—If lean, baste once or twice with a little butter, and the water you put in the dish at the time of placing it in the oven; or, as above, with its own fat. When nearly done, proceed as directed in the last receipt, or, unless onions be objected to, sprinkle well with chopped sage and onion.

RABBIT FRICASSEE.—Get a good-sized rabbit, and cut it into pieces; wash them clean, and lay them in a stewpan, or shallow saucepan. Add half a pound of streaky bacon, cut into slices, and then into pieces about two inches square. Add also two good-sized onions sliced, half a dozen cloves, a bunch of herbs, and, if you choose, a blade of mace. Pour in a quart of water, and let it simmer about twenty minutes, taking the scum carefully off as it rises. Pour the liquor off through a sieve, and put about half a pint of it into a fryingpan with two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, and some more sliced onions, and let it simmer till the onions are quite tender. Then thicken with the yokes of two eggs, adding a little grated nutmeg and a squeeze of lemon. Put in the rabbit and bacon, and boil up. Pile the rabbit on sippets, pour the sauce over, and serve up hot.

EXCELLENT PUDDING.—Take half a pound of raw carrot finely scraped, half a pound of mealy potatoes well mashed, half a pound of flour, half a pound of dried currants well cleaned, and about six ounces of finely-chopped beef suet. Mix these well together. If the pudding be intended for boiling, no further moisture will be required; if for baking, an egg well beaten and a little milk must be added. Boil or bake the same length of time that would be required for a batter pudding of the same size. Serve with a little thin melted butter, either plain or sweetened.

APPLE JELLY.—Pare and core six large apples and stew them, in sufficient water to cover them, with half an ounce of good gelatine, either white or pink according to fancy. Dip a jelly mould in cold water, pour the gelatine, &c., in, and, when quite cold, turn it out *carefully* upon a dish.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM DECEMBER 1ST TO DECEMBER 7TH,

DECEMBER.

THIS is the last month in our year. December is an abridgment of *decem ab imbre*, the tenth month from the snows. The year was reckoned before Romulus by the time of the snows, and by that after the snows. By our ancestors December was called the *winter-monet*, or *winter-month;* but after the Saxons received Christianity, they, out of devotion to the birth-time of Christ, called it *heligh-monat*, that is, *holy-month*. They also called it *midwinter-monath* and *giul-erra*, which means the former, or first *giul*. The feast of Thor, which was celebrated at the winter solstice, was called *giul* from *iol*, or *ol*, which signified *ale*, and is now corrupted into *yule*. This festival appears to have been continued through part of January. The sun enters into the tropic of *Capricorn* on the 21st, and forms the winter solstice.

December 1. *Advent Sunday*. Advent in the Calendar properly signifies *the approach of the feast of the Nativity*. It includes four Sundays, the first of which is always the nearest to St. Andrew, whether before or after.

December 1, 1521, died, aged 46, the famous *Pope Leo X*. At the age of eleven he was so eminently fitted for the church, that he was made an archbishop by Louis XI. of France, and at thirteen a cardinal. At fourteen years of age Julius II. invested him with the dignity of legate, and on the death of the Pope in 1513, he was elected to the papal chair, and assumed the title of Leo X. His two great projects were, first, to associate all Christendom against the Turks; and secondly, to complete the church of St. Peter at Rome. His plenary indulgences issued to aid this latter scheme, aroused the indignation of Martin Luther, and ultimately produced the Reformation. He died in 1521, not without suspicion of his having been poisoned.

December 2, 1823, the *London Mechanics' Institution* was formed, and on the anniversary of the day in 1824, the first stone of the theatre for the delivery of lectures, in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, was laid by Dr. Birkbeck.

December 3, 1688, *James II.* abdicated the British throne, and afterwards embarked for France, where he died in 1701.

December 4, 1642, died, aged 57, *Cardinal Richelieu*, a celebrated French statesman. Through his influence over his weak master, Louis XIII., he arrived at unbounded power, and was placed in the arduous office of prime minister, and his government assumed a tone of vigour and decision which the exigencies of that period required. He was a benefactor to science and literature, but he exercised great severities under the plea of political necessity.

December 4, 1836, died *Richard Westall*, R.A., aged 71. He produced many historical paintings of merit, and also many designs for various publications. His last occupation was that of instructing her Majesty (when Princess Victoria) in drawing and painting.

December 5, 1792, died, before he had attained his thirty-sixth year, *Johann C. W. T. Mozart*, a very eminent musical composer. He was born at Saltzburg, in 1756. At the age of three years he began to display astonishing abilities for music; and when he attained the age of six, he received unbounded applause while performing before the Elector. After visiting Paris, in 1761, he came to England, where he was received with equal approbation, though scarcely eight years old. In pursuance of his studies, he visited Italy, and at Bologna, Rome, Naples, Milan, &c., greatly distinguished himself. At nineteen, his fame had become so extensive, that he could make choice of any capital in Europe in which to establish himself. Perhaps no musician has ever possessed so comprehensive a genius. He left behind many great works, which maintain their popularity.

December 5, 1832, two men, *Bishop* and *Williams*, who had for some time been pursuing a system of decoying persons to their home, and then murdering them, in order to dispose of the bodies for anatomical purposes, were executed for the murder of *Carlo Ferrari*, an Italian boy.

December 5, 1837, died at Serampore, in the 71st year of his age, *Joshua Marshman*, D.D., a distinguished Baptist missionary. For some time he followed the occupation of a weaver, and applied himself to the study of Greek while at the loom. Afterwards, he studied Latin and Hebrew. He went to Serampore in 1799, and in 1800 began to preach in the Bengalee language; and after this he was for many years employed chiefly in translating and printing the Scriptures in forty languages or dialects of India; and also into the Chinese language.

December 6, 1608, was born George Monk, an English military officer, distinguished in history for the prominent part he acted in the restoration of Charles II. He died January 3, 1670.

December 6, 1670, died *Henry Jenkins*, aged *one hundred and sixty-nine* years. He was born at Bolton-upon-Swale, in 1500, and followed the employment of fishing for one hundred and forty years. When he was more than one hundred years old, he used to swim across the river with the greatest ease, and without catching cold. His diet was coarse.

December 6, 1849, died *Ebenezer Elliott*, extensively known as "*the Corn-law Rhymer*." He sprang from the working classes, and became a dealer in iron and steel. Not only the Corn-law repealers, but the labouring classes generally, are deeply indebted to him for his bold and spirited denunciations of privileged tyrants and titled extortioners. [For a sketch of the life and character of this extraordinary man see THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, Vol, I., page 15.]

December 7, 1678, was beheaded, *Algernon Sidney*, a celebrated English republican, and martyr to liberty. It was for his supposed share in a conspiracy for assassinating the king, that he was arrested with Lord William Russell and others. He was tried before that hardened tool, Chief-Justice Jeffreys, and though there was no direct evidence against him, he was declared guilty. He suffered with firmness and constancy. One of the first acts of the revolution was to reverse his attainder.

December 7, 1826, died *John Flaxman*, R.A., an eminent sculptor. Having early evinced great classical taste, he became a student of the Royal Academy at the age of fifteen. In the course of his studies he visited Italy. He performed a number of great works, many of which are distinguished for a large amount of religious fervour and sentiment. His celebrated work, the Shield of Achilles, was modelled in 1818, and cast in silver gilt for George IV.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 49.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1850.]

THE WORKING CLASSES AND TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING can so much impeach the sincerity of a government, in the eyes of its subjects, as to profess to be anxious for the education of the people, and yet impose taxes on knowledge. We may boldly assert that rulers are never despised or resisted until they become tyrannical and contemptible. There is a majesty about justice and benevolence which every one is obliged to reverence. The man has not yet been born who could openly impugn these heaven-born principles. Hence despots and persecutors always endeavour to give to their deeds the semblance of legality. They have robbed, imprisoned, transported, racked, tortured, hung, and burnt their subjects; but all under the high authority of the land! Bonner only enforced the law; Henry VIII. had a statute, or had minions who were ready to make one, for every injustice and cruelty! Truth, integrity, consistency, equity, and love, are so god-like, that, like the sun-beams, you cannot destroy their splendour. Let governments adopt these as their ruling motives, and all men will of necessity do them homage. No one ever sunk in the esteem of others until he sunk himself. You cannot destroy the fame of the virtuous. It is no use to throw Daniel to the lions, or cast the three Hebrew children into the fire; such men will live in spite of wild beasts, fire and faggots. What use is it to give hemlock to Socrates? You cannot kill him. You only immortalize John the Baptist, or Paul the Apostle, by cutting off their heads. Huss might have had his name covered with oblivion, if they had not martyred him; the exhuming of Wickliffe, and the burning of his bones, called both the man and his principles into notoriety. Virtue must be popular. You may make a fountain muddy; but the pure stream from within soon sends away all the impurity. So justice and benevolence will live and flow on, and be loved and honoured, whatever may be done to make them unpopular. You may sell Joseph to the Israelites, but he will emancipate himself without effort; you may put him into the prison and make his feet fast in the stocks, but the gaol will conduct him to the highest offices in the land.

It may seem rash; but we aspire to be the teachers of all. To the working man and working woman we say—"You can never be *low*, except you make yourselves so by ignorance and vice;" and if our voice could reach the crowned heads and governments of the world, we should preach the same doctrine. Good rulers must be had in everlasting remembrance. It is no use to put Cromwell in the pillory; the man's greatness will command respect, in spite of foes. What a pity it is, then, that rulers should lose their good name, and consequently their authority! To the just, righteous, and consistent it is as cheap as it is glorious. Iniquity and infamy are parent and child; and the former always begets the latter, and never is more prolific of scorn than when attempting to clothe itself in the garb of sanctity and benevolence.

What can be more ridiculously grotesque than for a government to weep over the ignorance of its subjects?—to give £100,000 a year to *educate* them, and then *tax knowledge* to the tune of upwards of a million? Were it not for the cruelty and wickedness of the thing, its bare mention would make us laugh for a month. The clergy are, forsooth, in throes over the ignorance of the masses; the Dissenters, too, cry day and night because of the deplorable degradation of the masses; my Lord Ashley, and the ragged-school folks, cannot sleep, for the horror that these "untutored savages" excite. Some of them are so deeply moved, that they are even hesitating whether it might not be worth

while to have fewer hounds and puppies, and more schools; still, so tremendous a sacrifice must not be made without years of deliberation. The Parliament is touched to its very core on this momentous point; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is full of sympathy and benevolence; and the glorious result is, that knowledge is taxed upwards of a million a year, and less than ONE-TENTH of the ill-gotten treasure is given back to educate the people! This conduct on the part of the government, the clergy, dissenters, patriots, and philanthropists, is not only inconsistent, but it is oppressive, irreligious, and cruel. A few observations will be sufficient to prove the correctness of this assertion.

I. THE MIND HAS AN INSTINCTIVE CRAVING FOR KNOWLEDGE. It is as natural for the soul to desire information as for the appetite to ask for bread. The feeling is born with us. Ay, and probably will not be extinguished when we die. The infant evinces it as soon as its senses open. We have seen it exhibited before a child has been a day old. Its eyes were two brilliant notes of interjection, and every muscle of its face full of inquiry. If it caught your finger in its little fist, it gave an inquisitive and friendly squeeze; hence our grandmothers taught, that, if a child did not grasp tightly, it was an idiot. This little pressure shows that it is putting forth all its mental and muscular power to extort knowledge from the object within its hand; and thus it is apprehending before most people thought that it had any apprehension. If the door shuts, the bird sings, the dog barks, or the cricket clears his pipes, the baby is all ear and eye. Its chief desire is knowledge; it wants mental food. "What is it all about?" is the inquiry which its looks suggest to the nurse, and which she as often utters in its stead. And this craving lasts until death. The dying man who has reached his hundredth year likes to hear all the news, and listens with all the faith of a little child to every tale and narrative. Tell him something new, and you will beguile the hours of infirmity and pain. His appetite for the bread that perisheth is nearly gone; he has not consumed a pennyworth of food for the last week; to ask him to eat is to torture him; but his spirit is still voracious—perhaps more so than ever.

KNOWLEDGE is the aliment of the soul. Without it, the mind is a mere withered spiritual skeleton—an intellectual dwarf, with every mental and moral faculty in a state of babyhood. It has been starved and famished. There are limits to our corporeal growth, but none to the mind. A man weighing twenty tons, with longitude and latitude in proportion, would be a monster,—a burden to himself and every one around him; but the larger the intellect the greater its energy, elasticity, and beauty. And to what extent minds can be expanded no one has yet formed any conjecture. Who has ever guaged the soul of Milton, Bacon, Shakspeare, or Newton? Now, all minds are originally the same? The organization of the body, and education, produce the chief differences which appear in our world. Every operative, whether man or woman, might rise to a glorious intellectual and moral eminence; but then, the only power that can raise any human being is knowledge. *And hence the cruelty of all taxes on knowledge.* To tax the people's bread was a crime, whose guilt it was difficult for language duly to execrate; but to impose duties on the spiritual aliment of mankind, is iniquity of a still fouler die. By this latter despotism souls are starved, and shut up in perpetual darkness. And when we consider that these imposts are in a great measure levied to give sinecures to indolent placemen, to feed, and clothe, and arm human machines to massacre their brethren and depopulate the earth, our faces crimson with indignation at the foul injustice. Dismiss minions from their sycophant posts; cultivate peace with the world; show an example of confidence and good-will, by the abolition of standing armies; let the soldier go to the loom, or to the plough, and thus become a useful and productive

member of society; and you may not only reduce your taxes on knowledge, but carry financial reform into every department of the revenue.

These taxes on knowledge must become a matter of national agitation, and command the energies of all patriotic and christian philanthropists. To abolish them is a sacred duty which we owe to God and man. That "the soul be without knowledge, it is not good," is a proverb which every age has illustrated. The advantages of ignorance for all the purposes of disease, cruelty, and crime, is so well understood by Lucifer that he is emphatically called the "Prince of Darkness." We defy human ingenuity to enact a statute so grateful to demons as a tax on knowledge. We have had many infamous laws, but this more than all others smells of the bottomless pit. Were fiends accustomed to send their unanimous thanks to senators and parliaments, the imposition of state fines on the diffusion of knowledge would receive the choicest marks of their approbation. The evil is of a much more heinous and destructive character than most of those which have aroused the country. The abolition of the slave trade and of slavery enlisted the co-operation of persons of all sects and ranks. We remained unremitting in our efforts until the Corn-laws were repealed. We have auxiliaries through the country to support Bible, Missionary, Tract, Peace, and Temperance Societies. But here is a monster grievance which demands immediate action. Taxes on knowledge enslave the soul; and if fetters of iron riveted on our black brethren awakened our zeal, much more should the chains of ignorance imposed on our white fellow-citizens at home arouse our indignation; especially when the iniquity is practised by men who talk so loudly about their anxiety to have the people educated. Cheap bread for the body is important; but, after all, if we must raise a revenue from the necessaries of life, then it is far better that corn rather than books should be taxed. We make no apology for calling knowledge a necessary of life; for the highest authority in the universe has said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth a man live." The first temptation of the wicked one was to draw our Lord from books to bread. We are no advocates for taxes on anything that belongs to the comforts of the people. Let us have bread and books free from duty; but, we repeat again, that it is less cruel to tax food than knowledge.

It would be well if the conductors of our religious and philanthropic societies would take up this subject; in fact, it is their duty to do so. We should like to know how much the tax on knowledge costs the Bible, Tract, and Sunday-school Societies. Our day-schools, also, are all kept back by this infamous imposition. One of the greatest difficulties in carrying on our day-schools and Sunday-schools is, the high price of books. Many of our boys and girls leave our schools with not a hundredth part of the knowledge they would have if these taxes were abolished. Our philanthropic societies, also, are supported to a large extent by the contributions of the poor; and is it not a blot on the age, that a vaunting Christian Government should tax these contributions, that it may have revenues to lavish on the idle sons of the aristocracy, or on that worse than savage institution—a standing army? We cannot regenerate the world without books. The book is the great agent of modern times to enlighten, emancipate, elevate, and bless our species. He who has good thoughts, and can wield a pen, possesses an empire which surpasses that of any emperor or conqueror that has ever ascended a throne. In Scripture, good men that propagate their principles are always called kings; hence it was promised to the apostles that they should sit on thrones and judge the world. Newton, Shakspeare, and Milton possess a mighty empire, but that of the fishermen of Galilee is a thousand times more extensive. Such power is there in thought when

stereotyped by the printing press. One of our great missions on earth is to circulate good thoughts through the world, especially among the masses; but we cannot do this without cheap books, and we shall not have cheap books until we resolve that the taxes on knowledge shall be repealed.

We have more to say on this momentous subject.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

(Continued from page 208.)

In this article I am to speak of the *practicability* of my plan—what has been *done* towards it—and what is *necessary to be done* for its full accomplishment.

I base my reasons for believing in its practicability on the following considerations, though others might be named if it was necessary:—

1st. *The controlling power which is in the hands of the Government of the United States*, if exercised in the spirit of kindness to the Indians, would be one of the means which would bring about such a state of things as would forward the great object. The pecuniary interest which the government has in the Indians, if that interest was exercised for those in the centre of the proposed territory, would cause them to renew their bonds of brotherly regard for each other. This interest, in the form of annuities, would cement them to the place fixed upon for concentration. The government has had influence to cause them to be removed westward; why should they not exert equal influence for their good? Some say it is cruel to move them together where they may be obliged to live. The facts are just these:—when it has been to the interest of the government, they could do anything with the Indians; but when it is for the good of the Indians, nothing can be done for them—except greatly damaging their happiness and interests!

2nd. Suppose all the treaties to be made, after a home is provided for them, to be so framed as to contain a stipulation that *when they move*, they are to move to their own homes; for they will have to be moved anyhow, as they cannot reside any longer in a white population, fearing that the oppression will likely continue which has been exercised towards them for years past.

The Indians being assured that, should they remove to their proposed territory, they will never be removed again, will be the greatest stimulus for them to move speedily. Only let them be convinced that it is for their good, and they will soon move; they will not be obstinate when convinced that a home is guaranteed to them; for who is there that would not be induced readily to remove when they find a home is at length provided for them, after they had been chased from place to place for three hundred years?

3rd. *The Indians are a social race.* They would rather live in large towns than in small villages, particularly when they are assured of safety. The oftener they see one another the better; and their having to live together would cause them to form an attachment for each other; jealousies would cease to exist, and a bond of union would be cemented; commerce would be promoted; and improvement would soon be visible in everything with which they had to do. Where schools, or seminaries of superior learning, were established, the children growing up together, however different their languages, would live in amity, and would encourage each other in the arts of civilized life. And the men appointed to represent their various people or tribe, would soon become interested in the plans proposed for their improvement, and would greatly promote their advancement.

4th. *The Languages of the North West would present no impediment to the accomplishment of my proposed plans.* The whole of the inhabitants of that country have a language which has so much similarity to the different dialects of Indians, that they could soon understand each other. This has reference chiefly to the state of improve-

ment *before* receiving instruction, as, after a while, the Anglo-Saxon language would be the universal language, even among the North American Indians. In my visit to the North West, I made use of this fact as one ground of my appeals, in stating my objects before them. *Wars must cease* under the proposed arrangements; for the different interests, country, and language of the Indians, has been one great means of exciting and perpetuating war. Tradition says that we were once but one people in the whole of the North West; and that fact being understood by the Indians, will be a great stimulus to the formation of an inseparable bond of brotherhood—a bond which will be severed only by death. The *Algoaquin* language is the universal language of the North West, and this is the language which is spoken by our nation, the Ojibway.

5th. *The educated portion of the Indians* will be those most likely to move to this place of concentration, and they will, of course, be the most fit to commence a system of government, and most likely to make such laws as will promote the peace and welfare of the Indians who may settle on this land. The knowledge of civilized habits having been formed, they will put them into requisition for the formation of rules of government, simple in their construction, for the use of a people whose habits are simple. The formation of laws must be gradual, as the intelligence of the people increases, or as the case may require.

6th. *The distance to which they would have to move* not being great, they would soon (say in a few years) become all united in this great territory, for the purpose of improving themselves. The longest distance that any of them would have to move would not be 200 miles. This territory being accessible in the north, south, east and west, alike, would soon be filled up with people from all parts of the country, both by land and by water.

Besides the above considerations, I might observe, that a proclamation of the President of the United States in the Indian country, calling on them to repair to their new homes, and assuring them that they would remain unmolested from the period of their settlement, would be the best means which could be devised to induce them to settle, and far better than it would be to get them to the proposed country, contrary to their desires. There are many of my brethren who would be very glad to go, provided they were certain that they would remain undisturbed on that land as long as they lived.

Wars, then, will not be at all likely, since *game* and *land*, the things for which they have ever fought, will not be anywhere unoccupied, but the whole fully and satisfactorily settled; and in this way, gradually forgetting wars and the chace for game, they will be able and disposed to attend to the great objects of moral and physical elevation.

I have thus briefly mentioned the above reasons why I think that the North American Indians would be benefited by such a course of procedure on the part of the General Government of the United States, as I have suggested. I will now speak of the amount of influence which has been called into requisition since I first placed this idea,—of concentrating the North American Indians in the North West Territory,—before the mind of the American public.

After travelling much through the different States of the Union, to ascertain the amount of sympathy which the people had for our nation, I went to the General Government; and, both among the people and the General Government, I found there was a disposition to benefit the Indians, if some suitable plan could be devised by which their real good might be effected.

I visited several cities and towns, and delivered addresses before the people. I was treated invariably with kindness, and found a disposition to assist from the people I visited. I afterwards visited Boston, Providence, Springfield, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Columbia, Charleston, and other large cities, where I found hearts and hands open to forward my views before the people, and in this way to accumulate an influence which should *move* the Congress of the United States, that, in their wisdom, they might apportion out a country for the purpose for which we want the country to enable us to stay long enough to improve ourselves. Mayors and city authorities gave their countenance to my feeble efforts, as well as their advice; and public and private individuals, wherever I went, encouraged me with their kindness.

The friends or the descendants of WILLIAM PENN in Philadelphia are still the foremost to give expression to their good feeling for the success of our cause: and I hope yet to gratify my friends by showing them an Indian territory, blessed with all the elements of civilization, where the Indian shall have a home secured to him, and where, unmolested, he may impart to his children the blessings of education.

The names of the governors in the Eastern States, the Western, and the South, have been a powerful aid to my cause. Governor G. A. Briggs, of Mass., has been foremost in recommending this to the consideration of the General Government; also Governor Manly, of North Carolina, and Governor Ramsay, of the North West territories. This collected influence has been augmented by the daily notices we have received from the public prints all over the country in favour of the Indians' cause.

After securing the united approval of the governors of different States, with the joint resolutions of the State Legislatures, approving the course suggested, and strongly recommending the General Government to take this matter up, and aid this plan of concentrating the North American Indians in the territory, I visited the legislative bodies of different States, from South Carolina to the North, and from the Eastern States to the West, and having received from each of these a joint resolution in the terms of which the following is a fair specimen, it was passed in the North Carolina Legislative Assembly after I had delivered an address before them, and was soon after transmitted through its government to the General Government at Washington to the Congress, which was then in session in 1849:—

"Whereas, the condition of the various Indian tribes upon the western frontier of the United States appeals to the humanity and justice of the General Government, to devise some plan by which a permanent home may be secured to them; by which their existence as a people may be secured and perpetuated; by which their moral, intellectual, and social condition may be improved, and the blessings of civilization and civil liberty at length secured to them:

"Be it therefore resolved, &c., that we recommend this subject to the serious consideration of the Congress of the United States, that in the exercise of their wisdom they may mature a plan by which the *Indian Tribes* inhabiting our western frontier territory may be placed more directly under the paternal care of the General Government; by which a specific region of country may be set apart for their permanent abode, secured to them for ever against further encroachment, and undisturbed by the great current of western emigration; by which their moral, intellectual, and social condition may be improved and elevated; by which the blessings of education, civilization, and Christianity may be imparted to them; by which they may all be brought together and united in one grand confederation, and thus prepared for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; and, if found practicable, they may be ultimately admitted into our Federal Union."

My next step was to see the Indians in the North West, and this I did in my visit to them in the month of October, a year ago. The Indians in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minesotop, Missouri, Nebroska, and in Michigan; and from the chiefs I received all the encouragement I could need—quite sufficient to show any one that they appreciated our feeble efforts to save a remnant of our Indian tribes.

I have visited eighteen different nations in the North West, have inspected the country, and travelled 7,000 miles, at different times, in the course of two years. The Indians and the white people are now ready to act; and in my last article, which I must defer for the present, I will speak of *what is yet necessary to be done.*

Therefore, for the present, I must leave the matter unfinished, hoping to give something which will interest the readers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND in my last and farewell article. My only apology for the shortness of this article is, the necessity in which I have been placed of being driven for time, in consequence of numerous engagements all over the kingdom, and also being troubled with an English cold for these three weeks back, which has, in some measure, prostrated my energies.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—No. I.

THE BAMBOO.

The Bamboo is an Asiatic genus of arborescent grasses. The Bamboos have hollow jointed stems, a hardy woody texture, and a coating of ciliceous, or flinty matter. Sometimes they secrete the same substance in the hollow of their stems. It is then called *tabasheer.* Bamboos grow very rapidly, and when young their shoots are cut and boiled like asparagus. They vary in size, according to the species, from six feet to a hundred and fifty feet in length.

When small, they form walking-sticks, or handles of umbrellas and parasols. When sufficiently large, they are used for the framework of Indian cottages, bedsteads, floors, and a variety of domestic purposes. If split into slips, they form bowstrings, and sometimes the arrows discharged from the blow-tubes of the Malays.

GIPSIES.

Though these people are still pretty numerous in England, they are found only in distant places, seldom coming into towns, except in small parties of two or three persons. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, they have become rare, as also in the Low Countries, and Switzerland. In Italy their numbers are diminished. In Spain it is said there are 50 or 60,000 of them. In Transylvania they are most numerous; for in a population of 1,720,000 souls there are reckoned 104,000 gipsies. The Tzengarian or gipsy population of Europe may be considered without exaggeration, at nearly a million; in Africa they amount to 400,000; in India to 1,500,000; and there are about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia. Except in Asiatic Russia, China, and Japan, they are everywhere to be found. Hence we may deem the population of the gipsies to be 4,000,000.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

Such is the name which the fourth Sunday in Lent, commonly called Mid-lent, bears in many parts of England, especially in Wilts, Somerset, and Gloucestershire. It is observed as a festival. Servants and apprentices are then allowed to visit their parents and friends, to partake of a regale of wheat furmity and *mothering cake*, which is sugared and ornamented at top like the London twelfth cakes. On the day previous to Mothering Sunday, the confectioners in Bristol, Bath, Gloucester, and other considerable places, decorate their shops with evergreens, flowers, and various devices of coloured lamps, which are lighted up in the evening, to attract customers, as is done in the metropolis in anticipation of Twelfth Night. A quarter of lamb is provided for Sunday's dinner by those who can afford it, the remains of which are distributed among their poorer neighbours. The festival appears to be traceable to a pagan origin of remote date. The lamb is derived from the Paschal sacrifice of the Jews.

THE BRITTOX.

There is a part of the town of Devizes, in Wiltshire, which is named the Brittox. What can it mean? is the natural inquiry of the intelligent visitor. And, truly, he might guess a long time before he unravelled the mystery. The fact is, that at a remote period there were two towns, or two portions of one town, which were called "*The* Devizes," and the space between the two, originally called "The Betwixt," became corrupted, in the course of time, into the strange-looking and harsh-sounding name of "The Brittox."

THE EVE'S APPLE.

It is worthy of remembrance, that Eve is no where said, in the Scriptures, to have taken an apple. We read only of "the fruit" of the forbidden tree. But one of the most remarkable productions of the island of Ceylon is called "The Eve's Apple." The tree which bears this singular fruit grows to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. It has an irregular, inelegant stem, with a scanty growth on the lower parts; but on the top the leaves germinate luxuriantly, forming an extensive and graceful crest. The branches shoot upwards, though a few strike out horizontally; and these are generally charged with the greatest quantity of fruit. This Eve's apple is a deadly poison; and, as if to remove the danger of mischief, Providence seems to have placed it beyond the reach both of rational and brute animals: it hangs chiefly on the crest of the tree, and never grows so low as to be reached from the ground. It bears some resemblance to the large white magnum bonum plum, somewhat flattened at the extremities, and presents one very singular feature. From the upper side it appears precisely as if a portion had been bitten off, and from this circumstance the Mohammedans, who imagine the primitive Paradise to have been situated in Ceylon, have called it the forbidden fruit. They conceive that the mark of the violation of God's command has been placed on this singular tree; and that, in consequence of Eve's crime, the fruit was rendered poisonous, in order to secure it against future profanation.

THE EYE OF THE HORSE.

A remarkable part of this organ is called "the *saw*." It is a cartilage, to which is appended a mass of fat, and next to the fat is the retractor muscles. Whenever the eye is excited there is an action of this muscle, the eye-ball is retracted, the mass of fat is compressed, and, by the compression of this, the hair passes over the eye, so that no dirt, nor any extraneous body, appears in the eye of the horse, unless a bit of grass becomes entangled there. But on the most dry road a horse never suffers from dust as his rider does; and it is owing to this provision of the Creator, for a third eyelid, as it were, runs over the eye. At the moment the eye is turned inwards, the saw passes over the eye; and, being provided with a secretion, it removes whatever is offensive to the inner corner of the eye, whence it is conveyed out.

SHELVING-STOOLS OF CHURCHES AND CATHEDRALS.

The shelving-stools which the seats of the stalls form when turned up in their proper position are called *misereres*. On these the monks and canons of ancient times, with the assistance of their elbows on the upper part of the stalls, half supported themselves during certain parts of the service, so as not to be always obliged to stand or kneel. The stool, however, was so contrived, as may still be seen in ancient ecclesiastical edifices, that, if the body became supine by sleep, it naturally fell down, and the person who rested upon it was thrown forward into the middle of the choir.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. VIII

CORONATION CEREMONIAL CONTINUED.—THE ROYAL OATH AND OTHER OBSERVANCES.

The Queen's Coronation Oath in reference to the Supremacy Question.—George the Fourth's Oath at full length, and the reason for giving it.—Crowning and Royal Oath-taking in Scriptural history.—Saxon Coronations at Kingston-on-Thames, Bath, and elsewhere.—Norman Crownings.—Odds and ends about Coronations all over the world.—The Confessor's Chair and its Apocryphal Attributes.—Another Incident about Adelaide.—Charms against Heresy in the Nineteenth Century.—The Oath of the Roman Catholic Premier Peer at the Coronation.—Prince Albert's position in reference to the Crown. His naturalization, and the precedence specially conferred upon him. The Prince of Wales' Status.—*The Regency.—Awkward Contingencies as to one Royal Highness taking the wall of another.—Explanation of the Protestant Succession to the Throne.—How a Royal Tree may grow downwards.*

RETURNING to the consideration of the Royal Oath, as promised in our last, it may not be amiss to describe more fully the way in which it is actually taken, as it is not improbable that the form and the words will be frequently adverted to in the coming debates on the question of the Queen's supremacy. We cannot do better, perhaps, than transcribe a complete passage from the "Form and Order observed in the Coronation of George IV," a quarto volume, published shortly after the event. On this workimmense sums were lavished, but the King becoming tired of it before it was completed, it remains unfinished to this day, and will of course now for ever continue so—an additional evidence of the folly, frivolity, and extravagance of the personage whom it was intended to exalt to a superhuman standard of excellence.

Sermon being ended, and the King having made and signed the declaration, the Archbishop goes to the King, and, standing before him, administers the Coronation Oath, first asking the King—"Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?" and the King answering "I am willing," the Archbishop ministereth these questions, and the King, having a copy of the printed form and order of the coronation service, answers each question severally as follows:—

Arch. Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed upon, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Arch. Will you, to the utmost of your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

King. I will.

Arch. Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolate the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established, within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the United Church committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

King. All this I promise to do

Then the King, arising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the sword of state being carried before him, shall go to the altar, and there, being uncovered, shall make his solemn oath in the sight of all the people to observe the premises; laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, which was before carried in the procession, and is now brought from the altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he kneels upon the steps, saying these words:—"The things which I have here promised I will perform and keep, so help me God." Then the King kisseth the book and signeth the oath.

This, it will be seen, almost exactly resembles the ceremony described in respect to Queen Victoria; and, making allowance for difference in times and circumstances, is in substance exceedingly like what we read in the earliest record of any coronation, namely in the first and second book of Kings, the coronations of Solomon, and of Joash, the son of Ahaziah, of the latter of whom it is said that Jehoiada, the priest, took him, put the crown upon his head, and gave him the testimony, and they made him king, and anointed him. In England, says Mr. Knight, after the kingdoms of the Heptarchy had become united, we find the ceremony of coronation alluded to in the "Saxon Chronicle," under the term "Jehalgod," by which it is expressed that the king was hallowed or consecrated. Kingston-upon-Thames was the place where the Saxon Kings were crowned during nearly the whole of the 10th century. Edgar, who succeeded to the throne in 959, is said

to have been crowned either at Kingston or at Bath. Edward the Confessor was crowned at Winchester in 1042, Harold and William the Conqueror at Westminster. It was customary with the Norman Kings to be crowned more than once. Henry II. crowned his eldest son, and associated him with himself in the administration during his own life. In one or two instances, in the Norman times, we find the regnal years of our kings dated from the coronation only; the previous time, between the predecessor's death and the inaugural ceremony was considered as an interregnum. This is a fact of no small importance to those who would accurately fix the dates of public instruments and transactions in the reigns of Richard the First, John, and their successors. Almost all kings have caused memorials to be made of their coronations, and even Napoleon did not disdain to follow the example of the royalties of whom he had made himself one.

The first coronation by a bishop was that of Majocianus at Constantinople in 457. The ceremony of annointing at coronations was introduced into England in 872, and into Scotland in 1097. The coronation of Henry III. took place in the first instance without a crown, at Gloucester, in 1296.

A plain circle was used on this occasion in lieu of a crown, which had been lost with the other jewels and baggage of King John in passing the marshes of Lynn, or the Wash, near Wisbeach. At the coronation of William and Mary, the Bishop of London put the crown on the King's head, as Dr. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, would not take the oaths to their majesties. In reference to the coronation-chair, to which we have already alluded, and of which we shall have more to say hereafter, we may here state that, in 513, Fergus, a prince of the royal line, having obtained the Scottish throne, procured for his coronation the *Lia Fail*, or Fatal Stone, on which the Irish Kings were crowned at Cashel, formerly the metropolis of the Kings of Munster. This remained at Dunstaffnage, where it continued till the time of Kenneth the Second, who removed it to Scone; and in 1296 Edward removed it thence to Westminster, for, wishing to annex Scotland to his own dominions, he dethroned John Baliol, ravaged the country, and seized this stone among other monuments of Scottish history. Hence, therefore, it is obvious that, though called the chair of the Confessor, it is that of Edward the First, being upwards of 250 years late. The Confessor was canonized by Pope Alexander III., about a century after his death, and the title of Confessor was first bestowed upon him in the bull of canonization. He was buried January 6, 1066, in the new Abbey of Westminster, which had just been finished, and consecrated about a week before; and on the day of the Confessor's burial Harold was solemnly crowned King of England. But though the chair is not actually the Confessor's, yet the chapel in which the ceremony of the coronation takes place is—the centre being taken up with his shrine, which was erected by Henry III.; and it was while paying his devotions at this shrine that our famous Henry IV. was seized with his last illness. The general theory adopted in respect to the chair is, that it really was the Confessor's, and that Edward the First had inserted into it the Scone stone, already mentioned, fastened with clamps of iron. The stone is 26 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 11 inches thick, and is simply a piece of reddish-grey sand-stone, squared and smoothed. The second chair, used on the coronation of queen consorts, was made for Mary, wife of William III.

The mention of that latter name reminds us of an omission it is desirable to supply in our notice of Adelaide's coronation, and which gave rise to a good deal of sarcasm at the time, in reference to the use of "charms against heresy in the 19th century," and one of the commentators said the description reminded him of the unmeaning superstitious observances among savages. The incident was this:—"One of the ladies in attendance, having first dried the place anointed with fine cotton wool, then closed the Queen's robes at her breast, and afterwards put a coif upon her head. When this had been done, the Archbishop put the ring, which he had received from the Master of the Jewel House, on the fourth finger of her Majesty's right hand, saying, 'Receive this ring, the seal of a sincere faith, that you may avoid all infection of heresy, and by the power of God compel barbarous nations, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth.'" Another ceremonial which, we remember, was greatly ridiculed at the period we now speak of, was the following, but to which the present circumstances of the times will lend no inconsiderable significance, in the minds of a large portion of the public—viz., the oath of the Roman Catholic premier peer of England, the Duke of Norfolk, both in his private capacity, as premier Duke, and officially as Earl Marshal. His Grace, on that occasion, was father to the present Duke, and the same peer went precisely through the same formula on the coronation of her present Majesty—namely: "The Duke of Norfolk, ascending the steps of the throne, and taking off his coronet, knelt before the King, and, for himself and the other dukes, pronounced the words of homage,

the rest putting off their coronets, kneeling with him and about him, and saying after him, 'I, Edward (&c. &c.), Duke of Norfolk, do become your liege man of limb and life, and earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and to die against all manner of foes. So help me God!' The duke did then ascend the throne again, and stretching forth his hand, did touch the crown on his Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all his power; and then he kissed the King's hand."

The reader of mature age will, probably, smile at the needlessness of our information, that the present Queen's husband was not crowned with her; but as upwards of ten years have elapsed since those illustrious personages were united in matrimony, it is quite probable that the circumstances of his royal highness's relationship to the throne are very imperfectly, if at all, known to the many thousands of our readers who were then incapable of understanding the political position of the Prince, arising out of his alliance to the Sovereign of these realms. In the *London Gazette*, March 5, 1840, there appeared the following notification, under the head of Whitehall:—"Her Majesty has been pleased to declare and ordain that Field-Marshal his Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Cobourgh and Gotha, K.G., her Majesty's consort, shall henceforth, upon all occasions and in all meetings, except where otherwise provided by Act of Parliament, have, hold, and enjoy place, preeminence, and precedence next to her Majesty." According to the law of England, as is well known, and was shown in our last Memoranda but one, when speaking of precedence, that no *man's* position in society is altered by any matrimonial alliance, and antecedent to the promulgation of this ordinance, Prince Albert was entitled merely to the precedence of a Knight of the Garter, that is (when the knight is not a peer, which rarely happens,) after the eldest sons of barons, or number sixty-nine in the scale of precedence. When his Royal Highness's Naturalization Bill first came under consideration of parliament, it contained a clause conferring upon him precedence next to her Majesty; but after considerable discussion, this provision of the bill was withdrawn, and in the March following the ordinance already set forth appeared in the *Gazette;* previous to which, however, the Duke of Cambridge, on his own behalf, and in the name and on behalf of the other members of the royal family, expressed his assent to the clause for granting the proposed precedence to the consort of the Sovereign; nevertheless, the adoption of it was considered to be inexpedient; but in compliance with the commands of the Queen, and in accordance with the unequivocally expressed wishes of the royal family, Prince Albert does in practice enjoy precedence next after her Majesty. His position, however, observes Mr. Dodd, is not fortified either by statute or common law; but there is no immediate probability of his right to the place assigned him being questioned by any of the distinguished individuals who are personally concerned. The time, however, may come when such questions will arise. It is a fact too notorious to admit of being passed over in total silence when discussing probabilities of this nature, that the royal family of England have for generations (beginning with the daughter of James II., married to William of Orange) been remarkable for the exceeding bitterness of their dissentions among each other, for four successive reigns the monarch and the heir-apparent being at special enmity; and though, happily, there is every reason to feel assured that as the court of Victoria affords a most marked contrast to that of all the Georges, both in morality of manner and liberality of feeling, so will her domestic circle continue exempt from the dissentions that so scandalously marked the private annals of the house of Guelph in this country:—still it is not our business to disguise the possibility of there arising within no great number of years matters that may occasion considerable perplexity, even on a point seemingly so trivial as this very one of precedence.

The Prince of Wales has been at all times regarded as the first subject in the realm, the nearest to the throne, the most dignified of the peers of parliament, and, though not exercising any political power beyond his vote as a legislator (which, by the way, his father, in the present instance, cannot do), yet is regarded by all men as the most eminent personage in the state next after the sovereign. The Prince of Wales is the heir-apparent. The heir-presumptive may be brother, uncle, nephew, niece, or even a more distant relative of the sovereign; but the prospect of his eventually succeeding to the throne gives him no place in the scale of precedency—the rank he holds is merely derived from consanguinity. Whatever his position as a member of the royal family might be, he enjoys that before he becomes heir-presumptive, retains it while he continues heir-presumptive, and does not lose it by the birth of an heir-apparent. But the station of the Prince of Wales is clearly and indisputably that of the first and highest of her Majesty's subjects. The extract from the *Gazette*, just quoted, seems to intimate a wish on the part of the Queen that no one should ever take precedence of Prince Albert; and there is little question that that intimation of royal pleasure will be observed, at least until the Prince of Wales is 18, when he is of legal age, and will be at liberty to do what he likes with his own privilege. In the event of her Majesty's death before the Prince of Wales is of age, Prince Albert's priority would still be secured him, inasmuch as, by the

bill of August, 1840, Prince Albert is declared regent as long as the next lineal successor to the throne is under age. It may be a question, however, how far it would be in the power of the present Duke of Cambridge to insist on the precedence which his father expressed his willingness to relinquish, and practically did relinquish, during his lifetime, in favour of Prince Albert. And on the question of precedency in the royal family itself, a few explanatory words here may be acceptable.

The second son of the reigning monarch takes rank next after the eldest, and all the younger sons take precedence amongst each other according to priority of birth. They usually receive peerages as soon as they come of age, and in the House of Lords of course rank above all other peers, and take precedence amongst each other according to the dates of their respective patents; for example, if the fifth son received his dukedom prior to the fourth, then the younger would, in all the proceedings of the Upper House, take precedence of the elder. But this sort of anomaly is not likely to occur; for the practice is to grant the peerages in the order of primogeniture, so that the precedence of those princes in the House of Lords should coincide with their stations in all other assemblies. So says the author of the "Manual of Dignities," from which we have frequently extracted; but a memorable refutation of his dictum occurs in the two cases of the late Duke of Sussex and the late Duke of Kent, both of whom (the latter most especially, the father of the Queen), having suffered at the hands of George III. and his ministers the greatest injustice, by the favouritism extended to their more fortunate brothers, York and Cumberland, saying nothing of their elder brother, afterwards George IV.

In respect to the grandsons of the sovereign (the relationship of the present Duke of Cambridge to George III.), it may be interesting to know that until the crown of England became settled on the Protestant issue of the Electress Sophia (grand-daughter of James the First), the royal family comprehended a very numerous class. Only these, however, who stood in a certain degree of propinquity to the throne, enjoyed any special precedence over other British subjects. By the act (10th Anne) for settling the precedence of the Princess Sophia, it was declared that all her descendants, being Protestants, shall have rank and precedence before the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any other subject of this realm. It, therefore, follows, that whether the descendants of the monarch possess, or do not possess, peerages, they are entitled to rank higher than other subjects. The rule appears to be that every one who could in any event succeed to the throne, takes precedence of those subjects who are incapable of such succession. The royal family take precedence amongst each other according to their propinquity to the throne. As the remotest descendant of a reigning prince would succeed to the throne in preference to any collateral relative, so the grandson of the king would take precedence of his own great uncle. In the royal family, the first class are the sons of the monarch, the second his grandson, and so on. Then would follow his brothers, nephews, uncles, &c. Thus the next brother to the king might be at one time the first subject in the realm; but if the king should marry and have seven sons, the brother then would take the eighth place. He might also live to follow fifteen or sixteen of his grand-nephews; but one of these might succeed to the throne, marry, have sons, and so remove his grand-uncle still farther from the highest place. It frequently happens, therefore, that as a royal duke grows older he sinks in the scale of precedence. This was the case with the late Duke of Cambridge, though from the ages of his grand-nephews and nieces it made no perceptible difference; but the case will of course be very different with the present Duke and the issue of his cousin Victoria.

At the risk of being considered tedious, we must pursue this branch of our Memoranda to its legitimate conclusion, now we have advanced so far. We have seen that the children of the monarch form the highest rank in the royal family; his brothers and sisters come next, and next their children. They proceed in the following order:—First, such of his nephews as are the sons of his next brother; secondly, the sons of his second brother; then those of his third brother; and so on according to the seniority of their respective fathers, the sons of each father, of course, taking precedence amongst each other according to priority of birth. The sons of the eldest sister of the sovereign follow those of his youngest brother, taking rank amongst each other according to the usual rule of priority of birth, the sons of each sister enjoying precedence according to the seniority of their respective mothers. Next come the uncles of the sovereign. A royal duke may be in one reign the son of the king; in the next he may become brother of the sovereign; in the next uncle to the monarch; and in the following reign grand-uncle. In the first of these cases he belongs to the highest rank; in the next he falls into the second grade; and finally, into the third. Every member of the royal family capable of succeeding to the throne, retains an acknowledged superiority over other subjects; but the rank he holds amongst his own relatives is altered every time a new reign commences.

The last portion of this disquisition has reference to the other descendants of the Electress Sophia, occupying precedence before the Archbishop of Canterbury, under the 10th of Anne, an act which the authority we have so often quoted, says has been too frequently over-

looked, in compiling tables of precedence, whence it is often stated that the eldest sons of dukes of the blood royal take rank immediately before marquises. This view of the matter is in conformity with 31st Henry VIII., but the statute of Anne virtually repeals that portion of the enactment. It is to be observed that at present there is no duke of the blood royal, nor any descendant of such duke, who is not also a descendant of the Electress Princess Sophia of Hanover; and the statute of Anne declares that all her descendants shall precede the Archbishop of Canterbury, "any law, statute, or custom to the contrary, notwithstanding." Future Memoranda will show the value of these dry and apparently worthless details.

SWIFTNESS OF THE OSTRICH.

The bird most celebrated for fleetness of running is the ostrich, or bird-camel (*Struthio Camelus*), as it may well be named. "What time she lifteth up herself on high," says Job, "she scorneth the horse and his rider" (Job xxxix. 18). According to Dr. Shaw, the wings serve her both for sails and oars, whilst her feet, which have only two toes, and are not unlike the camel's, can bear great fatigue. Though the ostrich is universally admitted to go faster than the fleetest horse, yet the Arabs on horseback contrive to run these birds down, their feathers being valuable, and their flesh not to be despised. The best horses are trained for this chase. When the hunter has started his game, he puts his horse upon a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich in sight, without coming too near to alarm it and put it to its full speed. Upon observing itself pursued, therefore, it begins to run at first but gently, its wings, like two arms, keeping alternate motion with its feet. It seldom runs in a direct line, but, like the hare, doubles, or rather courses in a circular manner; while the hunters, taking the diameter, or tracing a smaller circle, meet the bird at unexpected turns, and with less fatigue to the horses. This chase is often continued for a day or two, when the poor ostrich is starved out and exhausted, and finding all power of escape impossible, it endeavours to hide itself from the enemies it cannot avoid, running into some thicket, or burying its head in the sand. The hunters then rush in at full speed, leading as much as possible against the wind, and kill the bird with clubs, lest the feathers should be soiled with blood.

M. Adanson saw two tame ostriches which had been kept two years at the factory of Podor, on the south bank of the Niger. "They were so tame," he says, "that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest: no sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village; and it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so well, that I would have it repeated; and to try their strength, I made a full-grown negro mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little they expanded their wings, as if it were to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness, that they seemed to be off the ground. Everybody must some time or other have seen a partridge run, consequently must know there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with both these advantages; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true they would not hold out so long as a horse; but without all doubt they would be able to perform the race in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking it and managing it as we do a horse."*

The traveller Moore mentions that he saw a man journeying mounted upon an ostrich; though both this and the instance given by M. Adanson show the circumstance to be of unusual occurrence.—*From the "Faculties of Birds."*

* Voyage to Senegal, Pinkerton's Collection, xvi. 619.

Signs of Wisdom.—A wise man is known by three things—by making his enemy his friend, the ignorant learned, and by reforming the evil disposition into goodness:—

"The knowledge of the truly wise
Is like a mirror bright;
It borrows lustre from the skies,
And then reflects their light.—*Aristotle.*

MATTHEW MARVEL'S LECTURES ON THE MARVELLOUS.

LECTURE I.

It affords me great pleasure, my friends, to see before me so many pleasant faces, all intent on what I am about to utter. As the writer likes to have attentive readers, so the speaker likes to have just such an audience as *mine*. And happy, indeed, shall I be, if further acquaintance should increase in you towards your present lecturer, the feelings of respect and of confidence.

I might have appeared before you, it must be admitted, in very different array. A robe richly adorned, over which strange-looking letters are freely scattered; a belt sparkling as if it were full of jewels, and a cap profusely decorated with gems and symbols, have been, and still are, frequently the attire of the magician. He moves about, waving his wand, which is supposed to possess an extraordinary power, and seeming to produce great changes at a single touch. And the words he uses, strange, long, and sonorous, give the idea that he has much to do with other regions, with which those around him have but little or no acquaintance.

But such, you see at once, is not my appearance. I cannot have a simpler rod than the one I shall sometimes employ, and the reason is, because I am not about to be mysterious, but to scatter mysteries, just as you see the clouds separate, melt, and disappear, when the sun shines forth. Yea, more; all my magic I shall place at your service, so that you may soon equal me in this kind of power, and rival, if you do not surpass, the wonders I shall perform. On this occasion, however, I shall want some assistance. "Tomkins, come here." (Tomkins appears.) "Now, just make one of your best bows to the audience, and then another to me." "There, that will do: one graceful bow is better than a nodding of the head half a dozen times, as if, instead of a boy, you were only a China mandarin standing on a marble chimney-piece.

"And how long will it take you, Tomkins, to carry this piece of wood—just four inches square, and eight inches in length—to the other end of the room?"

"Half a minute, sir."

"Here, then, I cut off with my penknife this little bit. Take that first."

"Now, there is a second scrap. Why, what are you staring at, Tomkins?"

"Please, sir, if I am to carry only such a little piece as this at a time, I shan't be able to carry the whole in six months."

"Quite true, Tomkins, I knew the task you undertook to perform in half a minute, would take you a long time; so just remember that what it appears easy to promise may yet be very hard and troublesome to do; and when you find some conceited youth boasting of his strength, tell him that he is unable to carry out of the room one piece of the wood-bundle lying ready, in his mother's kitchen, to make a fire to-morrow morning; and then serve him as I have just served you. It may teach him to be less proud and less positive. But I have to do with you now. Now, here's this little piece of wood: do you think I can place it somewhere, not near so high as many a post over which you have jumped, and yet you shall not be able to leap over the piece of wood?"

"I don't know, sir."

"That's right, my lad: you don't reply so quickly as you did. Now just, come with me."

"No wonder, sir, you said I could not jump over it; you have laid the piece of wood on the floor, just against one of the walls."

"Exactly. Now, can you think, Tomkins, of any way in which I can make a circle with chalk, and one far away from the wall or the ceiling, over which you would as vainly try to jump as to leap over that piece of wood? There, think a little."

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"You are *sure*, are you; well, you have far more reason to be so than you had for your first reply; I am glad to see you more cautious in answering. There, now, what do you say to a jump?"

"Why, sir, you have made the circle with a piece of chalk all round my jacket."

"Just so; it's clear you are *in* for it; now get out of it by a jump if you can."

"But another question: can you, Tomkins, clasp my hands so that I shall not be able to move a yard?"

"Why, sir, if I were to tie your *legs* you could move more than that easily."

"No doubt of it; and therefore to be made motionless by tying the *hands* is a much greater wonder. But, look; if you clasp your hands round the pillar of this large and heavy table, I may defy you to stir. The fact is plain, however, without your trying the experiment.—There is a ring just an inch in diameter; can you push this candle and candlestick through it?"

"No, sir."

"Then just put one of your fingers *through* the ring, and you may push the candlestick about just as you please."

"There! that will do. You need not stand staring at the candlestick, as if you thought it was a ghost."

"See! here are three shillings. I place them in a straight line, with a space between the first and second, and another space between the second and the third. Now make the one furthest off the central piece, and that without moving it."

"I can't, sir."

"Then, when I tell you to do so again, take the first shilling, and carry it to the other end of the line, and the one which before was the furthest off, instantly becomes, though unmoved, the central piece."

"Now, Tomkins, take this ring, put this piece of thread through it, tie the two ends, suspend the ring by the thread to this nail in the wall, and then, if you set the thread on fire, what do you suppose will happen?"

"I should think the ring would fall, sir."

"Try, then, what will happen now. Apply the candle to the thread. See how steadily it burns, until nothing is left of it but a black, cinder-like substance; and yet the thread remains entire, and the ring is suspended as it was. Do with this piece of thread and another ring just what you did before. Why, no sooner did the thread begin to burn, than the ring fell instantly; while the other remains just as it did. And as you are not likely to account for the difference, I will tell my present audience how it occurs. The last was a piece of common thread, in the state in which it is used in the needle; but the former had been steeped for some hours in water containing a good deal of salt. The thread, however, is not made strong by this process, though it is not so fragile as the other; at a slight touch it is broken, and the ring, as you see, falls at once to the floor."

Here, my friends, is another simple feat. It would be thought by some persons impossible to fill this wine-glass with water, and then to turn it upside down without spilling any of the fluid. And yet, if you place a piece of paper very nicely over the glass when it is full, and well press it round the rim, you may invert the glass, as I do now, with perfect ease. Not a drop of water, you observe, escapes, the paper being acted upon, or rather pressed upwards by the air,—on the wonders of which I hope to dwell in some of my future lectures. I will now place the inverted glass on the table, and draw the paper away, leaving the water undiminished.

Again: if I place this empty wine-glass upside-down on two shillings placed on the table, and if I were to ask you to remove a shilling placed between the two under the glass, without touching either, you would, perhaps, consider it very difficult, if not impracticable. And yet, if you watch me while I act upon the cloth that covers the table, with my finger-nail, you will see the shilling gradually move till it comes fairly out from under the glass; and yet neither the shilling nor the glass have been touched.

Still further: were I, having filled this wine-glass with water, to ask how many shillings I could put into it without causing a drop to run over, you would probably answer "*None.*" But mark the process. You see, I carefully let a shilling slip down at one side of the glass, and it settles itself at the bottom, where it does not move—for I have chosen a glass so shaped that it may not. Now, as I drop

in one, and another, and another, they fall upon it, and the water remains undisturbed; and if you will oblige me by counting the shillings as they fall, the result will be apparent. "Five," "ten," "fifteen," "twenty," "twenty-one," "twenty-two," "twenty-three," "twenty-four." Thank you. Now, a drop has passed over the rim, and therefore we will stop. But you see twenty-three were safely deposited in the full glass without any accident of the kind; and if you will observe, the water in the glass has assumed a dome-like appearance, thus allowing space for the twenty-three shillings it contains.

"Now, Tomkins, ask someone of the audience to be so kind as to lend you a hat; I will guarantee its return uninjured." (Tomkins brings one to the table.) "Fill the glass with water, cover it with the hat, and drink the water without touching the hat. Why, how you stare! I am not the hippopotamus, nor a camel, nor an elephant, nor anyone of the animals that displaced the men in armour in the civic procession on last Lord's Mayor's day, and filled with astonishment the gaping thousands who flocked to see the show. I am simply Matthew Marvel, and ask you to do what I am ready to accomplish any minute in the hour, any hour of the day or the night, and in any season of the year."

"Why, sir, I have filled the wine-glass with water, and there is the gentleman's hat upon it; but how am I to drink the water without moving the hat?"

"Look at me, then. See, I get under the table to the part under which the glass is. Listen!" (A sound is made as if drinking.)

"You are drinking the water, sir; why how can it get through the table? I'll take up the hat."

"And as you do so, I will seize the opportunity of taking off the glass of water, which you see I do without touching the hat. It was all your fancy that I drank it before. You can drink water through a glass and a table quite as well as I, or any magician in the world."

"Let us now see if your wits have been sharpened by this last feat. Ask very politely for two more hats." (The hats are brought.) "It will now be seen, my friends, that I break this small biscuit into three pieces, and put one piece under each hat. Now ask that lady under which hat she would like to have the three pieces.

"The lady says the third, sir."

"Take up, Tomkins, the hats one after another, and the wishes of the lady will be gratified."

"Why, sir, you have eaten each of the pieces of biscuit!"

"Just so; and now, placing the third hat upon my head, if you can show that they are not *under* it, you will surpass all the great magicians of the East, the West, the North, and the South."

"A capital thing 'tis to laugh,—
No irrational animal can;
The power with which we go off,
From a smile to a grin, is for man.

"It comes with a dash of surprise,
And gives us a tickle of pleasure;
No one can e'er laugh if he tries,
Yet caught, he may laugh beyond measure.

"We laugh when quite free from restraint,
And quickly appear as we feel;
Who against us would bring a complaint,
Has something he wants to conceal.

"So we'll laugh when impelled from within
Nor fear lest some frownings arise;
To be covered with gloom is a sin;
Let us show we are merry and wise."

I hope, my friends, that we shall be familiar with this happy union. Our pursuit of knowledge will not be less successful, while it will be far more pleasant, should we have sometimes, if not "the nods and the becks," the "wreathed

smiles" of which one of our poets has told us. I will now close this lecture with a singular display of my art. Here, you observe, are three articles—a ring, a shilling, and a glove; and I shall presently ask each of the three ladies who are sitting in the first row to take one of these articles, but so secretly that I may not have the slightest knowledge of the selection that is made. I have here, you also perceive, twenty-four round cards; one of which I shall give to one of the ladies, whom we will call Lady Unit, two to the second, whom we will style Lady Duo, and three to Lady C.; leaving the eighteen by themselves on the table. I will now retire for a few moments, that the ladies may, entirely without my knowledge, make their choice. I have only to request, as another favour, that the lady who selects the ring will take from the cards on the table as many as she already possesses; the lady who selects the shilling, twice as many; and the lady who has the glove, four times as many as have been now received. (The lecturer retires, and soon re-appears.)

And now, having returned, I beg to say that Lady Unit has the ring, Lady Duo the shilling, and Lady C. the glove, as you will now see by their kindly handing them to me. Ladies, accept my thanks.

But I have engaged that my magic shall be placed at your disposal; I proceed, therefore, to fulfil my promise. The rule to be observed is as follows:—Call the ring A, the shilling E, and the glove I, and distinguish the persons as I have recently done, or by calling them first, second, and third; then let the persons take the cards from the heap as our friends did this evening, and on returning after a short absence, you may discover the article each person has taken from the cards that remain on the table, and the following *Latin* words:—

1	2	3	5	6	7.
Salve	*cesta*	*animæ*	*semita*	*vita*	*quies.*

The following *French* words, reckoned as six in number, will answer the same purpose:—

1	2	3	5	6	7.
Par fer	*Cesar*	*jadis*	*devint*	*si grand*	*prince.*

In making use of these words, whether the Latin or the French, it must be remembered that there can never be 4 cards, but that there can only remain 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, or 7 cards. It must likewise be noticed that each syllable contains one of the vowels which we have made to represent the articles proposed, and that the first syllable of each word must be considered as representing the first person, and the second syllable the second. This being comprehended, should there remain only one counter, then taking the Latin line, you must employ the first two syllables, *sal-ve*, the first of which, that containing A, shows that the first person has the ring represented by A; and the second syllable, that containing E, shows that the second person has the shilling represented by E; from which it is clear that the third person has the glove. If two cards should remain, you must take the second word *cesta*, the first syllable of which, containing E, will show that the first person has the shilling represented by E; and the second syllable, containing A, will show that the second person has the ring represented by A. In general, whatever number of cards remain, that word of the line which is pointed out by the same number must be employed.

And now, my friends, thanking you heartily for the attention with which I have been favoured, I hope next week to solicit and enjoy it again.

TALE BEARING.—Never repeat a story, unless you are certain it is correct, and even not then unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the party concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbour, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. "A story never loses anything," is wisely remarked; but, on the contrary, gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We have already published a series of papers on the Great Exhibition, enlarging upon the intellectual enjoyment it will afford the intelligent visitor, and the grand moral benefits it will confer upon the world. The articles we commence in our present number will be altogether of a different character. Their staple matter will be *information* upon every matter connected with the Exhibition likely to prove of interest to the working classes—the progress of the works in Hyde-park—the mechanical processes developed in the construction of the Glass Palace, and in the preparation of its materials—the arrangements making for the cheap conveyance of visitors, and for their accommodation whilst in London—the formation and proceedings of artisan clubs throughout the kingdom, &c. &c. We shall endeavour to explain everything in the most popular language, and avail ourselves, whenever it may be needed, of the assistance of engraved plans and other illustrations. We take this opportunity of inviting the inquiries of our readers upon any points upon which they may wish to be informed. We shall be most happy to give all questions that may be forwarded to us immediate attention and reply.

With the view of making The Working Man's Friend a complete Hand-book of the Exhibition, we have devoted a considerable portion of our space in the present number to a condensed history of the enterprise. We have also given a full description of the nature and dimensions of the building, as an appropriate accompaniment of the Engraving presented to our readers. We shall continue from time to time to give short and rapid notices of the gradual development of the great idea, from its first enunciation, but our space for the future will be chiefly devoted to such explanations as will enable the working man to understand all that is being done to make the Exhibition a perfect representation of the world's labour, and to turn it to the best account in the mental improvement and moral elevation of the class whose special festival it must be considered—the World's Workmen.

National Exhibitions of Industry have been of frequent occurrence in several of the continental kingdoms. The French have the honour of first establishing them on a large scale. An exposition of Gobelin tapestry, of carpets from La Savonniere and of Sévres China, adorned the palace of St. Cloud under the revolutionary Directory. At irregular intervals from that time, various representations of French industry have taken place, sometimes in the Louvre of Paris, but generally in temporary buildings erected for the purpose in that city. Each "Exposition" has been found to surpass the preceding in magnitude, interest, and value,—that of last year, conducted under the auspices of the Young Republic, being in every way worthy of the great and enterprising people whose genius it illustrated. Belgium and Bavaria too, deserve honourable mention for their displays of the produce of native industry, the latter kingdom having erected the first building in Europe permanently devoted to this object.

Nothing of the kind on a national scale has hitherto taken place in England, the nearest approach to it having been the Free-trade Bazaar in Covent Garden Theatre. Provincial Exhibitions we have had in various districts,—Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds having taken the lead in their promotion. It is probable that the success attending the efforts made in these seats of industrial enterprise, and the marked advantages resulting from similar attempts on a larger scale on the Continent, first suggested the great idea which is now being elaborated.

In the Exhibition about to take place in London, there is, however, one striking feature of originality, of which the Englishman may well be proud. The indus-

trial shows of other lands have been *national*, confined to the produce of the particular country to which they belonged, and avowedly designed to promote only national benefits. The foreigner has been forbidden to compete with the native producer. England has conceived a mightier project, not only more vast in its magnitude, but more liberal and generous in its idea. In this she has assumed a position becoming a nation to whom belongs the initiative in a policy of free trade. In a spirit of friendly rivalry she has challenged the world to exhibit its productions side by side with her own; to unite with her in a grand display of all that the diverse genius and industry of many lands can do; that each nation may teach and in return be taught; that every people may discover the excellences of every other; and that by fostering rivalry in the arts of peace, nations may forget now to make war.

It is a grand idea, and its realization promises to be on a scale of commensurate magnificence. The success of the undertaking is assured. All peoples have responded to our invitation. From the most distant and the most uncivilized parts of the earth, the produce of "Industry" is preparing, or already wending its way to the great fair. How goodly a sight will this Metropolis of England present in the spring of 1851! To the peacemaker;—for all shades of colour, all varieties of costume, all differences of language and customs will be commingled in brotherhood. To the philosopher;—for the accumulated illustrations of mind's conquests over matter, will be so many exponents of the secret of man's progression; and the curiously-diversified productions of every clime, essays upon the origin, the history, and the character of its people. Above all to the working man; for it will be the triumph of *his order*, the Jubilee of Industry, at which the illustrious and good of all lands will do homage to the dignity of LABOUR.

The proposal to open an Exhibition in London for the illustration of the progress made by the world in the arts of civilization at the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, is understood to have originated with Prince Albert, in his character as President of the Society of Arts, and the name of that distinguished individual, who has earned a lasting title to the respect and attachment of the people for the interest he has ever shown in their welfare and advancement, will remain honourably associated with the scheme. It was at first proposed to conduct the Exhibition under the auspices of the Society of Arts; but the desire was so generally manifested to impart to it a national character, that her Majesty was advised to appoint a Royal Commission, and the entire management of the undertaking was entrusted to that body, and an Executive Committee appointed by them. In the selection of commissioners, care was wisely taken to secure the representation of all classes of society, and of every political party. Science, commerce, industry, and rank, each contributed men from its leaders. Stanley, Russell, Peel, and Cobden, were the four political powers combined to show the catholicity of the scheme. Lord Overstone, Henry Labouchere, and Thomas Baring symbolized the dependence of capital upon industry. Rosse and Lyell (peer and commoner—equals in the commonwealth of genius) were present as the delegates of science; Westmacott and Eastlake, Barry, Cubitt, and Stephenson did homage on behalf of the fine and the useful arts; whilst Buccleuch, Bazley, and Pusey appeared, amongst other representatives of the patrician, the manufacturing, and the agricultural interests.

A preliminary point, demanding settlement before any steps for carrying out the proposed Exhibition could be taken, was the source of the funds. A project so vast necessarily involved considerable expenses; how were they to be supplied? That the question was for a moment discussed, is a fact indicative of a national peculiarity. Elsewhere, a subsidy from the public revenue would have been naturally looked for. But Englishmen do things differently. Guizot was struck by the inscription on our public charities—"Supported by voluntary contributions." Gigantic enterprises are effected, railways made, docks built, estuaries reclaimed, without the aid of "grants." The country was appealed to, and it was determined that the Exhibition should be held, and paid for, without any appeal to the Treasury. And in London, and in all the provincial towns, subscription

lists were at once opened. Amongst others, the working classes have everywhere been liberal contributors.

The great idea having been matured by the Commissioners, and the responsibility of its expense accepted with enthusiasm by the nation, the next thing to be done was to provide accommodation for the articles to be sent in. No building in any measure approaching the requisite dimensions existed in London, and the Commissioners at once applied themselves to the questions—what structure should be reared for this purpose, and where should it be located?

To assist them in the solution of the first problem, they sought the competition of professional men, and, in the spirit in which the project had been originally conceived, invited plans and suggestions from the artists of all nations.

None of the plans thus submitted was deemed in all respects eligible, and the Building Committee determined upon adopting one of their own. They accordingly proposed the erection of a vast hall of brick, surmounted by a colossal dome, as the "great feature" by which the present state of the building arts in England was to be illustrated. This proposal met with little public favour, the principal objections to it being the cost of erection, the weight of the materials to be transported to and fro, through the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis, and the unsightliness of the projected dome. It was soon announced that the "great feature" of the Committee had been abandoned, and at last the entire plan fell before the opposition it encountered, and gave place to one in every respect different in character. Thus was the Crystal Palace of Mr. Paxton a structure which, besides many other advantages, will be distinguished when completed, by great lightness of material, comparative cheapness of construction, and exquisite beauty and elegance. Its principal material is glass, set in framework of iron, something in the manner of garden conservatories, of which class of buildings it will indeed be a magnificent specimen—capable of easy ventilation, and free from any risk of destruction by fire.

Before proceeding to describe this building, it may be interesting to mention some particulars in connection with its origin. The merit of the design belongs to Mr. Paxton, who is head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, and enjoys considerable reputation for skill in horticulture and ornamental gardening. It was not, he states, until one morning when present at an early sitting of the House of Commons, that the idea of sending in a design occurred to him. The plan of the committee had then been determined on, and tenders had been invited for carrying it into execution. In the course of conversation with a friend, "a notion" came into Mr. Paxton's head, and he at once hastened to the Board of Trade, to ascertain if it was too late for him to submit it. The answer was that there was yet time, and he promised to be prepared with all his plans complete in nine days. This was on the 11th of June. After visiting the Menai Straits, to see the third tube of the Britannia-bridge placed, he returned home to Derby, and attended a meeting of the local board there. His whole mind, however, was engrossed in his great idea; and whilst the business was proceeding, he sketched his design on a large sheet of blotting-paper, and afterwards sat up the whole of that night, until he had worked it out to his own satisfaction. By the twentieth his drawings were completed, and on that day he left home for London. Mr. Robert Stephenson the engineer, a member of the Building Committeee, was a fellow-traveller, and, after a minute examination of the plans, pronounced them the very thing. At first the Committee were inclined to look on the design with great coldness, but it gradually grew into favour; and, on the whole, Mr. Paxton admits that his claims were treated, even by rivals, with great fairness. An anecdote he relates of Mr. Brunel, "the author of the great dome," is highly creditable to the manly, straightforward character of that gentleman. "Mr. Brunel," says Mr. Paxton, "was at first so wedded to his own plan, that he would hardly look at his. Mr. Brunel was, however, a gentleman, and a man of fairness, and listened with every attention to all that could be urged in favour of his (Mr. Paxton's) plans. As an instance of that gentleman's very creditable conduct, he would mention that a difficulty presented itself to the Committee as to what was to be done with the large trees, and it was gravely suggested that they should be walled in.

He remarked that he could cover the trees without any difficulty; when Mr. Brunel asked, 'Do you know their height?' He acknowledged that he did not. On the following morning Mr. Brunel called at Devonshire-house, and gave him the measurement of the trees, which he had taken early that morning; adding, 'Although I mean to try to win with my own plan, I will give you all the information I can.'" With some alterations, which are generally considered improvements, the design of a Palace of Glass for the accommodation of the Exhibition was finally agreed upon, and the result has been a unanimity of public approbation that could scarcely have been anticipated on such a subject.

The Engraving presented with our present number will assist our readers in forming an idea of the graceful but imposing appearance this structure will present when completed. It is already steadily progressing—indeed, with such magical rapidity that less than another month will witness its external completion. It is time, however, to give some description of its dimensions and arrangements. Its form will be a long parallelogram, measuring 1848 feet long, 408 feet broad, and 66 feet high. The whole will be crossed by a "transept," (seen in the Engraving with a circular roof) 108 feet high, and enclosing a fine row of elm trees, dividing the building so near the centre as to leave lengths of 948 feet on one side and 900 feet on the other. With the exception of timber for joists, flooring, sashes, and the panelling of the ground tier, glass, and the supports of iron, will comprise the entire structure. All the columns and sash bars, as well as the sheets of glass, are of uniform make, and are prepared at the workshops of the contractors, so as only to require to be fitted together on the ground. The total number of columns, varying in length from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet, is 3,230. There are 2,444 cast-iron girders for supporting galleries and roof, between 1,128 intermediate binders, 358 wrought iron trusses for supporting the roof, 24 miles of gutters for carrying water to the columns, 202 miles of sash-bars, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. The ground occupied by the building will be 18 acres; and, including the galleries, there will be an exhibiting surface of 21 acres. This can be increased if it should be found desirable. The total cubic contents of the building will be 33 millions of feet. The gallery will be nearly a mile in length, and have a width of 24 feet. The length of tables or table space, for the purpose of the Exhibition will be about 8 miles. The weight of the glass to be employed will be upwards of 400 tons.

The erection has been entrusted to Messrs. Fox and Henderson, of Birmingham, who have contracted to provide the materials, defray all the expenses of erection, and afterwards to remove the building, restoring the park, as nearly as possible, to its former state, for the sum of £79,800. Should it be ultimately determined to retain the building for the use of the country, the total cost will amount to £150,000.

The building will consist of three stories, so arranged that the ends will have the appearance of a pyramid of three steps. By a peculiar construction of the roof in ridges and valleys, water will be carried off with great rapidity. The admission and intensity of light will be regulated by means of canvass screens; ventilation will be effected by luffer-boards, capable of being opened and shut, and the air may be cooled in hot weather by being made to pass through canvass saturated with wet. We shall have future occasion to speak of the classification of articles for exhibition, and the corresponding arrangements of the building: it may be sufficient, in this place, to state that the western half is to be devoted to machinery and raw materials, and the eastern portion to manufactures and the plastic arts. The great central hall is also to be appropriated to the latter. There will be numerous entrances, the principal ones being at the north and south ends, and at the ends of the transept.

Ample arrangements are, of course, contemplated for the supply of suitable refreshments in the building, and various spots have been selected under the grateful shade of clumps of trees, and amid flowers and shrubs, where the visitor may rest and partake of such fare as his tastes and means may dictate. In some of the arrangements on this subject the Commissioners have shown an admirable discretion, and a very proper consideration for the convenience of persons to whom expense is an object. In the first place we are happy to announce that all intoxi-

cating beverages are to be strictly prohibited; secondly, the contractors for the supply of refreshments will be required to furnish those of a simple kind, such as tea, coffee, bread and butter, and fruits, and at a fixed tariff of prices; and thirdly, they must covenant to supply all persons who ask for it, with pure water for drinking, *free of all charge whatsoever*. Thus the sober man will be enabled to visit the exhibition without having his feelings offended by any spectacle of intoxication, amongst the thousands congregated about him; and the working man and his family will be able to take their light and frugal refreshment without being subject to extortion, or, if that will satisfy them, drink their free draught of nature's crystal stream. In these arrangements her Majesty's Commissioners have created an additional claim to the confidence of the people.

Since the commencement of the building, something like two thousand workmen have been employed daily in Hyde-park in fitting up the materials which are for the most part prepared at the workshops of the contractors. Some processes, such as boring, punching, &c., are conducted on the premises. The immense body of workmen are divided into gangs, each under the superintendence of a foreman, who is responsible for the regularity of his men. Upon leaving the works for meals, or at the close of the day's labour, each man is furnished with a metal pass stamped with his number, which ensures his readmission, and by being handed in at the door, enables his foreman to check his attendance. It may be interesting to our readers to know that a general good feeling prevails between the workmen and their employers, and that good and efficient artisans receive a full rate of wages. The men employed in raising the girders and columns work in gangs of about twenty men each. The gangman receives 5s. per day, and labourers 3s. and 3s. 6d. Pipe-layers are paid 3s. 6d. and boys 2s. per day. Carpenters, glaziers, fitters and smiths receive each 5s. a day. Best hands of painters receive 5s., and inferior ones 4s. a day.

The establishments in which the materials are being made are amongst the most remarkable and extensive depots of industry in the kingdom. The greater portion of the iron framework will come from the Woodside Works, near Dudley; and Messrs. Chance and Company, of Spon-lane, will supply the glass. The rest of the fittings and a portion of the columns and girders will be supplied by Messrs. Fox and Henderson from their own foundry. At Woodside from thirty to forty girders, and from forty to fifty columns, are cast daily. The energies of the establishment are taxed to the utmost to increase the rapidity of production, and there are relays of men working continuously night and day. The same remarks apply to the glass works of Messrs. Chance, who have undertaken to supply the whole of the glass, with the exception of some 40,000 lbs.

Supposing the products of these great manufactories deposited in Hyde-park, as is being daily done in immense quantities, it remains to describe the process by which they are built up into the fairy-like palace that is rising before our eyes. If you are privileged to enter the enclosure within which the work proceeds, you witness a scene of thrilling interest. The vast net-work of columns and bars that already assumes the look of shape and proportion; the workmen's fires scattered here and there; the rapid action of the steam-engines, and the busy hordes of artisans doing their several parts towards the uplifting the giant structure, strike the mind at first with a sense of bewilderment, an effect increased by the absence of scaffolding so associated in our minds with building operations, and without which the progress of this huge structure seems almost the work of magic. Presently, however, the impression changes to a consciousness of the omnipotence of human energy and skill, in whose vocabulary it may almost be questioned if impossibility has a place.

In preparing the foundations of the columns, the ground is first marked out in lines, and a pit sunk on the spot each is to occupy. The pit is then filled with concrete, care being taken in fixing the level of the surface of the concrete, as this will determine the height of the column. The strength of the columns having been tested by means of a hydraulic press, they are carried on trucks to their intended sites. The process of hoisting the column from the truck is a very simple one, and

is performed with a gin or temporary crane. The columns are fixed, and the girders connected with them, by means of bolts and mortices. With the exception of putty used in glazing, no moist material of any kind is employed in any of the fastenings. The wet mortar and plaster required in a building of brick or stone would have rendered it unfit, for a long time, for the reception of most manufactured goods. In the present structure this disadvantage is entirely obviated. From the first moment of its completion it will be ready for use.

It has been determined by the Commissioners to make use of "specimens of pavements, parquetrie works, fountains, ceilings, and other similar objects," which may be prepared for exhibition, as parts of the decoration of the building itself; and the Executive Committee announced, on the 14th October, that they were prepared to receive offers from any intending exhibitors, whether native or foreign, for the exhibitions of decorative ceilings, decorated iron railings, ornamental fountains, decorative works in scagliola, coloured cements, and other materials for walls, &c. Thus a fine opportunity will be afforded to modellers, decorators, wood-carvers, and others, to display their skill in these and similar branches of industry.

We must, for the present, however, leave the building, and advert, for a moment or two, to the question of its site. As we design this series of papers to comprise a popular history of the development of this great enterprise, it is proper for us faithfully to chronicle the fact that a controversy touching the whereabouts of the Exhibition threatened, at one time, seriously to interfere with its prospects of success. Hyde-park was proposed by its promoters, and the sanction of the Government was readily obtained to this use, for a time, of one of the people's pleasure-grounds. The clamour raised against it was based altogether on insufficient grounds. The best site which London can afford—the most pleasant, healthy, and beautiful—the most convenient and easy of access—was the one to be selected. Hyde-park possesses all these advantages in an eminent degree; and if the quiet retirement of fashionable circles be somewhat invaded by crowds of operatives flocking to their festival, they have the means, which the poor have not, of going far off in quest of more secure repose; and if the green sward be trampled under foot, an ever-renewing nature will forgive, and quickly repair, the injury.

The erection of the Crystal Palace will, in all probability, mark the commencement of a new era in the history of public buildings, and we shall, therefore, in our next, refer to some of its most interesting peculiarities, and describe some of the mechanical processes connected with its progress.

Our Expected Visitors.—Arrangements are progressing, on an extensive scale, for the transport of visitors from all parts of the world. France, Germany, and Italy may be expected to send thousands of their populations to the British metropolis. The continental governments are acting in concert with the railway companies for the provision of a constant succession of cheap excursion trains; and, as in England, numerous associations of working men are already formed. A great number of steamers are preparing to ply between England and America; and as many as ten thousand persons, it is said, will cross the Atlantic from New York alone. In Russia, we are told, the Czar intends relaxing the very stringent laws which deny his subjects the right of free travel; and that all persons of good character will be supplied with passports. Even from the far East the cry is—They come!

Our visitors will see many sights besides the "Great Exhibition" itself. We trust that many will have time to study our free institutions, and mark the causes which have made us so far a peaceful, contented, and prosperous people. Let it be our ambition to exhibit, in addition to our industrial produce, a specimen of order, sobriety, cleanliness, and good temper. Let the English artisan show his brothers a goodly pattern of all that makes up a brave and honest manhood. Let us deport ourselves, too, in kind and considerate courtesy to all that shall come amongst us—men, in many cases, of ideas and customs foreign to our own, that the citizens of the world may carry back with them friendly and generous feelings towards a nation they have too often been taught to consider their natural foe.

Cheap Trains and Artisan Clubs.—We have received from the Executive Committee a statement of the arrange-

ments made with the principal Railway Companies, for the cheap conveyance of visitors to the Exhibition. The companies which have already given in their adhesion to these terms are the undermentioned, and there can be no doubt that others will shortly concur:—

Aberdeen,
Ambergate, Nottingham, and Boston,
Bristol and Exeter,
Caledonian,
Cheshire Junction,
Chester and Holyhead,
Eastern Counties,
East Anglian,
Eastern Union,
Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock,
Great Western,
Great Northern,
Kendal and Windermere,
Lancaster and Carlisle,
Leeds and Thirsk,
London and Brighton,
London and North Western,
London and South Western,
Midland,
Newcastle and Carlisle,
North British,
North Stafford,
North Western,
Scottish Central,
Scottish Midland Junction,
Shrewsbury and Chester,
Shropshire Union,
South Devon,
South Stafford,
Stockton and Darlington,
York, Newcastle, and Berwick,
York and North Midland.

The arrangements are made expressly for the benefit of subscribers to artisan clubs, and are not to come into force until the 1st of July, 1851, nor until the entrance fee to the Exhibition shall have been reduced to 1s.

The directors undertake to convey all persons subscribing to local clubs at *a single railway fare* for both journeys up and down, which shall in no case exceed the existing fare by parliamentary trains for the journey in one direction only. The parliamentary fare is 1d. per mile, so that the charge for the Exhibition will in no case be more than 0½d. per mile on the double journey. Thus, a visitor will be enabled to come up from a distance of 100 miles, and return home again, for the sum of 8s. 4d.

But a further abatement is to be made where the distance exceeds 100 miles, in the following proportions:—For the first excess 100 miles, one-fifth, or 20 per cent., to be deducted; for the second excess 100 miles, three-tenths, or 30 per cent.; for the third excess 100 miles, two-fifths, or 40 per cent.; for the fourth excess 100 miles, one-half, or 50 per cent., to be allowed. A brief tabular statement will, perhaps, serve to make this plainer:—

150 miles	will be	charged	as	140
200	„	„	„	180
300	„	„	„	250
400	„	„	„	310
500	„	„	„	360

And, in the same proportion, in intermediate distances.

It has also been arranged that special trains shall be placed at the disposal of the subscription clubs whenever parties of 250 in number are made up; that the time of departure shall be so fixed as to make the hour of arrival in London as convenient as possible to the excursionists, and the time of departure for the return-train arranged according to circumstances, but in no cases to exceed six days from that of arrival.

The object of the Executive Committee in promoting these arrangements, and in making them known thus early, is stated to be the encouragement of the formation of artisan clubs. Wherever these have not been formed, no time should be lost in supplying the omission, as the longer the period over which the subscriptions are spread, the smaller will be the weekly sum required to be paid in.

At Plymouth an association was formed at a meeting presided over by the Mayor, the subscriptions to commence from the 2nd of November. The object of the funds is not only to procure cheap transit to and from London for a large number of visitors, but also to provide for admission to the Exhibition, and sleeping and other accommodation. It was determined that the subscription should be not less than 10d. per week for each member. The following calculation was made by one of the speakers:—By commencing with the 2nd of November they would have forty weeks before them, which, at 10d. per week, would realize £1 13s. 4d. The railway journey both ways would consume £1 1s. 0d. Upon the supposition that it will take four days to view the Exhibition, and the cost of admission thus amount to 4s., there would be left the sum of 8s. 4d. to pay the expenses of boarding.

We have before us the financial statement of a society which had already been in existence, when the figures were made out, thirty-two weeks; we mean the Southampton Society. The number of shares taken amounted to 823, and of the total sum due upon these (£109 14s. 8d.) more than £100 had been paid in. By their timely beginning, the subscribers in

this case are in circumstances of some advantage.

In the formation of new clubs, the magnitude of the subscriptions will of course depend upon the cost of the journey, and that will depend on the distance. If the shares be fixed at as low as a few pence weekly, subscribers may have the option of taking up any number they please (under certain limitations), according to the scale of expenditure they may propose to adopt.

We subjoin a copy of rules, which we believe will be found to work well. They are those of the Bristol Association:—

"That this society shall be called 'The Bristol Working Men's Association in connection with the Great Exhibition of 1851.'

"That the affairs of this society shall be conducted by a committee appointed by the delegates of the various trades, with the supervision of the Bristol Local Committee of the Exhibition.

"That —— be the trustees, who will be responsible for all moneys paid by the receivers into the —— bank.

"That five members of the committee be appointed by the delegates of trades to attend the Local Committee of the Exhibition, and be the medium of communication between that committee and this association.

"That any person residing in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and not comprised in any district, may pay his or her deposits to the nearest receiver.

"That any depositor who shall fail to continue his deposits, or be unable to proceed to London, shall be entitled to receive the same (after deducting a sum for expenses as hereinafter provided for) at the general distribution about May, 1851, and not earlier, except in case of sickness, death, or any other special circumstance, at the discretion of the committee.

"That some time about May, 1851, the committee shall make out lists of depositors intending to visit London, together with the amount due to each, and shall submit the same signed by them to the trustees; and a day shall be named for the repayment of the several claimants, who will be required to attend personally for the purpose.

"That on such day of repayment the trustees shall deduct from the amount to be returned to the depositors a sum not exceeding two and a-half per cent., for the necessary expenses of books, printing, meetings, &c., and also any sum which may have been agreed to be paid for railway fare."

We select the Bristol rules for imitation, not because they are in all respects superior to others, but because they are based on one principle worthy of all commendation—they make no provision for the reception of eleemosynary aid. No lists are open for honorary subscriptions. This is worthy the character of the working man. On such an occasion, more than any other, it becomes him to vindicate the independence of his order.

On another point, however, we think the arrangements of the Bristol association may be departed from with advantage. It will be seen that each member is to receive back the amount of his deposits individually for disbursement at his own discretion. It appears to us that the principle of association may be carried further than the mere provision of funds. Visits to London in parties under the direction of a general superintendent will be found to economise the expenses of travelling, of lodging, and of sight-seeing, and greatly to promote convenience and comfort.

We will conclude this subject for the present with one or two practical hints for the guidance of those who may contemplate forming or joining artisan clubs.

First—Have nothing to do with any society that meets at a public-house. If you are not accustomed to go to such places it will lead you into bad company and bad habits. If you are accustomed to go there, the sooner you form associations elsewhere the better. Besides, public-houses are expensive; and in joining a club your object is to save and lay by money, not foolishly spend it. Secondly—Take care that the responsible officers of the society are respectable men. There are innumerable persons—masters, foremen, and others, of unquestionable integrity, in whose hands your funds will run no risk, and who will be glad to take a little trouble to serve you on such an occasion.

The attention of the Commissioners to the comforts of the expected visitors to the Metropolis is not confined to the provision of cheap trains, wholesome lodgings, and simple (and in the case of filtered water, gratuitous) refreshments. It extends to minor things, and it may justly be said that no arrangement is being neglected which may tend to the accommodation and convenience of the crowds of sight-seers. A single illustration will be sufficient to prove the truth of this statement. The Directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company have had brought under their consideration the advantages that would result to the excursionists by that line, if they were carried on direct to Kensington,

rather than set down at Euston-square, as is usually done. A journey through the streets of a mile and a half would be saved to them. At Kensington they would be a mile and a quarter from the building; at Euston-square, three miles. The Directors have readily consented to the proposed arrangement, and passengers will, in consequence, be despatched at once to Kensington.

It is impossible to foretell the variety of means that will be adopted to facilitate the conveyance of visitors. In addition to the cheap trains offered by the railway companies, and the plans of co-operation adopted by the artisan clubs, it is probable that numerous individuals and bodies will undertake, as a speculation, to farm the whole expenses of the journey, boarding, &c., for large parties Prospectuses of this kind have already been issued. Thus the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company proposes to carry working men to and from London, and provide them with every accommodation during eight days, for the small sum of three pounds.

Proposed Supplemental Exhibition.—The demands for space are so numerous (those from the United Kingdom alone amounting to double the number of feet at the disposal of the Committee) that a great number of articles will necessarily be excluded. It is said that the establishment of a grand supplementary Exhibition for the reception of these is in contemplation, as a speculation on the part of the projectors. If carried out, it is anticipated that a large income will be realized by the scheme.

Goldsmith's Company's Prizes.—The Goldsmith's Company have determined on awarding prizes to the amount of £1,000, for works of the highest merit in design and execution, in gold and silver plate. The separate prizes will amount to sums of from £300 to £20 and £10 each. The larger sums will be awarded for works of the most costly description, such as services, candelabra, and church plate. The smaller prizes are intended for less expensive articles, saltcellars, &c., so as to open the range of competition to the artisan, as well as the wealthy tradesman. The works must be forwarded to the Goldsmith's Hall, when the best specimens will be selected, and sent into the Exhibition. It is thought that the Company will afterwards purchase the successful pieces.

Copyright of Inventions.—Some anxiety having been felt as to the security of inventions exhibited, from piracy, we are happy to say that the subject continues to receive earnest consideration; and we have no doubt that every necessary measure will be taken to secure the copyright of all designs that may be sent in. The Society of Arts, several of the local committees, and other bodies, are taking the matter up, and are steadily working for this end. That Government is not inattentive to the defects of the present system of patent-laws may be inferred from a new order recently issued by the Attorney-General. Hitherto applicants for patents have been required only to send in a vague description of their inventions or improvements, and not compelled to complete this specification within six months, or sometimes longer. Had this arrangement continued, ingenious speculators might have handed in general titles of inventions to the patent-office, and then availed themselves of every suggestion they could gather from the Exhibition to introduce it into their specification. By the new order, an immense amount of pilfering of this kind will be avoided. It is to the following effect—that in future every person applying for a patent will be required to deposit "an outline description, in writing or drawing, to be approved by the Attorney or Solicitor General, before any report will be made on such patent."

Obligations of the Cheap and Useful, as well as the Costly and Beautiful to the Exhibition.—Amongst the objects sought to be promoted by the Exhibition are not only beauty and excellence of workmanship, but cheapness of production. In this it is seen that the interests of the great consuming classes are being steadily kept in view. If the gratification of a cultivated taste were the only or the chief thing cared for, and if the rewards were to be distributed in proportion only as this requirement were met, no amount of cost would be spared on the part of exhibitors in the preparation of their various specimens of production. Competition would thus be enlisted in the manufacture of articles valuable as objects of vertû, rather than for real practical utility. All would vie in sending into the show the *rare*, the *beautiful*, the *costly*, rather than such specimens of manufacture as combine *excellence of quality* with cheapness of production.

The Commissioners have happily taken a correct view of this matter, and have arrived at such "decisions" with respect to the rejection and selection of articles to be exhibited as show that they are anxious to turn the great event of 1851 to the best possible account, in promoting the production of *good articles* at a *low price*. This is another point of view from which we see it to be a *people's* Exhibition.

Manufacturers will not only vie with each other in weaving such fabrics of grace and beauty as may fit the persons of queens

and peeresses, with revenues ample enough to render expense no object, but they will try to outstrip each other in the production of the best and cheapest fabrics for common wear—coarse, strong, and durable, such as may suit the atmosphere of the workshop, and meet the wants of the poor man's home.

Excellence in this class of articles will be recompensed with *equal* honour and reward as in materials of more costly description. The local committees, in their selection of specimens from the mass sent in to them, are directed to recognise *merit* in *whatever form* it may present itself; the Commissioners being "prepared to look for it in the cheapest fabric, if distinguished as superior in its class, as in the highest forms of artistic excellence." In Decision 107 they say—"They fully recognise that excellence in production is not only to be looked for in high-priced goods in which much cost of labour and skill has been employed, but they encourage the exhibition of low-priced fabrics when combining quality with lowness of price or with novelty of production." The manufacturer who produces a *good* cottage garment will be held in the same rank with him who produces a robe for the ball-room or the palace, for "they can readily conceive that juries will be justified in giving the same class medal to the cheapest Calico Print, made for the Brazilian or other South American market, as they would to the finest piece of *Mousseline de Soie* or *Mousseline de Laine*, if each possessed excellence of its own kind."

The Exhibition will not be a mere raree-show. It will doubtless include many curiosities of skill, to gratify the admirers of the ingenious, for it will represent all Industry of every kind. But its chief and immediate consequence (speaking of material, not of moral, results) will be to increase the cheapness and excellence of those productions which constitute the staple articles of consumption to the masses of the people.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

AN ASPIRANT.—You will gain every information upon the subject by making application to No. 1, Old Palace-yard, Westminster. We would have endeavoured to have answered your questions, if you had addressed them to us.

A CLUB SECRETARY. — Although the Commissioners have made the general arrangements with the railway companies which we announce in another page, each association will, of course, be at liberty to make the best terms it can for itself. We are of opinion that it will be found practicable to induce the directors, in many cases, to adopt a much lower scale of charges than those now announced. The ordinary excursion trains that ran during the summer were considerably cheaper—from London to Bristol and back, for instance, for 5s. This will not be lost sight of. In the mean time, however, it will be be best for all intending visitors to calculate their expenses upon the rates at present fixed.

A WOULD-BE EXHIBITOR.—To the local committees belongs the distribution of the various amounts of space assigned to them; and in admitting articles they are to bear in mind that the cheapest articles, if superior of their class, are entitled to admittance as well as the most costly. The local committees have power, if not satisfied with the articles of any persons who have applied for space, to assign that space to other persons who may not have applied before the 31st Oct. The Commissioners will not meddle with any differences of opinion between local committees and exhibitors.

WILLIAM JAY.—An idea very similar to yours has already been acted on, we believe, at York, where a club has started into existence for the purpose of supplying the subscribers intending to visit the Great Exhibition of 1851 with a suit of clothing.

R. F. N. (Birmingham.)—The subject of patent laws shall continue to receive our most earnest attention. We watch the progress of the question with great interest. We believe the Government are well-disposed on the matter, and have much hope of a successful issue.

G. and F. (Hull.)—The arrangements made with the railway companies for the conveyance of goods are as follows:—The goods are to be received and delivered at the expense of the exhibitors. On the production of a certificate from any local committee stating that the articles are *bona fide* for the Exhibition, the prepayment of one-half of the usual railway rate, with the charge for delivery, accompanied by an agreement as to non-liability of the railway company, shall entitle the exhibitor to have the goods so conveyed and delivered. That, if no such certificate be produced, the ordinary railway rate and charge for delivery shall be prepaid to the company (the foregoing declaration and agreement as to non-liability being furnished at the same time) upon an undertaking binding the company to repay to the exhibitor one-half of the railway charge as soon as a certificate shall be produced, stating that the said goods have been duly admitted to the Exhibition.

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

The possession of a garden, even though it may be small, affords one rich blessing which is not sufficiently thought upon, and that is, it provides a never-failing source of pleasant occupation. No one who has a little garden to attend to, need at any time sit listlessly idle, or go to a neighbour's house to pass away precious time in silly gossip. They will always find something to be done there, and it will always be something agreeable—agreeable not only as present employment, but in its associations with future family comforts, the hot dishes of vegetables—the ripe fruits—the lovely flowers. Oh! it is pleasant to work when we can look forward to much pleasant rewards, and therefore let us come now to the garden; though the winter months have come, we need not be idle.

WEEDING AND HOEING.

Slow as vegetation is at this season there is no lack of weeds. There they are, growing up in all their wild strength among the young crops; we must remove them at once, and carefully, with the hand, from the onion and spinach beds, and with the hoe from all others. In using the hoe in beds of cabbages of every description, leeks, lettuce, and endive, we need not fear to stir the surface of the earth well, as the more it is loosened, provided the fibrous roots of the plants are not injured, the quicker will be the growth of the vegetables.

FILLING UP.

While loosening the ground, the vacant spaces in the beds, caused by the failure of part of any of the crops, will be observed, and these should all now be at once filled up, either with the same vegetables, or others of corresponding habits, so that all may be ripe at the same time. Thus spinach, onions, and lettuce, may be mingled; and broccoli with common cabbages.

MAZAGAN OR LONG POD BEANS.

If there is an empty border facing the south, or a few ridges having a southern aspect, a sheltered situation, and good, dry, warm soil, long pod beans may now be safely sown in them; they will survive the winter, and afford some fine early dishes. Less seed is required at this season than in spring. One half-pint of year-old beans being sufficient for three drills, each five yards long.

CELERY.

We should now earth up the full grown celery nearly to the top of the leaves to save it from the frost, and protect the younger ones with loose straw.

TRENCHING.

All these things being completed, it will be necessary to prepare any ground which may still remain unoccupied for early spring crops. The best method for doing this is by first throwing on it all the weeds, then plenty of manure, and afterwards turning up the sub-soil and mixing all well together. It is not sufficient merely to turn up the cold sub-soil, and put down the rich soil at the bottom out of reach of the roots of the plants; the two must be mixed thoroughly and the surface be then left in rough ridges until spring, when the produce of such beds will amply repay the trouble.

There is nothing further need be done this week, and therefore, as we are not tired of our light labour, though it is over for the present, we shall read from the work of an elegant French writer a short passage on gardening:—

"We are all," he writes, "born gardeners, and the first inclinations of our childhood lead us to the culture of fruits and flowers. We are divided with respect to all other tastes, and re-united only in the universal disposition to husbandry. Whatever difference the necessities of life, or the customs of society may create in our usual employments, we all show an instinctive remembrance of our origin, by disengaging ourselves whenever it is possible from our common occupations, and seeking amusement and health in our gardens and fields. The merchant thinks himself happy when he has an opportunity of passing from his counting-house to his flowers; the mechanic, whom positive duty fixes to the one place, adorns his window with a fragrant plant; and the military man and the courtier are equally happy to escape from the hurry and vexations of the city to the quiet and the loveliness of the country. In a word, all men, no matter what their rank, find in husbandry one common interest, and in the love of flowers, in particular, one universal taste."

"Flowers," adds the same writer "were formed solely for man; 'tis to please him only they were scattered over the verdant sod. No eyes but his can enjoy their beauties. The animals never seem to feel pleasure when they behold them; they never stop their browsing to gaze on their rich tints or to inhale their sweet perfume. They confound them with the common herbage of the field; they trample on the most lovely of the tribe, and are perfectly insensible of this ornament of the earth, while man finds the contemplation of them pleasant to his sight, and praising God for their abundance, surrounds his dwelling with them, or places them on his window, or over his fire place. They are '*the* ornaments' of the cottage;' they are the '*chastest* ornaments' of the palace."

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM DECEMBER 8TH TO DECEMBER 14TH.

December 8. *Second Sunday in Advent.*

December 8, 1691, died, aged 76, *Richard Baxter*, the most eminent of the English Nonconformist divines of the seventeenth century. In 1638, he received ordination in the Church of England; at the Restoration he was made one of the king's chaplains, and was offered the bishopric of Hereford, but refused it, on conscientious grounds. On these grounds, also, he detached himself from the establishment, and was settled over a congregation at Kidderminster. His conscientiousness and piety allied him to all good men of every creed. In divinity, he sought to establish a resting place between strict Calvinism and strict Arminianism, and may be called the founder of the principle called "Baxterian," which seems to be the admittance of election, and the rejection of reprobation. He was a most voluminous writer; his various pieces would fill fifty or more good-sized octavo volumes.

December 8, 1834, died, at Glasgow, *Edward Irving*, who for some years was remarkably popular in London as a preacher. He was a man of true genius, fervent imagination, and commanding eloquence. Towards the latter part of his life he imbibed and propagated peculiar notions as the Millennium, the revival of miracles, the gift of tongues, the office of the Christian church, &c.

December 9, 1608, was born, *John Milton*, the most eminent of English poets. He died in November, 1674, when he had nearly completed his 66th year. For particulars as to the character of this great man, see "Working Man's Friend," vol. iii. page 124.

December 10, 1768, was founded the *Royal Academy*. This institution was founded for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. It has a fund for the encouraging and rewarding rising genius, and to defray the expenses of students during a limited stay at Rome. It has a collection of statues, models, &c., and a library, for the use of the students; who have also opportunities of drawing and modelling from life. It has an annual Exhibition of pictures, models, drawings, &c., which has effected great good in the profession of artists, besides making the public acquainted with existing talent every year. For several years a portion of Somerset-house, Strand, was occupied by this Academy for its meetings, lectures, studies, and exhibitions; but a portion of the new Gallery in Trafalgar-square is now devoted to the purposes of the Institution. *Sir Charles Locke Eastlake* has recently been elected President.

December 11, 1718, *Charles the Twelfth*, King of Sweden, was killed, while laying siege to Fredericshall, in Norway. He was a man of daring disposition and reckless bravery, and seems to have been inspired with a love of warfare purely for its own sake.

December 12, 1849, died, in his 80th year, *Sir I. Brunel*, a civil engineer of great eminence. He was by birth a Frenchman, but his life and genius were almost wholly devoted to the invention and construction of works of great public utility in this country. About the year 1799 he matured his plans for making shipblocks by machinery; the block machinery was finished in 1806, and has continued ever since in full operation, supplying our fleet with blocks of a very superior description to those previously in use, and at a large annual saving to the public. He constructed several saw mills; the circular saw, for cutting veneers of valuable woods; also the beautiful little machine for winding cotton thread into balls, which greatly extended its consumption. He introduced several improvements in steam navigation. It was he, also, who originated the plan for a Tunnel under the Thames which after many interruptions, was finished and opened to the public in 1843. In a scientific point of view, this work will always be regarded as displaying the highest professional ability, an amount of energy and perseverance rarely exceeded, and a fertility of invention and resources under what were deemed insurmountable difficulties, which will always secure to Sir I. Brunel a high amount of fame.

December 13, 1784, died, *Samuel Johnson*, LL.D., one of the most distinguished writers of the eighteenth century, aged 75. See "Working Man's Friend," vol. iii. page 52.

December 14, 1785, died *Jean Baptiste Cipriani*, an eminent painter and designer, a native of Tuscany. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy. His drawings are greatly admired for their correctness, fertility of invention, and harmonious colouring, and many exquisite engravings were made from them by Bartolozzi.

TO OUR READERS

MORE ESPECIALLY THOSE OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

It is our intention to place at the disposal of our friends of the Working Classes a portion of our Monthly Supplementary Number, for the purpose of intercommunication on questions in History, Chronology, Art and Science, matters of daily observation, Mathematical Problems, Arithmetical difficulties, Conundrums, Riddles, Charades, &c. The questions will appear one month, and will be open to any of our readers for replies on the month following. The Editor, of course, will exercise his judgment in selecting what to him appear to be the most appropriate replies or solutions.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. IV.—No. 50.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1850.]

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

Article the Second.

We showed in our last paper the inconsistency and cruelty of a government which professed to be anxious for the education of the people, and yet imposed a tax upon knowledge! Our day is noted for oddities; and not the least of them is, that while the Government weeps over the ignorance of the people, and grants £100,000 a year to educate them, it, at the same time, taxes books and national education upwards of a million! But the matter is not more inconsistent and cruel than it is impolitic.

To deprive the mind of knowledge is most *inhuman*. The crowd hoots through the streets the man or the woman who starves a child or apprentice, and yet we allow mental famine to be produced, and are almost ready to praise to the skies the guilty agents of this barbarism. "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." Knowledge is everything to it. What use are memory, reason, judgment, imagination, and conscience, without correct information? Each of these powers may become the most malignant curses, if not properly trained. It does not require depravity to induce a person to go wrong; ignorance is sufficient to lead any one astray. If an archangel were ignorant he would become a sinner, or if obedient would be obedient from chance or instinct, and therefore not obedient at all, because obedience supposes a law given by the ruler, and the knowledge of its precepts in the person who observes them. Without knowledge there can be no motives. The bee has no knowledge, and consequently no motives or principles, and therefore builds its cells from instinct. A person may have knowledge, and yet sin from malignity; but a person who has received no instruction will err for the want of knowing better, and become injurious to society, not so much from a corrupt heart as from an ill-informed head. To curse a nation with ignorance is, therefore, more cruel than to tax its bread. It is utterly impossible to vindicate the humanity of a government which imposes the least tax that will interfere with the instruction of its subjects.

But it is *impolitic*. Who but a tyrant would wish to govern ignorant slaves and minions? The imposition of a duty upon knowledge leaves the Government itself under a reproach. It supposes that all is not right and above-board, and that, if the people knew all, they would be dissatisfied, and mutiny. It is utterly impossible for even demons to devise an accusation or libel equal to that which is implied in the refusal of the freedom of the press. Many hard things have been said of the Emperors of Austria and Russia; but the hardest thing that could be uttered —the deepest condemnation that could be framed, is involved in the great fact, that they will not allow the Press to be free. Here is self-crimination with a witness. By this tyranny, they say to all their subjects, to all Europe, and the world: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—Our deeds are evil, and therefore we cannot bear the light. Our actions are so underhanded, our motives are so selfish, our despotism is so despicable, our Government is so corrupt and cruel, and our viciousness is in everything so flagrant, that if you knew all, you would despise our sceptre, and be guilty of insurrection. We are a disgusting mass of political and ecclesiastical corruption; too offensive for even this depraved world

to look at without crying shame at us; and therefore we fetter the press." But to fetter the press, and to tax knowledge, and render it too dear for the people to obtain it are very much on a par. Our word "*tantalize*" comes from Tantalus, who was tormented with hunger and thirst, and had ample provision at his lips, but was never allowed to taste it. The presence of the food and the stream have always been considered the most exquisite part of the penalty. It is one merit of the northern barbarian that he does not *tantalize* his subjects. Knowledge is not put to their lips, and then denied; but our more civilized despots hang out the information to awaken the desires of the people, but, by a cruel tax, prevent them from gratifying their wishes. The mental grapes are too high, and the hope is, that the masses will, like the fox in the fable, become tired in their efforts to obtain them, and pronounce them sour. The most cruel part of the business is, that when they see the people thus worn out, they profess to sympathize with them, and tell them what a sad thing it is that the clusters grow so far above them, and how glad they should be to help them if they could. Why the £100,000 which they give back out of the millions they extort, is only so much dust thrown into the eyes of the masses to prevent their seeing the injustice which forges chains to keep them from the attainment of rational information. The crimes perpetrated under the fair names of liberty, humanity, and religion, throw the deeds of common sinners into the shade.

A righteous government would delight in having their deeds canvassed. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be manifest." This is a universal truth. Righteousness has nothing to hide, liberty nothing to hide, benevolence nothing to conceal. These principles delight in the sunlight and the day; and therefore you may be sure that whenever the press is fettered, or knowledge taxed, there is something behind the scene which must not be told. It would be to the interest of a righteous administration to have all its deeds proclaimed on the house-top. Bad as the people are said to be, yet *we* have rarely heard or read of any one rebelling against justice, liberty, and munificence. It is important not only to govern a nation well, but to let all classes know that the sceptre is righteous: for want of this many a good action has been miscontrued, and suspicion and discontent awakened instead of gratitude. The Almighty, in his word, lays open before us the principles of his government, and wishes us all to read and understand what he does. He not only gives us laws, but gives us his reasons for demanding our obedience; and it will be a glorious thing for the satisfaction of the people and the stability of the throne, when rulers shall have no crooked policy, no selfish deeds, no dishonourable actions to conceal, and shall remove every tax on knowledge, in order that its laws and the principles of its administration may be proclaimed as widely as possible.

And thus the people ought not only to be profound politicians, but to be well acquainted with trade, jurisprudence, liberty, right, science, history, and religion. Without information on these various topics they will be always making the most injurious blunders. Providence intended us all to be traders in some form or other. It is by selling and buying that we procure the comforts of life, and gain our wealth. Without trade a nation cannot have prosperity; but then it is important that business should be conducted on righteous and benevolent principles, and nothing will be so conducive to this as extensive reading.

Right and liberty also should be properly understood. The French people have more than once had all their liberties placed at their feet, and yet have not known

how to use them. What hosts of bayonets are now drawn to keep them in order! Every man's hand is against every man, so that no one seems to feel safe. Most persons go to bed in mistrust, not knowing but their house may be set fire to before the morning. *Liberty, fraternity*, and *equality* are poor safeguards when not understood by those who live under their shadow. It may be objected that the French are a reading people; and so they may be, but then the books in circulation are frequently of the most silly, useless, and corrupt tendency, and therefore the people are fickle, unstable, and licentious. To govern such subjects is one of the most difficult tasks. Of a well-informed population it may be said, in the language of Scripture, that "a little child shall lead them." All the physical-force men in our country, all the violent agitators who have thrown back the tide of liberty and brought themselves to prison or transportation, have been notoriously ignorant either of their rights or the rational way to obtain them, and consequently have troubled themselves and been a trouble to the country. Within the last twenty years ignorance has cost the Government millions, and inflicted incalculable woes upon the working classes. Taxing knowledge is being "penny wise and pound foolish." The millions of revenue from this source have had to be paid back again to police, jails, judges, hulks, and penal colonies, with tremendous interest. How few well-informed, enlightened, and moral people come to the parish, and none to the jail or the gallows! Let the masses be well informed, and you may lock up your Unions, dismiss the relieving officer, let the policeman go to his trade, the constable lay down his staff, and the judge put off his robes. Instead of wanting an assize twice or thrice in a year, you would not require the services of a judge once in a century.

Knowing, as alas! we all do too well, that *jobbing* of every sort has been a prominent feature of most of our administrations; that a large portion of the aristocracy live on the taxes wrung from the hard earnings of the working classes; and that offices have been from time to time created for the purpose of pensioning the needy and craving sons and daughters of the nobility; one might be ready to conclude that the taxes on knowledge have been craftily devised to keep up crime and disaffection, that there may be a pretext for all sorts of civil and judicial offices. We have heard scoffers say that "Beelzebub is the great friend of the priesthood, because, if he did not exist, the parsons would have nothing to do." The impiety and folly of this remark is obvious to all, but nevertheless our rulers seem to act up to its spirit, and determine that ignorance shall create plenty of civil and political demons to give offices and salaries to their dependants. How far they have put down these evil spirits, or wish to do so, may be gathered from the inefficient agents they have employed, and the taxes they have imposed on books, paper, and advertisements. Do away with these, let the people read and think, let them have good and cheap books, and it will soon be said of some hundreds of the over-paid occupations of the aristocracy and gentry, that "Othello's occupation is gone." Of this we feel certain, that as soon as we have an enlightened and moral population, instead of Parliament meeting for six months in the year, even one month would be found to be more than would be needed to manage the affairs of the nation, and very few offices would be required for the civil service of the country.

Trash, notwithstanding the taxes on knowledge, is cheap. We have numbers of dissipated debauchees, who, for a very small sum, are willing to minister to the cravings of corrupt minds, and thus prepare their brethren and sisters for the union, the bedlam, the jail, or the hulks. The little that has been done to circulate valu-

able books on science, history, and true religion, has shown that truth and virtue might soon triumph if the taxes on knowledge were removed. It must be trumpeted through the land, from east to west, from north to south, that this infamous impost is one of the most fruitful sources of anarchy, vice, immorality, irreligion, and misery that exists in the land. Give the working classes the means of educating themselves by encouraging trade; remove the taxes on knowledge that they may have good and cheap books; and a finer, more moral, peaceable, and intelligent race of subjects than the operatives of this country, have never sat at a loom or followed the plough.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—No. I.

ITS ORIGIN.

Extraordinary interest cannot fail to be excited in the minds of multitudes, who will soon begin to rush to our Metropolis, by that vast and varied assemblage of objects gathered from the world of Nature and the world of Art which awaits their inspection in our national Museum. Repeated visits will be necessary in order to have any adequate impression of the almost numberless treasures it contains; and even then much may be passed over of peculiar interest, unless those who go thither are accompanied by a guide well acquainted with the diversified contents of this storehouse of delightful and invaluable knowledge. We propose, therefore, to issue a series of papers in The Working Man's Friend, to prepare the mind for visiting the British Museum, and also to aid it in doing so; while we shall not fail to make our descriptions sufficiently explicit to enable those who are compelled to tarry at home to form some idea of numerous and marvellous objects on which it will be the high privilege of others to look, and some of which it will be well for them, if they have the opportunity, more than once to examine.

The name Museum denotes a temple or place sacred to the Muses, and is said to have been first given by Ptolemy Philadelphus to that part of the royal palace at Alexandria in which he placed the famous library. The most celebrated museum in Italy is the Vatican at Rome; next to it that of Florence; and the Museo Borbonico at Naples. In France, as well as in Italy, galleries of pictures are considered as within the meaning of the general term "*Musée;*" and the museum of the Louvre is chiefly remarkable for its contents of this description. The word has passed into general use as applicable to a collection of curious objects in nature and art, but in most instances the former.

So long as England was in an unsettled state, a collection such as we should now term a museum could not well be formed. Books and manuscripts were deposited in monasteries, and castles and other strongholds were the receptacles of title-deeds, records, and other papers, often scattered, however, by war and confiscation. The Tower of London alone contained anything approaching to what may be termed a national collection. Towards the close of the sixteenth, and during the seventeenth century, a taste for collecting books, manuscripts, and various curiosities, began to spread amongst those who had the means to gratify it, though it was frequently exhibited in storing the singular, rather than in gathering together what was truly valuable. One distinguished person among them is entitled to special notice.

Sir Robert Bruce Cotton was an eminent English antiquary. He was knighted by James I.; and so high was his reputation for information, learning, and integrity, that not only the most leading men of the time consulted him on affairs of State, but the King himself, on several occasions, employed his pen. On the creation of baronets, in 1611, by that monarch, Sir Robert Cotton appeared as the thirty-sixth in the new dignity.

But though such a favourite with the court, he, in the succeeding reign, joined the Commons in the cry for the redress of grievances, though he recommended mild

and gentle measures, which, in establishing the privileges of the people, might not endanger the safety of the sovereign. In 1629 he became an object of persecution to the court. A manuscript was lent out of his library, and being in a surreptitious copy laid before the privy council, they considered it traitorous, ordered his arrest, his confinement in the Tower, and the seizure of his valuable library. Sir Robert extricated himself with difficulty from the violence of his persecutors, but he still felt the indignities offered to his person and character, so that the treatment he had received in some degree undermined his constitution, and broke his heart.

Though distinguished as a man of letters and a skilful antiquary, Sir Robert Cotton is particularly entitled to the regard of posterity for the valuable library which he accumulated. In his time the many records and important manuscripts which had been carried off from the dissolved monasteries were scattered abroad, and some friendly hand was needed to collect and preserve them for the benefit of the learned. This valuable collection, improved by his son, Sir Thomas, and his grandson, Sir John, was, after suffering by fire in 1731, offered to the Government for the public use. To Sir John Cotton may therefore be fairly ascribed the honour of commencing what is now the British Museum.

Sir Hans Sloane, a physician, of whom the present generation know but little, though his name was familiar to the intelligent among their fathers, is also entitled to grateful remembrance. At an early age, his talents and industry recommended him to the favour of Robert Boyle, and Ray, whose names are resplendent in the annals of science. He afterwards enjoyed the distinguished favour of Sydenham, pre-eminent among the physicians of his time. Sloane, on being appointed physician to the Duke of Albemarle, Governor of Jamaica, collected in a few months a rich treasure of subjects in the different kingdoms of nature, among which were eight hundred species of plants. In 1693 he was elected secretary to the Royal Society. A few years after, he was appointed physician to Christ's Hospital; a situation he held for thirty years.

He was long engaged during this period, and that most assiduously, in forming his museum which became so celebrated, and which in 1702 received a great augmentation from the collections of William Courten, Esq., which were bequeathed to Dr. Sloane on condition of paying certain legacies and debts. The first volume of his great work appeared in 1707, under the title of "A Voyage to the Islands Madeira, Barbadoes, Nevis, St. Christopher, and Jamaica;" and long after this he published his second volume. In 1712 he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Society. In the meantime Queen Anne frequently consulted him, and on the accession of George I. he was appointed physician-general to the army, and created a baronet. He afterwards became physician to George II., and rose to the special honour of succeeding Sir Isaac Newton in the president's chair of the Royal Society.

The purchase of the manor of Chelsea gave occasion to an exercise of his munificence in the cause of science, by a gift of the fee-simple of the botanical garden in that place to the Company of Apothecaries, on conditions securing the proper use of such a benefaction. In other ways he showed the benevolence of his disposition, and on the 11th of January, 1752, he died at Chelsea, in his ninety-second year. He bequeathed his magnificent museum to the public on condition of a payment to his heirs of £20,000, a sum said to be not more than the value of the precious metals and gems centained in the medals and mineral specimens; besides which there was a rich collection of curiosities, natural and artificial, of every kind, and a library of more than 50,000 books, with 3,566 manuscripts. Parliament accepted the legacy, and before the end of the year 1753 an act passed which ordered the payment of the required sum, and vested the property of the museum in trustees for the use of the public. It had long been desired by competent judges that Sir Hans Sloane's museum should be preserved entire, and he was himself consulted towards the close of his life as to several of the persons who were afterwards named trustees.

The following is an enumeration of the contents of Sir Hans Sloane's collection at the time of its transfer to the public:—

Library of Printed Books and Manuscripts, including Books of Prints and drawings.....vols.	50,000
Coins and Medals	23,000
Antique Idols, Utensils, &c.	1,125
Cameos, Intaglios, Seals, &c.	1,500
Vessels and Utensils of Agate, Jasper, &c.	542
Anatomical Preparations, parts of Mummies, Calculi, &c.	756
Quadrupeds and their parts	8,136
Birds and their parts, Eggs, &c.	1,172
Fishes and their Parts	1,555
Amphibia	521
Crustacea	1,436
Shells, Echini, &c.	5,846
Insects	5,439
Corals, Sponges, Zoophytes	1,421
Volumes of Dried Plants	334
Mathematical Instruments	55
Miscellaneous Artificial Curiosities	2,098

But to this valuable and extraordinary collection the attention of the Legislature was not restricted. The Act of Parliament, the 26th George II., which directed the purchase of the Museum, ordered also the purchase of the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, and enacted that the Cottonian Library of Manuscripts, which had been given to the Government for public uses, should, with the library of Major Arthur Edwards attached to it, form a part of the general collection. These several collections were committed to an incorporated body of persons, selected from the first characters in the kingdom for rank, station, and literary attainments, upon whom it conferred ample powers for the disposal, preservation, and arrangement of the institution, which it was resolved should bear the name of the British Museum.

The only buildings offered as general repositories at this time were—Buckingham-house, with gardens and field, and Montague-house, Bloomsbury. The price demanded for the former was three times as much as was required for the latter; in addition to which its situation was inconvenient. Montague-house was consequently engaged in 1754.

This edifice had been built about a hundred years before by Ralph, afterwards Baron Montague, of Boughton, and Duke of Montague, in the style of a French palace. It was designed by Robert Hooke, the celebrated mathematician, who, after the calamitous fire of London, was greatly employed in building. In its completion various foreign artists were engaged by the Duke's desire, and among these, for the decorative portions, Signor Verrio. On its completion it was considered the most magnificent private residence in London. On the 16th of January, 1686, however, owing to the negligence of a servant, it was, unhappily, destroyed by fire. Again, therefore, the large means of the Duke were employed in the reconstruction of the edifice; a new structure was raised on the foundations and burnt walls of the former one, and though reared by fresh artists, the plans were the same. The second architect was Peter Puget, a native of Marseilles. Not a solitary Englishman was, however, allowed to assist in the work. The foreigners were the most distinguished in their time and country. De la Fosse presided over the ceilings; Jacques Rousseau over the landscapes and architectural paintings of the walls; and Baptiste Mercoyer, "emulous apparently," it has been said, "of the attributes of the floral goddess, scattered about him, at every step, a profusion of charming and gaily-hued flowers, wooing you by their beauty almost to try if they were not fragrant into the bargain." The Duke was opulent; but the expenses of the second edifice, its employment of French artists, and the fact that the owner had been twice ambassador to France, together with the political character of the times, led to the popular notion that Louis XIV. himself undertook the office of treasurer during the rebuilding; whether this was true, or not, the Duke could not but know that in high places there was a capital precedent for any such transactions. This, then, was the building subsequently purchased from Lord Halifax for £10,250.

Here the various treasurers already specified were deposited, while it was publically announced that "persons who wished to see the British Museum should apply at the Assembling Room on any Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between ten and two, when they will be required to inscribe their names and places of abode in a book kept for that purpose. Five companies, of not more than fifteen persons each, may be admitted in the course of the day, at each of the hours of ten, eleven, twelve, one, and two, when the attendant whose turn it is will conduct the companies through the house. Persons wishing to consult the books or manuscripts had also the opportunity of doing so, under certain regulations." The Museum was opened for study and public inspection on January 15, 1759.

Our next paper will describe the British Museum as it met the eye of the visitor nearly half a century ago.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. IX.

THE GREAT OFFICERS OF STATE AND OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Master of the Horse; his salary, privileges, and patronage, expenditure of his department, and on what precedent formed.—Curiosities in Cash for Connoisseurs in Cattle.—The Honour of Horse Habiliments, and the Profit too.—An Unlocking of the Door of the Stable Mind.—Striking singularities in Royal Whip-cord.—Equerries, Pages of Honour, Veterinary Surgeons, Coachmen, Grooms, Helpers, Riding-Men and Women, and the cost thereof.—The Royal Hunt: Master of the Buckhounds, Huntsmen, Whippers, Feeders, and the Hereditary Grand Falconer.—Our obligations to Nell Gwynne in that particular.—Miss Melon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts, and subsequently Duchess of St. Alban's.—Miss Burdett and her Riches.—A Page of "Honour," and a Waiter on Providence synonymous.—The Windsor "Mews" on £70,000, and the British Muse on £1,200.—The Royal Riding-house.—The Queen in the Circle.—Prince Albert and the Leaping Bar.—A Flight about Hawks, with a Crow to Pluck, in respect to the aforesaid.—Yellow Plush in the Palace; or, Royal High Life below Stairs.—Regal Flunkeyana.

THOUGH quite foreign to the plan we had originally laid down for our guidance in the introduction of political and state personages in these Memoranda, yet, as we have been insensibly led into details connected with the great ceremony of the Coronation, perhaps we cannot do better than make a finish of this branch of our subject, instead of postponing it till it would have been more appropriate in point of order. We shall, therefore, now speak of the Officers of State who officiate on that occasion; but not, of course, those on whom we have already dwelt, such as the chancellor, the bishops, &c. &c., with the exception of the Duke of Norfolk, and to whom we must now refer—not in his capacity, either of Premier Duke, or of Hereditary Earl-Marshal, but as Master of the Horse, and more in relation to the office itself, than to the present holder of it.

The Master of the Horse has the charge of all matters relating to the royal stables and horses, and enjoys, or rather should enjoy, if he cared to insist on his privileges, the command of the equerries, pages, grooms, coachmen, farriers, smiths, saddlers, and all other tradesmen connected with his department. The revenues appropriated for the support of this portion of the household are understood to be under his entire control, and he is the only officer who enjoys the use of any horses, pages, or footmen, belonging to the royal stables. His salary is £2,500 per annum. He ranks as the third great officer at court, being inferior only to the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain; and in royal processions accompanies the Queen in the same or next carriage. Some idea may be formed of the extent of his patronage when it is learnt that it figures in the civil list to the extent of close upon £40,000. The data upon which the expenditure of this and several other of the great departments of the household is founded were these:—On the present Queen ascending the throne, Government, in order to form a proximate idea of what would be necessary for the maintenance of the dignity and splendour of the Crown, instructed the leading functionaries of the palace to furnish details of outlay under the preceding reign for the year then last past. Accordingly the following was the return made by the Earl of Albemarle, for the department of the Horse, and a very curious document, indeed, it will be found by the Working Man, who will not easily be able to understand, and we confess to a total inability to assist his endeavours, how whips could cost £46 in a single year, and *stationery* for the royal stables £48 a year.

—Liveries, £6,208; forage, £5,308; farriery, £1,012; horses, £3,345; carriages, £4,825; harness, £567; saddlers, £577; bits and spurs, £30; whips, £46; lamps, gas-lights, &c., £642; coals and wood, £954; stationery, £48; turners' articles, £176; candles and soap, £214; washing, £84; ironmongers, £182; allowances for lodging, £590; sundry other small expenses, £2,822; travelling expenses, £1,846; post-horses, £1,402; King's Plates, £2,310; stud bills, £546; hunt bills, £5,000. Deduct proceeds of useless horses sold, £529. Total, £38,205.

Accordingly it was submitted to Parliament, as one of the grounds for asking £385,000 for the annual allowance of her Majesty, that the expenditure under the Master of the Horse amounted to £39,500; and Parliament voted that the following should be the rate of remuneration for the various officers. We introduce the names of the individuals holding them, as far as practicable, up to the date of this present writing, December, 1850:—

Master of the Horse (Duke of Norfolk), £2,500; Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal (Major Lord Alfred H. Paget, M.P. for Lichfield, fourth son of the Marquis of Anglesey, Master-General of the Ordnance), £1,000; Four Equerries (Colonel Hon. C. Grey, Colonel C. Buckley, Major-General Wemyss, and Lord Charles Fitzroy, £3,000; four Pages of Honour (Grant Gordon, Hon. W. F. Forbes, Hon. A. H. Crofton, and G. G. Cameron); Secretary to the Master of the Horse, and Clerk to the Stables (G. Lewis), with other clerks at the stables of London, Windsor, and Brighton, £1,500; Inspector of Stables and Veterinary Surgeon (Mr. J. Goodwin), £600; Equerry of the Crown Stables (Lieut.-General Sir G. Quentin, K.C.H.), £445. Coachmen, postillions, keepers, grooms, porters, and other domestic servants, £12,563. These include the Lady Rider, Mrs. Compton; the Yeoman Rider, Mr. James Slark; the State Coachman, Mr. E. Baker; and various others.

In immediate connection with this comes the Master of the Buckhounds (Earl Besborough), with his £1,700 a year; and the Hereditary Grand Falconer (the infant-Duke of St. Alban's), with his £1,200 a year; together with the huntsman, C. Davis, the three whippers-in, two feeders, and two grooms, all of whom have good salaries, convenient residences, and next to nothing to do, for the royal hunt is so little cared for by her Majesty, and equally so by her Royal Consort, who is understood not to be particularly partial to equestrian performances of any sort—that the whole thing has repeatedly been on the point of being broken up; and yet this establishment costs the country from six to seven thousand pounds a year, without the slightest conceivable justification on the score of ornament, much less of utility, for it is not pretended that it is desired by the Sovereign, as an appendage to royalty, in any shape.

The office of Hereditary Grand Falconer, whose duties have fallen into total desuetude, has so long been such a scandal to a nation pretending to economy, and to an age affecting common sense—has so long been a standing joke with the professed wits—that we are induced to pass it over farther than may be necessary to make the matter intelligible to our younger readers. The history of the origin of the office is this:—The dukedom is one of three—Richmond and Grafton being the other two—which owe their creation to the profligacy of the house of Stuart. Charles Beauclerk was the illegitimate son of the too famous Nell Gwynn, by Charles II. When but six years old he was created a baron and an earl, and when thirteen (1689) was made Duke of St. Alban's. He also found considerable favour at the hands of William III., by whom he was made an officer of the household, and sent to France to congratulate the Duke of Burgundy on his marriage, and was thus described by an old chronicler of the period: "He is a gentleman every way, *de bon naturel;* well bred; doth not love business; is well affected to the constitution of his country. He is of a black complexion, not so tall as the Duke of Northumberland, yet very like King Charles." This resemblance to Charles, and the swarthy complexion of the Stuarts, have been retained by the Beauclerks to the present day. The eldest son and successor of his grace carried the Queen's crown at the coronation of George II., and others of them received various similar recognition from other sovereigns. The late duke married in 1827 the widow of the late Thomas Coutts, the great banker, and previously well known as Miss Mellon, of theatrical and adventurous fame, and who at her death left the bulk of her enormous fortune to her former husband's niece, Miss Burdett, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and now considered the richest female, in her own right, in Europe, unless, perhaps, Christiana, the Queen Dowager of Spain. Mrs. Coutts, having married purely for the title, left to the Duke, who was nearly destitute before marriage, having little more than his sinecure of £1,200 a year, but a comparatively small income,—some £10,000 a year we believe; but he married an Irish heiress (Miss Gubbins), and died last year, leaving a son nine years of age, and who for eleven years is positively disqualified by law from exercising any functions; if there were any attaching to his

hereditary office, yet all that while will be receiving £1,200 a year. This is a practical piece of absurdity that seems to have specially occurred to complete the ridicule and satire inseparably associated in every mind with the mere idea of a falconer in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which only suffices to carry back the mind to the dissolute age and the shameful disregard of all decency in which the appointment was made.

In addition to all the expenses for salaries in the department of the Master of the Horse, as already mentioned, there are superannuation and retiring allowances amounting to £2,766, with "other charges" £1,116; making a total of £27,650 for what may be called mere wages alone. We have stated that the Master has the privilege of applying to his own use certain of the royal servants and carriages; these consist —we are assured by a very competent authority, or, at least, by a person professing to be such—of one coachman, four footmen, and six grooms, in the Queen's pay, and wearing the Queen's livery, and having the royal arms emblazoned on his carriages. These privileges are always enforced by the Masters, and are sometimes exceeded. One equerry is always in waiting on her Majesty, twenty-eight days at a time. His duty is to communicate the Queen's commands to the Clerk of the Stables, relative to the horses and carriages required for the royal airings, journeys, &c., and to be in attendance on such occasions, the Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal taking his turn at these duties with the other equerries, who, when employed at the palace, dine at the Sovereign's table, taking their other meals in the equerries' room, with the grooms in waiting, and the equerries and grooms in attendance on Prince Albert.

A Page of Honour is a post very much sought by members of the aristocracy, for independent of the £120 a year pertaining to the appointment (and why, therefore, called "honour" it is difficult to say), it gives the right to a commission, without purchase, in one of the household regiments of foot, after three or four years' attendance at court, where their duties are very trivial, being required only on formal occasions. The selection and promotion of these fortunate youths are ostensibly vested in the Master of the Horse, and would be so in reality if he chose to insist on the right of his rank; but it is understood, especially in the case of the present Master, that these points are not urged in any spirit but what is perfectly conformable with the royal will and pleasure, as conveyed in a manner not to be mistaken by an intelligent and observant courtier. Properly speaking, the business of the entire apartment is transacted by his secretary, who resides at the Royal Mews, Pimlico; the second Clerk of the Stables residing at Windsor, for whose stables £70,000 were appropriated by Lord Melbourne's Government, amidst a degree of indignant remonstance whose echo has not died away yet. Seventy thousand pounds for mews by a nation that devotes £1,200 a year to the muses, in the shape of encouragement of literature! The chief ground on which so prodigious an amount of money was asked for, was, that her Majesty might be enabled to take equestrian exercise in all weather. Accordingly, the royal riding-house there is the great feature of the equine structure, measuring 170 feet in length, 52 in width, and nearly 40 in height, being lighted at night by gas. Over the vestibule are the Queen's gallery and retiring room, the former of which commands, by means of large windows, a complete view of the whole interior of the riding-house. The furniture, comprising six chairs covered with crimson velvet, an octagonal-shaped table, splendid looking-glasses, &c., is of oak, carved in the Gothic style; and the other apartments for the various royal attendants are furnished in rich and appropriate style. As soon as the riding-house was complete and rendered fit for use, by laying down an immense quantity of tannin and sawdust, a leaping bar, says the historian of the edifice, was placed in the centre of the ride by command of Prince Albert, to enable his Royal Highness to practice leaping, and render himself more expert at taking a fence than at present, and likewise to become better qualified to follow the royal buckhounds without incurring greater leaping risks than attend even more experienced and courageous sportsmen. His Royal Highness has now become a far more daring and fearless horseman across a country than he was then—1841. It is hardly necessary to say that the Royal Mews at Windsor are in every way a perfect model of stable architecture. Admission to view the stables and riding-houses is to be obtained by applying to Mr. Cocum, the Clerk of the Stables, at his office, the entrance to which is at the north side of the mews. Each ticket admits a party, who are forbidden to smoke, and must be attended by one of the royal servants, who are forbidden to unclothe or disturb the horses. The hours are from one to half-past two daily, except Sundays, when there is no admission.

We have already said how admission is to be obtained to the Queen's Mews at Pimlico; but the Mews whose name one

meets with so frequently in the older writers stood on the site of Trafalgar-square, and was "so called of the King's falcons there kept." Minshaw, says Mr. Cunningham, derives the word from *mutare*, to change, and hawks, it is said, were kept there till they *mewed*, or changed their feathers. Here M. St. Antoine (commemorated by the pencil of Van Dyke) taught the noble art of horsemanship; here, in Charles the Second's time, Rowley, the famous breeding-horse, stood, whose name was transferred by the wits about the Court, to his royal master at Whitehall, the father of the Hereditary Grand Falconer, as before described. The Mews, rebuilt in 1732 by Kent, and taken down in 1830, was last used to shelter Mr. Cross's Menagerie, from Exeter Change, and the records of Great Britain, removed from Westminster. It is at the Pimlico Mews that the state harness, the state carriages, &c., are kept; and there is likewise a spacious riding-room, but nothing comparable to that at Windsor. The Equerry of the Crown Stables is a sinecure officer, his duties being principally performed by the Prince Consort's riding-master (Mr. Meyers); and the lady-rider (the Equerry's daughter) has also little or nothing to do, unless, perhaps, to teach the royal children, and her salary is considerable for one of her rank.

On the subject of footmen, which we have mentioned in connection with the Master of the Horse's office, there are a good many particulars of considerable interest in a little book which made a considerable noise at the time of its publication, called "Sketches of her Majesty's Household;" the substance of which, on this head, we propose incorporating in the annexed paragraph.

The situation of footmen in the Queen's establishment used to be eagerly sought after by the sons of persons in the middle ranks previous to 1844, but since the curtailment of the emoluments these applications have been far less numerous, similar situations in the establishments of many of the nobility and commoners being far more lucrative. The great inducement now is the hope of a pension when superannuated. The salary, until within the last few years, was £110 per annum at entrance, increased to £120 on becoming one of the six seniors. Now it is £50—advancing to £80—the highest that can be arrived at. A footman, when off duty at Windsor or Buckingham, can always sleep or take the whole of his meals there; but if the Court is elsewhere, he must shift for himself. Formerly a footman when travelling was allowed 6s. a day for refreshments, whether for distances long or short; now, however, for short distances, the whole of this perquisite is taken away, and the 6s. only given when the time occupied is a whole day; but no board wages are allowed when off duty. George IV. had nineteen footmen; William IV. eleven and a serjeant-footman. Now there are fifteen and a serjeant—the latter £132 a year. They are all allowed £6 15s. 6d. a year for hair powder, bags, and silk stockings. Their blacking and brushes, cleaning for top boots, &c., they have to pay for themselves. The footmen have new liveries twice a year, consisting of morning and evening dress—a grey suit, a jacket suit, and an epaulette suit; leather breeches, top boots, and hats; washing being paid for by themselves, and the old liveries being their perquisites. There have only been two suits of state liveries provided for the footmen for the last 25 years—in 1825 and 1846. These cost £120 each, the gold upon them, when they are discarded, being worth £10 for melting down; and these likewise are the perquisites of the owners at the time. A person wishing to become a royal footman, gets his name placed on the Master of the Horse's list of candidates, through the medium of some one having influence. Upon his being first appointed, the new footman enters the private establisment of the Master, as one of the four his grace has the privilege of making use of gratuitously. In course of time, as his three seniors there leave, he becomes the next in rotation, to be transferred to the Royal Mews, where his duties consist in attending the Ladies and Maids of Honour, and other persons in waiting upon the Sovereign, when they use the royal carriage for airings, &c. &c. On becoming the senior footman in the Royal Mews, he is then transferred to the interior of the royal residence, where his duty is to attend upon ladies and gentlemen of the Court, to be in attendance in the galleries and passages leading to the grand-hall, drawing-room, and other apartments; to attend on the general company at breakfast and lunch, until the Queen's dinner hour, and then to wait in the dining-room in epaulette dress. In fact, it may be said, a royal footman waits upon every body above a certain grade about the Palaces of the Sovereign. A footmen often enters into the presence of the Queen, walking out in attendance upon her Majesty, &c. The duty of attending upon the Sovereign is not, therefore, exclusively confined, as it has been imagined, to the Pages of the back stairs. When footmen are promoted to be Pages of the presence or Queen's messengers (situations worth from three to four hundred a year,) the fees to be paid amount to about £12, and the same amount has to be

paid when a footman is sworn, which he has also to be on the occasion of a new accession to the throne; so no man has a stronger interest to join in the chorus "long to reign over us" than a royal yellow plush. There are twelve coachmen in the department of the Master of the Horse, from £60 to £130 a year, according to seniority; about twenty grooms, from £60 to £70; fifty or sixty helpers in the royal stables at from 16s. to 21s. per week; all of these have lodgings provided for them in the Mews, but have to keep themselves; liveries, however, being found for all the "warranted servants." These situations, which are held during good behaviour, and where advancement generally is regulated according to seniority and merit, are chiefly obtained upon the recommendation of political or personal friends of the Master of the Horse, of whom and his department it will probably be considered that we have said quite enough for the present.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A PRIZE FOR LEARNING TO READ.

Alfred, afterwards known as Alfred the Great, was trained as a sportsman and warrior, but he had reached his twelfth year, and was yet unable to read. He had, however, keenly admired the poems commonly recited in the royal presence. By one of these, beautifully written, his mother-in-law, Judith, endeavoured to shame the illiteracy of her new connexions. "Young people," she said, "I will give this to that one of you who shall first learn it by heart." Alfred gazed eagerly on the manuscript, fascinated by one of those richly-decorated letters called an "illuminated capital," and asked, "Now, will you really give this?" Judith declared herself in earnest. Nothing more was needed by the resolute and intelligent boy. Instantly he applied himself to learn his letters, Nor did he rest until able to repeat accurately the poem that had so happily captivated his eye.

CRUTCHED FRIARS.

A street in London is so called, from the *Crossed* or *Crutched* Friars, an ancient order of monks, distinguished by the badge of the cross, who sprang up in Italy, and settled in London in 1298. The only settlement they were ever allowed to have in the metropolis was in the street which bears their name. The house itself stood at the corner of Crutched Friars, and the ground extended over a great part of Tower-hill, the site of the old Navy-office, and of the present Trinity Corporation House. No traces of it, nor of the church belonging to the monastery, now exist. The friars derived their name from carrying in their hands their crosses on staves.

A GOOD REPLY.

An ancient philosopher was asked—"Why is it that foals who have been chased by a wolf become better runners than other foals?" His answer was—"Why, because, *perhaps*, it is not true!" We should be quite certain as to what we hear or read being *facts*, before we venture to draw any conclusion.

AN ELEPHANT'S PULSE.

An Englishman, Mr. Forbes, who long resided in the East, took much notice of a female elephant and her calf. "We became," he says, "great friends, and the mother and her son were regular pensioners of my tea-pot, the lady permitting me to take many liberties with her, such as toying with her delicate ear, scratching her neck, &c., and giving me now and then a hug about the waist with her trunk, which in no instance exceeded the reasonable bounds of a friendly embrace. One morning, when she was particularly affectionate, I took a fancy to feel her pulse, and when handling her ear, I groped for an artery at the base, and noted the number of pulsations in a minute, which was twenty-four, and I need scarcely add that there was no want of strength."

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD FEELING.

Alluding to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, so distinguished as a sculptor, Miss Sedgwick says—"I heard from Mr. R. a strong illustration of this celebrated artist's good sense and good feeling too. Chantrey was breakfasting with Mr. R., when, pointing to some carving in wood, he asked Mr. R. if he remembered that, some twenty years before, he employed a young man to do that work for him. R. had but an indistinct recollection. "I was that young man," resumed Chantrey, "and very glad at that time to earn *five shillings a day!*" Mr. B. told a pendent to this pretty story. Mr. B. was discussing with Sir Francis the propriety of gilding something, I forget what. B. was sure it could be done, Chantrey was as sure it could not; and "I should know," he said, "for *I was once apprenticed to a carver and gilder!*"

CORAL REEFS.

It requires, indeed, ocular proof of the labours of the polypus that form the coral, to credit what stupendous reefs and islands, many miles in compass, are indebted for at least their entire visible structure to the secret economy of these tiny architects. A curious and mysterious feature in the construction of the barrier reef is presented in the occasional apertures that exist in its fabric, and which are of sufficient breadth and depth of water to permit ships to sail through them with facility.

MATTHEW MARVEL'S LECTURES ON THE MARVELLOUS.

Lecture II.

We resume this evening, my friends, our examination of curious feats, as preparatory to those of a higher order. We shall thus rise from the lesser to the greater, as the more natural and more instructive course. To descend from the sublimest subjects to the trifles which amuse an hour, or to the tricks by which the unwary are ensnared, might not prove agreeable, yet even these may repay a passing consideration, and there would, therefore, be cause for regret were they overlooked.

Miller, "the showman," * tells us, that one day going to buy some bread and cheese, and having thrown down a shilling, when the shopkeeper, who had proved uncourteous, was in the act of lifting it, he made it move along the counter back into his hand. He, however, pretended not to notice that it had done so, and threw the shilling down again. The woman stared with astonishment, and most probably thinking there was something supernatural about him, made Miller at once a present of the bread and cheese.

This feat, which to the shopkeeper was so surprising, any one of you can easily perform. Ask your mother, your sister, or your wife, to give you one of her long hairs; then to one end of it fasten a piece of white wax, attach the other to a pin; stick this in the bottom of your waistcoat, letting the piece of wax dangle about at the full length of the hair. Thus provided, if you wish to produce astonishment, ask some one to lend you a shilling, and while the person is taking it out of some pocket or purse, endeavour to put the wax between the finger and thumb. As you look at the shilling—of course *only* to see if it be a good one—stick the wax to it; but mind that it is placed on the under side of the shilling, so that it may not be visible, then throw it carelessly on the table, and, as you move, it will follow you at your pleasure; and, at the close of your performance, if you wish to conceal the mode you have adopted, it will be necessary carefully to remove the wax before the shilling is returned.

But let me, my friends, here introduce an experiment. I have, you observe, an egg, and Tomkins has borrowed for me two hats, which I hold, one in my right hand, and the other in my left. "Tomkins, put the egg into the right-hand hat.'

"Well, sir, I never! why if it didn't, directly I put it into the hat, walk out, and go right into the other. There it goes again, out of the left-hand hat, and plump into the right. Why, if it is not off once more; it runs over from one hat to the other just as if it was mad. Maybe there's quicksilver in it; for I heard a man say, if you put some quicksilver into apple-dumplings, when they get hot in the saucepan, they will jump out of the pot."

"You can try if they will, some day, Tomkins, should you ever have any apple-dumplings of your own; but take care how you play pranks with other people's; or you may be like that boy who, when asked what cyder was made of, could not tell, and when the question was put—Why, what did you get when you climed into Farmer Tomlinson's orchard?—replied, with a keen remembrance of the fact—*a thrashing!*"

Tomkins' guess, my friends, as to the quicksilver, is not correct. This is rather an egg-shell than an egg, the yolk and the white having been alike removed by a process which every school-boy knows. When this was done a small crooked pin was dexterously placed in the shell, and to this a long hair was attached, the other end of which is fastened by a pin to the inside of my waistcoat pocket. Every one of you may now see it dangling from that part of my dress. It was my movement of the hats that gave the egg-shell the appearance of dancing from one hat to another, and certainly puzzled Tomkins beyond all his means of solution.

And now permit me to convey you in imagination to a spot near to some large assemblage of the people, as a fair or a race. Persons variously attired are seen standing around a small table, all intent on a man in the midst of them playing

* See his life.

with three thimbles and a pea, which he covers with one of the thimbles. As he does so he says, perhaps: "Fine game this, gentlemen; take up this thimble, you win—take up these two, you lose; I have lots of money, and am ready to bet any gentleman any sum, from a shilling to five pounds, that he don't pick up the thimble the pea is under." A stranger approaches, and as he looks on he hears one bet taken and won by a bystander, and now another, and now a third; while as the table-keeper pays what he loses, he deplores his want of luck, and says it is all with those who bet against him. The stranger is thus induced to "try his fortune;" he watches the movements that are made; he sees the pea on which a thimble is placed; he is sure it must be there; he bets five shillings, half-a-sovereign, or a sovereign that it is under the thimble; but when it is taken up there is no pea to be seen. He pays his loss, however, and is led, in the hope of retrieving it, to try again, and it may be again, but only to lose. So plausible, indeed, are appearances, that persons have been known to fetch from their homes large sums of money, only to lose them at the *thimble-rig*. Especially has this been done when the party has been allowed at first to win: "the appetite grows by what it feeds on." The wish to succeed becomes suddenly or gradually that frenzy with which the gambler is seized; and the instances have been many in which all that persons could lay their hands on has been sacrificed at thimble-rig to this most vehement passion. Nor can you wonder at losses being sustained when you know that some of the persons gathered about the table—as the one having the appearance of an agricultural labourer, another who looks like an artisan, and a third whom you would suppose to be a sailor—are all *confederates* of the thimble-rigger. These are the persons who make the first bets, which, of course, they win, as an allurement to others; and thus the whole process is founded on a trick: for as there are three thimbles and a pea, the player, in shifting them about on the table, contrives to convey the pea away altogether between the thumb and the third finger of the right hand; thus, when a bet is made there is no pea under any one thimble, while with the greatest facility the thimble-rigger can place the pea under any thimble that answers his purpose.

"Tomkins, ask two gentlemen to be so kind as to lend you their hats."

Very good. Now, my friends, you see I have two hats, and five little bits o cedar, about an inch and a-half long. I take one of these you see, and put it on the right-hand of the table, by itself, and cover it with a hat. I now place the second hat on its brim, on the left-hand of the table. Taking a second piece, I lift off the left-hand hat by the crown, when lo! there is a piece already underneath it. I now replace the hat on the one piece I have just shown you, take a third piece, lift off the hat again by the crown,—and now there are two pieces, seeming to have passed through the crown into the inside. And so I go on until you see the four pieces under the left-hand hat. You observed me, at the outset, place one piece under the *right-hand* hat, and now, when I suddenly remove both the hats, by the exercise of my magical art, all five pieces appear under the *left*.

The way in which this illusion is practised is as follows:—To perform it, as you take one of the little pieces of wood, and cover it with a hat, on your right hand, hold the hat by the brim, as you put it down, and catching hold of the piece between the first and second fingers of your right hand, move it quickly to the other hat, which raise by the brim, and then drop the piece under it as gently as possible. The company suppose that you still have the piece under the right-hand hat, whereas you have dexterously removed it to the left. Take now another piece between your first and second fingers, and catching hold of the left-hand hat at the top, lift it briskly off, when the company will see there is a peg there already, while you will appear to have put it from the top. As you replace the hat on one piece, put the second with the first, and then catching hold of another piece, treat it in the same way as before. Continue the process till the five pieces are under the left-hand hat, when the feat is accomplished.

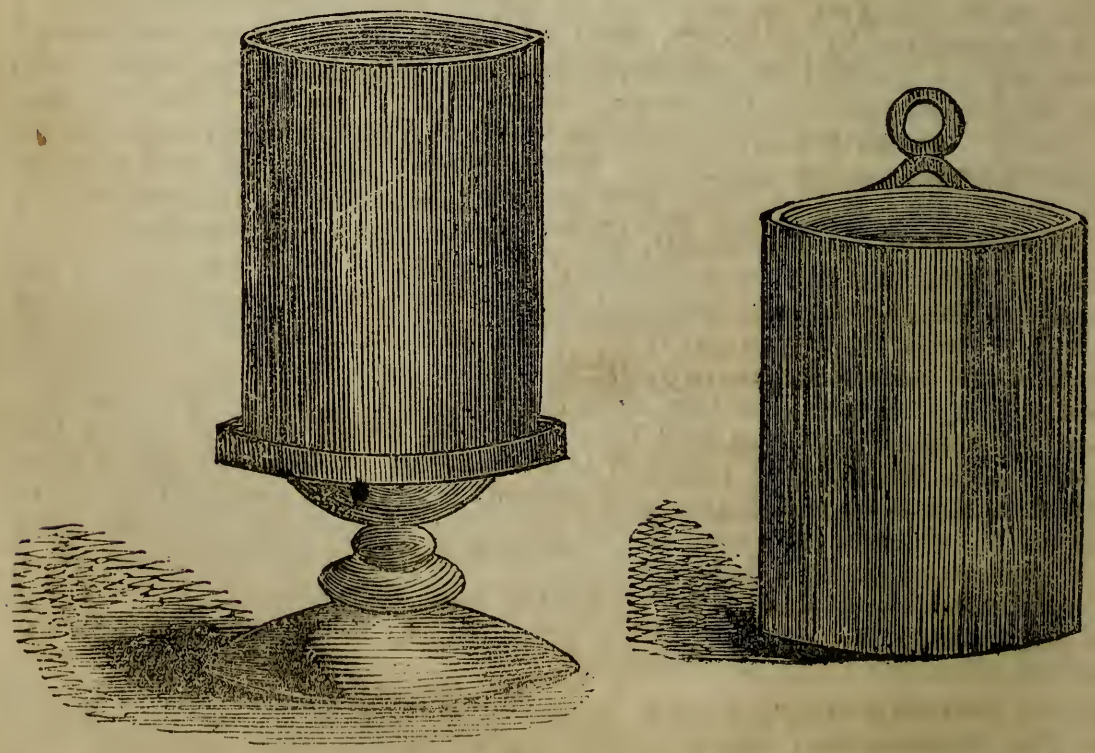
In this you have an instance of what is called in French *leger-de-main*, a phrase strictly answering to ours of *sleight of hand*, by which a multitude of magical feats are cleverly effected. Agile as are the movements of the eye, those of the hand are

still more so. Take as an illustration some of the processes connected with the casting of metal types. Each letter is cast in a separately and curiously constructed mould. Into this mould the founder pours the melted metal with his right hand, while he holds the mould in his left, and then, supporting it with his right hand, throws it up above his head with a sudden jerk, so that the metal may be forced into all the interstices of the mould. Yet so rapid are the operations of pouring in the metal, throwing up the mould, unclosing it, removing the pressure of a spring, picking out the cast letter, closing the mould again, and reapplying the spring, that the whole process may be immediately repeated, that all these operations do not occupy the eighth of a minute!

The heap of types, to every one of which is attached a long piece of metal when it comes from the mould, is removed by a boy from the table of the caster to another table. This boy has to break off the superfluous metal, and this he does so rapidly, that the mode in which he acts can scarcely be followed by the eye. The average number of types broken off is 2,000 in an hour; but some boys have been known to break off 5,000. This rapidity is the more surprising, as the boy must seize the type, not on the flat surface, but on its edges, or he would otherwise break or bend it.

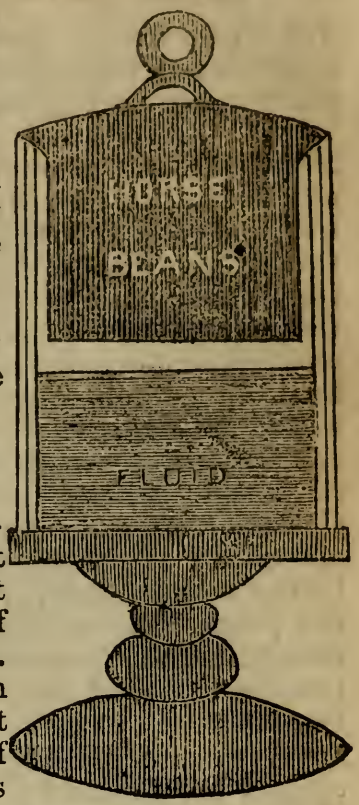
These are sufficient proofs of the rapidity with which the hands may be moved, while the performances of skilful players on the piano, harp, flute, and other musical instruments, are familiar examples of the same fact. That many wonders should be produced by *sleight of hand* might therefore be expected. I have no such facility; but a friend of mine has a remarkable nicety of touch, and can move his hands at pleasure so rapidly that he can rival, in this respect, many a magician. Thus he conveys balls under cups, and appears to change them into various fruits, as apples, pears, walnuts, or almonds. I have seen him also take two horn cups, of *exactly the same size*, and then, by a rapid movement of the hand, produce the impression that he makes one to drop through the other, and that many times in succession, which is manifestly impossible; thus illustrating the saying, "the hand is quicker than the eye."

And now, my friends, I have another experiment, with which I shall conclude the present lecture. I am about to offer you some refreshment, and to show you the way in which many magicians supply their patrons with coffee. "Tomkins, bring me some saw-dust!" Now, you see, I take this vessel, and fill it from this



box with *saw-dust*, and all that is necessary is just to put on this cover, and let the

saw-dust simmer for three-quarters of an hour. But you will, perhaps, be unwilling to wait so long. Well, then, I will take off the cover. See, the vessel is full of hot coffee! and I will pour it immediately into the cups. The Turks drink coffee just as it is, but you will like some sugar. "Tomkins, bring me some *rape-seed!*" And with this I fill, you see, another vessel exactly like the former, and, covering it as I did that, I leave it, if you please, to simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Yet I will not thus trespass on your patience; for now, taking off the cover, you will observe the vessel is as full of fine loaf sugar as it can hold. But the cream—the cream! where is the cream? "Tomkins, bring me some *horse-beans!*" With these, you see, I fill a third vessel, and, proceeding exactly as I did before, there you observe, as I remove the cover, is the article desired. And now



"The cup that cheers, and not inebriates,
Waits on each."

But while you are partaking of the coffee thus presented, I must not retain the secret of its production; it shall instantly be placed, and that with great pleasure, at your service. Here is a diagram of the section of one of these vessels complete, for they are all made exactly alike. You will see a recess at the top, of what is, in fact, an *outer* vessel, in which is placed, according to the result required, saw-dust, rape-seed, or horse-beans; and, of course, stick-liquorice, quick-lime, or broken brick-bats would do just as well. For when the cover is taken off, it removes *with it* the outer vessel containing the substances thus employed, and leaves an *inner* vessel, which has been previously charged with the hot coffee, the cream, or the lump sugar.

On another evening, my friends, I shall hope to resume a subject, which, I trust, will prove to you all, not only interesting, but instructive.

ACT WELL THY PART.

By William Drew, Rush Manufacturer, Hackney.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Thou, child of toil—thou, learned sage—
In manly prime, or snow-white age—
Whilst on this world's important stage,
Act well thy part!

Art thou a man of thought or skill?
Hast thou a nation's weal at will?
Whatever station thou may'st fill—
Act well thy part!

Though stern affliction lay thee low;
Or ill-bred want its presence show:
Mid life's incessant ebb and flow,
Act well thy part!

Though enemies should dare withhold
Thy lawful rights through love for gold,
Yet nobly—like a martyr bold—
Act well thy part!

Wouldst thou sail safely o'er life's main?
Wouldst thou escape remorse and pain?
Wouldst thou a crown of glory gain?—
Act well thy part.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We briefly resume our notice of the Crystal Palace. The peculiar class of buildings to which the attention of Mr. Paxton has for many years been devoted requires, above everything, lightness and simplicity of construction, and the free admission of light. In the erection of several large conservatories in the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and other noblemen, he has had very valuable opportunities of testing the relative merits of different kinds of material, and has found *wood*, *iron*, and *glass* to be those combining in the highest degree the requirements stated. One of the principal improvements he has introduced has been in the form of the roof, which used invariably to be built on the lean-to or shed plan. In adopting the "ridge and furrow" principle, the object was to enable the rays of the morning and evening sun to fall less obliquely upon the surface of the glass. The kind of roof thus introduced will be used in the building for other purposes, to add to the facilities of drainage, and to promote the general elegance of effect. The credit of another improvement in glass roofs, of which the new palace will reap the advantage, belongs to Mr. Paxton. Whilst planning the great conservatory at Chatsworth, he was anxious to get rid of the numerous overlaps connected with the old system of glazing with short lengths—a system which, however excellent may be the workmanship, is found to render any structure unsightly in the course of a few years. Discovering that Messrs. Chance and Co., of Birmingham, had introduced from the Continent the manufacture of sheet glass, and that they were able to make it three feet in length, he prevailed on them to attempt its manufacture a foot longer, an attempt in which they were successful. The length of the glass for the Exhibition building, made by the same house, is forty-nine inches, a length no country but England is yet able to produce in any large quantity.

A brief consideration of the extent of the works in Hyde-park will show how impossible would be their completion within the time specified, without the aid of machine power. One necessary operation has been the construction of more than two hundred miles of wooden sash-bars. To accomplish this task, an apparatus invented some years back by Mr. Paxton himself, and for which the Society of Arts awarded him a silver medal, has been found of essential service. It consists of a grooving chisel and circular saw, deriving its motive power from a steam-engine. This machine revolves 12,000 times in a minute, and the only attendants required are a man and a boy.

The process by which the sash-bars are painted displays, if not equal ingenuity, at all events, considerable cleverness of contrivance, and saves an immense amount of manual labour. It is at the same time extremely simple. The "brush" consists of an arrangement of bristles, such as we may fancy proceeding from the four inner sides of a square frame, and meeting in the centre, the bristles being sufficiently long for the ends to cross and mingle with each other. The ordinary use of a brush is to apply the paint; in the case before us, however, the sashes are placed in a reservoir containing the paint, and afterwards passed through the brushes for the purpose of having the superfluous paint removed. The plan is found to answer very well, and the work proceeds with great rapidity.

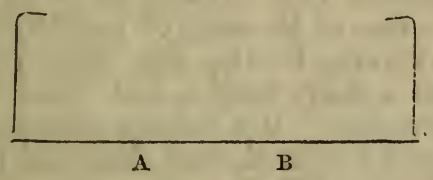
An accident which unhappily occurred on the premises, by which one man lost his life and two others were severely injured, has been attributed by the newspapers to the breaking of one of the iron girders; and the impression has in consequence been very general that the test to which the strength of the girders is subjected must be insufficient and unsatisfactory. We are happy to say that this impression is wholly unfounded, and that the report referred to arose from misconception. The real cause of the accident was the careless use by the workmen themselves of a platform which had been condemned as unsafe, and the use of which had been prohibited. And it is a circumstance deserving the serious consideration of working men, that very many, perhaps the great majority, of the disastrous accidents which occur in dangerous occupations, such as mining, result from the want of due precaution. The absence of accident for a length of time begets a feeling of security,

the proper precautions are neglected, and at length some terrible calamity brings its awful retribution for this want of prudence.

The sufficiency of the test applied to the girders having been thus called in question, we may take the opportunity of describing it with some minuteness. Most of our readers are probably acquainted with the principle and construction of the hydraulic press. If any should not be, the following description will perhaps assist them to understand its operation.

It is a law of fluids, that pressure upon any portion operates equally upon the whole mass and in all directions. If a cylinder or other vessel be filled with water, and a tube rising from its upper surface be also filled, the force or pressure exerted in all directions by the water in the vessel, will be to the weight of water in the pipe *as the area of the surface acted on is to the area of the orifice of the pipe.* Such is the law of hydrostatics expressed in the language of science. We may, perhaps, make it plainer. If a square vessel with a surface measuring 12 inches by 12 (144), be filled with water, and an ascending tube of one inch diameter be filled with one pound of fluid, the pressure exerted *in every direction* by the water in the vessel, will be equal to 144 lbs. In cases where a large iron cylinder is employed, and the weight of the fluid in the tube increased by the action of mechanical power, the force of pressure exerted is enormous. Such is the machine called the hydraulic press, one of the most powerful devices of mechanical science. In testing the strength of building materials, it is more efficient than any other contrivance.

When the girder is brought to the ground it is first weighed, and its destination in the building is determined by its weight. The heavier ones are selected for the support of the galleries, as having to bear a greater pressure than those which support the roof only. From the weighing machine the girder is removed by a swinging crane to a frame, the shape of which may be rudely represented thus :—



in which it is inserted, and subjected to the pressure of two pistons forced upwards at the points marked A and B, by the operation of an hydraulic press, such as we have described. The points of the girder, against which pressure is thus directed, are those in which strength will be most requisite. The amount of pressure applied varies from nine to twenty-two tons. It is said, the girders would bear a force of double this *amount*, although it greatly exceeds any weight their position in the building will really impose upon them.

The flooring of the building is of peculiar construction. The evils to be avoided were damp and the accumulation of dust. Boarding was found free from the moisture inseparable from stone ; but close boarding presented a difficulty to the easy removal of dust. The plan decided upon as the best consists of boards placed upon sleeper-joists, with interstices between them half an inch in breadth, through which the dust, in sweeping, will disappear. To prevent the possibility of inju y to the many articles of delicate workmanship in the Exhibition, the floors will be sprinkled, before sweeping, with water from a movable machine. This will be immediately followed by a sweeping machine, consisting of many brooms, and drawn by a shaft.

Amongst the many interesting mechanical operations to be witnessed may be mentioned the formation of the wooden gutters to be placed on the roof for the purpose of carrying off the water. *Twenty-four miles* of these gutters will be required, and the machine employed in preparing them turns out of hand as much work as would occupy a man a whole day at least. The following is a brief description of the process. The timber is first sawn into lengths of twenty-four feet each, and six inches in width, by five inches in thickness. Three of these being placed together on the frame of a planing mill, they are planed and squared. Each piece is then subjected to the action of three grooving chisels. The centre one cuts a circular

groove of about three inches in depth and width on the under surface of the wood, and the others cutting in an oblique direction from two grooves, one on each side, about half an inch in width and an inch deep. An engine of twenty-horse power works the machine, and about five feet of the gutter is prepared per minute.

The drilling and punching machines in constant work on the ground are admirable specimens of simple but efficient mechanical contrivance, but present no features of novelty to persons conversant with the machinery of large mechanical establishments. It may be mentioned that about 3,000 bolt-holes are punched in the bars of iron during the present working day of ten hours.

Fears have been entertained lest the glass roofs and sides should admit the sun's rays too freely, so as to raise the internal temperature to an inconvenient height. We have already explained, however. that this disadvantage will be obviated by closing the glass roof and the south side with canvas screens. In addition to this, the arrangements for ventilation are very complete; so much so that it will be easy, should occasion require it, to reduce the temperature within the building considerably below that of the atmosphere without. *Louvre*-boarding (constructed somewhat on the principle of Venetian blinds, and opening so as to graduate the admission of air at will,) will be arranged for a depth of four feet round the entire basement of the structure, and for a depth of three feet at the top of each tier. Provision is made for the employment of an extra number if necessary, and should the heat prove *very* intense, arrangements will be made for resorting to the Indian plan of ventilation. The edifice, when completed, will form a most graceful and becoming appendage to the magnificent park, and we believe the proposal to make it permanent will be generally approved by the country. Mr. Paxton suggests that it should be employed as a winter garden, with carriage drives and equestrian promenades through it.

The light and fairy-like look of the building, so far as it has progressed, has impressed many persons with a fear of its want of stability. We acknowledge a participation of the fear when looking for the first time upon the slight iron spars which uplifted themselves to a giddy height, and which are destined to form the chief support of the vast structure. But further observation, and the obliging explanations with which we were favoured, soon dispelled our misgivings, and convinced us that so firmly and thoroughly is each part bound and riveted together, and so perfect is the support given by each part to the whole, that such a catastrophe as our fears pointed to is physically impossible; besides, every piece of iron work is subjected to the severest test before it is fixed in place. As we have already intimated, we witnessed the trial of several of the girders, by means of the hydraulic press, and the results were completely satisfactory and assuring.

On the 8th ult. Prince Albert inspected the progress of the works, and expressed himself both gratified and astonished at the rapidity with which they had been carried on up to that time.

We trust we have now entered into sufficient explanation to enable our readers to understand both the general construction of this great building, and the means by which it is being reared. We shall continue weekly to notice its progress, and hope soon to congratulate the well-wishers of the Industrial Exhibition upon its completion.

Prospects of the Completion of the Building.—Many fears have been expressed that the completion of the Glass Palace by New Year's-day is an impossibility, and the faith of the public has been somewhat shaken by the fact that these fears have been expressed most loudly by parties whose professional knowledge seemed to make them most competent judges. The point of progress reached, however, at the moment of our writing is such as to warrant the most confidant hopes that the first day of the new year will shine upon the noble structure in its finished form, and witness its delivery into the hands of the Royal Commissioners, according to the terms of the contract.

It is understood that Messrs. Fox and Henderson themselves have never entertained any doubt of their ability to fulfil their engagement. And they have now afforded the most convincing proof that they are satisfied with the progress of the works in the public invitation they have ad-

dressed to the members of the Society of Arts to visit and inspect the building on the 31st of the present month, the day before that on which the Commissioners are to take possession.

MAY-DAY, 1851.—Every one is speculating upon the aspect London will present next year The crowds assembled, and the variety of costume, will impart a more than usually busy and animated character to the streets and parks of the great city.

The first of May will be looked forward to with intense curiosity. Till the dawn of that eventful day, expectation will be rising higher and higher, and we trust that some appropriate means will be taken to signalize an event destined to be so memorable in the annals of industry and of nations.

It has been suggested that the Exhibition should be opened by a public ceremonial or pageant, the Queen visiting it *in state*, accompanied by Prince Albert and the royal children. A procession comprising the British Sovereign and officers of state, and the foreign ambassadors, as representatives of the several countries whose products have been contributed to the Exhibition, would be a becoming inauguration of the great festival, which would afford a graceful homage to the Industry of the World, mark the day as a public holiday, and amply gratify the love of sight-seeing.

So far we give in our cordial adhesion to the idea. But it is capable of improvement, and we beg to add to the suggestion. No pageant on such an occasion would be *quite* appropriate, however gorgeous might be its elements, if it did not embrace the emblems of industrial occupation. If the trades of London were to combine and furnish the symbols of their crafts, a spectacle might indeed be got up as fitting as it would be magnificent. The union of royalty and industry in the same pageant would itself be an interesting and novel sight.

THE TERMS OF ADMISSION.—This important subject is now under the consideration of the Commissioners. It is understood that they have already determined upon adopting the plan of season tickets for the use of persons who may be desirous of making repeated visits, and leisurely examining the various products of industry. From the fact that the arrangements made with the railway companies do not require them to furnish any cheap excursion trains until the 1st July next, we may infer that it is contemplated to make the charge during the first month or two a high one. Several gentlemen of influence have, however, suggested that from the first opening of the Exhibition there should be at least one or two days set apart for admission at charges within the reach of the masses of the people. The great show will, after all, be their affair. Their interest in it, and their curiosity to witness it, will probably be greater than that of any other class in the community. And we see no reason why their natural and laudable impatience should be curbed for a month or two, whilst other classes are enjoying the sights. At the same time, we do not urge any objection against a high price being asked from those whose tastes and habits render it unpleasant to mingle with a crowd. They may be very harmlessly indulged, and fairly asked to pay for the indulgence. Their money will be of service in helping to meet the heavy expenses that are being incurred, and some days in the week may with propriety be set apart for their accommodation. But we must express our hope that no decision will be come to that will have the effect of excluding the working classes for a single week from their Palace of Industry. Our efforts will not be wanting to secure such an arrangement on this point as will be fair and equitable to all parties.

THE STRIKE AT THE WORKS.—Our readers have most probably seen that some of the glaziers have struck for an increase of wages. They were few in number, and most of them have since made application to be again taken on. The following is the substance of the statement which has been furnished to the papers in explanation:—The men are paid from 4s. to 5s. per day. Those who are paid upon the lower scale are required, with the assistance of a boy, to put in fifty-eight panes of glass per day, and receive additional pay for all work done by them over and above that amount, in proportion to their wages. In cases where the men are paid the larger sum, an additional quantity of work is required to be performed, proportionate to the additional wages they receive. To these terms some of the workmen objected, and joined in a protest, which they presented to the contractors, in which they state that it is impossible for any workman to put in fifty-eight squares of glass in one day, even if he had no obstruction, and that in the present case one-half of his time is occupied in fixing the sash-bars. If the statement be correct, that one-half of the men's time is thus occupied in fixing the sash-bars, it would appear that the work required by the contractors is more than double what may be considered a fair day's work. It appears, however, from the pay-books of the contractors, that one workman can put in from sixty to seventy panes, that some have put

in upwards of seventy, and several others have actually reached up to eighty panes in the day. That these are expert and able hands cannot be doubted; and one of the great advantages attending the system adopted by the contractors towards the men employed is, that it affords to the able and industrious a certain means of proving their superiority over the inferior workmen, and of receiving the reward of their ability and industry. Forty-eight of the glaziers employed refused to work upon the terms fixed by the contractors, and were accordingly paid off; three others were also paid off upon the same grounds subsequently. Of the men so paid off, none received less than 4s., some received 4s. 4d., and others 4s. 6d. per day. For the delay of an hour, which necessarily occurred in the payment of the men, and in making up their accounts, the men received each 5d., being at the rate of 4s. 2d. per day of ten hours. A considerable number of the men so discharged afterwards applied to be taken on again at the proposed terms. Their places had, however, been filled up by others, and they were informed that their application would probably be considered when any additional hands might be required.

The Prices of Exhibited Articles. The Commissioners have decided upon not allowing the prices of articles exhibited to be affixed to them. We deem this an error. Cheapness must be regarded as one great element of merit. Nothing must be judged with reference solely to the fineness of its materials and make. Utility, combined with cheapness of production, will, in innumerable cases, be the great criterion of value. The Commissioners admit this, and accordingly provide for the judges being made acquainted with the prices. But the public, whose judgment the Exhibition will appeal to, will need the same *data* to regulate their estimate, and therefore the price of every article should be affixed to it.

Preparation of Lodgings.—Lodging-house keepers are proverbially an active, energetic race. The present is a fine opportunity for the display of these qualities; and it is already being improved. Speculators are busy in providing accommodation, and in some cases have framed a code of rules for the regulation of their lodgers. We give a specimen of those drawn up by the lessee of "Central Chambers" for the working classes. We do not express any opinion at present upon the necessity of such stringent regulations. But our readers may judge for themselves:—1. The house to be open from five in the morning till half-past twelve o'clock at night. 2. The gas in the bedrooms to be lighted at nine o'clock, and extinguished at twelve o'clock, p.m., and no lodger to remain in the bedrooms after ten o'clock in the morning, or to return to them before nine o'clock in the evening, without the permission of the steward, except in case of illness. 3. As the occupancy is by the week, each lodger must, before the end of the week, give one day's notice, at the least, of his intention of remaining; otherwise the steward may let his bed. 4. The property of the establishment to be treated with due care, and, in particular, no cutting or writing on the tables, forms, chairs, or other articles, and no defacing of the walls to be permitted. 5. No spirituous liquors to be brought into the house, or drunk there. No person to be admitted, or allowed to remain, in a state of intoxication. 6. No card-playing, gambling, quarreling, or profane or abusive language to be permitted in the house (especially at the time of retiring to bed), and any lodger persisting in being noisy, quarrelsome, or disorderly, after having been warned by the steward to desist, will be liable to be turned out of the house at any hour of the day or night. Habits of cleanliness are expected in the lodgers, and any person guilty of improper or dirty practices will not be permitted to remain in the house. 8. No smoking to be allowed in the coffee-room, reading-room, bed-rooms, or kitchens. 9. Each lodger will be provided with a box and locker for the security of his property, the keys of which will be delivered to him on depositing the sum of 1s., to be returned to him on the re-delivery of the keys. All property belonging to the lodgers must be considered as under their own care, and at their own risk. 10. All earthenware, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles used by the lodgers, to be treated with due care. Each lodger shall be liable to make good any damage occasioned by him. 11. A breach of any of the above rules will subject the party to immediate exclusion from the house; but any money paid by him in advance will be returned to him, after deducting the rent then due, and the amount of any damage done to the property. 12. The lodgers will have the use of the library, subject to special regulations. 13. No newspapers, periodicals, or books will be allowed to be left in, or lie about, the rooms, except those provided for the general use of the house. 14. For the benefit of those who may wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, arrangements will be made by the rector of the parish for daily prayers.

Increase of Exhibiting-Space.—In consequence of the excessive demands for

floor or counter space in the building, her Majesty's Commissioners, at their last meeting, resolved to authorise the erection of an additional gallery, by which an increased area of about 45,000 superficial feet is obtained. By this increase the total exhibiting-area of floor and counter space, applicable to exhibitors of the United Kingdom, amounts to about 220,000 superficial feet; but, large as this amount is, it is hardly one-half of the total floor or counter space demanded. Fortunately, the amount of possible hanging or wall space is very considerable, and above the aggregate of the demand for it; and thus exhibitors, who are unable to obtain sufficient floor or counter space, will still have the means of exhibiting on the wall, vertically.

Foreign Contributions.—As illustrating the interest with which the Exhibition is regarded on the Continent, and the kind of goods we may expect to be forwarded thence, we may state that as many as 686 manufacturers have given in their names to the secretary of the Belgian commission. Of these, 150 are manufacturers of Brussels, and of that number thirty are makers of its exquisite lace. The Exhibition is regarded throughout Belgium with feelings of the liveliest and most generous curiosity. Among the articles we may expect from Brussels are the following:—A large window in stained glass, valued at 6,000 francs, fine specimens of sculpture, some exquisite glass, buhl furniture, specimens of carriage building, and lace. From Courtray we shall receive specimens of its celebrated flax manufactures; and from Tournay we are led to expect some fine specimens of carpet manufacture. From Namur, cutlery, and glass manufacture, "worthy of ancient Venice;" from Liege some exquisite specimens of its celebrated gun manufactures, zinc in divers forms, lead, cards for cotton and woollen spinning, minerals in their native and finished state, nails, pewter works, pottery, statues in plaster, cloth, scythes, files, tanned and dressed calf-skins, brushes of all kinds, starch, a safety-lamp for colliers, all kinds of basket work, paper, glue, galvanized iron, and iron wire. From the famous establishment at Leraing, conducted by Messrs. Cockerell, works in iron, particularly steam-engines. At least 600 highly-wrought fowling-pieces and 600 pairs of pistols will be sent—to say nothing of cannon and cannon-balls. From Verviers, guipure lace; from Spa, ornamental works; from Louvain, printed papers, sacerdotal vestments, military lace, and two statues in wood by M. Geerts; from Malines, furniture, cloths, and the sumptuous books of M. Hanicq; from Antwerp, statuary, furniture, a piano, pottery, glass.

Austria will be represented by upwards of one thousand exhibitors. From Ratisbon, a celebrated local sculptor will send an exquisitely carved set of chess men; and another artist will exhibit an exquisitely inlaid oak table. Among other articles to be sent are specimens of siver working, excellent lead pencils, by MM. Ronbach. From Linz, wood carving, model head dresses of gold thread and gauze, and carpets. From Vienna, specimens of its great manufactures. From Brunn, woollen cloths and stuffs. From Reichenburg (which produces annually 50,000 pieces of cloth), specimens of this manufacture. From Prague, porcelain, glass, and pipe heads. From Bamberg, one or two curious models. From Furth, carvings (by a working man), ivory and gold manufactures. From Nuremberg, Messrs. Kellner will send some glass paintings. Mr. Held will send some of his meerschaum pipe bowls. Some curious figures modelled in bread may also be expected; as also Messrs. Faber's pencils, and M. Zeltner's prepared ultra-marine. Other artists will exhibit statuary, gold and silver work, and anatomical figures in papier-maché will be sent by Fleischman.

The articles intended for the Exposition of 1851 are now on their way through the Punjab. They are accompanied by about 29 lacs of old rupees sent down to Bombay to be recoined, and are escorted by a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two horse artillery guns. Lord Dalhousie was expected at Simla on the 26th of October; it is stated that he intends visiting Cashmere about April, 1851.

Artisan Clubs.—We are happy to say that these associations are now very generally established, and in prosperous operation. The announcement of the terms agreed on with the different railway companies for the establishment of cheap trains has had the effect of giving a vast impetus to the formation of clubs. The regulations adopted are of course very similar in their nature. We make the following extracts from the rules of a travelling and exhibition society just organized at Bath, under the presidency of the Mayor:—

"The whole of the members' subscriptions will be returned to them, without any deduction whatever, on or about the 1st of July, 1851, at the Guildhall, Bath, except the absolute cost of carriage to and from London, and the Exhibition charge for admission (also for lodging, if needed).

"The Committee suggest that their operations would be greatly facilitated if employers would kindly receive the sub-

scriptions of members in their employ, and pay them by one instalment in each week, either to the committee at the Guildhall, on Tuesday evenings, or to any of the authorised receivers, who will enter the amounts so subscribed on the members' cards, which must be produced at such payment; and the Committee have much pleasure in announcing that great exertions are being made by her Majesty's Commissioners to obtain suitable lodging and cheap admission to the Exhibition to members of this and similar associations, and have already made arrangements with railway directors for cheap and efficient travelling, so that they confidently expect to be able to transmit members to and from London, together with an admission ticket for several successive days, and at convenient times, and also provide them with good lodging, if needed, for the amount of 6d. per week subscription. At the same time the Committee would encourage all the payment of a larger subscription, as the payment cannot include board, or other incidental expenses."

Mr. A. Applegarth has, we learn, received a commission to erect a great printing machine, on his latest principle, at the Great Exhibition, which is to throw off copies of the *Illustrated London News*, in three languages, before the visitors. The application for space for this purpose, though sent in after the latest appointed day, was, on account of its great interest, granted by the authorities.

We understand that a commercial house in Manchester is spinning a pound of cotton for the Great Exhibition of 1851, in length 238 miles and 1,120 yards, being the finest ever yet produced. It is thus calculated :—There are eighty layers of one yard and a-half each in a warp, seven warps in a hank, and five hundred hanks in a pound of cotton. Those most conversant with the details of cotton-spinning can best appreciate the value of the machinery and the talent displayed in so wonderful a production. At Halifax we learn a firm has received a commission from the Queen to manufacture some specimens of a new drapery which they have invented, to be hung in Windsor Castle prior to the opening of the Exhibition.

The Exhibition has already given rise to numerous projects, and will yet give rise to many more. One distinguished for its possible advantages, and likely to introduce a permanent improvement into the communication between nations, is to extend the system of transmitting money by Post-office orders to all the countries with which we have postal treaties. An immense number of small sums are now annually transmitted between the United States and England by private merchants. There are few persons who would not prefer the security and regularity of the Post-office to sending money by them.

Persons are no longer allowed to inspect the progress of the building by ticket, except on payment of 5s., and any funds which may arise from this source will be applied to a sick and accident fund for the workmen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—We give the first of a series of papers on the British Museum in our present number. This is the most interesting public institution in the metropolis, and we trust that few among the thousands who contemplate a visit to the Great Exhibition will leave London without previously inspecting the Museum. In the articles we now commence, our object will be to prepare our readers to understand and profit by the multitude of curiosities that will meet their eye, and which would perfectly bewilder them if they had no previous introduction to them. The Museum is divided into several distinct departments. In one are seen the specimens of ancient sculpture, which have been rescued from the ruins of Greece, Nineveh, and Egypt; in another, the collected illustrations of the arts and customs of different nations; in a third, an immense variety of specimens of the several branches of natural history—the vegetable, the animal, and the mineral kingdoms; in fact, suite after suite of capacious rooms are crowded with illustrations of all that is curious in nature, in history, and in art; and the whole world does not contain a school in which more may be learnt. We shall endeavour to convey to our readers such a mass of preparatory information and explanation as will enable them to feel comparatively at home when they first tread the floors of the BRITISH MUSEUM.

MECHANIC.—The following have been announced by the Commissioners as the conditions the fulfilment of which in the highest degree will be rewarded with prizes :—In the case of machinery, novelty in the invention, superiority in the execution, increased efficiency, or increased economy, in the use of the article exhibited; the importance, in a social or other point of view, of the purposes to which the article is to be applied; and the amount of the difficulties overcome in bringing the invention to perfection. In the department of manufactures, regard will be paid to

increased usefulness, such as permanency in dyes, improved forms and arrangements in articles of utility, &c.; superior quality, or superior skill in workmanship; new use of known materials; use of new materials; new combination of materials, as in metals and pottery; beauty of design in form or colour, or both, with reference to utility; cheapness, relatively to excellence of production.

SAMUEL (Gloucester).—The number of the proposed exhibitors in the United Kingdom is 8,200. The whole of the demands for floor or counter space in the building which the local committees of the United Kingdom have returned exceed 417,000 superficial feet. These demands exceed the amount of available space for the United Kingdom by about 210,000 superficial feet. The amount of wall space demanded is only 200,000 feet, which is very much below that available.

J. S. (Poultry).—The City of London subscription amounts to £26,439 18s. 9d. promised, and £25,608 7s. actually received.

FAIR PLAY.—The question you refer to—Who shall be named, the manufacturer or exhibitor?—is one of great difficulty. It will probably be solved in time, as earnest attention continues to be directed to it. The fact is, however, the merit is generally so divided that it is hard to apportion it with exactness. One may design, another execute, and it would be unjust to allow either to monopolize the fame. Let us confide in the good faith of the Commissioners, who will, no doubt, do the best they can to act with fairness.

ALFRED THE LITTLE.—The catalogue will be printed in three kinds of type, and will be sold for a shilling.

A. H. (Leeds).—We think a great deal of unnecessary fear has been expressed as to the stability of the building. We have had the opinion of persons in every way competent to form a judgment, and their explanation of the grounds on which their confidence rests, and we believe the strength of every part is ample; far greater, indeed, than the trials to which it will be subjected really require.

E. J. PURSELL.—The 1st of March is the latest day on which goods can be received according to present arrangements. The Exhibition opens on the 1st of May. It is possible that the time allowed for sending in goods may be extended, but the 1st of March is the day now fixed.

FANNY I.—The statement that her Majesty is about to send a carpet, or carpet-pattern, of her own designing, for exhibition, has been called in question. The report probably originated in the fact that a party of ingenious ladies are preparing a handsome piece of needlework to illustrate their industry and taste in rivalling the finest productions of the continental looms, and intended to develop a branch of employment to alleviate the distresses of educated females. This carpet will be thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, executed in Berlin wool, in 150 squares, from paintings of the full size, designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Papworth, F.R.S., B.A., and Mr. W. B. Simpson, decorator, Strand. Each lady, upon the payment of a guinea, has the material and a square of two feet sent her for execution. The square is composed of 340 stitches on each side. after completion the squares are returned and fitted together as a whole. When finished, it will be submitted to the inspection of her Majesty the Queen before being placed in the great Exhibition. The ultimate disposal will be decided upon by a majority of the executants. The projectors consider its value to be £800, but that, if worked by the loom, it could not have been sold for less than 1,000 guineas. They expect by this example to show that hand labour can be employed better and cheaper than machinery in such articles of manufacture, and therefore open a new field of industrial employment to those ladies who have encountered the reverses of fortune.

HARRY DIXON; OR, NINE TIMES IN PRISON.

A FEW days ago, as I was passing out of Salford into Manchester, I saw leaning just on the outside of a shop-door a boy, whose countenance arrested and fixed my eye. At first I had a feeling that I had seen the boy before. I looked again, and the feeling vanished.

The first feeling was succeeded by a second. That pensive face—how much it seemed to say! The boy was about fourteen years of age. He was without shoes and stockings. His clothes were both ragged and too small. His head was uncovered, except by a copious crop of hair, which, though neglected, was thrown back in a careless but striking way, which seemed to intimate that the wearer was no ordinary person. One glance of his large dark eye, which unexpectedly met my own as I passed along, told me, that within there dwelt a vigorous mind and a resolute will. To the same effect was the impression produced on me by the lad's attitude. There he stood, near the door-post, in a sort of "I don't care," yet, "What will it lead to?" manner—half recklessness, half solicitude—which to me was as full of meaning as it was of thought. Proceeding on my road, I looked back to take a view of his person, which, as I passed, I felt had in it some superior qualities. Throwing my eye up and down his frame, I found it faultless in shape and proportion. His position, leaning, as he was, with one shoulder against the wall, and one leg thrown jauntily over the other, served to bring into full relief the beauty of his form. In the hasty survey that [illegible] detected his eye stealthily glancing into the interior of the shop. The place was full of eatables; a savoury odour came forth at the door, and more than one inviting dish sent its steaming incense upward to the ceiling.

"I will go back," I thought, "and speak to him." The next moment I felt that to do so would not be right. I was on my way

to a very important educational meeting. I had not a moment to spare. Besides, if, as I suspected, the lad was destitute, what could I do with him? I passed on.

It was "a Manchester day" in regard to the weather. November, never very welcome in this damp smoky atmosphere, had come nearly a month too soon. The rain fell thick and fast. The sky was not unlike cinders in colour. The feelings were oppressed with a sense of heat and closeness. The footpaths were slimy and slippery. The roads, somewhat less dirty, were impassable, for horses, cabs, carts, waggons, omnibuses, were incessantly going to and fro.

As I went forward to the place of my destination, threading my way as well as I could, and with difficulty keeping my foothold and sheltering my person, I could not put that lad out of my head. There before my imagination he stood, and in vain did I try to get rid of his now somewhat troublesome image. "He is hungry; you might have fed him. He is in danger of being lost; you might have been his saviour. That lad has a history; it is a painful history. Turn back and give him succour."

I was on the point of doing so, when my arm was seized by a friend, who, saying, "Come, step out, we shall be too late," hurried me on to the place of meeting. Arrived there, I found myself of no service. My mind was somewhere else. Still the boy stood before me. Of my own motion I made no remark. If asked a question, I blushed, or stammered, or gave an irrelevant answer. At length the termination of the meeting gave me relief. I returned by the way I came, hoping to see the boy. His place was empty; a blank was there. For days that blank haunted my thoughts and troubled my feelings. "Had I, then, been guilty of allowing a fellow-creature to starve or to steal?" Conscience answered, "Yes!" In vain I tried to bring conscience over to my way of thinking, or rather to my way of acting. I reminded conscience that the business of the day was of first moment, and that in promoting education in general, I was preventing both crime and destitution. It was to no purpose. Equally nugatory were my suggestions, that, after all, I did not know that the lad was in want; that if he was in need, possibly some one else might have given him succour. Somehow, conscience was not talked over, and in the end I was left with a painful impression that I had neglected a duty. Again, to my disturbed fancy, the boy stood in his place, looking askance into that shop, as if he would satisfy his appetite if he dared, and as if on the point of daring to satisfy his appetite at any risk.

A week had expired, when, in the way of my pastoral duty, I was called on to visit the New Bailey gaol. The person I went to see was a man of thirty, who by drunkenness had first lost his all, and then brought himself into a prison, leaving an excellent wife who had been brought up in my Sunday-school, and at whose request I had paid the visit, a prey to want, shame, and grief As I left the ward where this man was confined, my eye accidentally fell on my boy, as he lay coiled up in a corner of the courtyard. At once I saw that it was he—so vivid was his image on my mind—disguised though he was in the prison dress. Speaking to my conductor, I was permitted to approach and address him The first accent of his voice I heard told me who he was. Yes, my first impression was right; I had seen him before. "Is it?" I exclaimed, "can it be you?" "I suppose it is," was the half-saucy answer. "And does your father know you are here?" "Have I a father?" Had he who went by that name been really a father—but no matter. "Good day, sir." And off he darted before I could make an effort to detain him.

At once I went to the master of the prison. Describing the boy, I ascertained that this was the ninth time that he had been under his charge. "Only ten days ago," he added, "he left these walls, and last night he was brought in again. And yet I like the lad; there's something generous about him. The other day he interfered between two boys that were quarreling in the yard, and at his own personal risk rescued the lesser from the fangs of the greater. And the keepers tell me that he has a sweet and very rich voice, for occasionally, it seems, he sings some plaintive ditties, and even, now and then, a hymn, especially just before he goes to sleep. I have a notion that the lad has something in him; but this is not the place to bring good out of him—except in the sense of never letting it go back again. On the contrary, so far as I can judge, like all the rest, Dixon gets worse and worse. And no wonder, sir; *we* should do the same, if we were condemned to the same company. The one, sir, corrupts the other. After a time, they begin to take a pleasure in corrupting each other. Yes, 'Once a thief always a thief,' is perfectly true. The worst rule the roost here; do what you will, they do, and, I fear, will bear sway. There's our chaplain, sir, a most respectable man. Well, he does his best; but he cannot reform these boys. Boys seem worse to reform than men. They are so full of spirit; they have a certain saucy independ-

ence about them; they seem ready to dare all and suffer all. Then, they wont be outdone by one another. Each tells his own tale of theft or robbery, and an emulation in crime arises, which speedily brings all to a level of shocking contamination. 'Close confinement?' 'The separate system?' Sir, it's an impossibility. If you seal their lips, you cannot close their eyes, nor bind up their hands. Even with their body, by obscene and other expressive movements, they communicate with and corrupt each other."

"And yet," I suddenly interposed, "the means of education is refused." "Education!" rejoined the master, "Yes, we have here a very effective education. I do not mean the education of the schoolmaster, nor the education of the chaplain; but the devil's education, sir, thrives rarely where young thieves come together." "Will you allow me to see Dixon?" "Certainly." I was forthwith conducted to his cell. When I entered I found the youth crouching in the farthest corner of the small apartment, his head turned to the wall, and half hidden with his hands. "Again in thought," thought I to myself; surely a boy of so reflective a turn might have been saved." "Harry!" said I, in a tone which I thought would bring up within him the thought of bygone days. "It's of no use, Mr. Wyse," he exclaimed, as he turned round; "it's of no use trying to resist you; I thought you'd come, and I resolved you should have all the talk to yourself; but that kind voice, it so reminds me of home!" Here he burst into tears, and sobbed as if his heart would break. "Nonsense!" exclaimed he, of a sudden; thereon rising to his full height, and standing firm on the floor. "Be tranquil." "Nonsense! I say, and nonsense it is. I thank you; I know what you want, but its no use; its all over with me. I know what I am; I know what I must be." "*Must* be!" "Yes, sir, *must* be. I have thought the matter over, and know there is no escape." "You are wrong." "Excuse me if I say that in this I know better than you. What! is not this my ninth time, and I am hardly more than a boy." Here he suddenly stopped; his articulation in a moment became difficult, and the word "boy" he could hardly get out. "Compose yourself," said I, seizing the opportunity; "let us talk over the matter." "Talk? I have again and again talked over the matter with the schoolmaster, the chaplain, and with even a yet kinder friend than they. It is all useless; I tell you—all utterly useless; I am too far gone. I know all you can say; my scholarship is small, but I did not attend two years in your Sunday-school for nothing: I know all about it, and, once for all, I have made up my mind as to the future. I see the future already before me. This time I expect to be transported. At last I may come to the gallows. Nay, sir, do not turn pale; I would not willingly hurt your feelings; but I want you to go away to your own happy home, and leave me to my inevitable fate." "But suppose you should be acquitted?" "Then I should be let out of prison! what would ensue? what *has* ensued? Eight times I have been let out of prison, and here I am again. If they let me out now, this very day, I should be with them before a week's end." "Why so? I do not see the necessity." "No; you do not, nor do those who are in your way of life, else I think the system would be changed." "I had thought our prison discipline was much ameliorated." "I tell you what, Mr. Wyse, a prison's a prison; I suppose things in our way are not so bad as they once were; but, sir, a prison's a prison; and he that has once got in here, will be very likely to spend much of his life in some such place. Why! what *could* I do? Set me free to-morrow, beg, thieve, or starve, I must. Beg! I cannot live by begging, for I have the prison-look. Besides, if I beg, I shall be told to go to work, and work, sir, I cannot obtain: am I to starve? Would *you* starve?" "Yes, rather than thieve." "Well! please yourself; but I have no appetite for starving; I won't starve while I can get food; once for all I have made up my mind to that. You may imprison me; you may send me on board the hulks—you may transport me; but starve I will not! so now you know my mind, and with your permission I will take a nap."

With these words he threw himself on his little straw bed, and was silent. I knelt down by his side; I took his hand. He plucked it away. I took it again more gently than before. He now allowed it to remain. I addressed a few simple words of prayer to the Almighty, in which I adverted to scenes connected with his childish days. When I named his mother, he threw himself off the bed, saying, "Go, Mr. Wyse, go, I shall make a fool of myself. Yes! had my father been like her, I should have been happy now, and she would have been alive. But why this fooling? I say it's of no use; do believe me, go." "Yes, I will go to the governor, and seek his assistance." "The governor? what can he do? Again I tell you that a prison is my home; I have no other. I have tried it again and again. It's now an old story with me. Listen, if you like. This is the way. I am let out. Well, I have no clothes, no character, no real friends, no one to speak a word for me;

what can I do? For instance, the last two times but one, that good man that comes here to visit us, and who has been at me again and again; *he is* a good man. I know that very well, and really I'm very much obliged to him; but its no use, I say, it's no use, and I ought to know; for didn't Mr. Taylor twice get me into a situation? but the moment they found out that I was a gaol-bird, they sent me away. Yes: that good man got me clothes, gave me a little pocket-money, guaranteed my character, and yet I was dismissed each time before ten days were over. It's of no use, I say, no use at all; people wont have a known thief in their establishment, whatever change may have taken place in him." "I think I may succeed in finding you a home." A bitter sarcastic smile was the only answer I received. "May I rely on your reformation?" "No," replied Dixon, in a voice so firm and so emphatic as to make my heart tremble. "It's all over," he added. "What! the last time did I not do and bear my utmost; I kept away from those dens of vice, where I might have found food for the moment; I kept away, for I don't love vice and blackguardism. I tried to get work; I went to the railway-stations; I offered to carry portmanteaus and parcels, to get in coals, to clean knives—any thing, I did not care what I did to earn an honest penny; but two-pence was all I could obtain, and on that I lived for three days. On the fourth I was desperately hungry. Still I retained hope. The fifth day did the job. I was passing near the Victoria-bridge, when the fumes of a cook's-shop assailed me; at once I felt ready to yield. Somehow my better nature resisted. I was thus divided between two impulses, and for a long time could not come to a decision. Only, one thing was fixed—I could tear not myself from the spot. There I stood inwardly debating what I should do, when a gentleman passing at the very moment that a new joint made its appearance, I attempted to pick his pocket, but in the agitation of my mind, doing the trick clumsily, I was handed over to the police, and so here I am; and now no more bother, stealing is my trade. Society won't give me work, and so it must keep me in prison or out of prison; and, to tell you the truth, I don't much care which it is." "I will return to-morrow," I said, and at once took my departure.

Reader,—I had determined to make an experiment. Long have I been of opinion that individual benevolence only can redeem the criminal. The warmth of living personal sympathy may melt down an opposition which incarceration and force do but render more stern and unyielding. And surely if society, by its awful disregard of education, creates prisoners, those members of society who recognise a higher law—the law of Christian duty as taught and enforced by Christian love—ought, as they are by every consideration, bound, to apply the sole remedy to this terrible, this growing disorder—the prison fever; the moral fever, which has destroyed its myriads, and will, unless a preventive be found, destroy myriads and myriads more. True, oh! too true, is Harry Dixon's tale. His experience has been the experience of untold thousands of boys and girls. Hunger at the first drove him to theft; and that hunger came from the vices of an ignorant, and, because ignorant, a brutal father. The same hunger, occasioned by the guilty neglects of society, brought him nine times within the polluted walls of a prison. And now—so did I feel—must he perish? Perish he will, unless some friendly hand is extended for his rescue; even at the moment he is sinking to rise no more.

I hastened home. I obtained the consent of my wife, ever ready for deeds of charity. In a few days Harry Dixon was a member of my family. I have, in consequence, suffered some inconvenience. One servant has given me notice to leave, the other has refused to make his bed. No matter, my daughter will perform the last office, and another female will be readily found. So far as the conduct of Harry is concerned, I am well satisfied. The experiment is, I know, only just commenced; but I have found in him a moral sensibility, and a certain high mindedness that I did not expect. This discovery has given me confidence. I begin in faith, hope, and love. It is a great undertaking, and some day I may report the result.

A Large Throat.—The *Morning Star*, published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the south, who expended a large fortune, money, lands, negroes, everything, in a course of intemperance and profligacy:—"He had just paid a last year's grog bill of 800 dollars. One day he was walking in the street very leisurely, when, seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called to him to come over. 'Doctor, said he, 'I wish you'd just take a look into my throat.' 'I don't discover anything, sir,' said the doctor. 'You don't?' said he, 'why that's strange; will you be just kind enough to give another look?' 'Really, sir,' said the doctor, after a second look, 'I don't see anything.' 'No! why, doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down my throat!'"

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

All descriptions of fruit trees may now be moved with much greater advantage than in spring, but as this is peculiarly the proper season for commencing pruning of common fruits we shall see to it first.

PRUNING.

Practice is necessary to enable a gardener to prune judiciously, and in order that our friends may practice until they are perfect, with as little injury to their trees as possible, we shall endeavour to render the principles of the art simple and familiar by our description.

Gardeners divide the branches of fruit trees into three classes,—the "wood branches," the "false wood branches," and the "fruit branches." The first receive the name by which they are distinguished, because they are the large strong branches, which form the head of the tree, and serve as a basis to those which bear the fruit. The "false wood branches" are those which spring from a bough in a part where no eye is visible. The "fruit branches" are those which produce the buds. In appearance there is not much difference between an eye and a bud. An eye is a little pointed tumour, enclosing a packet of leaves, and is the first rudiments of a branch; while the bud is a tumour of a larger size and a more rounded form, enfolding the flowers, and of course the fruits which succeed them. Now that we can distinguish the branches, let us get the pruning knife, and cut off first all the false wood, then look out for those which are called "ragged branches," and lop them also. Ragged branches are extremely incompact; the complexion of the bark is faint; the eyes are but little swelled, and are very distant one from the other. Decayed branches should be removed next. When all this has been done, an old French gardener recommends us to call to our aid "propriety" and "economy." The first will teach us to exercise judgment before we use the knife among the wood and fruit branches; and the latter will direct us where retrenchment of sap is necessary, and where it would be proper to diffuse more of it.

No regard should be paid to a branch unless it shoots from one that was lopped at the last pruning; neither are those esteemed which spring immediately from the stem, or from an old branch where such a production was unexpected—that is, of course, where there was no eye.

PRUNING APPLE TREES.

In pruning apple trees we must recollect that the fruit grows upon short spurs or buds found along the sides and the ends of the branches; and that if we injure, or break, or cut away these, we destroy our own expectations of a crop. Some branches bear a great number of these spurs, and as they increase in length every year, so do their spurs increase in number. Such branches should rarely be touched with a knife; but should be trained along horizontally to the wall or espalier while ever there is room to extend it. If, however, the tree is a standard, which we desire to keep within a certain size, we must cut these fruit branches close to an eye or a young shoot; this obstructs the sap in its direct flow, and causes two lateral fruit branches to shoot forth.

When it is requisite to make room for a branch that is evidently well adapted for bearing, we should cut out the most irregular limbs, or those which are decaying, or too old to bear much longer. Always cut close to a stem, or to the lateral branch which you desire to leave.

When a tree exhausts itself in wood and no longer produces much fruit, cut it down to within two feet of the ground, and convert its stem into a stock for grafting on. By this method you will have a fine young tree, which in three years will bear as much fruit as a newly-planted one would in eight. A second method of managing barren old trees is to cut out a dozen branches and graft in their places fine young healthy limbs; the following season do the same, and continue the system until the whole tree is formed of fresh wood. A third method is to remove the earth from the roots in early spring, and cut off clean, with a sharp knife, two or three of the strongest. This operation renders the sap less redundant, and it settles in those parts through which it flowed before; gently nourishing those buds of fruit which the rapidity of its former course or the grossness of its qualities had caused it to abandon.

PRUNING GOOSEBERRIES.

The gooseberry has a tendency to produce too many shoots from its principal limbs; therefore, if possible, these must never be shortened, as cutting only tends to increase the evil. Take off superfluous branches to within an inch of the stem, remove all mossy and old wood, and keep the tree well open to air and light. The gooseberry may be trained into a variety of fanciful forms—for instance, that of a fan, of a funnel, of a vase, of an espalier; but as each of these is adapted for some particular season, we shall return to the subject at some future time.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM DECEMBER 15TH TO DECEMBER 21ST.

December 15. *Third Sunday in Advent.*

December 15, 1683, died, aged 90, *Isaak Walton*, an ingenious and amusing writer, who gained considerable celebrity by a treatise entitled "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," which has passed through numerous editions.

December 15, 1810, died *Sarah Trimmer*, a literary lady, whose writings are principally adapted for the moral and religious instruction of the more juvenile members of society.

December 15, 1816, died, Charles, the third *Earl Stanhope*, a scientific, ingenious, but somewhat eccentric nobleman. He was one of the many English politicians who regarded with pleasure the dawn of the French Revolution; he even openly avowed republican sentiments, and went so far as to lay by the external ornaments of the peerage. As a man of science he ranked high, both as an inventor and patron; and, among other things, was the author of a method of securing buildings from fire, an arithmetical machine, a new printing press, many improvements in stereotype printing, a monochord for tuning musical instruments, a vessel to sail against wind and tide, &c.

December 16, 1798, died *Thomas Pennant*, an eminent English naturalist and antiquary. He published many volumes of travels, antiquity, and natural history, most of which are still popular.

December 16, 1834, many *fires* were kindled by *incendiaries* about this time, in various parts of the kingdom, particularly in the eastern counties.

December 16, 1836, *Great fire in New York;* about 674 buildings were destroyed, among which were several public edifices, and ranges of capacious and valuable stores and warehouses. About 1,000 mercantile firms were dislodged, and the property destroyed was valued at about 20,000,000 of dollars. The fire burned over an area of fifty-two acres.

December 17, 1830, died, *Simon Bolivar*, the liberator, and for some time president, of Columbia.

December 18, 1724, died, in his 81st year, *Thomas Guy*, the founder of Guy's Hospital, Southwark. He was a bookseller, and kept a shop in the angle formed by Cornhill and Lombard-street. He dealt largely in the importation of Bibles from Holland, and afterwards contracted with Oxford for those printed at that University; but his principal gains arose from the disreputable purchase of seamen's prize tickets, in Queen Anne's war, and by South-sea stock, in 1720. By these speculations and practices, aided by the most penurious habits, he amassed a fortune of nearly half a million sterling, of which he spent about £200.000 in the building and endowing his hospital in Southwark. He also erected almshouses in Tamworth, and benefited Christ's Hospital and various other charities, leaving £80,000 to be divided among those who could prove any degree of relationship to him,

December 18, 1778, *Sir Humphrey Davy* was born. (For a sketch of his life, see WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, vol iv. page 10.)

December 19, 1546, was born, *Tycho Brahe*, a celebrated astronomer, at Knudstorp, in the province of Scania. He is known as the inventor of a new hypothesis to explain the motion of the planetary bodies. His scheme was a kind of medium between the ancient system of Ptolemy and that which had been advanced by Copernicus. The obvious difficulties of his scheme, and its inferiority to the simpler and now generally received system of Copernicus, have led some to undervalue the abilities of Tycho. He was, however, a skilful practical astronomer, and made many important observations on the stars.

December 20, 1716, was born, *Thomas Gray*, a distinguished English poet. As a poet he is splendid, lofty, energetic, and harmonious. His letters are esteemed very admirable specimens of the epistolary style. His "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" has secured him lasting popularity.

December 20, 1798, died, *Alexander Kilham*, the first Wesleyan Methodist reformer, and one of the founders of the Methodist "New Connexion." Mr. Kilham, as well as the Rev. John Wesley, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. Most of the reforms for which Mr. Kilham contended—except the admission of *laymen* into the annual Conferences—have since been ceded by the parent community.

December 21. *St. Thomas. The Shortest Day.* In London the length is 7 hrs. 44 min. 17 sec., allowing 9 min. 5 sec. for refraction. In London, also, on this day, wardmotes are held for the election of the inquest and common council-men, and other officers, who are annually chosen for the service and representation of the respective wards.

December 21, 1849, *Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte* took the oaths as President of the French Republic—to continue in office till the second Sunday in May, 1852.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES: THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.—We have already informed our readers that the Narratives illustrative of the above, will be withdrawn from the Weekly Numbers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, and published in separate numbers, each number containing a complete Narrative, thereby preventing the loss of interest occasioned by their being broken up into parts. The Numbers will be uniform with those of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, both in *size* and *price*. The Narrative now under adjudication is that of "*The Colliers and Miners:* their unhealthy and hazardous employments, and the triumphs of virtue and religion under the most unfavourable circumstances." Due notice will be given of its publication.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. IV.—No. 51.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1850.]

THE WORKING CLASSES AND PERSECUTION.

Every one should look at Hogarth's pictures of Persecution, entitled "*Stages of Cruelty.*" The pencil of the artist has done more to unfold and illustrate its history, than would have been expressed in many volumes. The little urchin begins with a fly, a bird, or something of that kind (for we have not the plates before us), and by torturing these, prepares himself for a life of cruelty, and becomes such a proficient in his trade that at last he can punch out the eyes of living human beings, or give their entrails to the dogs, and derive exquisite pleasure from their excruciating pain. To parents we would hint, never allow your little ones to pull flies, crickets, or cockroaches to pieces, because, by-and-by, they may improve upon this inhuman education, to make excellent Marys and Bonners of sanguinary memory. We cannot say that we should like to see Guy Fawkes or the Pope burnt, because it shows that we can be cruel in appearance; and this education in burning sinners, or supposed heretics, will never increase our Christian benevolence, nor advance our faith in the omnipotence of truth and moral force.

It has been supposed that princes, prelates, and priests have been the chief persecutors; but a little inquiry would show that, however active these personages have been in originating pains and penalties to make their subjects orthodox, yet they have always depended upon a large spice of bigotry in the masses. In aiming at the Crucifixion of our Lord, the chief-priests would have been completely outdone if the common people had shouted "Jesus" instead of "Barabbas." The cry of the mob, "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!" decided his death, and induced Pilate to ratify the popular sentence. And we add, that in all persecutions, if the popes had been doomed to burn all whom they have condemned, a vast number of heretics, so called, would have escaped. We query whether Harry the Eighth would have liked the work of butchering his wives himself, and certainly he would have had rather a hard task to have executed all the poor wretches whom he sent into eternity. It would have been almost necessary to pass a short-hour's bill for some of these royal and priestly murderers, if they had been doomed to burn, hang, torture, and bury all the hapless victims whom they sentenced to premature death, for what they chose to call heterodoxy. The misfortune of kings and subjects has been that a host of minions have always been ready to be employed in doing any dirty or cruel work; and we shall not have the world right until the working classes resolve that they will never be bribed or hired to be the journeymen of political or ecclesiastical despots, to rivet fetters on their brethren, or execute upon them any unjust or cruel sentence.

The recent events have shown that we are hardly orthodox in the great doctrines of civil and religious liberty. This, doubtless, arises from the want of thought; and the want of correct thought on this subject may be traced to our miserable education. We teach our children and ourselves almost anything but what they ought to know; and hence few persons, even among the learned, the wealthy, and ths pious, understand the civil and religious rights which are the birthright of every human being. Unfortunately, these doctrines are not taught at Oxford, Cambridge, or in many other of our public schools. And then a large number of

our newspapers and periodicals are hardly English. The men and women that conduct them are more fit to be subjects of eastern despots than of the British empire. Not a few of our editors would make excellent Turks or Russians, and are actually a greater blight to the country than the Pope of Rome. For if we are to be persecuted, it will make but little difference whether we have our goods seized by a Catholic or Protestant, only that it seems so thoroughly out of character to be trampled in the dust by one's own brethren. One learned doctor has lately talked of shipping off Archbishop Wiseman and his brother bishops to the Tiber; but if we set about transporting all persons who are hostile to liberty, it would be well not to forget that we have in the Protestant faith a great many ladies and gentlemen who are quite ready to persecute all who differ from them in politics or religion, and are not at all fastidious about the promulgation of their despotic opinions.

The mischief that is done by intolerant journals and magazines is incalculable. And there are others, also, which are hardly less objectionable, for if they are not charged with illiberality, yet, for the most part, they never advocate the rights of man. It is a great reflection on our Christianity that many of the most strenuous supporters of liberty have been infidels. This is not merely a censure on religion, but on humanity. All mankind have the same bodies, the same souls, the same Heavenly Father, and, therefore, the same natural rights; and, consequently, ought to be perfectly free, and especially so to utter their thoughts on religion, and to use all lawful means of propagating them. We believe there are few of our readers but will agree to the following sentiments:—

I. No person ought to be persecuted for his religion. Other men and women have the same right to their opinions as we have to ours. Perhaps we may say that "we are right and they are wrong;" but still we ought to reflect that, in their judgment, "we are wrong and they are right;" and the best way of settling the difference is, not by calling in the civil power and the sword of the magistrate, but by a good argumentative discussion. Political rulers, generally speaking, have been very poor theologians. They have had more faith in steel than in logic, in fire and faggots than reason, in gunpowder and ball than in the Gospel. Besides, it does not say much for our own side of the question that we must have the aid of a rack or of a fiery furnace to give weight to our opinions. Tortures can be as omnipotent to defend error and irreligion, as to contend for truth and godliness. In fact, the latter have never been aided by them in the least degree, and therefore have always been repudiated by the best and most efficient reformers. Christ and his Apostles never resorted to them. David did not ask that the Philistine should be stripped of his armour; that his helmet of brass should be taken from his head to make way for the stone; that his coat of brass should be stripped off; the target of brass torn from between his shoulders; the greaves of brass from his feet; the sword snatched from his scabbard; the spear from his hand; and the shield from his armour-bearer. He did not pray Saul to bind the giant hand and foot, and then promise to cut-off his head; but he met him as he was; and his doing so showed his faith and valour. None but cowards ask to have the hands of their enemies tied behind them, that they may be able to give them a good dressing. Depend upon it, there is a want of faith in our principles, and a deficiency of courage in our hearts, when we desire to have the mouths of those who differ from us sewed up by the State cobler, or their tongues cut out by the sword of the civil magistrate, that we may be able to silence them! We must let everyone speak

out—Protestants, Catholics, Infidels, Pagans, and everybody else,—remembering that truth cannot be victorious until by argument, reason, and persuasion, it has fairly confuted all its foes. We certainly have no faith in the sentiment—

"Cannon-balls may aid the truth."

We do not believe that a single truth has, in any degree, been aided by a cannon-ball, nor by any of the racks and torments, fires, faggots, pains and penalties which have ever been employed. Nor have acts of Parliament or State interference of any kind had any effect in establishing piety or virtue. There is no logic in gunpowder; there is no reason in thumbscrews; there is no intelligence in lions' dens. No one was ever enlightened by being shut up in a dark dungeon. Such cruelty may make hypocrites, but has never added a true convert to any creed.

"He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

We want these sentiments to take deep root in our factories and workshops. We are anxious that the men and women among the masses should be deeply imbued with the principles of civil and religious liberty, and that bigotry and persecution should be sent back to their homes and their birth-place,—the cabinets of tyrants, and the conclaves of priests. It is bad enough to have persecuting princes and priests, but far worse to have bigoted companions in the circle in which we move ready to execute any of the intolerant commands or statutes of tyrants. Let the working classes be set right, or rather let them set themselves on these points, and the reign of bigotry must soon come to an end.

II. All should be encouraged to speak out. Medical men are always pleased when a disease shows itself by its symptoms. There is nothing that baffles their skill so much as for a patient to be ill, and yet all the diagnostics concealed both from the sufferer and his physician; and they would think any individual a maniac who should administer medicine to a sick person for the purpose of driving a complaint inward that it may prey upon his vitals. Now, error and heresy are mental maladies, but how can we know them unless they are expressed? We cannot open windows into the souls of men or women; nor do we require to do so. Allow persons to speak freely, and the utterance of their thoughts will soon make their minds transparent. "Out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh." It is a difficult thing to be a hypocrite always. The principles of the most consummate deceiver will occasionally ooze out in spite of all his caution. Nothing has so great a tendency to produce hypocrisy as to impose penalties on freedom of speech. Doubtless, there have been millions who, from fear of the stake, the thumbscrew, or some other penalty or torture, have never uttered their real religious sentiments.

Political and ecclesiastical tyrants have frequently degraded their subjects to such an extent as to convert every man and woman into a spy on one another, so that children have betrayed parents; parents, children; brothers, sisters; sisters, brothers; wives, husbands; friends, friends; and neighbours, neighbours; so "that a man's foes were those of his own house." All free intercourse was interrupted, and hypocrisy everywhere prevalent. How strange that princes and prelates should have thought that the climax of legislative and spiritual wisdom was to produce a world of dissemblers! And not only in governments, but even in private life, liberty of speech is not always allowed. Many an anxious inquirer has doubts, which, to save his credit, he is doomed to conceal, Paul has said, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good;" but "to prove," or try, is to

doubt: because no one attempts to prove or try what he firmly believes. But in our day you must take everything upon trust, pin your faith to the sleeve of every dogmatist, differ from no one, and demonstrate nothing; and thus an age seemingly free from persecution is, after all, too conventionally intolerant to permit its citizens to utter their thoughts with freedom. Many a youth has been despised and called a thousand bad names, and driven into confirmed infidelity, for uttering an honest doubt, which a little kindness, reason, and patience, might have satisfactorily answered.

The only way to correct an error which is preying upon the soul is to hear it patiently, understand it fully, and confute it rationally. You cannot cut heresy out of the mind as you can let *pus* out of a wound. There is no lancet so fine as to reach the intellect; infidel or superstitious thoughts cannot be amputated like cancerous or mortifying members. Calvin did not cure Servetus by burning him. Unless we can eradicate the error, and leave the soul entire, we can do nothing. We once heard of a man who could, without any use of the knife, extract a cancer, and so heal the wound, that scarcely a scar was left behind. Such is the skill required in correcting the errors of the world. We must sever them from the heart without mutilating the immortal principle in which they were generated. If we believe scripture and history, there are myriads numbered with the saints in bliss who were once the worst of infidels, and yet there is now no mark or sign of their former unbelief left on their souls. Divine love removed their heresies and infidelity, and did so without any spiritual injury to their spirits. Their sins were not burnt out, but graciously taken away. Their physician was not the magistrate, but the kind-hearted teacher. They confessed their faults, acknowledged their wanderings, and were kindly led into all truth. But they never could have been set right if they had been prohibited from uttering their convictions.

THE FAIRY GIFTS—A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone, author of "Life's Sunshine," &c.

It is Christmas Eve, and a frosty night,
When the air is keen and the ground is white;
When the rich and poor together meet,
In the busy market and crowded street;
When purses are open, and hearts are kind,
And ever unheeding the cold north wind,
The mingled throng for that feast prepare,
Which all but the poorest at Christmas share.
And on this evening might you have seen
Many a pleasant familiar scene—
Of happy homes and bright fires stirred,
And the sound of glad voices in laughter heard;
Of fond lovers meeting, and boards well spread
For the hungry poor, by kind hearts fed.

And in one of the humblest dwellings there,
Sits a young fair wife yet unworn by care.
She listens for sounds of coming feet,
Longing her husband's return to greet.
He comes, and the children around him press,
With welcome loud, and with warm caress.
They open the basket that he hath brought,
Fill'd with good things he that night hath bought:

There's sugar and spices, and fragrant tea,
And they search with no small anxiety,
To see if the christening cake is come,
A luxury rare in their frugal home.
For to church next day must the new-born go,
Tho' the ground is white, and the wind doth blow;
But baby will lie in its mother's breast,
And the cold cannot pierce that soft, warm nest.
And the children they laugh in their mirth and glee,
As they think how merry the feast will be.

The morning comes—and with thankful heart,
The little band to the church depart.
With laurel and bay is the organ crown'd,
As it peals with joyful yet solemn sound;
There is scarlet holly on every side,
And the church is deck'd like a new-made bride.
To the sculptur'd fount the baby came,
And the priest bestowed a Christian's name;
And he blessed the white-robed infant child,
Who look'd in its mother's face and smil'd,
As if it knew on that holy morn,
The Saviour had unto men been born.

In their humble home the board was spread,
And grace was first by the father said;
Grateful and happy the good man felt,
Yet deep in his heart a wish there dwelt,
That fairies would visit the earth once more,
As 'tis said they did in times of yore.
For he feared, so poor his appointed lot,
That his child by fortune might be forgot.
When just at that moment the sun shone bright,
Filling the room with a brilliant light;
And with silver wings and outstretch'd hand,
Do fairy forms round the cradle stand;
And thus in chorus with voices sweet,
With joyful tidings the child they greet:—

"Rejoice! for a bounteous Heav'n doth give,
Its gracious gifts unto all that live:
There is compensation in every lot;
And thou, though born in a humble cot,
Shalt share in the favours we still bestow,
As we did many hundred years ago.

"Should poverty, baby, press thee hard,
And thou be of food and warmth debarr'd;
Should days of suffering make thee weary,
And the future seem both cold and dreary;
Then slumber shall her sweet vigils keep,
And thine be the blessing of tranquil sleep.

"Tho' no ermin'd robes, and no rich estate,
Shall e'er on thy lowly fortunes wait,
The free fresh air is a boon from Heav'n,
Which to rich and to poor alike is giv'n.
Sunshine, and flow'rs, and redbreasts' song,
In fragrance and beauty to thee belong,
And in woodland scenes shalt thou roam afar,
And silently gaze on the evening star;
While the dark blue vault where the planets shine,
Shall ever instruct thee in love divine.

"And when youth's brief years shall have hurried by,
And sorrow have dimm'd thy aching eye,
In the Book of books thou shalt comfort read,
Of unfailing help in the hour of need!
Should dark temptations e'er cloud thy way,
Or those whom thou lovest go far astray,
Oh remember that there are sabbaths given
To recall such wanderers back to Heaven!

"And when hoary age shall have brought thee low,
Thy brown locks turning like wintry snow;
When thoughts of sin and of time misspent,
And thy sad return for mercies sent,
O'erwhelm thy soul, then bethink thee prayer
Is ever a refuge from fell despair.

"And now while still we around thee sing,
One other gift to thee we bring.
We give thee a heart as tender and kind
As the sun's warm rays, or the summer wind;
A spirit as glad, contented, and gay,
As ever a long wish'd for holiday.
And thus, if from evil passions free,
This humble home shall like Eden be."

The fairies ceas'd, and the fairies fled,
But still the bright sun its radiance shed
Around the dear little baby's bed.

So pious and gentle, good and mild,
She grew in favour, that poor man's child,
And her father's heaviest cares beguil'd.

And every evening since, they say,
He blesses the happy Christmas day,
When the fairies around his child did pray.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—No. II.

A VISIT TO IT IN EARLY DAYS.

It is probable that the first collector of objects which are now considered to constitute a Museum, so far as our country was concerned, was the gardener of King Charles I., John Tradescant. He had travelled over great part of Europe, and is supposed to have visited Egypt and other countries of the East. He collected in his travels plants, seeds, and curiosities of every kind. At South Lambeth he had a botanical garden, and in his house there he deposited his curiosities. It was called "Tradescant's Ark."

It contained specimens of minerals, plants, birds, fishes, and insects, as well as coins and medals, and a variety of things then considered great rarities. It was favoured not only by the visits of the nobility and gentry, but by many gifts from them. They are noticed in a work published by the proprietor in 1656, entitled "Museum Tradescantianum; or, a Collection of Rarities preserved at South Lambeth, near London." It appears from this work that the Tradescants, father and son, had brought together a large collection, involving, however, not only much that was valuable, but many absurdities. "In their time," says Pennant, "Zoology was in a low state, and credulity far from being extinguished. Among the eggs was one supposed to have been the egg of the dragon, and another of the griffin. You might have found here two feathers of the tail of the phœnix and the claw of a ruck, a bird able to truss an elephant." This museum passed into the hands of Elias Ashmole, who founded the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The dwellers in London, or the visitors to it, who felt some curiosity as to natural objects, would have their minds directed to the British Museum, as the only place where this feeling could be gratified in days long since passed. It will be interesting, therefore, to observe the state of the collection in that edifice between forty and forty-five years ago, especially as we shall hereafter have the means of presenting a contrast which cannot but prove singularly impressive.

On entering the gate of the Museum the first objects which caught the attention were two large sheds, defending from the inclemency of the seasons a collection of Egyptian monuments, the whole of which were taken from the French at Alexandria. The most curious of these was the large Sarcophagus, which was considered to have been the outer coffin of Alexander the Great, formed of variegated marble, and covered with hieroglyphics. Here were also two statues, taken with the rest, of Roman sculpture, supposed to be those of Marcus Aurelius and Severus.

Proceeding now to the great hall, the most curious articles were two Egyptian monuments of black marble, standing upright. They were brought from the Museum of Cleopatra, which stood near Alexandria, and were sent from Egypt by Mr. Wortley Montague, the husband of the celebrated lady of that name. On the right there was a ram's head curiously sculptured, from Thebes.

From the hall the visitor passed through an iron gateway to the great staircase, opposite to which stands a mahogany model, exhibiting the method used by Mr. Milne in constructing the works of Blackfriar's-bridge; and beneath it were some fragments from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the one side of the staircase was a valuable collection of inscriptions, with a few basso relievos, chiefly Greek and Roman. The wall of the staircase was adorned by a landscape. In the middle were two or three ancient altars, and at the top a model of a first-rate ship of war.

The first room was devoted to antiquities, chiefly Egyptian and Etruscan. Over one of the doorways was a portrait of Sir William Hamilton, by whom a great part of its contents was presented. The picture was the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. A stand in the first window was filled with relics of ancient Egypt, among which were several small representations of mummies, used as patterns for those who chose and could afford to be embalmed after their decease. In the next two windows there were stands filled with small bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii, many of which were very beautiful. There was a larger case in the middle of the room filled with similar remains. A smaller one contained a cork model of the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli. The presses around the room were filled with vases, and other curiosities, chiefly of Etruscan workmanship.

The corners of the second apartment, opposite the light, were occupied by two Egyptian mummies, richly painted, from the catacombs of Sakhara, near Cairo. Over one was a sculpture of Laocöon and his sons; over the other was a model of a Chinese junk. In the centre of the room a glass stand contained some miniatures, among them were those of Charles I., Cromwell, and Sir Thomas More. The watch of the Protector was placed by the side of his portrait. Beneath this stand was a curious model of a Persee burial-ground. In the presses round the room, among various specimens of art, were many of Raffaelle's China; and the walls above were decorated with a variety of implements of war from different quarters of the globe.

The third room contained a rich collection of curiosities, brought by Captain Cook from the South Pacific Ocean. In the left corner was the mourning dress of an Otaheitean lady, a singular combination of taste and barbarity; and opposite were rich cloaks and helmets of feathers from the Sandwich Islands. Over the fireplace were various articles, as bowls, and above them battoons, and other weapons of war. The next objects which claimed attention were the idols of the different islands, hideously made; near these were the drums and other instruments of music. A small glass-case presented a comparison between a breast-plate from the Friendly Islands, and another taken from an Egyptian mummy, which exhibited a singular coincidence.

The manuscript department was now entered. Here was the collection of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He was a great encourager of learning, and the largest collector in his time of all curious manuscripts and books in print, especially those concerning the history of his own country. He was also himself a man of taste and letters. His collection was afterwards much augmented by his son. One of its curiosities is a volume of royal letters, from the year 1437 to the time of Charles I.

Here, too, were the manuscripts of Mr. Cole and Sir William Musgrave, and those presented by Sir John Cotton, as well as the collection of Dr. Thomas Birch, a voluminous writer of the last century. Born of Quaker parents, he received his education at several schools kept by persons of that persuasion. It was the wish of the father to bring up his son a coffee-mill maker, which was his own business; but the youth, feeling a decided attachment to literature, was at length permitted to follow his own inclination; the father declining, however, to afford him any maintenance or assistance. Separating himself from the Society of Friends, he took orders in the Church of England, and preferment flowed in upon him more rapidly than might have been expected. He now produced a great variety of works, among which is a "General Dictionary," in ten volumes, folio; and an edition of the "State Papers of Thurloe," Secretary of State in the time of Cromwell, in seven volumes, folio. His other works are too numerous to be here specified. Besides these, and Letters between Colonel Hammond, Fairfax, and Cromwell, respecting Charles I., he left a great quantity of valuable manuscripts to the British Museum.

One of the most valuable works in this room was the most ancient manuscript known of the Old and New Testament. It was sent as a present from Cyril, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I., and was said to be the work of Theclas, an Egyptian lady of quality, about the year 390. There were also two manuscript copies of the Five Books of Moses, in Hebrew, and a variety of other manuscripts, very splendidly illuminated with coloured drawings and gilding. On the table of the room was the celebrated Magna Charta of King John. It is written on a large roll of parchment, and was much damaged in the year 1738, when the Cotton Library took fire at Westminster. Part of the broad seal remained annexed.

From the manuscript department the visitor reached the great saloon, finely ornamented with fresco paintings by Baptiste, the ceiling being adorned with a representation of Jupiter casting his thunder-bolts at Phæton; and the other gods, actuated by various passions. On a table in the centre stood a magnificent Etruscan vase, presented, with the others above it, by Sir William Hamilton. Here were, also, a beautiful model of the Barberini vase, by Mr. Wedgewood, and a variety of Roman and other remains.

The mineral-room was next entered: fossils, minerals, metals, pebbles, crystals, and precious stones, of various colours and splendour, presenting a very remarkable sight. Among these was an Egyptian pebble, broken by accident, exhibiting on both pieces a representation of our poet Chaucer. Here, also, was a garnet of considerable size, and a beautiful box formed of Corinthian marble.

The two adjoining rooms contained chiefly some fossils, dried plants, shells, and insects, with a few animals. Among these was a jaw-bone of the mammoth. Passing by the great staircase to the bird-room, the eye caught a variety of nests, among which was that of the taylor-bird, the eggs of which were stitched together with grass. Above the case where these were preserved, was the duck-bill, lately brought from New Holland, having a body resembling the otter's, with a bill and nostrils like a duck, short webbed feet, and a tail similar to that of the beaver. Among the birds, the birds of Paradise were especially attractive.

The next and last apartment contained animals in spirits; and from a glance at these, the party, not exceeding fifteen, according to the rule, were let out by the attendants. In this state the British Museum continued for many years. An impulse was, however, given to the public mind, and the effect of it became increasingly apparent. The Parliamentary Return for 1807 gives the number of visitors at 13,046; in 1814 it is stated at 33,074; in 1818 it was 63,253; in 1821 it was 91,151; in 1825 and 1826 the numbers are 127,643 and 123,302; but in 1827

prevailing distress appears to have reduced the numbers to 79,131. In 1835 the visitors amounted to 289,104; and since then their number has greatly increased.

In a Parliamentary Committee some years ago, one of the witnesses says:—"There is one important feature with respect to the British Museum in the mind of the public, that I am much pleased with—the general good feeling exhibited by them on all occasions. * * * * There is also, I may observe, no scribbling about the Museum, and the only instance in which I found any remark made was by some ignorant man, who wrote with a piece of red chalk on the bannisters leading to the King's Library, 'Museaum.'" The same witness, on being asked for information as to the comparative behaviour of the public of the present and of a former day, replied:—"The British Museum has only become very popular within the last few years. Time was when we had not more than 200 visitors a day; we have now 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000, and sometimes 6,000 visitors in a day." Even that number is often greatly surpassed. Monday is generally the busiest day; and, sometimes, one-half of the day's visitors will arrive after two o'clock. A careful observer has occasionally remarked the number, especially on fine days. The average was about fifty every five minutes during the last two hours of the Museum being open.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. XI.

HIGH STATE AND ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FUNCTIONARIES.—Continued.

Harking back to the Horse.—The price of Pages of "Honour."—What Mr. Secretary-of-War says on the subject.—Turning over a new leaf of pages in the Royal volume.—Pages of the Backstairs, State Pages, Pages of the Chamber, and of the Presence.—The Lord Chamberlain and his department.—Royal forte for pianoes, very fortissime.—More singularity of Regal Expenditure.—Two hereditary holders of the same office.—Peculiarities in the perquisite line.—The Queen's Privy Purse and the private talk about it.—The Master of the Ceremonies, his pay and performances.—Mistress of the Robes, and Ladies of the Bedchamber; their pay and duties.—Ditto of the Maids of Honour, and Bedchamber Women.—Petticoat Politics, and their pernicious pressure on the People.

Since our last chapter was in type there has been issued the evidence taken at the beginning of last session, before the committee on army and ordnance expenditure; and from which enormous volume, extending to nearly 1,300 folio pages, we propose to take a passage or two, illustrative of that portion of the subject which had reference to the military commissions granted to the Pages of Honour. Our authority on the subject is the first in the world, being none other than the Secretary-at-War, Mr. Fox Maule, who, being under examination by Mr. Hume, states as follows. We condense the questions and answers into a continuous narrative for the sake of space and simplicity.

Mr. Fox Maule says: With regard to the supernumerary officers of the Foot Guards, when the Guards were reduced, they used formerly to be placed on half-pay, previously to 1821; but on that reduction the supernumerary officers were retained upon full pay, the difference between it and half being so trifling that it was better to retain their services than to let them go idle on half-pay—meaning, that they should fall into vacancies as vacancies occurred. The captains at that time at once fell into vacancies, from the removal of officers of the Guards to half-pay, who held the rank of general officers, and therefore the only parties who had to be provided for were ensigns and lieutenants, and they would have been disposed of also, but from the circumstance that there are certain individuals attached to the court, who formed part of the royal establishment, named Pages of Honour, who receive commissions in the Guards; and, therefore, when there have been vacancies, which have been filled by pages in rotation, they have not fallen to be filled by supernumerary officers. But as fast as vacancies which do not fall to be filled by the pages can be occupied by supernumeraries which exist, they are so. They would have all been reduced long since, but for the appointment of pages to commissions without purchase.

Mr. Maule went on to state in detail the nature of the arrangements glanced at, from which it appears that there have been twenty-eight pages appointed to commissions in the Foot, Grenadier, Coldstream,

and Fusiliers, since 1825, at a loss to the public of about £2,000 a year, or £50,000 for the twenty-five years—though this is an item of which the public never hear a word, and this may be said to be the first time the fact ever obtained currency among any portion of the community. It does not appear that any regular number of years' occasional attendance on the Sovereign is necessary to constitute a page's claim to a commission, the matter being regulated more by the age than the service of the party—if service it can be called. About sixteen is the period for ceasing to be a page, as previous to that age a commission is not attainable. And quite early enough too, the reader will doubtless say, especially as the fortunate youths who are pages receive about £120 a year for figuring on state occasions half-a-dozen times a year at the utmost. We shall have to recur hereafter to the Guards in a separate article, and the materials for that purpose, we are happy to say, are alike curious and abundant.

Besides the Pages of Honour, there are numerous others. 1st—Five Pages of the Back Stairs, whose names (we quote the "Court Kalendar; or, Red Book," for 1851) are herewith given, in case any of our country friends should need the assistance of these important personages, during a sojourn in London—viz., John Whiting, H. Kinnaird, A. F. Gerding, T. Bachelor, and John Taylor, all esquires, of course, for, exclusive of perquisites, they have four hundred pounds a year each. One or other of these is always at the door of the Queen's apartments, from morning till night, when their duty ceases; and at her Majesty's dinner two of them wait upon her.

2ndly—Two Pages of the Presence, S. Shepperd and G. Beckham, Esqrs., who wait upon the Lords and Ladies in Waiting, and are subordinate to the Back Stair Pages. Their salaries range from £140 to £280, with a large allowance for lodging-money and board wages when off duty. There is but one Page of the Chamber, Mr. Heller, a nominee, it is said, of the Prince Consort, to overlook the other pages. What his salary is we do not know; neither do we know the salaries of the Pages of the Presence, of whom there are six, first and second class,—the former being almost as rarely employed as the Pages of Honour, except that one of them attends daily for orders at the palace; but the others approach nearer to what is understood, generally, by the word servant. Great reductions have of late years been effected in the number and cost of the pages generally; and this is another of the items of economy which Lord Brougham considers to have been a departure from the principles and understanding which guided the Monarch and Parliament, when the civil list was voted; his lordship maintaining, that if the dignity of the Crown is to be upheld on less than was voted for that purpose, it is the nation, not individual members of the royal family (meaning Prince Albert), who should profit by the retrenchment.

All the pages, except the Pages of Honour, are under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, the chief officer of the Household, of whom and whose department we now come to speak. When that officer laid before Parliament his expenditure for the year preceding her Majesty's accession, the sum was £41,898, made up in a manner quite as curious as the little bill of particulars presented by the Master of the Horse. We give some of these oddities, requesting the reader to remember that it is for the *last* year of the reign of William and Adelaide, when it may reasonably be supposed that all the ordinary requirements had long been laid in; hence the prime source of astonishment at such an entry as £356 for piano-forte makers and organ builders! We only select a few particulars: upholsterers and cabinet-makers, £11,381; joiners and blind-makers, £1,038; carpet manufacturers, £225; turners, matlayers, and floor-cloth-makers, £690; locksmiths, ironmongers, and armourers, £4,119; clock-makers and opticians, £895; piano-forte-makers and organ builders, £356; ormolu restorers, carvers and gilders, £395; japanners, £654; paper-hangers, £898; linendrapers, £1,962; semptresses, £284; stationers, booksellers, and engravers, £1,080; card-makers (besides preceding entry), £118; modellers and floor-chalkers, £137; washing, £3,104; soap (besides the washing aforesaid), £419; chimney-sweepers, £150; surgeons, &c., £1,957; allowances in lieu of apartments, £4,631; other allowances, of various kinds, amounting to about £6,500. Accordingly, £42,000 was voted for the tradesmen's expenses of the Lord Chamberlain, and £66,500 for the salaries of that department, made up in the mode we shall detail in speaking of the officials who receive it. And, first, as to the Lord Chamberlain.

This office must not be confounded with the wholly different one, the Lord Great Chamberlain. The latter is an hereditary office, inherited jointly (for old feudal family reasons it is unnecessary to enter into) by Lord Willoughby D'Ersby (the present holder) and the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who was Great Chamberlain last reign, and will be next—that is, the person possessing the marquisate. The Great Chamberlain has nothing to do with the household, his duties being confined to the regulation of

ceremonials in the House of Lords, on the occasion of opening and proroguing Parliament (for which he regulates the issue of tickets), and at other times of solemnity. He is one of the very few functionaries now paid by perquisites, but we believe these are compounded for when they are claimed, and the proceeds, we also believe, handed to Lord Willoughby's secretary, Mr. Robert Burrell. The delivery of the sword of state to a distinguished member of the existing administration is left wholly to his choice and discretion; as is likewise the fitting-up of Westminster-hall for the coronation, when he is entitled to forty ells of crimson velvet for his own robes; and on the day of the ceremony it is his duty to carry the royal wearing apparel to the king, for which he is entitled to the bed, furniture of the room, and the king's nightgown. (!) Before, as well as after dinner, he claims to serve the monarch with water, and to have the costly basins and towels as his reward. How all this was managed on the *Queen's* coronation, we really don't know; but we believe the whole of the perquisites named were compounded for; though he obtains those due on the creation of every peer, or when one does homage to the monarch. At these times he is supreme over all the black rods, ushers, and so forth, in the Upper House.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire, was in 1848 appointed to succeed Earl Spencer as Lord Chamberlain of the Household, who has the supervision of all persons and things pertaining to the domestic arrangements of royalty—births, marriages, funerals, revels, mournings, religion, physic, and all the administrations of these and numerous other pursuits. His salary is £2,000 a year, and that of his vice, Lord E. G. F. Howard (son of the Duke of Norfolk, Master of the Horse), is £1,500; and they have a considerable staff to assist them, the salaries of such corps amounting to about £3,000 a year. Adopting the order of precedence laid down in the "Court Kalendar," the first officer of importance in this department, but who is not in reality amenable to the Lord Chamberlain, is the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, now filled by Lieut. Col. Hon. C. B. Phipps, brother to the Marquis of Normanby, the Ambassador to Paris. Mr. Phipps, who was late Private Secretary to Prince Albert, is the officer through whom is laid out the sum of £60,000 per annum, which, for a great number of years, Parliament has placed at the private disposal of the monarch for charities, &c. &c., and when George III. (in whose reign the custom came in vogue) went deranged, the purse was placed into the hands of commissioners. An unfriendly court critic, to whom we have before alluded, says that the greater portion of this sum is appropriated to the individual (that is, not the monarchial) uses of the Queen and her husband, and that the royal bounties are literally filched (for that is the real meaning of the accusation) from out the £86,000 allowed by Parliament for defrayal of the tradesmen's expenses in the department of the Lord Stewart, such "economy" being rendered necessary by the cost of Osborne-house, Isle of Wight, and the hoarding propensities of the Royal Consort. We know not what ostensible foundation there may be for this allegation; but the reader will probably agree with us, that in the simple and honest character of her Majesty (as shown by paying her father's debts, twenty years after his demise) the nation have a tolerable security in the honourable fulfilment of the obligations she impliedly contracted with her people when she accepted the magnificent allowance made her for purposes clearly defined by express statute. The Privy Purse's salary is equal to that of the Lord Chamberlain himself—viz., £2,000 a year, with apartments and other advantages; and Mr. Phipps's secretary, Mr. Harrison, has also a liberal salary, but of the exact amount we are ignorant.

The next office we come to is the Master of the Ceremonies, whose duties are pretty well defined by his title. The post is at present held by Col. Hon. Sir E. Cust, brother of the Earl of Brownlow, and an old Peninsular soldier. He obtained his knighthood when Prince Leopold, to whom he was equerry, ascended the Belgian throne; and his wife is a bedchamber woman to the Duchess of Kent. His salary is £300 a year, his badges and trappings being paid for extra by Parliament, and appearing every year in the miscellaneous estimates, when they give rise to a good deal of commentary that might as well be avoided, for the amount is but the merest trifle, and the nation ought to be spared the offensiveness of so paltry a demand, especially seeing the open-handed munificence with which they contribute to everything pertaining to the dignity of the Crown. The Master has an assistant, Col. Cornwall, who is paid 6s. 8d. (!) every day he is on duty, and a Marshal, the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton (brother to Lord Lyttleton, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire), who receives £100 a year. The services of this triumvirate are only in request at levees, drawing-rooms, and similar ceremonials, when presentations to the Sovereign take place, the Master regulating the order of things thereat.

The next functionary is the Mistress of the Robes—namely, the Duchess of Sutherland, who has held the office each time the

Whigs have been in power during the present reign, and there is understood to be between her Grace and the Queen a much warmer feeling than mere official or state relationship would alone account for. As her name implies, the Mistress sees to the state costume of the Queen, but merely by superintending it. In all processions she walks immediately after the Queen, or rides in same carriage. Her salary is £500 a year, and the same is paid to each of the eight ladies of the Bedchamber, who, at the present moment, are the Marchioness of Douro, the Countesses of Charlemont, Mount Edgcombe, Gainsborough, and Desart; Viscountesses Jocelyn and Canning, and Lady Portman; and an extra Lady of the Bedchamber, the Duchess of Norfolk. On an average the attendance of each of these ladies (one only being on duty for a fortnight at a time,) is about six weeks in the year, though sometimes one will remain on duty for another.

The Maids of Honour are the Hons. Matilda Paget, Amelia Murray, Eleanor Stanley, Lucy Mary Kerr, Caroline Margaret Dawson, Caroline Fanny Cavendish, and Flora C. J. Macdonald. Salary £300 a year each. Duties, a month's attendance (two maids at a time) in turn, on her Majesty, during which period they are much more the companions than the menials of the Monarch—dining at the royal table, as do also the Ladies of the Bedchamber, together likewise with the Eight Bedchamber Women—viz., Ladies Caroline Barrington, Charlotte Copley, Theresa Digby, Forbes, and Gardiner; the Hon. Mrs. Anson and Mrs. Brand; and, Extra Woman, Mrs. Pratt, who is permanent, or resident; salary, also £300 a year; the duties much the same as in the preceding case, only somewhat humbler, one "woman" being in attendance at a time, and for a fortnight.

It may be asked, what can such particulars as these concern the Working Man? Why, not much, certainly, at first sight. But it is to be recollected that the politics of some of these fair ones sufficed to overthrow the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, to drive the great warrior and the great statesman from office, to counteract the course of progression, and to imperil the welfare of the Working Man and of the whole human family for a very considerable period; for there cannot now be any reasonable doubt, that, had Sir R. Peel retained power in 1839, he would have earlier entered upon free-trade, and in all probability been thus enabled to avert the greater portion of the terrible consequences of the Irish famine. The whole particulars of what was commonly called the Bedchamber Plot have already been detailed in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, in the sketch of Sir R. Peel, consequently it is unnecessary to advert to them here, farther than to say that political considerations have wholly ceased to influence, if they ever did influence, her Majesty, and equally so her ministers, in the choice of the ladies about the Royal person. Many, we believe the majority, of those females whose names we have enumerated, belong to families who are opposed, in great measure at least, to the policy of the present advisers of the Crown. For instance, the husbands, sons, or brothers of several voted towards the close of last session against Lord Palmerston—a vote which, if successful, would have annihilated the Russell administration.

It is melancholy to think that the business of a mighty empire should be brought to a stand-still, nay, for a while forced backwards, by a miserable back-stairs influence that one would hardly believe could effect any serious impediment in a petty parochial German state. But the Queen's late uncle, the Duke of Sussex, and her premier, the late Lord Melbourne, who had the formation of the Royal Household, and, to a considerable extent, of the royal mind, were just the men to invest sinister influence, like that spoken of, with extraordinary importance, and to convert it to the account of faction, altogether regardless of the people. However, a repetition of intrigues of this sort is wholly impossible, or, which amounts to the same thing, the public are perfectly indifferent to them, however momentous they still may continue in the eyes of that tenth part of the world who have been well described as not knowing how the remaining nine-tenths live. This is the work of Sir R. Peel, and is not one of the least valuable obligations he has conferred upon his country. On coming back into office, in 1841, knowing the constitutional strength he had behind him, both in Parliament and out of doors, he made no attempt to interfere with the arrangements before adverted to; but her Majesty, with great good sense, surrounded herself with ladies, the politics of whose male relatives were in consonance with those of her responsible advisers. The public ceased to bestow a thought on the matter, one way or another; and gradually the female portion of the Royal Household became of the miscellaneous character we have seen; and such it is likely ever to remain, though it is of extremely small consequence whether it does or not.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Many persons are anxious for some data upon which they may form an estimate of the expenses involved in a visit to London, and a stay there for a few days. We believe the impression is pretty general that it is a most expensive place to live in; that lodgings are high, provisions dear, and sight-seeing a very costly thing indeed. In the experience of thousands there can be no doubt that all this is true. Many regard a visit to London as a kind of Saturnalia,—a season of licence, during which the restraints of prudence and decorum and virtue, which are maintained at home, are thrown aside. London is a place of temptation; it *has* its expensive pleasures, and its still more expensive dissipations. But some of our readers will probably be surprised when we say, that, to men of prudence and self-control, as we trust most of the working men who read our pages are, and as their preparations to visit this Exhibition will assuredly help to make them—men of temperate and frugal habits, willing to limit their enjoyments to those of an innocent and rational character, and generally to keep cheapness in view,—*London is about the most inexpensive place in the whole world;* and if the working man can manage to get over the railway fare to and fro, and see his way clear to a few shillings remaining after that, neither he nor his family need look forward to his trip to the modern Babylon with any feelings of alarm.

We intend to give a short sketch of a day in London, to show what a man may see and what he may live for, supposing him, be it remembered, all that we have described. A teetotaler, of course, he must be, for otherwise we cannot answer for the inroads that gin and porter may make upon his pockets. Her Majesty's Commissioners have given a hint on this subject, having forbidden the sale of any intoxicating drinks amongst the refreshments in Hyde-park; and thus intimated that in their judgment "pure filtered water," and tea and coffee, are the beverages most conducive to a proper appreciation of the wonders of the Industrial Show.

The week's occupation of our visitors next year will consist of three things of primary importance—sleeping, eating and drinking, and sight-seeing. What will be done in the way of lodging accommodation we have already given some idea of, and shall duly chronicle, for the information of our readers, from time to time. A clean and comfortable separate bed in a respectable house may now be obtained for a shilling or less per night. It is too early to speak with confidence upon this subject at present; but remembering the check upon extortion, and the security for cleanliness and general good treatment, which are afforded in the arrangements of the Commissioners for the registration and surveillance of lodgings, we may at least calculate that the sum mentioned above will be sufficient to command good accommodation. The eating-and-drinking part of the business must next be disposed of. If we were addressing the very poor, we might tell them how a sufficient supply of wholesome food might be procured for a few pence. Many a man in London knows how to dine upon a penny; many a man spends less than that, and does not go altogether without dinner either. But we take it for granted that the readers for whom this information is intended are, for the most part, accustomed to a frugal comfort at home, and would like, in moderation and temperance, to "enjoy themselves" in London.

The first meal of the day is breakfast. What abundance of accommodation here waits the pleasure of the cockney! See, in every street—most of all in those branching off from the great busy thoroughfares—the coffee-shops, with their display invitingly spread out, of rashers of bacon, mutton chops, and muffins; and generally in the window, framed like a picture, a table of charges, to enable the man of calculation, whose resources are carefully allotted for the day, to ascertain the cost before he ventures in to regale himself.

Let us enter one. Here, the "Wellington," the "Albert," or the "Temperance" will do. We take our seat in one of the boxes, "by ourselves alone," and begin to consider what we shall have. This is the bill of fare:—Coffee, with milk and sugar, per cup, 1d.; roll and butter, 2d.; bacon, 2d.; herring, 1d. Two cups of coffee, with roll and butter, or roll and herring, will just amount to 4d.; or, sub-

stituting bacon for the herring, to 5d. And a sumptuous breakfast it is; at least, so we think it, as our attention is divided between the delicacies before us and the "latest intelligence" of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, or *Daily News*, which we are holding wet from the press in our hands. Having read the despatch from Paris, bringing the news from our friends in that city down to last night, glanced over the Houses of Parliament debating whilst we were sound asleep in bed, and made ourselves acquainted with whatever else is going on in the busy world—as it becometh men "in town," who have presently to write down and tell all the news at home; and having, moreover, duly fortified ourselves against the attacks of hunger for some hours to come, we sally forth and, joining the stream of eager bustling passengers, wind our way to the Crystal Palace, in Hyde-park, paying our shilling for admission, and drinking in the wondrous sights which the busy industry of all lands has sent to win our admiration.

Dinner is a thing of taste. A plain hungry man will, however, prefer the good homely fare of a plate of roast or boiled meat, with vegetables and bread. Look at that shop, with the hot joints steaming in the window—fine well-dressed meat, and what variety of shape it takes! Now, are you dainty? Here are beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal—boiled, baked, roast and stew; ham-and-veal pie, steak pudding, &c. &c. Make your choice. "Waiter?" "Yes, sir." "Roast beef, potatoes, and bread, and a glass of clear water." In a few moments they are placed before you, the bright tin covers are whipped off, and you set to. Gradually the viands disappear, and luckily your own appetite departs with them.

So far well. But the process of eating over, and an extra quarter of an hour spent over the newspapers to aid digestion, you begin to think of paying. The waiter is summoned again. "What have I to pay?" "Meat, 4d., potatoes, 1d., bread, 1d.—any beer, sir?" "No." "Sixpence, sir." The little coin is forthcoming; if you like to do the thing genteelly you add a penny for the waiter, and you betake yourself again to the busy streets, with the persuasion that, for the sum of 7d. of her Majesty's currency, you have made a meal which an hungry monarch would not despise. If, however, your appetite be unusually whetted by the piquancy of London sights, and the fresh air of our parks, you may enlarge your orders in proportion, and ask for a *sixpenny plate*.

With most persons in London, engaged in transacting occasional business, or in the pleasanter occupation of sight-seeing—in fact, with the great bulk of visitors from the country, who are not domiciled in the houses of friends, and bound down to their family arrangements—the custom prevails of dining at a late hour, when the heavier part of the day's occupation is over, and there is little more to do than to take rest and talk over the transactions or the sights of the day. Perhaps our readers, when they come here, will find themselves falling, to some extent, into the same habits, not, indeed, dining at six or seven o'clock, but postponing that meal to a sufficiently late hour to prevent the necessity of more than one meal afterwards. Except with gentlemen who spend their evenings out, supper amongst provincials in London is a very light affair. Those whom we are addressing, we presume, will take their enjoyments by daylight, and with bodies fatigued, and minds, for a time, almost bewildered with all they have seen, will be glad to seek repose at a not very late hour.

A substantial breakfast, and a dinner early in the afternoon, such as we have described, will leave nothing to be desired but a good tea, which may be something in the shape of a repetition of the first meal of the day; and if this picture of a good day's feeding in London be a correct one (and we pledge ourselves that all we have said may be done for the money), the total expenditure for breakfast, dinner, and supper, will amount to from 1s. 6d., to 1s. 8d. That would give a *comfortable* day, whilst another four-penny piece added for a crust of bread and cheese, or an extra luxury of some kind, would enable a man to live like a prince.

"But we shall want to see some sights in addition to the Exhibition. We must spend one day in looking at the other lions, and we want to know how much that will cost us." Well, gentle readers, you shall know. What is the smallest coin of the realm? A farthing. Then, we answer, something below that—in fact,

nothing. England cannot boast of as many gratuitous sights as most large countries. Unfortunately, there are money-takers at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and other places that every Englishman would like to see. But still there are more free shows than you will have time to visit, and those of as much value and interest as any you could pay for. We intend to furnish you with a complete list of all these, with full particulars of their position, their distances from each other, their relative claims to preference, &c., so that you may be able to spend what time you have to spare profitably, in seeing what is most worth seeing. In the meanwhile, to show you that you will have plenty to look at, we will mention one or two of them. There is the British Museum, the finest collection of specimens of all that is curious in nature, in history, and in art, to be found in the whole world, and of which we are now giving a descriptive account in a series of papers. Then there are the National and Vernon Galleries, filled with choice pictures by the best masters, ancient and modern. If you like to look upon places not only magnificent in architecture but associated with the most interesting incidents of English history, you may tread the spacious floor of Westminster Hall, one of the finest apartments in the world—the scene of the coronation festivities of our kings, where the champion, on a snow-white steed, proclaimed his challenge to all traitors; the chamber in which the High Commission sat in judgment on Charles I., and in which Warren Hastings was tried. Those folding doors, leading from its side, will conduct you to her Majesty's principal courts, the Queen's Bench, the Exchequer, and the Common Pleas, where ermined judges sit to administer the law.

The free sights of London! Yes, more than you will have time to gaze at. The Glass Palace itself, what a sight that will be! We mean the mere structure apart from the exhibition it will contain. Hear what plain, practical, common-sense Mr. Cobden says about it in his speech at the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute:—"I was last week in Hyde-park, surveying the building, as far as it had been erected, for this great Exhibition. Why, the building itself would repay a visit to London, if you walked all the way. There never was such a space enclosed by human hands before. Talk of the Pyramids covering a large space, or of the great St. Peter's at Rome, or of the Vatican, or of any other great building,—there never was anything to be compared to it—nothing ever conceived by human heads, or executed by human hands, to compare with the extent of this vast enclosure; and it is all of glass too. There is nothing in the 'Arabian Nights' Tales' half so extravagant, as to fancy 18 or 20 acres of land covered over with a glass roof."

Before our present number reaches the hands of our readers the Industrial Palace will be all but completed, as far as the erection itself, apart from its decorations and internal fittings, is concerned. The most difficult and critical operation has been raising and placing in position the great ribs of the circular transept roof. These have been raised in pairs with the intermediate bracings fixed to them. Each pair of ribs weighs eight tons. Seventeen pairs of blocks were employed in lifting them. The vast arches having reached their elevation, and been carried to the pillars on which they are to rest, the ends were gradually lowered four feet deep into iron sockets prepared for their reception. The work of glazing was then proceeded with rapidly.

The question of decoration has occupied the earnest attention of the Commissioners. Mr. Owen Jones, an artist of great eminence in that department of his profession to which belongs the arrangement and balance of colours, was selected to conduct experiments; and the Commissioners met for the first time in the new building on the 6th instant, to receive his report. The plan proposed by Mr. Jones consisted of a combination of blue, white, and yellow, for the columns; blue white, and red, for the girders; and white, yellow, and red, for the roof. After lengthened consideration, however, this plan was greatly modified; and it was decided that white and blue colours should be employed for the roof, and for the columns and girders white and blue, with just sufficient yellow to reduce the effect of the whole to a neutral tint. The light and elegant appearance of the interior will be aided by draperies, and the exterior adorned with flags and ornamental castings.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PROVINCES.

Edinburgh numbers 163 exhibitors, distributed as follows:—Section of raw materials, 14; machinery, 68; manufactures, 62; sculpture, &c., 19. The space required amounts to 10,143 square feet, viz., 3,558 feet in floor space, 1,959 in table space, and 4,646 in wall space.

Elgin is about to send specimens of wheat and rye-grass.

Perth will forward a display of Scotch jewellery and precious stones upon a "mull" in the form of a sheep's head.

Ireland promises to be well represented both in raw materials and in manufactures. Lord Dufferin and Mr. Hennesy have offered prizes to the pupils of the Belfast School of Design, for the best patterns in damask cloths—the finished fabrics to be afterwards sent to the Exhibition. Amongst the articles forwarded from the sister island, minerals, and other natural productions, and the native manufactures which are peculiar to Ireland, will hold a conspicuous place.

At *Spitalfields*, *Devizes*, and numerous other places, public lectures upon the advantages resulting from the Exhibition have been delivered to large audiences, and have been followed by the formation of artizan clubs.

From *Guernsey* applications have been received from fourteen exhibitors, for the reception of fifteen articles. 150 square feet of counter and 100 feet of wall have been allotted. The articles sent from this island will include a series of Guernsey granites, and some fine specimens of raw silk, for the production of which a company has been formed.

At *Jersey* the ladies are going to hold a fancy fair in connection with the Exhibition. Polished granite, and a species of green stone of very hard texture, will be amongst the specimens.

Manchester has asked for 35,000 feet, including 18,000 for machinery only.

From *Nottingham* the exhibitors will amount to 87; the floor space required will be 5,188 feet; table space, 2,362 feet; wall space, 4,045 feet: total, 11,595 feet. All the large hosiery houses, and those in both branches of the lace trade, will exhibit.

At *Reigate* a gentleman (T. Martin, Esq.) has offered to any lads of the town, that, if they will contribute a penny a week to the Exhibition fund, he will take them all up, paying their carriage and other expenses.

The *Isle of Sheppy* sends four exhibitors, and amongst others the following articles:—A carpet of Berlin wool, worked on squares by ladies; a model of a 20-gun corvette by a shipwright; a specimen of native copperas; and the armorial bearings of the secretary in needlework, worked by himself.

Southampton will contribute a gas cooking apparatus of very ingenious construction. It will occupy four feet of the floor of the Glass Palace, and will be capable of cooking a dinner for 100 persons with one shilling's worth of gas, at its present price. An Exhibition ball has taken place, and was a very brilliant affair. The shares taken in the Working Man's Association in this town are upwards of 800.

At *Spalding*, amongst other contributors, are two ingenious mechanics, one of whom intends sending a filtering machine on a new principle, calculated to pump *clear* water from the most muddy sources; and the other, a model of a new railway signal, to prevent accidents.

In *Bolton* some magnificent specimens of counterpanes are preparing. One especially, exceedingly rich and chaste in design, the production of an ingenious artisan.

Ashburton sends specimens of mineral productions, including the celebrated Haytor granite; and several mechanical productions, including specimens of pottery from *Bovey*.

Among the contributions from *Bristol*, manufactured articles in brass-work will hold a prominent place.

In *Birmingham* there are 27 exhibiting brass-founders; 16 button-makers; 14 electro-platers; 9 glass manufacturers; 13 iron-founders; 13 jewellers; 7 lamp-makers; 20 manufacturers of general machinery, and 10 of machine models; 11 papier maché makers; and various others,—amounting in all to 287 exhibitors, who have applied for 20,070 superficial feet.

Sunderland sends manufactured iron models of safety apparatus for descending mines, and numerous specimens and models of materials used in ship-building, shipping, and mining.

Various places in *Wales* will send specimens of flannels.

Mr. Cobden's Advice. — At this moment, from all points of the compass, from the remotest parts of the world, are wending their way to this great Glass Palace in Hyde-park, the contributions of Central Asia, of Africa, of China, of the west coast of America; and from every country, civilized and uncivilized, are coming contributions, the choicest specimens of human skill and industry, in order to be deposited in Hyde-park, for the special gratification of the English people. And will there be a man pretending to an atom of intelligence, or worthy of the age in which he lives, that will not be prepared to make some sacrifices in order to go and inspect that glorious concentration of human skill and labour? Recollect, you may not see it again; and I will tell you why. Because, as soon as ever this exhibition is over, France will lay in her claim to have the next general exhibition of the results of the world's industry; and depend upon it, the next exhibition within four or five years from this time will be at Paris; and no sooner will that exhibition be at an end, than we shall have Austria, or Prussia, or Germany, or Russia, putting in their claims; and so it will make the tour of the world, and you will have America following their example. We may not live to see another exhibition in London, therefore don't lose the opportunity, because every one of your children will reproach you for not having visited it. I want you to go to see what other countries can do as well as yourselves. I do not want you to think that manufacturers are going to profit much by exhibiting the results of their skill, or that manufacturers abroad are coming here to steal the brains of our countrymen. What you can produce, and foreigners can produce, are much better rewarded by such merchants as your president here, and by their custom, than they ever will be by any exhibition. But go there and see what foreigners can do, and you will have more respect for foreigners when you see what they can do, and the friendship and esteem which will be founded upon that respect I regard as the soundest security for durable peace between the nations of the world.—*Speech at Huddersfield.*

The Terms of Admission.—We believe the Commissioners have not yet come to any final decision upon this subject, but the considerations we mentioned in our last number continue to be pressed on their attention, and we have every hope that they will prevail. What we said then we repeat. It will be perfectly legitimate to make a high charge on certain days to those whose tastes and habits dispose them to take a comparatively private view, and who can afford to pay for their indulgence. But from the very opening of the Exhibition, there should be some days in every week with terms within the reach of the great mass of the people. It has been suggested that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the price should be a shilling; on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2s. 6d.; and on Saturdays, 5s. But whilst the principle of this arrangement is good, the plan itself is open to a very grave objection. Visitors from the country, of the operative classes, whose stay in London will be limited to a few days (the excursion trains are to allow a stay "in no case exceeding *six days*"), and who will of course want to avail themselves of the lowest rates of admission, should be admitted on *consecutive days*. Without this they will be obliged to leave London without a sufficient inspection of the great Museum, or they will have to pay a higher sum for their admission than was fixed as *their* rate. We should propose, instead of the above distribution of days, that on the first three or four days of the week the charge be 1s.; on Friday, 2s. 6d.; and on Saturday, 5s.

Whilst on this subject, we may advert to a point in the arrangements already made, that we think needs reconsideration. The agreement with the railway companies does not require them to provide cheap excursion trains before the 1st of July, 1851. To this the objections are two. In the first place, the great annual holiday of the north of England—Whitsuntide—falls in June, and every facility should be afforded the operatives of these districts to pay their visit to London during that week. In Manchester, for instance, the entire population turns out, for the one only time in the course of the long twelve months. It is there the race week, and the artisans, glad to escape anywhere from the factory and the smoky town, hurry off in thousands, on foot and in every vehicle they can get possession of, to the race course. Why not divert the crowds of Manchester sightseers from the races to the industrial show? Why not bring up the thousands of holiday-seekers to the great Metropolis to gaze upon its wonders? It appears to us the very week of all the year when extra trains should be set on, and we must urge upon the attention of the Commissioners the importance of making such an alteration in the present arrangements as will enable the working classes of that great seat of manufacture to avail themselves of the fine opportunity of visiting the Exhibition afforded by their great annual holiday. Others will be able to command their own time, but with operatives it is different, and their con-

venience *must* be attended to. We invite the committees appointed to superintend their arrangements, immediately to make such representations upon this subject as may induce the Commissioners to review the terms of their contract with the railway directors.

Another objection is this—on every account it will be desirable to spread the visits of the people over as long a space of time as possible. All the local committees should be in communication with a central committee in London, who should so arrange for the visits from different localities upon a concerted plan, that, as far as possible, there should be a constant and regulated succession—never a glut—of arrivals. Accommodation, comfort, and expenses would thus be in great measure equalized, and the fear which many entertain of evil consequences to the health of the Metropolis, fail of being realized. If, however, the Exhibition is to be closed against the people for two whole months out of the three or four devoted to it, any plan like that we have indicated will be altogether out of the question; and a thousand inconveniences to the inhabitants of London, and to visitors themselves, will be the consequence.

THE PROSPECTS OF WAR AND ITS EFFECTS.—War always operates as a curse. It is an unmixed evil, desolating the fairest lands, lacerating the best affections, and paralyzing the noblest energies of man. All our readers who are in the habit of looking at newspapers know that Germany has been seriously menaced with war for several weeks past; that the unsettled state of affairs in Hesse Cassel and Holstein, and the hostile attitude of Austria and Prussia, have led to the establishment of vast military armaments, and threatened Europe with a long and bloody campaign. If the two great powers we have named really commenced hostilities, Russia, on the one hand, and France, on the other, with the smaller States of Germany, would quickly become involved in the war, and Italy would probably follow.

These events must necessarily have interfered with the success of our Exhibition. The presence of war in any land distracts the minds of its people from the pursuits of peace and industry. The immense masses involved in the military prescriptions, especially in Germany, and the heavy contributions of money levied, would have robbed the workshops of their best hands, and hindered capitalists from engaging in the works they had projected. We should thus have had to regret the absence of specimens of industrial produce from many of the principal manufacturing countries of the world, and thousands of the visitors we have been expecting would have staid at home. To show that we have been detailing no imaginary evils, we may mention as facts, that, in the anticipation of war, many works begun in Germany were actually abandoned, and that societies formed in Berlin and other cities, for the purpose of providing for the conveyance and accommodation of visitors to London, were dissolved.

All our friends who take an interest in the success of the Exhibition, ought verily to enrol themselves members of the Peace Society. War would have spoilt the whole thing; and we exceedingly rejoice to find that there is great probability of a pacific solution of the questions that agitate Germany. Monarchs and their counsellors seem alive to the evils that would result from hostilities, and we trust that they will be able, as now indeed appears almost certain, to agree to such a settlement of their disputes as will enable their artisans to lay down arms for the implements of industry; their capitalists to make becoming preparations for the great competition to which we invite them; and their visitors' societies and clubs to renew their negotiations in the pleasant prospect of a cheap trip to London and its celebrities.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NEAR THE EXHIBITION.—It is now understood that permission will be given, under certain regulations, for the erection of amusement-booths in Hyde-park. If so, the intention of the Commissioners has undergone a change, as they originally decided not to sanction anything of the sort. Various applications, however, having been made to them—Mr. Batty, amongst others, having expressed his wish to erect a hippodrome for equestrian performances—an intimation has, it is said, been given that the subject will be reconsidered. The immense influx of visitors from all parts of the world will render it of great importance that ample means of innocent recreation should be provided for them, and by sanctioning the use of some portion of Hyde-park for this purpose the Commissioners would be able to exercise a salutary control over the amusements provided.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

X. (Norwich.)—The articles for exhibition have been classified in four great divisions—viz., Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Sculpture and Plastic Arts. Each of these is to have a definite portion of space allotted to it, and the local committees will be bound in their selection to observe the relative proportions determined on by the Commissioners. We shall explain the arrangements on this head in our next.

H. K.—We doubt not we shall have a goodly attendance of foreign notabilities, and that the curious will have an opportunity of seeing many of the distinguished men of Europe. It is said that Louis Napoleon is about to take Dotasio's magnificent hotel at Slough for himself and a numerous retinue, during a month of the Great Exposition.

R. ENGINEER.—Both classes will be benefited equally. Manufacturers and merchants will go to look after their interests, and to meet those foreigners who may, from an inspection of the products of our textile industry, be disposed to make purchases, and to introduce into more general consumption abroad the cheap and excellent fabrics which we can furnish. And working men will go to examine the improvements which have been effected in their different trades by the English and Scotch, as well as by other nations, and will carry back with them correct notions of the points in which their superiority or inferiority consists, suggestive of hints for removing the latter and confirming the former.

A. WILLIAMS.—You will of course have to exercise caution. Every occasion drawing together a large concourse of people always brings with it a certain proportion of sharpers. We have no doubt the police authorities will do what they can to protect the public, though it is understood that the Commissioners have not yet determined upon any specific arrangements.

SUBSCRIBER.—A scheme is in course of formation for providing an extensive establishment for the accommodation of artisans. It necessarily involves many points of difficulty, and as the arrangements, when made, cannot well be departed from, they must all be well matured. We are in a position to command the earliest positive information upon this subject, and as soon as the plan is finally decided on, shall communicate it to our readers.

X. Y. Z.—In our article upon living in London in the present number, you will see we promise the very sort of information you ask. A descriptive list of all the sights and public amusements that deserve notice, and are free or low-priced, will be given in good time.

HENRY SIMPSON.—Your local committee ought at once to communicate with the commissioners, apprizing them of the number of members enrolled in the club and likely to visit London, Without receiving general returns on this point, they will have no data upon which they can proceed in their arrangements. Information should also be sent from each place as to the prevalence of any local customs or holidays which may render some time more convenient than another for the visits of the workmen of that locality.

J. N. (Sheffield.)—1. Prices are *not* to be affixed to articles exhibited. We made some remarks upon this decision in our last number, to which we refer. 2. The local committee would furnish forms to be filled up. 3. The Patent-laws in our next.

COSMOPOLITE.—The foreign Governments are. for the most part, disposed to assist their subjects in sending both contributions and visitors to the Exhibition, but there are exceptions. Thus, Austria has just decreed the dissolution of the Hungarian Company for the Promotion of National Industry.

G. A. F.—In the case of agricultural implements, the descriptions must state the name of the implement or article, its uses, any recent improvement, if patented, and any other requisite particulars, in as few words as possible. Every article must be entered to a separate number, and the lowest selling price is to be given.

L. (Bath.)—In the department of sculpture, models, and the plastic art, the rewards will have reference to the beauty and originality of the specimens exhibited, to improvements in the processes of production, to the application of art to manufactures, and in the case of models, to the interest attaching to the subject they represent.

PROVINCIAL.—The admission fee is 5s. This was fixed professedly to keep visitors out. In this, however, it has not succeeded. Now every one who can command a crown has the right of entrance. Before, it required a little interest to get a ticket from the Commissioners. Under the new arrangement as many as 200 visitors have been admitted in one day.

ANDREW BRECHIN (Aberdeen).—It is most probable that tickets will be issued available for several consecutive days, for the convenience of persons in the circumstances you describe, but we cannot announce anything positive on this subject at present.

A CONSTANT READER (Bristol).—We have had so many questions put to us on the subject of the registration of designs, and the protection of the rights of inventors, that we intend offering full explanations on the subject next week. This notice will be sufficient for several correspondents.

A CORRESPONDENT AT MANCHESTER, whose initials we cannot decipher, asks information upon the subject of clothing clubs in connection with the Exhibition. The object is to provide new and becoming articles of clothing for the visit to London, subscriptions being paid in weekly, in proportion to the expenditure contemplated, and at the end of the term over which they are intended to spread, paid back to the members for the purchase of apparel. If the purchases were effected by the club, instead of the subscribers individually, they would have the advantage of dealing as wholesale buyers.

SHORT HOMILIES BY PARSON FRANK.

"Let the great world
That bears us—the all-preaching world—instruct thee,
That teacheth every man, because her precepts
Are seen, not heard;
For before every man, the world of beauty,
Like a great artist, standeth day and night,
With patient hand retouching in the heart
God's defaced image. Reverence sights and sounds,
Daughter; be sure the wind among the trees
Is whispering wisdom." SYDNEY YENDYS.

GOD'S book of nature is full of pictures. Such pictures, too, as transcend the elaborations of art. Illustrations, grand in design and exquisite in finish, are engraved on every page; and the heavenly Father calls his earthly children to gather around him, and examine and admire the beauties of the great volume which is written within and without. In other words, the world is full of pleasant instruction, with precepts that are seen, not heard—or, if heard, only in the tranquillizing whisper of wisdom. But few of us give any heed to the excellence and the interest of these engravings; very few amongst us study the precepts or catch the whisper. The great lesson-book is neglected, its illustrations uncared for, its illuminated leaves uncut. We grow old in heart as well as years, when we might *be* young in the first and so *feel* young in the last. We let the world of every-day indifference, of unthinking toil, of dull mechanical habit, of seared hopes, of crossed affections, of gross animal pursuits, usurp our whole being, and leave no room for that higher and better world of beauty which is meant to "retouch in the heart God's defaced image." We are typified in this matter by WORDSWORTH's celebrated potter;—Peter Bell is our representative, the M.P. after our own hearts:—

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

In vain for Peter was the soul of happy sound spread through air and earth and water; he never felt

"The witchery of the soft blue sky."

The celebtated JOHN FOSTER observes* that it might be supposed that the scenes of nature, an amazing assemblage of phenomena if their effect were not lost through familiarity, would have a powerful influence on opening minds, and awaken in them something corresponding to the beauty, vicissitude, and grandeur, which press on the senses. But in many instances "even the senses themselves are so deficient in attention, so idly passive, and therefore apprehend these objects so slightly, undefinedly, and transiently, that it is no wonder the impressions do not go so much deeper than the senses as to awaken the mind to thoughtful and imaginative action. This defect of sensibility and fancy is unfortunate amidst a creation infinitely rich, with grand and beautiful objects, which can impart to a mind adapted and habituated to converse with nature an exquisite sentiment, that seems to come as by an emanation from a spirit dwelling in those objects." On this account stress is to be laid upon the study of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, whose converse with Nature was of a kind to which the last paragraph strikingly applies. This poet had, as his friend and critic, DE QUINCEY says, his passion for nature fixed in his blood; it was a

* Essay I. "On a Man writing Memoirs of himself."

necessity, like that of the mulberry leaf to the silk-worm; and through his commerce with nature did he live and breathe. "Just so," my readers (at least too many of them) may reply; "by your own showing WORDSWORTH had a quite peculiar and extraordinary constitution; his organization was entirely different from that of the run of men; therefore, be not so unreasonable as to require *us* to be worshippers, in whom this prodigious bump of veneration is so stingily developed." To which I rejoin—at any rate, this poet's peculiar faculty enables him to instruct and elevate others, and such instruction, and such elevation as he can impart, is just what the common run of men want. Because *he* knows and feels so much, is no apology surely for *their* knowing and feeling so little. Therefore, the exhortation recurs, study him, that you may see new beauties in the panorama of creation.

The case of Peter Bell shows that it is not enough to be familiar with fine scenery. The rude potter had been a wild and woodland rover for many a long year—but not the value of a hair was heart or head the better. Competent observation alleges that "the great despisers of rural scenery are rustics," because they so little reflect on their sensations, and so utterly neglect to cherish and retain them, that familiarity in their case breeds contempt. The taste so richly ripened in WORDSWORTH and others, exists in a crude and dormant shape even in the dullest and rudest. Hence many a poem of his is an *Open Sesame* cry to the double-barred gates of their cavernous souls. They seem to feel, *that* is the word we have been waiting so long to hear; and what a treasure in the wilderness it opens out! Perhaps the dullest and rudest of them come at last to sing or say with ROBERT BURNS at his plough—

"O nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms,
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!"

THE FRESH WATER OCEAN.

CONSPICUOUS is the part which the water plays in that series of stupendous changes which may be called the life of the world. Its vast oceanic expanse, which covers nearly three-fourths of the entire superficies of the globe, and presents consequently an evaporating surface of 150 million square miles, is kept from stagnancy by the great tidal oscillation which daily follows the moon around the globe, and by those constant currents, arctic and equatorial, which mix the concentrated brine of the tropics with the cooler and diluter waters of the poles. Upon this ocean rests the liquid air—another mighty sea, having also its tidal oscillations, its currents, and its teeming inhabitants: and where these two seas touch, they interfuse. The water-ocean absorbs two per cent. by measure of air, and aerial-ocean, in its turn, holds in suspension about one per cent. (by weight), or upwards of 1,000,000 cubic miles of water. This ambient water, which is expanded to nearly 80,000 times its fluid bulk (each cubic foot of air containing, at ordinary temperature, between five and six grains), constitutes what may be called our *Fresh-water Ocean*. It steams up from the salt ocean below at an average rate of sixteen tons per acre per day; and, as its mean bulk remains unchanged, the withdrawal of water by condensation from above necessarily equals its supply by evaporation from below.

The process by which the distillation, transport, condensation, and the delivery of the ambient fresh water take place is very curious and beautiful. The air in ascending expands so rapidly, that at three miles high each cubic foot occupies the space of two; and this expansion increases its capacity for heat, of which it can absorb and render latent an extra degree of Fahr. for every 350 feet of elevation, or 14½ deg. per mile. Such is the amount of heat stolen by air, as it ascends, from intermingled vapour; which, along with its heat, loses a corresponding proportion of its elasticity; whose reduction, again, brings about an equivalent diminution in the amount of cohesive force counterpoised; so that, at every successive elevation, a number of aqueous molecules, previously held apart as steam, collapse into visible water. It is thus that the 6¼ grains of vapour upheld in each foot of fully saturated air at 60 deg. Fahr. dwindle to 3¼ grains at 40 deg., and to 2¼ grains at 32 deg.; the difference (2¾ grains in the first case, and

8¾ in the second,) being the quantity that collapse into visible mist. This refrigeration may depend on the regular abstraction of heat by the air in ascending, or on the casual influence of cold currents coming from the north; so that fog or cloud may be found at any height, from the earth's surface to five miles high and upwards—though beyond this height the extreme cold leaves very little vapour at any time remaining to be condensed. It is doubtless by cool air currents, occurring at successive elevations, that the successive layers of clouds are formed which we see rising one above the other. These clouds are the true sources of our rivers, of which it has been prettily observed that in this respect they resemble human life—seeming, like it, to spring from the earth, but having their real origin in heaven The collapsed vapour would, however, fall back directly in a continuous drizzle, straight down to the ocean-surface, from which it had been previously exhaled, but for the vesicular structure of clouds, which, when examined in the microscope, are found to be congeries of little bubbles, resembling soap-bubbles. These vesicles are in general extremely minute—though Saussure mentions passing through an alpine fog, in which they floated past him of the size of large peas. Of the play of forces which determine their formation of sufficient explanation has been given, nor even any satisfactory theory proposed; but their obvious and most important function is to keep many million tons of water continually suspended in the air above our heads. A large proportion of these bubble-clouds drift overland, partly impelled by the breezes, partly attracted by the projecting insular and continental masses, which jut up to an average height of nine hundred feet above the mean sea-level. Collapsing, at last, under the combined influence of thermometric, barometric, and electric perturbations, which have not yet been thoroughly analyzed, these hollow water-spheres run together in compact drops, which the earth's attraction, tempered by the air's resistance, draws down in gentle showers to the ground. Thus are laid up during the winter on the Himalayahs, the Andes, the Alps, and the central African ranges, those vast snow-stores which, gradually melted by the summer heats, feed during the dry season the greater water-courses of the globe—the Ganges, the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Nile. Thus also the thirsty plains and valleys, and the porous subterranean strata, are moistened and refreshed by sun-distilled waters, still flowing down their slopes, or sinking slowly through them to the sea,—thence to be raised once more into the ambient ocean overhead.

In every part of this vast circuit, water is true to its character as a *vehicle*. The rising vapour carries up into the air the more volatile portions of the decaying organic matters with which the ocean teems. The organic matter thus raised furnishes myriads of atmospheric animacules and fungi with the conditions of their existence; and these, perishing also by myriads, are washed down again by the falling rain, along with the soluble gasses constantly poured into the air by the decay of terrestrial generations. Millions of tons of life-sustaining matter are thus, by the intervention of water, annually carried to and fro between the air above and the sea and the earth below.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE COMING AGE.—I see the tokens of a great sunburst in every part of the world. Our steamers are beating white the waves of every sea. The Tigris, the Nile, the Euphrates, the Indus, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, are the high roads of our progress and civilization. I see only the Divine hand in those remarkable discoveries that science is now making. Do you think that railroads were only meant, in the providence of God, to enable manufacturers of Birmingham to buy cheaper in the London market, or for another purpose? Do you suppose that the electric telegraph was invented merely to tell the price of stocks? I do not believe it. I believe that these are the first responses of God to the truth of humanity—of our common brotherhood—and that the cement of that common brotherhood is the light and life of the Gospel.—*Dr. Cumming.*

DAMP BEDS.—Why is a damp bed so dangerous? Because in a damp bed, with an insufficient covering, heat is drawn out or attracted from the body more rapidly than it is generated within the body; a chill ensues, and this superabundant abstraction of caloric is greater during sleep than during our waking hours; for during sleep the internal heat-producing process is, like other vital functions, lowered in degree. Moist air, or air which has vapour dissolved in it or diffused through it, attracts caloric more copiously than dry air. The moist air of a damp bed carries away from the body caloric with dangerous rapidity; the whole body is chilled, disease and often death ensue. Rapid abstractions of caloric, it is well known, are amongst the most prolific sources of disease. How is all this often fatal mischief to be prevented? Nothing can be more easy. Prevent, by a sufficient covering with non-conductors, the abstraction of caloric, and all mischief is obviated. One or two additional pairs of blankets, according to the temperature of the chamber, would have saved many a valuable life.—*Sir H. Marsh's Lectures in the Dublin Medical Press.*

MATTHEW MARVEL'S LECTURES ON THE MARVELLOUS.

Lecture III.

If, my friends, I drop this ball from my hand, it will, you well know, fall to the earth; and you now hear the sound with which it falls. And if I take this half-sheet of paper, and then withdraw my hand, on which it rests, a similar result arises; the only difference being that the descent is slower, and the sound is less. The fact is, therefore, demonstrated, that light and heavy bodies, from which support is withdrawn, descend to the ground. How, then, is this? Suppose each one of you frame a reply; and then, when a few seconds have elapsed, you shall hear mine.

The reason is, that bodies fall when their support is withdrawn, from *the force of gravity*. The earth, for example, attracts this ball, which descends, and the consequence is, that they both come in contact. If, however, the earth attracts the ball—the ball, at the same time, attracts the earth. The earth does not indeed rise to meet the ball, because it is so much larger; and since the force of attraction is in proportion to the mass or quantity of matter, you cannot be surprised at not perceiving the earth rise to meet the ball, the attraction of the latter being so exceedingly small in comparison with that of the former, as to render its effect wholly nugatory. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that there is a *mutual* attraction.

It has consequently been the aim of many who wished to excite surprise and astonishment, to seem, at least, to oppose this law of nature; and of such efforts it is my purpose to present you with one or two examples.

In India there are jugglers who perform some remarkable feats. One of these, named Sheshal, a Cuddapah Brahmin, appeared at the Government-house at Madras some years ago, and of him I have the pleasure of giving you a representation from a sketch made at the time.

Here you see him showing how he can oppose the force of gravity, by sitting in the air, apparently without any support. He is a slender, middle-sized man, and has attained a considerable age. He wears a long chintz gown, a yellow-dyed turban, and a high waistband. Around his neck is suspended a row of large Pundaram beads.

The only part of his body which appears to have any support whatever is the wrist of his right arm, which rests upon a deer-skin, rolled up and fixed horizontally before him to a perpendicular brass bar. This brass bar is fitted into the top of a small four-legged stool, near one end of it. While in this attitude he appears to be repeating his prayers, holding in his hand a string of beads, and having his eyes half closed. When he is about to exhibit, his attendants surround him with a blanket, so as to screen him from the view of the spectators, till he is mounted in the air; a signal is then given, when the blanket is removed, and he is beheld in this very extraordinary posture.

One spectator describes the process he goes through a little more minutely. Sheshal first allowed this gentleman to examine a stool about eighteen inches in height, on the seat of which were two brass stars inlaid, a little larger than a dollar. He then exhibited a hollow bamboo, two feet in length, and two inches and a-half in diameter. The next article was a roll of antelope skin, perhaps four inches in circumference, and two feet in length. Sheshal then concealed himself, with these three articles and a large bag, in a shawl of considerable size; he appeared to be very busy under the shawl for about five minutes, when he ordered the covering to be removed. He was now discovered actually sitting cross-legged in the air; but leaning his right arm on the end of the antelope skin

which communicated horizontally with the hollow bamboo, which again was connected perpendicularly with the stool, immediately over one of the brass stars. On this occasion he sat for more than half an hour, counting his beads in his right hand, and without once changing the expression of his countenance, which was quite calm, as if this new mode of sitting required no exertion from him.

The gentleman, to whom I am indebted for this account, saw Sheshal exhibit four times, and on each occasion tried his utmost to discover the secret, but without success. A large bribe was offered to induce him to reveal his mode of performance, but he declined altogether any explanation. Had he given it he might have had to say, in his own language, Sheshal's "occupation's gone.' As it was, he was in the habit of receiving for the exhibition of his singular feat a considerable sum of money.

How, then, shall we account for its performance? The juggler — the magician, be it remembered, is only intent on appearances. As certainly as there is vision, is there also illusion. What meets the eye does not convey the fact. There is some secret acted upon, which not only eludes detection at the time, but which may do so, too, after frequent and long-continued thought.

The mode adopted by Sheshal is probably as follows, as described by the gentleman, whose account I have given, and which I cannot but consider a very happy guess:—The brass stars conceal a receptacle for a steel bar passing through the hollow bamboo; the antelope skin conceals another steel rod, which is screwed into the one in the bamboo; other machinery of the same kind passes through the man's sleeves and down his body, and supports a ring on which he sits.

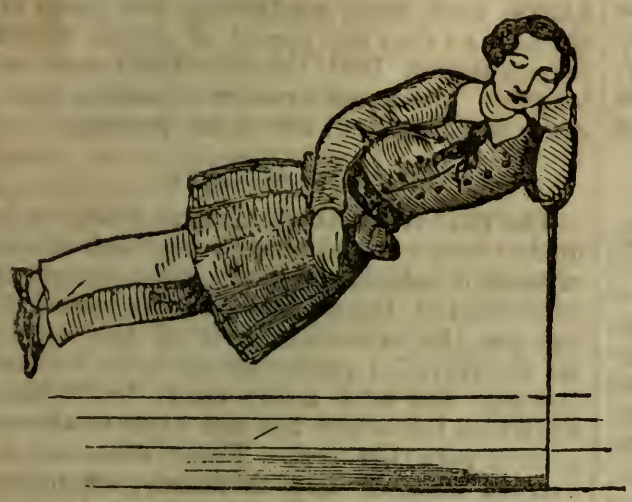
Extraordinary results may be obtained by very different means. I have no doubt whatever, that, when all the impostures which have been connected with mesmerism are removed, there remains a long series of facts of a very astounding character, which can be accounted for only on the admission of a natural force, which we know as we do other natural forces—*only* in its results. What *is* light? what *is* electricity? what *is* magnetism? are questions like, what *is* life? which no genius, however rare—which no attainments, however varied or profound, can satisfactorily answer. To gather an illustration accordant with the present topic, I saw, some time ago, a person, acted on by mesmeric power, go through various singular performances. In the course of them he was lifted bodily by two or three persons, and then placed with his head on the top of the back of one chair, while his heels were placed on the top of the back of another. He continued in this position for some minutes, his body retaining its previous rigidity; and when a person in his ordinary state could not possibly have resisted the law of gravitation, or, if he could, have been no more at ease than an ill-tempered man, who has been compared to a hedge-hog rolled up the *wrong way*, this mesmeric patient produced a general laugh, by replying to the question of the operator—"How do you feel?"—"*Very comfortable!*"

A still more remarkable effect remains to be noticed. Only a few years ago we heard much of inhaling ether. The results of this process are very various. Sometimes a pleasing sense of soothing succeeds the first irksomeness of the pungent vapour—a soothing of both mind and body. Ringing in the ears takes place, with some confusion of sight and mental perception. The limbs are felt cold and powerless; the hands and feet first, then the knees; and the feeling is as if these parts had ceased to be peculiar property, and had dropped away.

This sensation may gradually creep over the whole frame, the patient becoming, in more senses than one, truly etherealized—reduced to the condition of no body and all soul. The objects around are either lost sight of, or strangely perverted; fancied shadows flit before the eyes, and then a dream sets in, sometimes calm and placid, sometimes active and bustling; sometimes very pleasurable, but at others frightful as a nightmare. Emerging, the figures and scenes shift rapidly, and grow fainter and fainter; present objects are caught by the eye once more; the ringing in the ears is heard again; consciousness and self-control return; a sort of intoxication is declared. It is, however, of a light and airy kind—very pure, very pleasant, and very transient; and, when gone, leaving but little trace behind.

No wonder that this process should be seized on by those who are in pursuit of the marvellous for the public gaze and the public wonderment. Accordingly, in the posting-

bills of the time, only in fact a year or two ago, we were accustomed to see in large letters, "SUSPENSION ETHERIENNE"—suspension in the air by means of ether. The spectacle that met the eye of the multitude attracted by this novelty may be thus described:—A stool is brought on the stage, on which a little boy is placed. A walking-stick is put under each of his elbows, ether is then inhaled, and he speedily becomes insensible. The stool is then withdrawn, and he appears suspended, resting on the walking-sticks. One of the sticks is now removed, while the body is gently placed in a posture which is represented in the diagram. He now appears as though he were reclining on an invisible couch, fast asleep, his head resting on his hand, and his only apparent support being the walking-stick, on which his elbow rests. On this spectacle multitudes have gazed with great astonishment, and, as the curtain has fallen on the sleeping boy, the theatre has resounded with shouts of applause.



Now then for the solution of the mystery. The walking-stick, which forms the principal support, is not formed of cherry-tree, or maple, but iron; and it is made fast by a hole in the floor. Wires, concealed by the boy's clothes, are connected with a cap which fastens on to the top of this iron rod, and is there made perfectly secure, and thus all the support that is required in such circumstances is yielded.

Here, then, we close our present lecture, which opened with the falling of a ball, well adapted to trap-ball, if not to cricket, on the ground. Cowper has said:—

> "'Tis not enough that Greek and Roman page,
> At stated hours the sprightly boy engage."

And we may say:—

> "The book, however good, may seem too grave
> For him who likes, at times, some *fun* to have;"

while, with the poet just quoted, we add:—

> "Ev'n in his pastimes he requires a friend,
> To train and teach him safely to unbend;
> And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
> A tax of profit from his very play,
> T' impress a value, not to be erased,
> On moments squandered else, and running all to waste.

UTILITY OF THE GOAT.—Every cottager almost, now-a-days, drinks tea—or what is called tea—though frequently he cannot procure milk with it. What a luxury, then, to him and his little ones would be the milk of a goat or two! This milk, besides a kid (or perhaps twins) from each of them every year, would surely be a very beneficial recompense for the inexpensive and easily-procured food which would support them. The quality of goat's milk, too, is good. Invalids know that it is excellent; its lightness on the stomach and nutritiveness make it suitable to them. The hair, skin, fat, and horns of the goat are useful for many purposes. The hair is convertible into wigs for judges and barristers; the skin is used for making gloves; the horns for knife-handles and snuff-boxes, and the suet for candles. If the skin be not stripped of the hair, it is a capital material for a working man's winter coat or for a gentleman's shooting jacket. Vast numbers of men wear such coats in France (as some of the Scotch wear deer-skin dresses handsomely prepared) as a certain protection against rain and cold. It is not worn by them, however, as the celebrated Brien O'Lynn wore his sheepskin, viz., "with the woolly side in,"—for its refreshing coolness in summer, but with the hair outwards. It throws off water as the feathers of a duck would discharge it, and is a very durable garment also. Goat skins also are much used in the north of Scotland as a protection to carpets, in the same way as matting is used in England.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—No. II.

CLOTH THAT WILL NOT BURN.

Asbestos is one of the most singular products of the mineral kingdom. Its fibrous texture, and in some cases silken appearance, and its capability of being separated into very fine threads, led the ancients to regard it as a species of fossil flax, dried by the heat of a burning sun. It is, however, a perfect mineral; upwards of one-half its substance is composed of pure flint, and one-fourth of magnesia.

A VOLUME.

Leaves of the *papyrus*, a kind of flag, which grew abundantly in the marshes of Egypt, were dried, in ancient times, and, by a particular process, prepared for writing. Sheets were also separated for the same purpose from the stem of the plant. On these the letters were engraved with a *style*, a piece of iron, pointed at the end. The substance so prepared was called *charta*, from a city of Tyre of that name, near which the plant was found. The words, folia, *leaves*, and charta, *paper*, thus derived, are well known among ourselves.

As, in writing a treatise, a great number of these leaves or sheets was required, they were joined together by making a hole, and passing a string through each of them. With the same string, passed several times round them, they were confined, to prevent their separating, and being injured or lost, when no one was reading them; whence it is supposed that a roll or bundle of them obtained the name of a *volumen*, or *volume*.

THE TRADE-WINDS.

In some parts of the world, and especially between the tropics, the winds blow very regularly. Their direction can be calculated on with such a degree of certainty as to render them of the utmost importance to navigation; hence these stated currents of air are called *trade*-winds. Their cause is very simple. They arise from the currents of cold air setting from the poles towards the equator, combined with the motion of the earth on its axis. It is easy to see that the heat of the sun has a constant tendency to cause currents in the air. When air is heated it becames lighter than it was before; and any one may satisfy himself that a current may be produced, when hotter and colder air communicate with each other, by holding a candle at the bottom and at the top of an open door, which communicates between a warm room and a cold passage; he will see that the warm air is running *out* at the top, while the cold air is running *in* at the bottom.

ROVING COTTON.

The power of the *roving*-machine may be well understood by the fact, that by its aid one pound of cotton-wool has been drawn out into a sufficient length to form 356 hanks, each hank containing 840 yards of thread; so that one pound of cotton would form a thread 168¾ miles and 280 yards in length. The usual average of hanks, however, is from 200 to 250 to the pound.

DIKES IN HOLLAND.

The road from Amsterdam to Saardam is made along one of those surprising efforts of human industry termed a *dike*, by means of which the Dutch have been enabled to bar out the encroachments of the ocean. As the traveller passes along it he sees on one side the land many yards below him, whilst on the other the sea rises to almost a level with his feet. These dikes are of various heights and thickness, according to their situation. They are formed with a slope on each side, and many of them are sufficiently wide at the top for two carriages to go along them. The side of the mound towards the sea is ornamented and strengthened by a species of reed, which is carefully planted by the Hollanders in spring and autumn. This catching the sand which the tide drives against the dike, it rapidly accumulates, and soon affords a thick covering for the original mound.

DEW.

It is a very common error to suppose that dew *falls* in the same manner as rain or mist, only in much finer particles. A very slight observation will suffice to show that dew is not thus formed; for it is often deposited on the sides and on the under part of blades of grass and other substances, as well as on their upper surfaces. It is formed, in fact, by the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere. If a bottle is brought from a cool cellar in the summer, a copious deposition of dew takes place on its outer surface. If a sudden hail-storm drives against the windows, a dew is often deposited on the *inner* surface. In these and similar instances the surface exposed to the air is colder than the air itself. And since it is found that heat always passes from a hotter body to one that is colder, the invisible vapour of water in the atmosphere, immediately in contact with the glass, loses part of the heat, which is necessary in order to keep it in the state of vapour, and is condensed or reduced to the form of water.

THE WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

LET us devote this week to the flower beds. We always leave them till we have finished in every other part of the garden; but we would not neglect them, because they are God's gifts, bestowed purposely on man for the increase of his happiness.

HARDY ANNUALS.

A few hardy annuals may now be sown in the borders; they will appear early in spring, and will look more bright and more beautiful than the fairest summer flowers, because they will cheer us with their presence when the others are snugly sleeping far down in the earth, waiting for warmth and sunshine. Amongst those which we would recommend for this month's sowing are: "Love-lies-bleeding," "yellow lupines," "nemophilla," "sweet peas," "mignonette," and "larkspur." If our friends wish to sow a greater variety, they have but to describe the soil and aspect of their garden to the seedsman from whom they purchase, and he will provide them with suitable seeds.

When this work is finished, let us put down bulbs, taking care to place each kind in a different situation from that it occupied last year. For instance, where the tulips stood, let us plant auriculas; and where auriculas grew, let us set tulips, and so on. The reason of this is, that all plants discharge from their roots an excrementitious matter, which serves as a manure for plants of a different species, though it will injure those from which it proceeds. The distance to which a plant will shoot forth a sucker is but an effort of nature to avoid the unwholesomeness of its bed, and draw its nutriment from an uncontaminated source. While we are thus employed with our seeds and bulbs, and "cleaning up" the flower beds, we may still, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and even the cold, enjoy the presence of flowers in bloom; for instance, we may have "helebore," or "Christmas rose," "cyclamen," "winter aconite," and others.

CHRISTMAS ROSE, OR HELEBORUS NIGER.

The Christmas rose is propagated by parting the roots in September, and planting them in a sandy soil in a shady border. It should be set near the edge, as it seldom exceeds twelve inches in height, and should have only snow-drops, or hepaticas, or other very low-growing flowers planted in front of it. Its leaves are a glossy dark green, and its beautiful flowers bear some resemblance to a white rose.

VARIETIES OF THE HELLEBORE.

The most common varieties of this plant are the "heleborus orientalis," or "eastern helebore," which bears purple flowers, and blooms in March; and the "heleborus hyemalis," or "winter helebore," which blooms in February, and contrasts pleasingly its bright yellow blossoms with the pale flowers of the snow-drop and the snow-flake.

THE CYCLAMEN COUM, OR SOW-BREAD.

The cyclamen is a lovely and curious little plant, and will flourish in almost any kind of soil, provided its bed has a southern aspect. It grows only to the height of four inches, and bears reddish purple blossoms, which appear to much advantage growing beneath the Christmas rose, or side by side with other pale winter flowers. As soon as the blossoms of the cyclamen wither away, the stalks which bore them coil themselves round the fruit or seed vessels, and, lying down with them amongst the foliage, remain in that position till they come to maturity. This plant may be increased by off-sets taken from the parent plant in June, or by detaching the seed from the coiled stalk as soon as it is ripe, and setting it in pots of sandy loam. When the latter method is adopted, the plants must be kept in a green-house, or a moderately warm room, for two successive winters. When the cyclamen is transplated from the garden into a pot for window culture, it should have a light sandy earth, enriched occasionally with liquid manure, and should by no means be kept moist.

VARIETIES OF THE CYCLAMEN.

In this country but few varieties of the cyclamen are cultivated; the chief are—the "cyclamen coum," the "cyclamen hederaefolium," or ivy-leaved cyclamen; the "cyclamen Europacum," and the "cyclamen Persicum."

THE WINTER ACONITE.

One of the brightest flowers of this season is the winter aconite, or "eranthis hyemalis." Its blossoms are of a shining yellow, and the stems on which they grow are so short that it was formerly called the "earth flower." It flourishes in good sandy soil, but will grow and bloom luxuriantly in any kind of clay. Clare, the poet, has given a perfect and beautiful description of this little plant in the following lines:—

"The winter aconite,
With butter-cup-like flowers, that shut at night,
Its green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold."

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM DECEMBER 22ND TO DECEMBER 28TH.

December 22. *Fourth Sunday in Advent.*

December 22, 1809, died, *Thomas Holcroft*, a dramatist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. He was a shoemaker originally; but, while young, he relinquished that occupation, to try his fortune on the stage. Not succeeding, he turned his attention to dramatic composition. Some of his pieces are still popular. On the occurrence of the French Revolution, he displayed much zeal in the cause of liberty, and his conduct, with that of other individuals, having excited the alarm of Government, he was included in the famous prosecution for treason instituted against Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others, in 1794. He and several others were, however, discharged without trial. He published a multitude of works, original and translated.

December 22, 1815, died, aged 84, *Francis Wollaston*, LL.D., F.R.S., a mathematician and astronomer. He was precentor of the diocese of St. David's, and rector of the parish of St. Mary Aldermary, London. He published several astronomical and philosophical works.

December 22, 1817, died, at Dundee, aged 66, *Thomas Clarke*, a labouring man, who, by dint of parsimony and saving, had accumulated property to the amount of from £800 to £1,000 before his death. His diet consisted of a little oatmeal stirred into hot water, which he begged from neighbours, to save the expense of fuel.

December 23, 1688, *James II.* fled from Rochester, in a frigate, which conveyed him to Picardy, from whence he repaired to St. Germains, where he was received with great hospitality by Louis XIV.

December 24, 1808, died, *Thomas Beddoes*, M.D., a physician of some celebrity. He published a great number of works, medical, chemical, scientific, economical, and political.

December 24, 1698, was born, *William Warburton*, a celebrated prelate of the English Church. He was a man of vigorous faculties, and had a wonderful extent and variety of knowledge. He was a great controversialist, but impatient of opposition, and not unfrequently haughty and contemptuous. His diction was frequently coarse, and his sentences unmeasured.

December 24. *Christmas Eve.* This is the vigil of the festival of the Nativity of Jesus Christ, and is celebrated in many parts of this country, and throughout Christendom, with music, feasting, &c. Bands of musicians, vocal and instrumental, called "The Waits," parade the streets, and visit the principal inhabitants, performing pieces of sacred music, or singing what are termed Christmas carols.

December 25. *Christmas Day.* This day, the anniversary of the Nativity of Jesus Christ, is celebrated throughout Christendom, and is generally a season of feasting, meetings of families and friends, &c. It is a holiday all over England observed by the suspension of all public and private business.

December 25, 1642, was born, *Sir Isaac Newton.* For a brief sketch of his character, see WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, vol. i. p. 351.

December 25, 1676, died, *Sir Matthew Hale*, an English judge and constitutional lawyer. He was raised to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench in 1671. He was a man of great learning, and manifested much humanity and uprightness in his general procedure as a judge; though, in consequence of the prejudices of education and habit, he sanctioned the conviction of some culprits for the imaginary crime of witchcraft.

December 26, 1780, died, aged 69, *John Fothergill*, an eminent physician. Dr. Franklin says of him: "If we may estimate the goodness of a man by his disposition to do good, and his constant endeavours and success in doing it, I can hardly conceive that a better man has ever existed."

December 26, 1839, The *Greenwich Railway* was opened throughout its entire length.

December 27, 1571, *John Kepler*, a celebrated astronomer and mathematician, was born at Wiel, in the Duchy of Wirtemberg. He is known in the annals of science as the discoverer of the laws of motion of the planetary bodies which compose the solar system. To this great philosopher we owe the discovery of the true figure of the orbits of the planets, which he demonstrated to be ellipses; and he further showed that the planets describe areas proportioned to their periodic times of revolution; and that the squares of their periodic times are proportioned to the cubes of their mean distances. Such are the principles of planetary motion, generally denominated the Laws of Kepler.

December 27, 1727, was born, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, *Arthur Murphy*, an ingenious dramatic and miscellaneous writer. His writings are published in seven volumes octavo.

December 27, 1849, Public meetings were held about this date in Dudley, Cockermouth, and other places, for the establishment of *Freehold Land Societies*, in order to extend the franchise, by enabling working men to become forty-shilling freeholders.

December 28, 1706, died, *Peter Bayle*, an eminent critic and philosopher, a native of France. His works are voluminous; the most celebrated is his "Critical Dictionary." The moral character of this eminent man was unblemished: he was calm, temperate, kind, and charitable. As a writer he is usually placed at the head of the modern school of sceptics.

TO OUR READERS

MORE ESPECIALLY THOSE OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

IT is our intention to place at the disposal of our friends of the Working Classes a portion of our MONTHLY SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, for the purpose of intercommunication on questions in History, Chronology, Art and Science, matters of daily observation, Mathematical Problems, Arithmetical difficulties, Conundrums, Riddles, Charades, &c. The questions will appear one month, and will be open to any of our readers for replies on the month following. The Editor, of course, will exercise his judgment in selecting what to him appear to be the most appropriate replies or solutions.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. IV.—No. 52.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850.]

THE WORKING CLASSES AND PERSECUTION.

ARTICLE SECOND.

Last week we directed the attention of our working friends to the subject of Persecution, and we did so because here, as in everything else, we look on them as the most efficient and most extensive reformers. We have no fear for the fate of the world when the masses are once right. Cruelty and barbarism will then be unable to have a hangman; ambition and inhumanity will have no soldiers to desolate the earth; tyrants will want tools to work with, and persecutors will have to use their own hands in executing their worse than Satanic behests. We hvae before asserted that "no one should be persecuted for his religion; that all persons ought to be encouraged to utter their religious sentiments freely;" and we now remark that

Persecution is useless.

I. *It cannot eradicate error from the soul.* Thought, and especially religious thought, is such a subtle thing that it can be reached by nothing but thought. We need scarcely say that religion is an intellectual and spiritual principle, and therefore must have its seat in the mind and affections. It is not a material substance that resides in the hands, the feet, the lungs, the liver, the blood, or the brain. You cannot grapple with it by means of any corporeal instrument. You may cut a cancer out of the body, but there is no lancet so delicate as to reach the religious element in the soul. A moral disease cannot be touched by physic. Alchymists have never compounded a tincture, or discovered a drug, that in such cases is of any avail. Physicians boast of the wondrous art of sending a medicine to the intestines, the heart, the arteries, or the veins; they can apply leeches and blisters, and profess to cure indigestion, inflammation, fevers, and cholic, but the distempers of the mind are beyond their reach. The scourge and the torture have been used most unmercifully, but the heresy has remained. People have been banished for their creed to foreign climes, but the speculation was a bad one, for they have carried their heterodoxy with them, and spread it more widely; and thus, without being converted himself, the tyrant has propagated the faith which he had sought to destroy. "They who were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice, Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word." The Sanhedrim was the most efficient missionary society of the day. On one occasion it sent Paul to Rome, and thus obtained for him, at the expense of the Government, a free passage, and a soldier to guard him for two years, while he preached that very Gospel which had driven the Scribes and Pharisees, the chief priests and the rulers, almost mad. The democracy, the liberties, rights, and religion of America are the offspring of persecution. The Stuarts were glorious fellows for spreading liberal sentiments in politics and Christianity. So true is it, that you may change the country, but not the mind, and therefore the folly of exile or transportation as a remedy for error.

Princes and priests, though in many instances a dull race of mortals, have been rather lively and inventive when a heretic was to be tortured. A picture book containing a representation of all their implements of cruelty would be rather a bulky volume. The cost also has been immense; and it must be rather mortifying, after so much blood and treasure, to feel that not a single heresy was ever eradicated

by any of this barbarous and costly apparatus. The American savage sits and smokes his pipe, while his enemies are dissecting him alive, and laughs at them, and defies them to touch his soul. They may sever his living body joint from joint; they may tear the skin and flesh from his bones with hooks or pincers; they may give his vital entrails to the dog; or roast and eat his members before his eyes; but the mind is the same, and remains intact. What a poor, pitiable, impotent barbarian Antiochus appears in the Maccabees; and what prodigies of moral heroism he elicited from the widow and her seven glorious sons. He could cut them in pieces, and fry them in the pan before the eyes of their mother; but he was unable to extort a word of recantation or compunction from their lips. Nero burnt the early Christians, but he only sent them to heaven in a chariot of fire; and thus spread the light of their sentiments so effectually, that at length Rome itself, from policy rather than from principle, yielded to their sway. Persecution can make and glorify martyrs, but it cannot produce real converts. He who is bought to a creed is only converted to the money part of the transaction; and he who is enlightened by a thumbscrew, or a scourge, or a jail, is turned from torture, but not from heresy. Religion has its root in the inmost soul—a sanctuary and recess which none of the spies of the persecutor can penetrate. Nothing but thought can touch thought. Truth, reason, justice, benevolence, purity, love, pity, and compassion, are powers which can reach; are agents which can irradiate; are medicines which can heal; are fires which can purify the immortal spirit; which can chase darkness from the intellect, hardness from the heart, stubbornness from the will, and convert the heretic into orthodoxy, the sceptic into a believer, the sensualist into a saint, and the savage into a seraph; but persecution never has, never can, and never will, uproot error, or bring mankind to the knowledge of the truth.

II. It is not in the power of persecution to *teach truth.* Persecution is itself one of the greatest heretics in the world. It is the violation of everything that is just, humane, enlightened, rational, pure, moral, and benevolent. It is a senseless, savage principle. It is a lion among lambs. A tiger, a bear, or a wolf would do as well for a persecutor as a man. The more of the venom of the serpent, the poison of the asp, the sting of the scorpion, the fury of the wild beast, and the malice of the devil, the better. Persecution is a mixture of all the heresies, savageness, cruelties, and malignities of earth and hell. Such men as Bonner, Harry VIII., Nero, and Judge Jefferies, were incarnations and embodiments of them all; and yet these monsters in a human form had the audacity to set themselves up as the apostles of truth, virtue, and religion! The only truth they taught was, the folly and barbarism of bigotry and intolerance, and the madness of hoping to cure the diseases of the mind by bodily tortures. True religion is justice, purity, love, mercy, and devotion. Wherever these are found, you have the elements of character which all can appreciate—which none can disbelieve. Strange books have been written and given to the world; but whoever read of a treatise against justice or benevolence—against honesty, industry, honour, and fidelity? Pagans extolled these virtues, and infidels dare not attack them. Now persecution is a practical violation of all these; it tramples them all in the dust, and therefore cannot teach them. Hence bigoted ages have always been dark. The only light has been emitted from the dungeon and the stake. But for the martyr and his fire, some periods would have been absolute darkness. Take away your Huss, and Hooper, and Latimer, and others, and what light is left? How strange to imagine that we can love a

man, when we wantonly torture him, or that we can put him right, or make him pious, by sending him to a dungeon! We have treated common criminals so absurdly, that we expect them to come from jail worse than they entered. In many cases, the most efficient school of vice is the prison. Mere punishment cannot teach. A wooden schoolmaster would do as well as one who teaches with the rod. Beating is not instruction; burning is not evangelizing. If we intend to have the world right, we must propagate truth: "every one must teach his neighbour, and every one his brother." The greater the heretic, the more hardened the infidel, the greater need of sound reason, of unwearied patience, and Christian love. That shopmate is wrong; but he is conscientious—he has had few advantages of knowing the truth, has been nursed in prejudice, and now he will never be converted by persecution. Treat him kindly, and he may yet be won to the right way. Banishing Archbishop Wiseman to Rome will not convert him to Protestantism, nor make Catholics fall in love with our justice and benevolence.

III. *Persecution makes hypocrites.* Indeed, until you give to all men the full enjoyment of their religious rights, you cannot tell that they are sincere. Take the state padlock from the lips of him who bows with you at the same altar, and perhaps he may turn out to be a confirmed Atheist, without the means of being converted; for if he told you his doubts, you would burn him at the stake; and thus you doom him to the double crime of infidelity and hypocrisy. Milton tells us that the devils disdain to sing

"Forced hallelujahs;"

and he might have added that JEHOVAH never requires nor accepts them. *Intelligent, voluntary* worship, or none, is the order of his throne and government. What myriads, through bribery, fear, or self-interest of some kind or other, have repeated prayers which they felt not, and chaunted "*Te deums*" in which they had no faith. A large portion of the uniform devotion of Papal and Protestant hierarchies is nothing more than insincere homage and slavish mockery. The wretched devotees dare not speak out. If they did, they would lose their livings, their trade, their charitable morsels, their reputation, their caste, their liberty, or perhaps their lives. An open, candid, inquiring mind is the dread of all political and ecclesiastical despots. It is the acme of their policy to have thought stagnant, and, consequently, putrid. What a mass of mental and moral corruption ferments and putrifies under the sceptre of the intolerant tyrants of our world! The utmost that pains, penalties, racks, state frowns, partiality, and pensions for religion can do, is to produce a race of cringing minions, and hollow-hearted, fawning hypocrites; and therefore we trust that our working men and working women do not themselves persecute, nor become despotic tools to do the dirty work of persecutors.

IV. *In fine, true religion requires neither the governmental purse nor the magisterial sword.* Man has been called a religious animal. We once saw a sceptic who boasted that "he *hated all religion*," thrown into a desperate passion for being called *irreligious*. An irreligious man is one who despises all moral *obligations*, and therefore must approve of all the thefts, murders, massacres, tyrannies, and cruelties that have desolated the earth. Religion is a moral bond to restrain men and women from injuring one another; and the best religion is that which teaches us to avoid *everything that is wrong*, and prompts us to perform *everything that is right*. With reverence we speak it, but the Creator himself cannot improve such a religion as this, nor can he publish or patronise any other. Its sum and substance will be, universal goodness and love. Such a system will require no royal support,

forced revenues, or intolerant statutes. Its majesty and mercy will plead its own cause, work its own miracles, multiply its converts, produce ample revenues, and subdue all its foes. Truth is only blunted when embodied in steel, however keen and polished; and benevolence perfectly eclipsed when doomed to scourge heretics or burn gainsayers. To tremble before an unbeliever is unworthy of a divine religion, and a greater reproach and impeachment than any infidel has ever dared to broach. Genuine piety fears no foe, asks no quarter, requires no partiality. It is so generous, noble-hearted, and candid, that it will cheerfully give all the odds to its enemies. It can do more execution with a pebble and sling in the hand of a stripling, than the well-armed hosts of the Philistines with Goliath at their head. It comes in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and therefore is omnipotent. "*Great is the truth and must prevail.*" Ay, and would have prevailed long ere this, had not carnal weapons impeached its divinity. Banish persecution from the world, strip religion of state support, give it a fair field and no favour, and it will soon fill the earth with its purity, benevolence, and glory.

THE WATCH.

On the invention and improvement of clocks, to which we have adverted in a former article, it was worthy of consideration how far they could be so reduced in size as to be rendered portable. This was done with effect at a distant period, but we are far from knowing the precise date. More than half a century ago a great curiosity was said to have been found—a watch, which, from an inscription on the dial-plate, was supposed to have belonged to king Robert Bruce, and would thus be traced to the early part of the fourteenth century. After passing through several hands, and of course reaching a high price, it was reported to have come into the possession of King George III. But, like many a vaunted antique, this watch would not bear the test of careful and intelligent examination. Though the Honourable Daines Barrington, in common with others, was satisfied of its authenticity, it was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson to be an imposture. He proved it to be so by the inscription itself, which had been taken as a proof of the contrary; for "Robertus B. Rex Scotorum" was in *Roman* characters, whereas, had it really belonged to the days of Bruce, the letters would have been in *Saxon*. It was found, indeed, to be an old watch brought from America, and therefore most probably several centuries more recent than the time to which it was wrongly ascribed.

Watches are described as having been made in Nuremberg so early as 1477, but it is uncertain how far the watches then constructed resemble those which now bear that name. Some of them are said to have been very small, in the shape of a pear, and sometimes sunk or fitted into the top of a walking-stick. They could have been, however, of little value as time-keepers, before the application of the spiral spring as a regulator to the balance. The merit of this invention is due to Hooke; its date is 1658. His first balance-spring was straight, and acted very imperfectly; but he soon perceived its defects, and attempted to obviate them, by adopting first the cylindrical, and afterwards the flat spiral.

Watches were early employed for an important purpose. Longitude is the distance of any place from another eastward or westward, counted in degrees upon the equator, which divides the sphere into the northern and southern hemispheres. To find the longitude at sea is a problem to which the attention of sailors and mathematicians has been directed, ever since the art of navigation began to be improved. In 1598 Philip III. of Spain offered a reward of 1,000 crowns for its solution, and his example was soon follwed by the States-General, who offered a premium of 10,000 florins. In 1714 an act was passed in the British Parliament, empowering commissioners to introduce a bill for a sum not exceeding £20,000, for defraying the necessary expenses of experiments for ascertaining this point, and likewise for granting a reward to the person who should make any progress in the solution proportional to the degree of accuracy with which the solution was performed. Innumerable attempts were consequently made to discover this important secret. One experiment particularly, made by Major Holmes

in a voyage from the coast of Guinea in 1665, answered so well that Mr. Huygens, who had paid great attention to watches, determined to improve the structure of his; but the variations of heat and cold produced such alterations in the rate of going, that, unless this could be remedied, the watches would be of little use in determining the longitude.

The first person who succeeded in any considerable degree was Mr. John Harrison, who, in 1726, produced a watch which went so exactly that, for ten years together, it did not err above one second in a month. In 1736 it was tried in a voyage to Lisbon and back again, during which it corrected an error of a degree and a-half in the computation of the ship's reckoning. In consequence of this, he received public encouragement to proceed, and by the year 1761 he had finished three timekeepers, the last being the most accurate. So much did this one turn out to his satisfaction, that he applied to the commissioners of longitude for leave to make an experiment with his watch in a voyage to the West Indies.

On permission being granted, his son, Mr. William Harrison, set out in his Majesty's ship, the Deptford, for Jamaica, in November 1761. Most successful was the trial. The longitude of the island, as determined by the timekeeper, differed from that found by astronomical observations only by one minute and a quarter of the equator; the longitudes of places seen by the way being also determined with great exactness. Another voyage was afterwards made to the island of Barbadoes, only to confirm what had previously been effected. In consequence of these trials, Mr. Harrison received one-half of the reward promised, on a discovery of the principles on which his timekeeper had been constructed. He was also promised the other half of the reward as soon as timekeepers should be made by other artists, which should answer the purpose equally well as his own. Soon after this, an agreement was entered into by the commissioners with Mr. Kendall to construct a watch on Mr. Harrison's principles; and this was found to answer the purpose even better than that which Mr. Harrison himself had constructed. This watch was sent out with Captain Cook in 1772, and during all the time of his voyage round the world, in 1772, 1773, 1774, and 1775,* it never erred quite 14¼ seconds a day; in consequence of which the House of Commons, in 1774, ordered the other £10,000 to be paid to Mr. Harrison.

A few remarks will prepare the reader to understand the structure of a watch. The balance-spring regulates the beat, and produces equable motion. It is formed of a wheel or ring, having its weight principally accumulated in its rim, and connected with a spiral spring in such a manner that when drawn aside from the position of rest it acquires an oscillatory motion, from the alternate contraction and expansion of the spring. The balance answers the same purpose in watch-work as the pendulum in clock-work, and is similarly affected by variations of temperature.

The part of the machinery about which the chain is wound, and which is immediately acted upon by the main-spring, is called the fusee, and equalizes the action of the spring. In proportion as the spring becomes unwound, its effort continually relaxes; so that, if the first wheel were attached to the barrel, as is often the case, the inequality of the impelling power would produce a corresponding inequality in the rate of going. In order to correct this, one end of the chain is attached to and wound round the barrel, in which the main-spring is contained, while the other end is coiled about the fusee, which has a conical shape, and is fixed on the axis of the first wheel.

It is a far more delicate and difficult problem to execute a proper scapement for watches than for clocks, because of their small size, which requires much more accurate workmanship, because the error of a hundreth part of an inch bears as great a proportion to the dimensions of the regulator as an inch in a common house-clock. It is much more difficult also on another account. There are no means of accumulating such a control over the wheel-work in the regulator of a watch as in that of a clock. The heaviest balance that can be employed, without the risk of snapping its pivots at every jolt, is a mere trifle in comparison with the pendulum of an ordinary clock, from a dozen to twenty grains being the weight of the balance of a watch. The only way to accumulate any considerable quantity of regulating power in so small an amount of matter is, by giving it a very great velocity. This is done by accumulating as much as possible of its weight in the rim, by giving it very wide vibrations, and by making them extremely frequent. The balance-rim of a tolerably good watch should pass through at least ten inches per second.

In ordinary watches the original recoiling scapement, with the crown wheel, which was used in the older clocks, still holds its place, and answers very well for all common purposes. A well-finished watch, with that scapement, will keep time within a minute in the day. But such watches are subject to great irregularities in their rate of going, by any change in the force of the wheels. The various improvements that have been made in the scapement are too numerous and minute to be here described.

*See "Sailings over the Globe."

With these general and prefatory remarks, the following description of an ordinary watch will, we hope, be intelligible. As the chain is fixed at one end to the wider part of the fusee, and at the other worked to the barrel, or box containing the spring, on the watch being wound up the fusee is turned round by the application of the key, and, of course, the barrel turns also. On its inside is fixed one end of the spring, while the other is fastened to an immoveable axis in its centre. As the barrel moves round it coils the spring several times about the axis, thereby increasing the elastic force to a proper degree. Meanwhile the chain is drawn off the barrel upon the fusee; and when the key is removed, on the completion of the winding up, the spring, by its elastic force, endeavouring constantly to unwind itself, acts upon the barrel by carrying it round, by which the chain is drawn off from the fusee, thus turning it, and with it the whole machinery.

As, however, as the spring gradually unbends itself, the elastic force, by which it affects the fusee, will gradually decrease, it was necessary to contrive that the spring's force should not be unequal on the fusee, and thus turn it, and consequently the whole machinery, irregularly. This is done by making the fusee conical, and consequently, as the spring grows weaker, the chain is removed farther from the centre of the fusee, so that what is lost in the spring's elasticity is gained in the length of the lever.

On the watch being wound up, the chain from the spring exerts a force, through the fusee, upon the great wheel of 48 teeth, acting on a pinion of twelve leaves, on the spindle of the centre wheel of 53 teeth, which takes a pinion of six on the axis of the third wheel of 48th teeth, and which, acting on another pinion of the same number, drives the contrate wheel of 48 teeth. This acts upon the six-leaved pinion of the balance-wheel, the fifteen teeth of which give that impulse to what are called the verge pallets, which keeps the balance in motion. Such is the general structure of a watch, as it lies between the plates, and serves to indicate the minutes, seconds, and quarter-seconds of an hour.

To measure the hours of the day, other machinery is placed between the upper side of the pillar-plate and the dial-plate. In the middle of the plate is a hole, receiving the end of the spindle of the centre wheel, which carries the minute-hand; and near the plate is fixed a pinion of ten leaves, which drives a wheel of 40 teeth, carrying a pinion of twelve leaves, and acting on a wheel with 36 teeth. In the body of the watch, the wheels everywhere divide the pinions; but here the pinions divide the wheels, and by this means decrease the motion, which is necessary, for the hour-hand, which is carried on a socket fixed on the wheel with 36 teeth, is required to move but once round, while the pinion of ten leaves moves twelve times round.

Some years ago Mr. Dent delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution, on Watches and Chronometers, and laid before the meeting the dissection of a detached lever watch, having a compensative balance, thus defended from changes of temperature. Every part was separated and displayed, but grouped in one of six larger divisions to which it belonged. Each part had been previously examined, and the distinct constituent pieces counted by the lecturer. The surprising result of this enumeration was exhibited in a table, of which we give a copy:—

It will be observed, also, that there will be found, in addition, the number of kinds of artificers concerned in the operations necessary for the construction of a really good watch. When to these are added the amount of previous operations which the materials constituting each piece must undergo *before* it comes into the hands of the watch artificers, we may obtain a glimpse of the extensive and numerous changes of form and value which the raw material receives in its progress from the mine to so refined a manufacture as a finished watch.

No. of Parts.		No. of Pieces.	Trades Employed.
1	...Pillars	4	1
2	...Frame	4	1
3	...Cock and Potence	2	1
4	...Barrel and Arbor	3	1
5	...Going Fuzee	14	2
6	...Wheels	4	1
7	...Pinions	4	2
8	...Stop-stud	1	1
9	...Stop and Spring	3	1
10	...Click and Ratchet	3	1
11	...Motion	16	2
12	...Jewels (five holes)	28	2
13	...Cap	3	2
14	...Dial	5	3
15	...Index	1	1
16	...Escapement	13	3
17	...Compensation balance	9	1
18	...Case	3	1
19	...Pendant	2	1
20	...Case-joint	6	1
21	...Case-spring, &c.	4	2
22	...Main-spring	1	2
23	...Chain	826	3
24	...Hands	3	1
25	...Glass	1	1
	Total of Pieces	963	
	Engine Turner		1
	Engraver		1
	Gilder		1
	Examiner		1
	Total of kinds of Artificers employed		42

It cannot fail to be interesting to mark,

though but briefly, some of the processes which are thus passed through. Watch-work demands, in its manufacture, the utmost delicacy of manipulation, and the parts are generally executed under a high magnifying power. The wheels, made of the best and finest brass, are first turned in a lathe to the proper size, and afterwards cut by a very ingenious machine. The steel pinions on which the wheels are fixed, are made of wire, the leaves being left on the shaft where wanted, while the superfluous metal is removed by a tool.

The main and the hair springs are made of steel wire. For the former, the workman gives to the material its wonderful elasticity, by hammering it out on an anvil; it is then ground and hardened, coiled, and tempered. The latter is done by a singular process. Steel is usually *hardened* by being plunged, when red-hot, into cold water; it is afterwards *tempered*, by being heated, until the surface assumes a certain tinge. If the article be intended to cut, as a penknife, it must have a light straw colour; but if it is to be highly elastic, as a watch-spring, the colour must be a deep blue. Of the value of a material being raised by industry and ingenuity, a watch-spring presents a surprising example. A pound of crude iron costs one halfpenny; it is converted into steel; that steel is made into watch-springs, every one of which is sold for 10s. 6d., though it weighs only the tenth of a grain. After deducting for waste, there are in the pound-weight 7,000 grains; it, therefore, supplies steel for 70,000 watch-springs, the value of which is 35,000 guineas!

The enamelled dial-plate of a watch well deserves the admiration it has often elicited; not only from its neat and elegant appearance, but from the facility with which the time may be observed, from the strong contrast of black and white. To produce one, a small plate of copper is worked with a convex-headed hammer on an anvil of hard wood, made slightly concave, and a hole is then made in the centre to receive the pivot to which the hands are attached. Other holes are also made that the plate may be hereafter secured to the other parts of the watch. It is now cleaned in very dilute nitric acid, with a brass wire brush.

The basis of every kind of enamel is glass, which is easily coloured, or rendered transparent or opaque. A portion of white enamel is now reduced to particles as small as grains of sand. These are washed in water. The coarser particles are then drained off. The finer are washed in nitric acid, and subsequently in water, when the powder is kept for use under the surface of pure water, to preserve its purity and whiteness. The enamel is first spread over the concave surface of the plate in a thin film, the coarser particles from which the finer are drained being used for this purpose; and, as it is applied in a wet state, the moisture is afterwards removed. The convex surface is now covered with the finer enamel, the burrs made in the plate when the holes were bored serving to retain it; it is subsequently fined, ground, and polished. The hours and minutes are traced upon the dial-plate with a fine camel-hair pencil, dipped in black enamel paint, and the letters and figures are rendered secure, by the plate being once more fired.

The preparation of watch-glasses involves various simple yet interesting processes. The blower in the glass-house produces, in the first place, regular hollow spheres, each being eight inches in diameter, and weighing twelve ounces. It is singular that practice should enable him to take from the pot of melted metal, at the end of his hollow rod, the exact quantity he wants, so that in many dozens of these spheres there is but a very slight variation in weight. They are now delivered to the watch-glass maker, who carefully divides each sphere into the largest possible number of sections of the requisite size. For this purpose he takes a globe in his lap, traces a line upon it with a piece of heated tobacco-pipe, and then wetting the line, the glass cracks along it with great precision. All irregularities are dexterously cut away with scissors. The segments, however, are not sufficiently convex. That they may become so they are softened by heat, when the workman, with an instrument, presses the edges of the glass regularly in towards the centre, which is thus rendered proportionately convex.

A hollow pear-shaped figure is blown for what are called *Lunette* glasses; and as only one is cut from each figure, and greater labour is employed in its production, the price is increased in proportion.

The watches of recent date, it cannot fail to have been observed, are much flatter than those which were in general use even twenty years ago. They are thus not merely more elegant, but more convenient. To effect this improvement, the third wheel is sunk into the front plate, and still further, the axles of the wheels are shortened, and, consequently, the fusee. To allow of the fusee being shortened, it must either be enlarged in diameter, or the chain be reduced in thickness; generally these expedients are combined; but very thin watches are usually not so durable as others.

Inferior watches are made in great numbers in this country. The outside is neat, but the cases are light, and the movements are often very flimsy. It is no unusual thing to aid the imposture thus practised by engraving on such watches the names of makers of reputation and distinction. Similar frauds are practised by foreign watchmakers. The purchase is made, but it is only of an assemblage of parts destined to last but a little time, even from the first moment of their being put together, which time the manufacturers still further endeavour

to shorten to the utmost of their power. The imperfections of these watches are a certain warrant of their speedy destruction, besides which the damage they receive in warehouses, through inattentive and unskilful hands, a salt or humid atmosphere, all sorts of accidents and want of care on the part of the owners, are causes which contribute powerfully to the destruction of watches, and, consequently, to the demand for them.

Watches are sometimes provided with a bell and other machinery for striking the hours, ringing an alarm at a given time, or, more commonly, for repeating any number of times, on pushing a spring, the hour and quarter last passed, so that the person in the dark may easily ascertain the time: these watches are called *repeaters*.

Chronometers, which have succeeded to the timekeepers of Harrison, are watches of peculiar construction and great perfection of workmanship, used for determining geographical longitudes, or other purposes, where time must be measured with extreme accuracy. The chronometer differs from the ordinary watch in the principle of its escapement, which is so constructed that the balance is entirely free from the wheels during the greater part of its vibration; and also in its being compensated for variations of temperature. Marine chronometers generally beat half-seconds, and are hung in gimbals, like compasses,* in boxes about six or eight inches square. The only difference between a pocket chronometer in appearance and an ordinary watch is generally in its being a little larger.

The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks about 86,000 times in twenty-four hours. Yet this is surpassed in wonder by another machine, not made as the watch is, of hard and impenetrable metal, but of soft and yielding flesh. It is the human heart, which will beat about 100,000 times in twenty-four hours. *Four thousand* ounces of blood passes through the heart in an hour, and as the whole mass of the blood is said to be about 25 pounds, a quantity of blood equal to the whole mass passes through the heart *fourteen times in one hour;* which is about once every four minutes! Such is the difference between the results of human ingenuity and skill and the works of the Great Supreme!

* See "Sailings over the Globe," chap. I.—The Compass.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.—No. XII.

MORE PALACE PLACEMENT PARTICULARISED.—ROYAL LOVES AND LIKINGS WITH AND WITHOUT ACT OF PARLIAMENT, AND SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

The Lords in Waiting.—The Princess Victoria's first love.—Disquisition on the Royal Marriage Act.—Odds and ends about the Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Duke of Sussex and his wives, (Lady A. Murray, and the Duchess of Inverness,) and his children by the former, viz.:—Sir A. D'Este and Lady Truro.—The latter and her literary pension.—Being savage with Wilde's tameness under honourable provocation.—A case in point to poke him with.—Literature in relation to State pay.—Probability of British spouses for a native Sovereign's offspring.—Reasons for ribs of beef of Old England.—Lord Elphinstone and some odd particulars about him.—A noble Laureat getting his "sack," while only earning the "butt."—Lord Byron, not the poet, but the Bedchamber peer.—The Roman Catholic peers, Camoys and Beaumont.—Lord Dufferin and something about his family,—The Sheridans.—The Queen of Beauty.—Mrs. Norton and Lord Melbourne.—Family duelling by proxy.—Anecdote of a chip of the "School for Scandal" block.

THE Lords in Waiting are eight in number, viz.:—Marquis of Ormond, Earls Morley and Listowel, Lords Byron, Camoys, Waterpark, Elphinstone, and Dufferin. None of these have made any figure in the political world, nor are any of them known in public life, unless, perhaps, it be Elphinstone, whose name was very freely mixed up with that of the Queen, shortly after she came to the throne, it being said that she had fixed her maiden affections upon him, and that had not Lord Melbourne contrived to get him out of the way, in the shape of an honorary exile, the illustrious lady might have insisted on a repeal of that silly and sinful statute, the Royal Marriage Act, which prevents any portion of the royal blood being intermixed with that of a subject. This bill was passed in 1772, and was deemed expedient, because just previously the Duke of Gloucester, George the Third's brother, had married the widow of the Earl of Waldegrave, and the Duke of Cumberland, the King's other brother, the widow of Col. Horton. In consequence of this bill, none of the descendents of George the Second, unless of foreign birth, can enter the matrimonial state under the age of 25, save with the consent of the King, and at and

after that age the consent of Parliament is necessary to render the marriage valid.

It was his knowledge of this invalidating clause that was considered to have stamped with such peculiar baseness the conduct of George IV. to Mrs. Fitzherbert. In 1786, being then Prince of Wales and a comparatively young man, he became acquainted with this lady, a Roman Catholic of good family, nearly seven years older than himself, and who had been twice married. Her person (cast in a mould as large as his own) and manners had so fascinating an effect on her royal lover, that, according to rumour, a marriage between them was privately celebrated for the purpose of satisfying her conscientious scruples. Rolle, the member for Devonshire, alluded to the presumed circumstance in the House of Commons; but Fox, with (it was stated) the express authority of the prince, denied the truth of the report in such positive terms that she never would speak to him again. Subsequently, it is said, Fox became persuaded that he had been made the tool of the prince's falsehood, that she was something much more than his royal highness's mistress, and he felt highly indignant at the insult thus put upon him for a sordid purpose; the object of the prince at the time being to get an increased allowance from Parliament to escape the pecuniary difficulties into which his profligacies had plunged him, to the amount of upwards of £160,000 at the time. He continued, however, long after, to keep up his connection with the lady, whom he maintained in great splendour, especially at Brighton, which he raised from insignificance to be the most fashionable watering-place in England; and the public continue to this day to be saddled with one of his expensive hobbies there, the Royal Pavilion.

Another almost equally well-known instance of the mischief of the Royal Marriage Act is the case of George the Fourth's brother, the late Duke of Sussex. Educated on the Continent, he formed an union, which was solemnized according to the forms of the Catholic Church at Rome, with Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. On their arrival in this country they were again married by banns in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, and the duke proposed to resign whatever claims he might possess as a member of the royal family, on condition that his marriage should not be disturbed. It was, however, some time after declared illegal and invalid by the Ecclesiastical Court, as being contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. No sooner was the sentence published than Lady Augusta, who had become the mother of two children, separated from his royal highness, and the remainder of her life was passed in dignified retirement. The duke formed some sort of a mysterious—half legal, half illicit—connection with the widow of Sir George Buggin, Knight, who, as daughter of the Earl of Arran by his third wife, daughter of Mr. Underwood, of Dublin, assumed by sign manual, in 1831, the name of Lady Cecilia Letitia Underwood, under which title she was received in all society as the wife (at least by courtesy) of his royal highness, who in 1840, by his influence with his niece the Queen, and with the premier, Lord Melbourne, procured her elevation to the highest rank in the peerage in her own right—viz., Duchess of Inverness, with an allowance to support the dignity, together with a gratuitous residence in Kensington Palace, where she now lives, and her dinner parties and soirees are among the most fashionable and select in the metropolis. The whole history of the affair is exceedingly curious, especially as contrasted with the case of Lady A. Murray. But all that we shall say about it here is, that in the peerage books, where her lineage and titles are set forth in the usual form, there is no mention made of her marriage with the Duke of Sussex, as any such union must of course have been illegal by the notorious law of the land, though that did not prevent the heads of the law recognising the *liaison* in society, just as if it had been perfectly in accordance with act of Parliament.

Of the offspring of the intercourse between the Duke and Lady Murray we have incidentally spoken more than once in these memoranda. The eldest, Colonel Sir Augustus d'Este (so called from Azo d'Este, the famous founder of the House of Guelph, or Brunswick), died, some few years ago, after the rejection by the House of Lords of his long-fought claim to the dukedom of Sussex. It is understood that he was pressed by his cousin, the Queen, and by many of the leading Whig friends of his late royal father, to accept a peerage; but he refused; for to have done so would be to acknowledge his own illegitimacy, and that his mother had lived in a state of concubinage, instead of what she believed to be honest and honourable wedlock. His sister, Miss d'Este, was favourably noticed by the Queen, and great and deserved odium was incurred by the exceedingly unbecoming and discreditable mode adopted to serve her; for soon after the rejection of her claim by the Peers, in 1844, she was placed on the Royal *Literary* Pension Fund for £500 a year, the whole fund being only £1,200; and very few months afterwards she obtained from the *same* source another £500, "additional pension to Mademoiselle

Augusta Emma d'Este, in consideration of her just claims on the royal beneficence." What those claims were nobody knows; but, whatever they were, it is perfectly clear that they should not have been satisfied out of the paltry pittance nominally devoted to the reward and encouragement of the literary and scientific intellect of the whole empire—a pittance whose total inadequacy to its professed object is a flagrant scandal to us as a nation, and has been lamented over and over again by successive ministers, when called upon to mark the sense of the country towards some peculiarly deserving claimant: for instance, as in the recent case of Waghorn, one of the greatest benefactors of the age, to whose widow Lord John Russell was obliged to offer the wretchedly ridiculous alms of £25 a year, to the disgust of the whole community no less than of himself, because there was no other official means open to his lordship at the time.

The grant of the second £500 from such a source to Miss D'Este was additionally offensive to the public feeling, from the circumstance of its just preceding her marriage with her counsel, Serjeant Wilde, one of the most successful and wealthy advocates in forensic annals, even before he had become Solicitor and Attorney-General—saying nothing of his Lord Chief Justiceship, and of his now being Lord High Chancellor of England. One would have thought that, at least, on his attainment of this crowning dignity, he would have relinquished his wife's £1,000 a year, if only for the honour—saying nothing of the proud satisfaction—of such a contribution to the noblest of all possible temporal purposes—alleviating the need and stimulating the enterprise of genius. But no; Lord Truro, we are sorry to say, though he has himself sprung from the people, and is infinitely indebted to the press and its contributors for mitigating much of the sinister reputation that attached to his early history, and so clearing the way to his subsequent advancement, is insensible to any such impulse; still, notwithstanding such callousness, it does indeed puzzle us to imagine how he, whose *wife* has already drawn £5,500 from a *literary* fund, can take part in a cabinet council's deliberation upon the appointment of some miserable £100 a year to a profound scholar, whose mental labours have enlightened this age, and will continue to benefit posterity for ever. Such precisely was the case in the instance of the last recipient of this sort of acknowledgement, Mr. Bailey, the translator and editor of the great Latin Lexicon of Facciolati, and of other laborious and invaluable performances of a like kind, to whom £100 a year has been given. Remarking upon that grant a literary journal says—"Many of our readers may have occasion to know that scholarship is but a poor resource where it is the only one. Notwithstanding the encouragement given to classical learning at our universities and public schools, the classical scholar who is also a *layman* is practically excluded from almost all tutorships and masterships in our colleges and other scholastic institutions. When, therefore, it is stated, that to the above claim of work done, Mr. Bailey adds the claim of need, we can say gladly that it is precisely in a direction like this that we desire to see the national bounty, provided in the name of literature, flowing. The pension in question is one that will thoroughly bear looking into, and stands beside so much that will not."

Reverting, after all this desultory talk, to the Royal Marriage Act, it is a pretty common belief among those who have turned their attention to the subject, that the statute will be repealed as soon as any of the children of the Queen are of an age to contract matrimonial alliances—a matter of very considerable importance to the taxpayers of this country, at least so far as feeling, if not actual money is concerned. For if those personages are permitted the natural privilege of following their own inclination, they will doubtless select wives and husbands at home; and though there may be thus occasioned some rivalries and bickerings among certain aristocratic families, the gain will far outweigh any trivial class inconvenience of the sort; for it will not only relieve us from the burden of keeping up large domestic foreign dependencies, of a kind that need not be more immediately specified, but will also free us from all temptations or excuse for intermeddling in foreign politics from mere personal or dynastic motives—an important consideration, seeing the growing perplexities of the relations between the governing and the governed on the Continent, and how essential it is everywhere that the people should feel that they do not pay a price for hereditary monarchy disproportioned to the solidity and stability which that form of government undoubtedly affords over every other, when administered with ordinary temper and discretion.

Lord Elphinstone, the person whose name, and the gossip connected with it some dozen years ago, have led to these remarks, was very considerably older than the Princess Victoria at the time it was deemed advisable to send him out as governor of Madras, a year or two before her Majesty came to the Throne. Having held that office for some years he returned,

and in 1847 was nominated one of the Lords in Waiting, and not until then was he, it is said, presented at Court, contrary to the general rule as regards the return of such officials from the sphere of their duty. Among the items of small talk which obtained circulation at the time, one was that his lordship was the author of the annexed acrostic, written on the occasion of the Princess and Duchess of Kent and Queen Adelaide attending some performances of sacred music at Westminster Abbey:—

"P ropitious Heaven! who, 'midst this beauteous blaze,
R apt in the grandeur of the minstrel scene,
I s that young innocent on whom all gaze,
N or conscious they the while of choral strain?
C ould I command a Guido's magic power,
E nthusiast grown, I'd catch thy fervid glow,
S erene, unsullied child of sun and shower,
S till on the parent stem allowed to blow.

"V ain, worse than vain, the bard would boldly try,
I n his most brilliant page, or loftiest lay!
C hoice, how he may be, to depict the eye,
T he lovely eye of that sweet smiling fay!
O 'tis the maid who wakes to plaudits loud,
R ich in the treasures of an angel face,
I n every gift that makes a nation proud,
A mother's joy—an honoured monarch's grace."

The noble lord, now in his forty-fourth year, is still unmarried, but whether from fidelity to the first attachment he is said to have felt and inspired, it is not for us to tell; though our individual conviction is, that there is not a particle of truth in the whole story, which we take to have been the concoction of mere idle chatterboxes about the Court; and such conviction, on that head, is strengthened by the simple fact of his lordship now filling the situation he does.

Lord Byron, the Lord in Waiting, is one whose name will probably render the reader anxious to learn something about him; but we have nothing to say calculated to allay curiosity, farther than that he succeeded his cousin, the immortal poet, in 1824, is a Rear Admiral of the Blue, and has always been friendly to progression—at least, in a moderate degree. Lord Camoys is a Roman Catholic, and he represented Oxford, in 1832, as Mr. Stonor. The peerage is an extremely old one, dating from 1383, but had been in abeyance since the reign of Henry VI., when the heir died a minor, but was called out in 1839 in favour of the present peer, who claimed as great grandson maternally of the oldest of the heirs of the second baron. Much such was the case, too, as regards the peerage of Lord Beaumont, the Roman Catholic baron, whose late letter against the Pope's conduct, in respect to the creation of the papal hierarchy in England, produced so marked a sensation in the recent controversy, especially as leading to the Duke of Norfolk's approval of the views of Beaumont. That barony is a still older one than the former, having been created in 1307. It is, perhaps, worth noting, that in the list of barons the three Romanist peers come together—Camoys, Beaumont, and Stourton.

The only other Lord-in-Waiting who calls for any remark is Lord Dufferin, who is said to give much promise of resembling in intellect, as he does in feature, his immortal great grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He is son of one daughter, and nephew of two other daughters, Mrs. Norton and Lady Seymour (Queen of Beauty), of the "all accomplished Tom Sheridan," the termination of whose career at an early age frustrated the great expectations that were formed of his capacity to sustain the renown of his father—the dramatist, orator, statesman—the "Minstrel who ran through each mode of the lyre and was master of all"—who "ruled like a wizard the world of the heart, and could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers." Sheridan, as all the world knows, died not only penniless, but his last moments were disturbed by the struggles of his family to prevent the bailiffs seizing him in his final agony, though he had a most magnificent funeral, his pall being up-borne by Princes of the Blood, and his remains deposited in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, amidst the ostentatious grief of peers by the dozen. But during his life, not all the splendour of his talents, exercised in so many ways, charming alike the senate and the commonalty, could preserve him from being reproached with the humbleness of his origin, though that origin, too, was consecrated by the possession of the highest mental gifts, for the Sheridan family had for generations been distinguished both by intellectual and physical endowments, as they still continue to be. Yet three of the great grandchildren of that man are now either actual possessors of, or immediately entitled to three coronets. Lord Dufferin, as we have seen, is already a peer. His aunt, the beautiful Lady Seymour, wife of the Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the member for Totness, will, on the death of her husband's aged father, become Duchess of Somerset, the oldest duchy but one (Norfolk) in the British peerage, and one of the most eminent in our annals. His other aunt, Mrs. Norton, though separated from her husband (in consequence of the stupid and atrocious calumnies that imputed to her criminality with the late Lord Melbourne, at that time Prime Minister), will, on the death of his brother, be Lady Grantley. It is now well known that that infamous attack on Mrs. Norton's character

was the prompting of political malice against the Minister, on the part of those who possessed influence over her husband. The whole case so miserably broke down in court—the perjury of the wretched witnesses was so glaring, that the jury returned an immediate verdict for the noble defendant, whose counsel, the present Lord Campbell, deemed it wholly unnecessary to call a single witness, and had almost thought it superfluous to make a speech on such a compound of fraud and folly as the whole case of the ill-advised plaintiff consisted of.

Lord Dufferin's uncle, the brother of his mother and the ladies we have been speaking of, is member for Shaftesbury, and, like his great progenitor, ran away with his wife, and fought a duel in defence of his conduct, or rather, we should say, that that conduct led to a duel between the fair one's father, Sir C. Grant, and the bridegroom's brother-in-law, Lord Seymour, happily without mischief. All parties became subsequently reconciled, and Mr. Sheridan succeeded to the great wealth of his father-in-law some few years ago. Though full of ability, he has made no figure in the house, being restrained from the attempt, as he once remarked in the presence of the writer of these lines, by the consciousness of what would be looked for from one bearing the name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. But that the ready wit of his race is in him there is no question, as was shown on the occasion of his first election in 1845. When he began to speak from the hustings the snow fell on his head, and he said to the electors, "You see, my friends, I have already grown gray in your service!"

It is now time to wind up our notice of the Lords-in Waiting by saying that their salary is £700 each per annum. their duty being, as the name of the office implies, to be in attendance on her Majesty, each fourteen days at a time, and dining during that period at the Royal table.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—No. III.
ITS ENLARGEMENT.

It has been already apparent that a variety of books and manuscripts, the collections of various libraries, and of great value, as well as the remarkable assemblage of natural and other objects which arose from the highly-intelligent activity and energy of Sir Hans Sloane, formed the basis of our National Museum. When a knowledge of such subjects as were thus brought before the mind was so restricted as it was in the earlier years of this important institution, the number of its visitors was proportionately few, and of these a considerable number must have looked on the objects they surveyed with a feeling of wonderment, rather than with any just appreciation of their character or relations. Most gratifying is it, therefore, to know, not only that the British Museum has been surprisingly extended during the last forty, or even thirty years; but that the diffusion of knowledge has led another generation to look at its contents with very different eyes to those of their fathers, whilst those who are now rising into life may be fairly expected to surpass them in the depth and variety of their intelligence.

In tracing the progress made in the British Museum, it becomes us to notice that Charles Townley, Esq., of Townley Hall, in Lancashire, was another of those eminent men who have contributed greatly to its treasures. In his early days his native taste and activity of mind carried him far beyond his companions in classical attainments. About the year 1765 he visited Rome and Florence, studied with critical exactness the works and principles of ancient art, and finally resolved to indulge his taste in forming a collection of ancient sculpture.

Residing chiefly at Rome, he visited on different excursions the more distant parts of Magna Grecia and Sicily. On arriving at Syracuse, after a long and fatiguing journey, he could take neither food nor rest till he had visited the celebrated fountains of Arethusa. This is mentioned as a characteristic circumstance; for never did he desist from any pursuit until he was entirely exhausted, or had acquired the object at which he aimed.

As a Roman Catholic, and a member of a family strongly attached to the cause of the Pretender to the crown of England, he had unrestrained access to the galleries and cabinets of the nobility of Rome. These advantages contributed to the soundness of his judgment—the correctness of his taste. He was also intimate

with Sir William Hamilton, who had recently been appointed ambassador to the Court of Naples; and of kindred minds and pursuits, their intercourse was mutually pleasant and advantageous. Nor should the time of Mr. Townley's settling at Rome be overlooked; it was the era next to that of Leo X., so remarkable for its discovery of antiquities.

One object to which special attention was now given was the villa of Hadrian, on the plain at the base of the hill of Tivoli, built from that Emperor's design, in order to include in one spot all he had seen most striking in the course of his travels. It covered a space said, by the Roman antiquarians, to be from eight to ten miles in circuit. When first built it must have been more like a city than a villa. Nothing in Italy can be compared to its imposing ruins; the stranger is amazed at their size and extent, which far surpasses the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Hadrian was residing here when he was seized with that illness of which he died at Baiæ. The villa is supposed to have been ruined during the siege of Tibur, by Totila. For many centuries subsequent to this event it was plundered by the Romans, who burned its marbles into lime, and removed its porphyry and marble columns to adorn their palaces and churches.

During Mr. Townley's residence at Rome, Mr. James Byres, an architect, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a painter of great taste, and Mr. Jenkins, the English banker in "the Eternal City," united in a remarkable enterprise. Conjecturing that the site of this extraordinary villa was by no means an exhausted mine, they obtained the Pope's permission to search those classical grounds, and their eventual success realized their most sanguine hopes.

On the receipt of a letter from Mr. Jenkins, promising him the first choice of some discovered statues, Mr. Townley, who was then in Lancashire, immediately left England for Italy, without companion or baggage, and, taking the common post conveyance, arrived incognito at Rome, on the precise day when a very rich cave was to be explored. He stood near, as an uninterested spectator, till he perceived the discovery of an exquisite statue—a young Hercules—little injured, which decided his choice. Observing that his agent was urgent in concealing it, he withdrew to wait the event. On his calling at Mr. Jenkins's house, in the Corso, who was not a little surprised at his sudden appearance, the statue in question was studiously concealed, while the other pieces were shared between them with apparent liberality. Mr. Townley remonstrated, and was dismissed with the assurance that, after due restoration, the statue should follow him to England.

In about a year after, Mr. Townley had the mortification to learn that the identical young Hercules had been sold to Lord Lansdowne at an extreme, though scarcely an equivalent price.

Exercising caution, therefore, in reference to Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Townley became very intimate with Mr. Gavin Hamilton. He dealt, however, with both, and employed both as his agents, and, chiefly by their assistance, he gradually accumulated the most select assemblage of Greek and Roman marbles which up to this time had been seen in England. It may be added to this statement, that the immense number of precious works of art discovered in Hadrian's Villa adds greatly to the interest of the spot when visited by a traveller of intelligence and taste. The beautiful Mosaic work of Pliny's Doves, in the capitol, at Rome, all the Egyptian antiquities in that museum, and numerous statues of the highest class, both there and in the Vatican, were found among its ruins. It disputes with the Portico of Octavia the honour of the discovery of the matchless Venus de Medici; and the museums of the great European capitals are indebted to Hadrian's Villa for some of their most valuable treasures.

After residing for several years at Rome, with so many advantages, Mr. Townley brought his treasures to London, and placed them in his house, in Park-street, Westminster. So admirably did he make his arrangements that the interior of a Roman villa might be inspected in our own metropolis. His stores of Greek and Roman art were open to all who were interested in such objects; and while the learned in antiquities were delighted with the urbanity and intelligence of their owner, he generously aided others of much humbler knowledge, to whom he communicated what they wished to learn, with singular delicacy and good sense.

Mr. Townley did not confine his attention to marbles alone. He made costly purchases of ancient bronze figures and utensils, Greek and Roman coins, gems, antique pastes and drawings, the greater part of which served essentially to illustrate his sculptures. His Roman coins, in large and middle brass, are said to have yielded in number and preservation only to the boasted collection of the King of France. He possessed also a Greek manuscript of Homer's "Iliad," written on vellum, of about the twelfth or thirteenth century—one of the oldest and most valuable known. This manuscript was afterwards Dr. Charles Burney's, with the rest of whose library it was purchased for the British Museum, at the price of 600 guineas.

In 1780, a disgraceful riot threatened the existence of the Metropolis, and its fury was especially directed against the Roman Catholic inhabitants. As Mr. Townley was one of them, he had cause for apprehension. His house was marked with others for destruction, and he withdrew from Park-street in haste. Among his treasures was a female bust, rising from the calyx of a flower, which has sometimes been called "Isis rising from the Lotus." Having secured his cabinet of gems, and taken, as he feared, the last look at his collection, he seized this bust of Isis, and conveyed it to his carriage. Happily his fears were not realized; his house was spared.

The occupation which seemed most to interest him towards the close of his life was, making designs for a statue gallery and library, to be added to the mansion at Townley. In his last will he enjoined his successors to complete his plan in five years, or the marbles were to be given to the British public, and preserved in their museum, of which he had been for some years elected a trustee.

After his decease, on January 3rd, 1805, his executors, on a mature consideration of all the circumstances, decided on offering the marbles and terra cottas only to the nation. £20,000 were voted by Parliament for their purchase. An additional edifice was built at the British Museum for their accommodation, and the collection was opened to the public in the spring of 1808.

Mr. Townley's remaining collection of antiquities, illustrative of his marbles, was purchased under another Act, in 1814, for the sum of £8,200.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The Exhibition must be looked forward to not merely as a source of interest, but as a school of practical instruction. It is in this point of view especially that the working man must regard it. It will of course be filled with attractions to the lovers of the new and curious; to the mere sight-seers it will be a museum of wonders. The industrious classes, however, should go to it not only, or chiefly, as a spectacle, but as a school in which they may learn to profit in their own art. Just as the sculptor and painter visits the famous galleries of Italy, to complete his scholarship by studying the productions of the great masters, so the artizan will wend his way to the Palace in Hyde-park, to mark the features wherein his fellow craftsmen excel, and by comparing his own handiwork with the productions of the most skilled masters of his calling, learn to correct his own deficiencies, and advance himself in the department of industry to which he belongs.

If this end is steadily kept in view, visitors whose stay in London is necessarily limited to a few days, will have to concentrate their attention upon comparatively small sections of the Great Show. Whatever amusement they may derive from hurrying over the huge building, directing their attention equally to branches they are competent to understand, and to those foreign to their tastes and unconnected with their industrial habits, there will be little *profit* attending such a course. The mind will receive a vague impression of astonishment—will be bewildered by the infinite variety of objects gazed upon—and that is all. In fact, we are safe in affirming, that the whole *cannot be seen*, however momentarily, in the brief space of a few days. The distance to be travelled within the building, which must be accom-

plished before the entire exhibition is made to pass in review, is variously estimated at from *twenty to thirty miles*—a long journey if the various objects passed are only allowed to receive a hasty glance. Now, we would say to our readers—If you can contrive to spend only a week in town, do not dissipate it. Standing in some of the central spots, and looking down the magnificent avenues that stretch in every direction, their long vistas of pillars gradually fading away in the distance, you will see enough to leave on your mind an impression of grandeur that will not easily be effaced. Had the structure been composed of a succession of separate apartments, you could not indeed have managed to see the whole without crossing the threshold of each room. Here the case is widely different. From the centre of the arched transept, for instance, you command the whole in four great perspectives.

Satisfying yourselves then with such a sight of the Exhibition as a great whole, we would generally advise you to select such branches for particular and minute inspection as are especially connected with your own tastes, your studies, and your pursuits. If you find you can profitably spare some hours to visit other departments—and on the special claims of *one* we shall have a word to say in season—by all means let the opportunity be embraced; but make it your first business to learn all you can from those specimens of raw material and constructive process and result, which are most immediately associated with your own calling.

In thus turning the industrial festival to profitable account, it will be found that the arrangements of the Commissioners afford the best assistance. We have promised to give some explanation of these, and now proceed to do it. The whole collection of articles will be divided into the following four divisions:—I. Raw materials. II. Machinery. III. Manufactured articles. IV. Sculpture, models, and the plastic arts.

1. Under the head of *raw materials* are included all products of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdom, which are capable of being turned to the uses of man. Each class will be separately arranged, and will embrace substances used as food, for medicinal purposes, for different branches of manufacture, for chemical processes, &c. &c. Under this head, too, will be found illustrations of various modes of *extracting* and *preparing* the raw materials for produce, and illustrations of "*reducing*, *working*, or *combining*" them so as to obtain useful products.

2. The department of *machinery* will comprise several classes. *First*, machines for direct use, such as those employed in raising and moving bodies, weighing, measuring, &c., and agricultural machinery. When desirable and practicable these machines are to be exhibited *in motion*, and arrangements are being made to provide the necessary steam and water power. Agricultural implements will form an important section under this head. *Second*, manufacturing machines, mills, looms, &c. &c., to be accompanied with sufficient specimens of the raw material employed, in its several stages of manufacture, and of the finished product, to render the operation of the machinery perfectly intelligible. There are many articles in common use, for the production of which a complete *series* of tools and instruments is needed. The pocket watch is a good illustration. In all such cases an effort will be made to procure the exhibition of such set of implements in a complete form. *Third*, models of engineering structures—bridges, viaducts, roofs, docks, lighthouses, harbours, &c., showing novelty or ingenuity in the application of mechanical contrivances.

3. *Manufactured articles* in a finished state fit for use. Fabrics, metallic works, glass, porcelain, &c. Manufactures from vegetable substances, such as wood, hemp, grass, and gutta percha; and manufactures from animal substances, such as ivory, leather, and hair; and small wares.

4. *Sculpture*, *models*, and the *plastic arts*—viz., all we are accustomed to understand as included in the term *fine arts*—sculpture, mosaics, fancy printing, architectural decorations, &c. Paintings and drawings are not to be admitted under this head, except as illustrations or examples of materials and processes.

With the various articles thus distributed, each portion of the building has its

specific department allotted to it; and full directions being given in the printed catalogues issued by the Commissioners, the visitor will easily be able to discover the part which most concerns him.

We have hinted that there is one department whose claims may be regarded as paramount to whatever portion of spare time may be left from the study of those branches which are of most immediate personal concern. The useful ranks highest in its demands upon our attention and reverence, but the *beautiful* comes next. In our apparatus of popular education, we have perhaps neglected the softening and purifying influences of the Beautiful, and failed to cultivate to its legitimate extent the love of fine art. We would familiarize the mind of all with the forms of grace and the tints of harmony. Ruggedness of demeanour and rudeness of taste are not necessary appendages of hard toil. Courtesy is as becoming in the workshop as in the drawing-room; the demeanour of the gentleman sits as well on the artizan as on the squire; and because beauty under every shape is the teacher of gentleness, the rebuker of all that is coarse and unseemly, the great humanizer—we would cherish and stimulate an appetite for the Beautiful, whether found in the fair and perfect works of God, or in the humbler productions of man.

THE BUILDING.—PREPARATIONS. — All doubts about the completion of the Glass Palace by the time specified are now dissipated. The celerity displayed has been marvellous, and the result fully justifies the confidence expressed by the contractors. It is still more gratifying to announce that fears are no longer expressed on the point of stability. Such precautions have been taken to augment the strength of such parts as the least doubt was felt about, that all persons are satisfied; and it is agreed, on every hand, that there is no occasion for misgiving. The work of decoration will now be rapidly proceeded with.

The local committees are busily engaged in their arduous task of selecting articles for exhibition from the masses sent into them. The Commissioners have furnished them with copious instructions for their guidance, but the work cannot be otherwise than one of difficulty and delicacy.

It is ascertained that the representation of British industry will be tolerably complete. In some departments there are, as yet, deficiencies which are to be regretted, but the most strenuous efforts are being made, by persons most competent to succeed, for the purpose of securing a supply wherever a hiatus is found to exist.

Most satisfactory intelligence continues to reach us of the progress of visitors' clubs throughout the country. Several of the railway companies have intimated that it is not their attention to extend the benefits of the cheap trains to any but members of clubs.

MECHANICS' HOME.—Mr. Harrison, of Ranelagh-road, Pimlico, proposed to arrange a "Mechanics' Home for 1851," near Vauxhall-bridge, on the Middlesex side, which will accommodate 1,000 persons. The building which it is proposes to arrange for this purpose is situated in the immediate proximity to Mr. Cubitt's pier, where steam boats arrive from the City every ten minutes, and which is about one mile from the Great Exhibition. It occupies a space of two acres of ground, is easy of access from all quarters of town, is in an open and airy situation, and is said to be well ventilated. It is proposed to charge lodgers the sum of 1s. 3d. for a night's lodging, and in return for the charge each lodger will be provided with a comfortable bed and apparatus for ablution. Boots will be cleaned at one penny per pair, and we are informed that a barber will be in daily attendance. The dormitories are to be lit with gas. The minor details of such an establishment appear to have been thought of with the most praiseworthy minuteness. Luggage will be taken special care of; and provisions will be furnished to the inmates at reasonable and fixed prices. The artisan lodgers are to have a spacious dining-room, a news-room, plentifully supplied with newspapers, a smoking-room, in which a band will be stationed; and it is said that the promoters of this scheme will be enabled to carry their lodgers to and from the Exhibition for one penny. In addition to these advantages, gratuitous medical advice will be procurable at all times. This is probably the first of many schemes which will be placed before the public prior to the opening of the Exhibition; but it deserves notice as being the first endeavour made to provide that great desideratum—cheap accommodation for artisan visitors.

FOREIGN EXHIBITORS. — The Commissioners have forwarded to the foreign authorities charged with the arrangements in

their respective countries in connection with the Exhibition, copies of the rules, respecting the articles to be exhibited, and forms to be filled up for the catalogue.

The *French* contributors will amount to 2,481, viz.:—In the division of raw materials, 485; in that of machinery, 554; in manufactures, 1,088; and in sculpture, &c., 354.

The peculiar works of *Sevres* in France are interesting as having furnished the materials for the first Industrial Exhibition on a large scale witnessed in Europe, and there can be little doubt that they will be well represented. The specimens preparing are being decorated with most exquisite taste, with arabesques, flowers, animals, and portraits, in the richest colours. By processes recently invented, the finest tints are brought under the complete control of the artist, and being glazed over with a covering of porcelain, are not injured by friction, and retain their freshness unaffected by atmospheric influences. It is anticipated that porcelain panels and other ornaments will rapidly come into use for exterior decoration, as well as that of vestibules, bathrooms, conservatories, &c., in domestic architecture.

One of the branches of manufacture in which England will be most rivalled is the production of glass. *Bohemia* and *Silesia* have attained an excellence which, in respect of some qualities, has even surpassed that of this country. Some of the specimens of glass manufacture preparing for the Exhibition will be sufficiently curious. Amongst them we may particularize two large vases, twelve feet in height and of proportionate circumference, both cut from the same gigantic mass of glass, which would have furnished two more, had they not broken in cutting. These vases are Gothic in their shape and style of decoration, and will be superbly adorned with cutting, and painted decorations. There is, however, one branch of ornamental glass-work in which the recent invention of Mr. Hale Thompson will probably place England beyond the reach of competition. We allude to the new mode of silvering glass.

Hong-Kong has contributed £131 to the general fund, and *Canton* 8,250 dollars. The committee of the latter place promised many curious and interesting specimens of Chinese industry.

THE COPYRIGHT OF INVENTIONS.—We have promised, in answer to numerous applications, to explain the provisions which have been made for the security of the copyright of designs and the protection of the right of inventors. Efforts are being made, and we sincerely trust that they will be crowned with success, to secure such a permanent alteration in the patent laws, as will place the benefit of "letters patent" within the reach of the poorest inventor; but important law amendments are always of slow growth in this country. Evidence of the evils complained of must be collected and digested, the various interests affected by the proposed change must be consulted, the probable effects of the alteration must be deliberately discussed, and, in the multitude of public business which claims the attention of the legislature, the advocates of reform must necessarily exercise long patience. An important step, however, has recently been taken in the passing of an act for the special protection of intending exhibitors of new and original designs. The details of this measure we now proceed to lay before our readers, in as concise a form, and in as popular language, as possible.

The designs to which the protection of this act are to be applied are such articles of manufacture as have reference to some purpose of utility, "so far as such design shall be for the shape or configuration of such article," or of any part of it. The following is a description of the thirteen chapters in which the designs intended to be protected are arranged:—Classes 1 to 4 embrace articles of manufacture composed wholly or chiefly of metals, of wood, of glass, and of earthenware. Class 5. Paper hangings 6. Carpets (in which are included all articles of manufacture known by the name of floor-cloths, or oil-cloths). 7. Shawls, if the design be applied solely by printing, or by any other process by which colours are or may hereafter be produced upon tissue or textile fabrics. 8. Shawls, not comprised in class 7. 9. Yarn, thread, or warp, if the design be applied by printing, or by any other process by which colours are or may hereafter be produced. 10. Woven fabrics, composed of linen, cotton, wool, silk, or hair, or of any two or more of such materials, if the design be applied by printing or by any other process by which colours are or may hereafter be produced upon tissue or textile fabric; excepting the articles included in class 11. 11. Woven fabrics, composed of linen, cotton, wool, silk, or hair, or of any two or more of such materials, if the design be applied by printing, or by any other process by which colours are or may hereafter be produced upon tissue or textile fabrics, such woven fabrics being or coming within the description technically called "furnitures," and the repeat of the design whereof, shall be more than twelve inches by eight inches. 12. Woven fabrics, not comprised in any preceding class. 13. Lace, and any article

of manufacture or substance not comprised in any preceding class.

These designs can be provisionally registered for one year upon application made by the proprietor to the Registrar of Designs, who must also be furnished with a copy, drawing, or description in writing, or in print, sufficiently explicit to identify the design, and with the name, address, &c., of the person applying to have it registered.

The benefit afforded by the act is, that the proprietor of any design which has been provisionally registered shall have its sole right and property during the continuance of such registration, and shall be allowed to exhibit it if it bears the words attached "provisionally registered," and is not exposed for sale. If the design be applied to purposes of sale, or of actual manufacture; or if any manufactured article with the design applied to it be sold or exposed for sale by any person without the express consent of the proprietor, the offender shall be subject to penalty varying from five to thirty pounds.

The proprietor of the registered design is not allowed himself to sell or offer for sale any article to which the design has been applied, the object of the act being to preserve his copyright in his invention, and give him the opportunity, if he is a poor man, either of selling at a fair price to capitalists, or of raising capital upon it for the purpose of working it out; in either of which cases the manufactured article must be protected by the usual letters patent.

Power is vested in the Board of Trade to order at its discretion an extension of the copyright of any class of designs, or of any particular design, for an additional term of three years.

The fee to be paid on the registration of designs is, in most cases, not to exceed 1s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

T. W. B. (Birmingham) is informed that his communication for the lessee of central chambers has been duly forwarded to that gentleman.

H. L. (Wrexham.)—In our back numbers you will find specimen copies of rules, and abundant information as to the formation of clubs.

F. JAMES (Sheffield). — We repeat that the estimate we gave was founded on such a scale as would secure a *comfortable* living. It will be quite possible to subsist for much less. A quarter of a pound of good boiled beef, and a penny roll, for instance, would make a substantial dinner, and the cost of that would be but 3½d. With the estimate we have furnished you, there need be nothing like privation.

A SYMPATHIZER. — The case of the glazier St. Clair, who was charged at Marlborough-street, on the part of Messrs. Fox and Henderson, with threatening (at the head of fifty workmen on strike) Mr. Fox, has been disposed of by Mr. Bingham the magistrate, in the committal of St. Clair to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. It is illegal to attempt, by threats or intimidation, to force anyone to make an alteration in his mode of conducting business. It was of this offence that St. Clair was found guilty. The statute upon which the conviction was founded is the 6th Geo. IV. chap. 129, sect. 3—a statute designed by the Legislature to be of benefit to the workmen as well as to their employers. In passing sentence Mr. Bingham made the following remarks: — "It is to be regretted that the defendant has overlooked the fact that this statute has abolished all the restraints to which workmen were formerly subject, and, short of intimidation or violence towards man or master, has given them the uncontrolled management of their own affairs. It is to be regretted that they overlooked the fact that no instance can be found of any attempt to regulate the rate of wages by violence or intimidation that has not proved in a short time disastrous to the workmen. The judgment of the court is, that, under the 6th of Geo. IV., for this offence the defendant be imprisoned for two months, without hard labour."

J. E. R.—"Perishable articles" mean articles perishable within the time that the Exhibition will last. These are not admissible. Cheeses, however, are not considered such, and samples from Gloucestershire, Cheddar, &c., are announced.

COMPLAINANT.—We should be glad to see some arrangements by which the public might be admitted to witness the progress of the building at a small cost. It is perfectly intelligible that a numerous influx of visitors would prove a great impediment to the progress of the works, and the time allowed for their completion has been so small as to render every hour's delay of consequence. Taking these facts into consideration, we do not think that the public have any just grounds of complaint. The contractors were bound to complete the erection by the 1st of January, and were being continually told that it was impossible to do so. Working men know well enough that crowds of sight-seers are often a great nuisance to the artisans employed in such an undertaking. We know that the issue of free tickets by the Commissioners was abandoned for the plan of a five-shilling admittance, in the belief that that charge would effectually check the flood of visitors. It has not indeed done so. Two thousand have flocked in within a week. Seeing that this has been the case, we should like to see the admission extended, if it could possibly be done, to the working classes.

MATTHEW MARVEL'S LECTURES ON THE MARVELLOUS.

Lecture IV.

Again, my friends, it affords me much pleasure to meet you. I shall be happy to find the gratification is mutual. Major Dalgetty was accustomed to say, according to "the Great Magician of the North," as Sir Walter Scott was often called, "Suffer me to be surprised;" and I shall take this as the expression of each one of you. How far I shall be able to awaken your astonishment remains to be seen.

"Tomkins, come hither *instanter*. What is it that I have here?"

"A little box, sir."

"A little box; right so far. Now, just draw off the top, take out all the sovereigns you can find, and keep them for yourself."

"There is not one sovereign, sir."

"What else is there in the box?"

"Nothing, sir."

"That's just what your hopes of sovereigns come to, then; nor are you the only one in such circumstances by thousands and tens of thousands. As, then, the box is empty, go and ask some lady or gentleman to be so kind as to put a sovereign into it, for which I will be answerable. You may say, however, that for our experiment a shilling will do quite as well; and ask, also, that it may be marked, that there may be proof that no other has been substituted for it."

"Very good. Now lay the box, with the shilling in it that you have borrowed, on this table in front of the audience. Just look in this box, and don't let any canary-bird fly out of it. There, examine it cautiously."

"There is no bird in it, sir, and nothing else."

"I didn't suppose there was anything, Tomkins. Now, take this empty box to the furthest end of the room; and, just before you go, tell me what you have in the first box?"

"Why, there's the shilling, sir, sure enough. I hear it when you shake the box."

"Well, you have done as I told you, and the second box is at the other end of the room. Listen again, and tell me what you hear."

"The shilling again, sir."

"Be gone, shilling! And now, while I rattle the box, do you hear the shilling, Tomkins?"

"Not a bit of it, sir."

"I did not expect you would hear a *bit* of it. Now fetch the box from the other end of the room, and place it on the table; take off the top, and tell me what's there?"

"Why, the shilling, sir; and the mark 's on it, I declare! Well, that was a throw—and *into* the box too!"

"Borrow for me, Tomkins, a silk pocket-handkerchief. I prefer a handkerchief mind you, that is like an interesting book. Why, what puzzles you?"

"Why, sir, how can a handkerchief be like a book? It has no leaves nor covers."

"That's true; but a handkerchief may be *printed*, and so is a book; but all I meant was that it should be a *red* one. You need not, however, at first bring the handkerchief to me; let the gentleman who is so kind as to lend it hold it in his hand. What is here, Tomkins?"

"A box, sir, that would hold some dozen of the others; and I see it has a lock, and a key in it."

"Just so; now ask a lady to see that the box is empty, then to lock it, and to keep the key; and when the box is locked, bring it and the handkerchief to me."

"Now, my friends, let me ask you to keep your eyes fully open lest I deceive you. I place, you observe, the *locked* box on the table; and now, retiring behind it some feet, look at this handkerchief: I take it between my two hands, and rub it—and rub it——and—rub it——a—n—d——r—u—b——i—t, till, as I say 'Pass handkerchief!' it is gone, and you see my hands are empty. Tomkins, take back

the box to the lady, ask her to be so kind as to unlock it, and to take out whatever it contains."

"Why, it's the gentleman's silk handkerchief, sir."

"I thought so; return it instantly, then, with many thanks to the lady and to him."

"Now, Tomkins, I am in want of a watch, for I wish to show the present audience how to *pass* watches, as well as handkerchiefs and shillings, by a peculiar power. I prefer a *gold* watch, because that will *go further* than one of inferior metal; but if you are not offered a gold watch, a silver one will do for the present flight."

"Again, then, I am indebted to one of my audience. Here is a watch with a guard. I shall now place this cover upon it, and fire a pistol. I remove the cover and the watch is gone, but in its stead is a small paper parcel—looking ominous too, for it is tied with black tape and sealed with black wax. Tomkins, undo the packet, and see what it contains?"

"Dear heart alive, if it isn't the watch all in pieces! I wonder what that gentleman will say; oh dear, dear, dear!"

"Don't trouble yourself to shed tears, Tomkins, we have more to do now with the farcical than tragical. What now do you find?"

"Only this paper, sir."

"A paper! give it to me and I will read its contents to the audience—'I CAN MEND THE WATCH.—CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.' Very well, Mr. Chrononhotonthologos, we will put your skill to the test. Tomkins, put the broken watch into the paper, tie it up, and give the packet to me. You see, my friends, I place the packet under the cover, fire another pistol, and as I remove the cover, there is the watch and the guard, without either having suffered the slightest apparent injury."

"Here, Tomkins; take that box to the first lady in the first row."

"I shall be obliged to the lady to put into the box anything she pleases, and then for her to pass it on, so that any of my friends may place in the box any article they choose. And when as many of you as like have made an addition, I shall be still further obliged by the last gentleman to whom it comes, holding it in his hands. Thank you, sir; I see you have the box; and now, though you are at least ten feet from me, I will apply to my eye my magic glass, and you will severally be able to tell if I correctly describe some parts of the contents, as a proof that I am able to tell you all the articles which were put in. There was put into it a gold ring with a small green stone—an emerald, I presume. Am I not correct?"

"You are."

"Another article is a small piece of cinnamon. Was it not so?"

"It was."

"A third is a fragment torn off a North Western Railway Time-table book. Tell me if I am wrong."

"You are quite right."

"A fourth is a small key; it may serve for a lady's work-box, or a tea-caddy. May it not?

"Certainly; there was a small key."

"A fifth is double; for there are two jujubes joined together. Are there not?

"Yes, there are."

"And now I need only mention one more; it is a card. I'll read it—Collard and Co., pianoforte manufacturers, Cheapside, London. You will at once attest, I am sure, the accuracy of my statement."

"There is such a card."

"Who, then, can doubt the power of my glass? It might have been made, you may imagine, of the same pot of metal that provided the lenzes of the Irish gentleman's telescope. He said it brought a church, thirty miles off, so near that you might *hear the organ playing*. But, now, for another experiment. I place, you observe, six candles on the table; and I bring to you a series of cards, having painted on them various devices. What do you see, Tomkins, as I move them before you?"

"I see, sir, a ship, a tree, a house, a dog, a horse, and a donkey, and—and—"

"Now, ma'am, I will thank you to take one—any one you please—taking care, of course, that I do not see the picture selected. Thank you; now I will bring a candle for you to set fire to it, and then we will place the ashes in this little box, from which, having loaded my pistol, I will transfer them to it. All is now done, and a wad is put in to keep the ashes secure. You will still further oblige me by stating ma'am into which of the candles you will have them discharged."

"The fourth, if you please, from your right hand."

"Pop, then, goes the pistol; and now, taking the candle that was selected and cutting it through, what do I find rolled up? A picture of a rustic bridge; was that the one, ma'am, you chose?"

"It was."

"Then, as that feat appears to have given you satisfaction, I will now, in proceeding to my concluding one, hope that it will afford you equal pleasure. I have here, you see my friends, twelve pocket handkerchiefs—four white, four yellow, and four green. Here is a washing-tub, I put them into it, pour in some water, and proceed to wash them. Now I wring them out, and hang them at the sides of the tub. Here, too, is a vase. Take off the top, and place in the vase the washed handkerchief; but here, Tomkins, I will open the vase, and you shall have its contents. There! what do you call them?"

"They ain't handkerchiefs, sir, at all; they are flowers—lilies, and roses, and wall-flowers, and I don't know what besides, there are so many. I wonder how you made the wet handkerchiefs into flowers!"

But now I place before you a box: it may, perhaps, be more properly described as a kind of till in a case. I draw it out, and what do you see? Nothing, assuredly. But only let me say—Catamaranrigdumfefafumrumtumgumboxomirabilis—and, drawing forth the till again, there you see are the handkerchiefs, as nice as if they were taken out of a drawer belonging to one of the neatest bodies in the world. But how is this effected? That, my friends, with the mode of performing the other feats of the evening, I shall now have much pleasure in telling you.

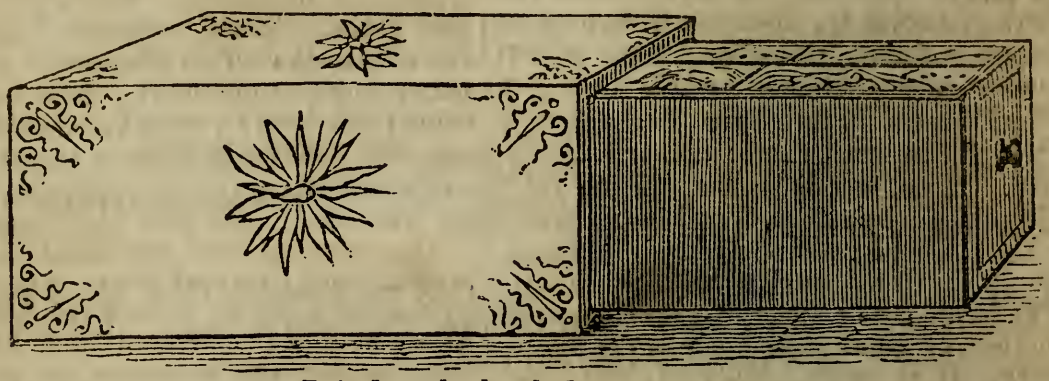
We began, you will remember, with the box and the shilling; the shilling appearing to be thrown into the box at a distance of several feet. The box is so contrived, that when I gave it to Tomkins, after his placing the box on the table, it let the shilling into my hand. I placed this secretly in the second box, which has a double lid, so that the shilling could not be seen by Tomkins. He thought he heard the shilling in the first box, but it was only a rattling it is constructed to make when held by one corner; held by the other corner, it makes no noise. He thought, therefore, that the shilling passed when I told it to do so; but you will see at once that no supernatural power was required for the feat, when I tell you that Tomkins took the second box with the shilling in it to the other end of the room, and that it only required me to take off the upper and under lid together to render the shilling visible.

In the second feat when the large box was locked and brought to me with the red silk handkerchief, I put it into the box through a niche which you were not likely to detect, and immediately produced one of my own, which you thought was the one borrowed. Rubbing my own handkerchief between my hands it disappeared, because it was dexterously, I may be permitted to say, jerked into a purse in the cuff of one of my sleeves. That the red and borrowed handkerchief should be found where I had put it, in the box, on its being unlocked, can now be to you no marvel.

The flight of the watch was managed as follows:—This square cover is actually a machine. It is divided within, so that one part of it can be charged with anything you please; I charged it, you remember, with a broken watch and a statement from Chrononhotonthologos, and when these were let down on the table by touching a spring at the top of the cover, the sound of which I prevented your hearing by the noise of the pistol, the watch was taken up into the other division of the cover. Another discharge of the pistol and another touch of the spring,

after the cover was placed over the packet, led, of course, to the taking that up and the restoration of the watch.

You will laugh, I dare say, when I unravel the mystery of my *magic* glass. In the first place it may be described as impenetrable as a mile-stone. On a man saying, "I can see through a *deal board*," it was replied, "then you must have a *gimblet* eye." But in this instance no strength of vision could possibly make any discovery. How then was the feat accomplished? By a piece of sheer impudence, often necessary, and often successful, in magical performances. As Tomkins gave the box to that gentleman he detached, at my direction, the lower part, and placed it, with all the articles in it, on my *side* table; I had only, therefore, to describe to you what I was able distinctly to see.



In handing the cards I induced the lady to take the picture of the rustic bridge, for I had three or four in the series that she might be sure to do so. I asked her to be so kind as to mention one candle in particular to be fired at, for if that had not been pointed out which contained a *duplicate* of the rustic bridge what would have become of my feat?

And now for the washing, which has excited astonishment in thousands of minds, for it has been performed with some variations but exactly in the same way, by all the modern magicians of our own land and those of the Continent by whom we have been visited. The washed pocket handkerchiefs I placed at the bottom of a double vase, in the upper division of which I had put the flowers. The apparent change was therefore produced by my removing the top with the upper division, leaving the lower, where you may now see the wet handkerchiefs are just as they were.

You could not see the other handkerchiefs, just like them, when I drew out the box because they were shut up in an inner box, but when, on touching a spring, I brought forth the inner box as well as the outer you saw the handkerchiefs, which you naturally supposed had been dried folded, and pressed. Such, then, are some of the performances of the magic theatre. It has afforded me much pleasure to conduct you *behind the scenes*.

SLEEP.—The hours of sleep are thus expressed in a rhyme, the source of which is doubtful:—

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

ACRE.

This word means a field. At first it signified, not a determined quantity of land, but any open ground, especially a wide campaign; and that sense of it seems preserved in the names of some places, as Castle-*acre*, West-*acre*, in Norfolk.

IVY-GIRL.

A sort of sport used in Kent during the month of February, when the girls burn in triumph a figure which they have stolen from the boys, called a holly-boy, whilst the boys were doing the same with another figure, called the ivy-girl. The ceremony is accompanied with loud huzzas, noise, and acclamation. The origin of the practice, as well as its meaning, is unknown.

THE HARPOON.

The harpoon is a spear of particular construction, of great importance in the whale-fishery. It is made wholly of iron; the handle is thicker at one end, and is produced in a thinner rod, terminating in a broad, doubly-barbed head. The length varies from three to five feet. This weapon is either thrown by the hand, or else shot from a small gun; it has a rope attached to it, by which it is recovered, and by means of which, also, the boat is enabled to follow, or to be dragged by the wounded whale.

VALUE OF THE METALS.

A cottager could not carry on his daily occupations without several of the metals. He could not, for instance, pay his rent, or make his purchases without *copper*, *silver*, or *gold*. He could neither dig, nor plough, nor harrow, nor reap, without *iron*; and the same metal is freely used in his dwelling and in its furniture. Many articles are entirely of iron, or of iron partially coated with *tin*. His pewter and *brazen* utensils have, as their component parts, in addition to the metal last mentioned, *zinc* and copper, *antimony* and *lead*.

He may have but a humble looking-glass, yet *quicksilver* is a main ingredient in its metallic coating. In the glazing of his drinking-cups and jugs, *cobalt* and *platina*, and metals perhaps more rare and costly than these, as *chrome*, are employed. Should we have a gun, *arsenic* is required for the shot with which it is charged, for that gives the shot its delicately spherical form. So that, of the whole number of metals made use of by society at large, amounting to twenty, more than one-half may be engaged in the peasant's service.

SEVEN-EARED CORN.

The particular species of wheat, thus denominated, does not thrive in cold climates. It was formerly raised in Egypt and Syria, and is often mentioned in the Bible under the name of *corn*. We do not know that the one-eared corn was raised in Egypt; but we do that Pharaoh dreamed about the seven-eared corn. A beautiful illustration of benevolent design appears in this plant. Were the stalk hollow and weak, like that of English wheat, it would break with the weight of the ear; but it is solidly filled with a *sort of pith*, and is thus rendered sufficiently firm!

ELECTRICAL EELS.

The electrical eels are found in several streams and rivers of South America. If by chance a stroke is received before the fish is wounded or wearied by a long pursuit, the pain and numbness are so violent that it is impossible to describe the nature of the feeling they excite. Some of these eels are five feet long. Along their backs are two rows of yellow spots, from which exudes a slimy matter which spreads over the skin of the animal, and which has been proved to conduct electricity twenty or thirty times better than pure water. The electric organ fills the greater part of the body.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

Could we minutely examine the atmosphere, we should find a compound probably the most complex in nature. Into this ocean of air are carried up whatever exhalations arise, not only from the earth itself, but from every organized form of matter, whether living, or in a state of decomposition, that is found on the earth's surface: the dews of the morning, the balms of the evening; the fragrance of every plant and flower; the breath and characteristic odour of every animal; and the vapour invisibly arising from the surface of the whole ocean and its tributary streams. Nor less certainly would there be found those circumscribed and baneful effluvia, however generated, which, when confined to definite portions of the atmosphere, produce those various forms of fever which infest particular districts; or, those more awful and mysterious influences, which, arising in some distant region, and advancing by a slow, but certain march, carry dismay and death to its dwellers in another hemisphere.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

FROM DECEMBER 29TH TO DECEMBER 31ST.

December 29. *First Sunday after Christmas-day.*

December 29, 1384, died at Lutterworth, aged 60, *John Wycliffe*, a famous divine, and theological and political writer, usually regarded by Protestants as an eminent reformer of Christianity, and styled by some the "Morning Star of the Reformation." His opinions on the doctrine of necessity, and on some other subjects, have been regarded by many eminent Protestants as unsound, but none have denied him the praise of great learning and talents. His works were numerous, among which was a version of the Old and New Testament in English.

December 29, 1718, died, in his 45th year, *Nicholas Rowe*, an eminent English dramatist and poet. Several of his dramatic pieces have maintained their popularity, especially the "Fair Penitent" and "Jane Shore."

December 30, 1691, died in his 65th year, *Robert Boyle*, a distinguished philosopher. After leaving Eton School, he travelled for some time on the Continent; he then resided at Oxford, where he made a great number of philosophical experiments, and, among the rest, invented the air pump. He also closely applied himself to the learned languages and theology. His writings are valuable for the large portion they contain of experimental knowledge, and observation of the works of nature. Much, however, of his fortune was spent, and a large portion of his time employed in writing religious tracts, and publishing translations of the Bible, and numerous works tending to the promotion of piety and virtue.

December 30, 1799, died, *John Francis Marmontel*, a distinguished French writer. His works, consisting chiefly of tales, novels, and dramatic pieces, have been published in thirty-two volumes octavo.

December 30, 1839, died, *William Hilton, R.A.* This eminent historical painter excelled both in design and colouring. He was elected member of the Royal Academy in 1820, and was afterwards appointed keeper of the same institution, in which important position his services were highly prized.

December 31, 1668, was born, *Herman Boerhaave*, one of the most celebrated physicians of modern times. He was born at Voorhout, near Leyden. In addition to his celebrity as a chemist, he had a most extensive practice as a physician, and was not only consulted by patients from neighbouring countries, but his fame brought him applications from the European settlements in the East Indies.

December 31, 1776, was born, *John Gasper Spurzheim*, an eminent professor of phrenology. In the course of his studies in medicine he attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Gall, whose discoveries respecting the functions of the brain made a deep impression on his mind; and, after some time spent in studying the subject, he became assistant to Dr. Gall, and in that capacity exhibited much diligence. After travelling through Germany, Prussia, Holland, and France, he came over to England in 1814. After lecturing in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, he visited Paris for a short time; he then returned to London, and visited most of the principal towns in England. In 1832 he lectured to large, intelligent, and interested audiences in various parts of the United States of America. While there he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-sixth year of his age, November 10, 1832. His entire system includes a considerable amount of scientific truth, but no person can have a clear understanding of it who is not thoroughly acquainted with anatomy and physiology.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES: THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.—We have already informed our readers that the Narratives illustrative of the above, will be withdrawn from the Weekly Numbers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, and published in separate numbers, each number containing a complete Narrative, thereby preventing the loss of interest occasioned by their being broken up into parts. The Numbers will be uniform with those of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, both in *size* and *price*. The Narrative now under adjudication is that of "*The Colliers and Miners:* their unhealthy and hazardous employments, and the triumphs of virtue and religion under the most unfavourable circumstances." Due notice will be given of its publication

THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND,

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

"The Working Classes of England are becoming essentially a reading people. It is no doubt true that there are still multitudes who scarcely know the alphabet, and multitudes who read without discernment or intelligence. But this scarcely affects the fact. Those who do not read are invariably influenced by those of their companions who do. The oracle of the workshop is the man familiar with newspapers, versed in periodicals, or—for the case is not uncommon amongst the most laborious operatives—acquainted with general literature. It is he who moulds the minds of his comrades, and teaches them to think and act. The whole of this portion of the community may therefore be regarded as in a great measure subject to the power of the PRESS."—GREEN'S *Prize Essay on "The Working Classes of Great Britain."*

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INDEX.

THE WORKING MAN.

Aristocratical Airs among Working Men and Women, 169
Commons, The, and the Working Classes, 281
——— and the Common People, 309
Languages and the Exhibition, 1, 29
Literature of Working Men, Critique on, 225.
Ourselves, A Few Words about, 113
Paper Duty, The, a Bane to the Working Classes, 57, 85
Public Meetings and the Working Classes, 337
Resources of Working People to Benefit Themselves, their Country, and the World, 253
Taxes and the Working Classes, 197
Universe, The, a Crystal Palace and School of Design, 141

HISTORICAL NOTICES.

American Opinions upon English Reforms:
Emancipation, Catholic, 185, 208, 240
Reform, Parliamentary, 295, 325
Toleration, Religious, 126
Joanna Baillie, 353
Nineveh; its Rise, Progress, Glory, and Ruin, 15
——— Discovery of the Ruins of, 32
Young Chevalier, 313, 341

NARRATIVES.

Cobbler, The Crippled, 71
Dixon, Sophy; or, the Light of the Family, 35
Drowned Child, 110
Exhibition Tales:
Ashton, Mary, 234
Edwards, John, 117
Manley, Edward, 88
Scott, Jane, 284
Farmer Blake's First Lesson, 270
Frankness, 242
Heroism in the Nineteenth Century:
Challenge, The, 145
Election Bribe, 47
Family, The Sculptor's, 96
Mortimer, General, 14
Sacrifice, The, 66
Truth, The Trial of, 123
New Sheffield, The Changes at, 268
Poor Schoolmaster, Leaves from the Diary of, 172, 200
Revenge, Right Kind of, 157
Shipwreck, The, 288
Sia Fail, The, or Stone of Destiny, 351
Somebody's Father, 263

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

Alphabet, 220
Articles, 248
Cardinal Numbers, 276
Days of the Weeks, Months, &c., 277
French, How to Acquire, 193
Verbs, 304
Idioms, 332
Reading, 357

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Admission, Price of, 165, 246
America, Forthcoming Exhibition in, 54
Amusements, London places of, 78
Artisans, Arrangements for, 165
Bazaar, Royal Irish, 80
Cornish Granite, 106
Correspondents, Notices to, 26, 54, 81, 108, 138, 166, 192, 220, 247, 275, 329
Decorations, 136
Delhi, Curious Seals from, 53
Electric Telegraph, 136
Flowers, Artificial, 107
Foreign Contributions, 52
Foreign Police, 107
Internal Arrangements, 106, 136
Invention, Curiosities of, 24
Knitted Quilt, 79
Lost Friends' Department, 191
Omnibus Routes, 106
Patent Law Reform, 79
Polyglot Tickets, 136
Price of Admission, 246
President Filmore and the Exhibition, 53
Refreshments, 80, 246
Shakspere's House, Model of, 80
Stained Glass, 80
Standard Life-boat, 329
Strength of Galleries, Ingenious Test for, 355

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Beautiful Provisions of Nature, 147, 259
Cicada Septendecim, 97
Locusts, 278
Magic of Mechanics, 159
Miniatures on Marble, 180
Physical Geography, 129
Plants, Locomotive Faculty of, 177
——— Sleep of, 205
Popular Physiology:
Animal and Vegetable Organisation, 93
Health Conditioned by the State of the Blood, 210
Stomach, Reducing Powers of the, 278
Water, Metamorphoses of, 73

JUVENILE CABINET.

Being in a Hurry, 242
Brother Jonathan, 242
Discontented Children, 157
Do Something, 158
Example at Home, 157
Farmer Blake's First Lesson, 270
Frankness, 242
Happy Mother, 157
Little Children, 158
——— Readers, 158

Revenge, Right Kind of, 157
Success in Life, 157
Curiosities of Arithmetic, 354
A True Christian, 354
Ragged Schools in London, 354
The Love of Home, 354

POETRY.

All Things Speak of God, 216
Bear On! 125
Droop not upon your Way, 67
Hymn, 320
Little Children, Love One Another, 180
Little Children, 158
Riches, 128
There's Work for All to do, 43

MISCELLANEOUS.

Astrologer, The, 22
British Museum:
As it Is, 8
Ancient Britons, 39
Antelopes, 206
Ashantees, 68
Chinese, 39
Esquimaux, 121
Goats, 178
Mexicans, 121
Nubians, 68
Oxen, 257
People of India, 39
——— Guiana, 121
Sheep, 178
South Americans, 154
——— Pacific, Islanders of, 154
Thugs, 68
Cheesemaking in Cheshire, 125
Cottage Economy:
Bees, 321
Eggs, 213
Poultry, 183
Rabbits, 152
Young Chicks, 243
Curious Facts:
Annual Dividend, 331
Apsley House, 330
Founders of the Royal Musical Society, 330
Going through Fire and Water, 330
Offerings to Children, 331
"Piping Hot," 331
Tenterden, 331
Diggings, 27, 123
Familiar Objects: a Garden, 215
Flute Player, 317
Humorous Selections, 187
Imitations of Life, 181, 238
Importation of Ivory, 152
Lace, History of, 323
Literature and Labour, 70
Longfellow's Poems, 348
Matthew Marvel's Lectures:—
Astrology, 22
Ship and the Sea, 44
Magic of Mechanics, 74, 159
Imitations of Life, 181, 238
Soothsayer, and the Musical Performers, 345
Metropolitan Memoranda:
Music and Revelry, 4
Palace Functionaries, 100
Niagara, Falls of, 11
Overland Journey to India, 264, 291
Ship and the Sea, 44
Short Homilies (Parson Frank):
Immortality, 42
Education, 150
Soothsayer and the Musical Performers, 345
Technical Expositor, 55, 83, 111, 139, 167, 195, 223, 251, 279, 307, 335
Things Worth Knowing:
Aquatic Animals, 48
Arithmetic of the Touch, 49
Beddegelart, 49
Charm, 28
Chester, 162
Clothing, 299
Custom of Blessing Persons when they Sneeze, 299
Dumb Bells, 298
Earwig, 49
Ear of the Fox, 162
Evaporation, 48
First Park in England, 299
First Bridge, 162
Heat, 49
Ich Dien, 28
Insects Destroyed by Small Birds, 28
Maggoty Pie, 28
Mignionette, 162
Mocha, 299
Pawnbrokers' Sign, 298
Monk's-hood, 162
Pendent Birds' Nests, 28
Pelican, 49
Pottery, 298
Quicksilver Mine, 162
Quills, 49
Rhine, 162
Samphire, 49
Skeletons of Wild Animals, 298
Sleeping Flowers, 293
Ultramarine, 28
Trusting to Ourselves, 347
Vegetable Life, 99
World's Workmen, 60

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Artichokes, 300
Asparagus, 300
Beans, 109, 271
Bean, History of the, 300
Chervil, 109
Compost Heaps, 109
Cresses, 109
Digging, 109
Earthing up, 109
Eschalots, 300
Fruit Trees, 82
Kidney Beans, 300
Manure, 109
Mustard, 109
Parsley, 109
Peas, 271, 299
Plants and Roots to be slipped and parted, 271
Radish, 109
Snails, 82
Vegetables to be Transplanted, 271

SCRAPS.

A Good One, 322
Advice to the Wife, 46
Air Plant of China, 50
Boys' Marbles, 320
Cheesemaking in Cheshire, 125
Effects of Snow on Vegetation, 144
First Coach in China, 50
Home of Taste, 161
Idleness, 184
Importation of Ivory, 152
Lucifer Matches, 82
Metamorphoses of Water, 73
Miniatures on Marble, 180
Napoleon's Coat of Mail, 312
Notions about Nods, 214
Perseverance, 352
Pin Money, Origin of, 256
Plants, the Sleep of, 205
Posthumous, 22
Resting Place, 20
Real Compliment, 22
Reducing Powers of the Stomach, 278
Serpent Charmers, 216
Tobacco, 237

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. V.—No. 53.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851.]

THE WORKING CLASSES, LANGUAGES, AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Every one expects a vast concourse of foreigners at the Grand Exhibition; and therefore the place will be, to some extent, a Babel, and to those who know no other tongue than English, a large portion of the instruction will be lost. Not but what there will be enough amply to repay every visitor, even if he can speak but one language; but still, as we are a thorough mercantile people, and love to drive a good bargain, and obtain as much as possible for our money, and as in the Exhibition all we can procure will be valuable, it is of great importance that we should be qualified to reap *all* the benefits which the opportunity may afford; and consequently to know a little of the speech of the strangers who will be present will very beneficial. The two chief languages, beside English, that will be spoken will be *French* and *German*, though no doubt there will be a good deal of *Italian;* and our object in writing this paper is, to ask our working friends if they cannot obtain a sufficient smattering of these tongues to be able to understand most of what will be going on? The following remarks are not undeserving of attention:—

I. The names *of a great number of the articles introduced by strangers will be in a foreign language;* and therefore the object and use of the machine or invention will be to many unknown, and it will be impossible to have an interpreter at every stall. The names will be there, and a glance of the eye will give all requisite knowledge, if we understand the import of the words employed. On this subject we speak feelingly, because in 1849 we visited "*The Exposition*" of Works of Art, Manufacture, &c., in Paris; and though we were delighted beyond expression with what we saw and understood, yet we feel to this day what a loss we sustained in not being acquainted with the French language; and we are therefore anxious that as few as possible in 1851 should suffer as we did. Depend upon it, that a great number of new ideas will be suggested to the mechanic who has furnished himself with a little French and German before he goes to the Exhibition; for independent of the mere understanding of the name, the foreign designation will awaken in us a great many new thoughts and supply many valuable suggestions.

II. *It will be exceedingly useful to be able to* converse *a little with these foreigners.* Nearly all of them will be polite; for we are compelled to say that the people of other countries are more gentlemanly and ladylike in their behaviour than the English. This arises from the fact; that on the Continent good manners are extensively cultivated, for the working classes have learnt that it costs no more to be polite than to be clownish; that there is no need of adding to poverty the disgrace of rough, uncouth, and vulgar deportment; and that there is no reason why a mechanic or labourer should not behave as well as a lord, a princess, or a monarch. At the Exhibition there will be a large number of these polite strangers delighted to converse with us, to communicate to us anything they know, and especially to hear us lisp their mother tongue. It will be rather a mortifying occurrence to see the good-natured, smiling, friendly faces of these Frenchmen, Germans, or Italians, and to be unable to converse with them. It is true there will be the universal language of the countenance, the benevolent smile which can be understood everywhere, and which speaks to every heart; but how much

our pleasure would be increased if we could clothe our thoughts in words and converse together! How much information we might thus gain, and what an amount of valuable knowledge we might also impart! It is of the utmost importance that the Exhibition should not be a mere silent show-room, but a mental feast, in which the intellect shall be enlarged, the heart expanded, and mutual esteem generated; so that when we part we may love foreigners, and the foreigners love us, the better for this friendly interview.

III. Foreign languages *are not so difficult as many imagine.* The French is easy, and so is the German, and the Italian particularly so. Some are frightened at French pronunciation; but this is a mere bugbear. The sound of the vowels and syllables is far more uniform than in English, and much more easily acquired. Many foreigners have learnt our language; and yet English must be much more difficult to pronounce than French. Horrible tales, also, are told of the difficult sounds of German; but these, again, are only ghosts raised by the schools. There is hardly a sound in that tongue which is not found in our own. Besides, if there were, we ought not to be deterred, because we never expect a stranger to pronounce English exactly the same as our own countrymen. If any person should thus succeed we are astonished at the elasticity of his organs of speech.

We may further remark, that it is not at all necessary to pronounce every word perfectly. The great design in learning a language is, to be able to read and converse in it; and if we can talk French or German so as to be understood, we have gained our end, and overcome the greatest obstacle that severs man from man. Difference of accent or dialect is no detriment to conversation in England. The Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire man, all speak with a provincial accent, and yet we can communicate our thoughts freely. Only think of the English of a Northumbrian and of a native of Norfolk; and yet these men can understand one another. It is true we ought to labour to do everything well, and therefore to pronounce with ease and elegance; but when this cannot be accomplished, we should not be disheartened, but do our best and rejoice, if we cannot speak classically, yet that it is a great advantage to be able to talk at all.

IV. Our own mother tongue *may be made a key to almost any language under heaven, but especially to French and German.* There are some thousands of our words which are common to the Spanish, the Italian, the German, and the French. The European languages are only different dialects of one common and original tongue. It is very evident that we have all been to the same rich mine, and are using the same mental ore; and a little literary chemistry would prove that our speech was originally one. We have thus the elements of conversation and friendship in the words we use. And the fact that we have made them up into different forms of expressiveness is an immense advantage. We have no idea that any one language could have been so expressive as the various tongues which are now spoken in the world. Why, to read the same poem or history in two different languages is an immense advantage, and vastly enlarges our range of thought. A man who could understand, read, and speak all the tongues in the world would be the most intellectual being upon earth. There are treasures of thought in every atom, plant, flower, tree, insect, animal, planet, and star, and language is the embodiment of myriads of these ideas in an articulate form; and seeing the study is so easy and so useful, why not engage in it with alacrity and delight?

V. Classes *might be formed* immediately, and between this and the middle of

next summer a vast amount of learning might be gained. In most places there are some persons who understand French or German, and who would be willing to teach, some for the pleasure of doing so, and others for a little remuneration. Either of these two languages would be a key to the Exhibition; for most of the Frenchmen who will visit us will know German, and most of the Germans, French. A grammar, a dictionary, and a hand-book of sentences, might be easily procured. The nouns, the verbs, and the syntax might be committed to memory. Some easy work might be read through, and a host of phrases might be learnt, and thus we might edify ourselves and delight the strangers with but very little trouble. Shopmates might soon call everything by French or German names; families might accustom themselves to tálk in these languages, and thus become familiar with thet words and their sounds. We hope that these suggestions will be attended to, and that, wherever it is possible, they will be reduced to practice. Several works have appeared of late that would greatly facilitate the task of the learner. We have "*French without a Master*," "*German without a Master*," "*Italian without a Master*" &c. &c. The works of Lebahn and Ollendorf also contain a fund of easy information in German for the beginner; and either of them would give him a correct idea of the language, and enable him to read and speak. In large towns masters and mistresses could generally be found; and we cannot help thinking that many of our wealthy friends would feel it a pleasure to brush up their own dead stock of French or German by aiding their neighbours to pursue these studies.

VI. We may be told that TIME is wanting; but on this subject we are rather sceptical. We all waste a great many hours in the course of a week. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is as valuable an admonition concerning time as bread. "Take care of the pence; the pounds will take care of themselves," is a good old exhortation of our forefathers; so we would say, "Take care of your seconds, and the hours and days will take care of themselves." Some of our working friends, we have reason to fear, spend a portion of their time in ale-houses or coffee-shops. This might all be saved, and given to French or German. Many a man sends his money, his time, his knowledge, his comfort, and his character down his throat, and gets poisoned into the bargain. "*Redeeming the time*," is an important Scriptural hint, worthy of our Heavenly Father, and if attended to would have made scholars, ladies, gentlemen, independent folks, and Christians of us all. Time misspent is time lost; time well employed is time "*redeemed*."

To our young friends who think of changing their lives, we would say—Why not *court* in French or German? Sometimes even lovers have exhausted their store of words, and sigh for a subject. What a boon, at such a juncture, a lesson in one of these languages would be! and only think what a fortune it would be to the little ones, by-and-by, if my blessed wife Mary could teach them to converse with the people of France, Germany, or Italy, and to read Telemachus, Schiller, or Tasso, in their native tongues! And then it might also prevent her becoming a newsmonger, and bringing all the world about her husband's ears. Many trades and callings require very little thought, and the whole time of the shopmates is spent in foolish, idle, and sometimes obscene conversation, or in singing stupid songs. All these hours might be devoted to what is useful. A new language might be learnt; and it would be just as easy to sing in German, French, or Italian, and thus impress on the memory a multitude of words and phrases. Our female friends talk in their various occupations, and, with a little trouble, might teach each other the languages of the Continent. A game at French or German verbs would be

quite as rational and profitable as a long yarn about Sally Slattern's kittens, Farmer Filthy's pigs, Squire Nooke's cook, and Parson Pedlar's pigeons. But enough: "where there is a will there is a way." We have plenty of time to become a polite, a learned, and a virtuous people, and, if we choose, may, before the Exhibition, wipe away a large portion of the ignorance and vulgarity which have so long been our national disgrace in the eyes of foreigners.

N.B.—While writing this paper, we happened to tell what we were doing to a lady, who instantly offered to take a class of operatives, and give them lessons in French, to prepare them for the Exhibition.

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.

FURTHER FUNCTIONARIES OF THE PALACE.

Grooms-in-Waiting, and their curry-powder "Consideration."—Half-a-score of Illustrious Obscurities.—"Seaton, I say!"—Macbeth.—*Stoving calcined in a thousand fires.—A "Ferrule" applied at Ferrol to Britannia, for attempting to rule the Main by private force.—The Roll of Fame, in reference to "Not a Drum was Heard."—A Wailing about Walchern.—A Yarn about New Orleans Gun-cotton, with a Twist uncomfortable to the British Lion.—Sexagenarian Lackeys extraordinary.—Soldierly Sorrows from South America —A Black Key to Whitelocke.—A genuine Chip of the Denman Block, and his imputed "Delusion and Snare."— The Gentlemen-Ushers of the Privy Chamber.—Sir Smith, with many Irons in the Fire.—Memoirs of Marshal Marmont —The Gentlemen-Ushers' Daily Waiters.—Black Rod; and how he tickles the Public.—One Martin making decided Summer in his own Nest.—Grooms of the Privy Chamber.—Major Whipper-in Beresford, M.P.—A Harris unknown to Mrs. Gamp.—Counsel for Country Cousins coming for Curiosity to London.—A Talk about the Abigails of the Royal Household, and their Mistresses.—Further Flunkeyana, Male and Female.*—Memento Mori.

NEXT to the Lords-in-Waiting come the Grooms-in-Waiting, ten in number (including two extra), and their salary a little under a pound a day each, being considerably less than the former receive. The names of those now (1851) in office are—Sir H. Seyton, Bart., Major-General Sir F. Stovin, J. R. O. Gore, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. A. H. Hood, Colonel B. Drummond, Lieutenant-General Sir E. Bowater, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. R. E. Boyle, Captain Hon. J. Denman, and (extra) General Hon. Sir W. Lumley, and Hon. C. A. Murray. We are not aware that any of these gentlemen have civilly figured with sufficient prominence in the public eye to render it necessary that we should expatiate on their performances here at any length. The first on the list bears a name of considerable eminence in Scottish history, deducing its decent from Dougal de Seton, who lived in the time of King Edgar, son of Malcom III., and the first baronet received his title with remainder to his heirs male "whatsoever," —meaning lawfully or unlawfully begotten, for reasons that were no doubt sufficiently cogent at the time. Sir Henry, like all the rest of the Grooms but one (who is naval), is a soldier, having served in the Peninsula with the 52nd, and also in the 5th Dragoon Guards. The second, Sir F. Stovin, has seen still longer and more varied service, having served as ensign in the 52nd, fifty years ago, in the disastrous expedition to Ferrol, in 1800. Ferrol is one of the principal arsenals of Spain. Its harbour, one of the best in Europe, is entered by a strait admitting of only one ship at a time, and is defended by the castles of St. Felipe and Palma, the town being strongly fortified on the land side. Its vast arsenal and dock-yard, founded by Charles III., covers nearly twenty-four acres, and comprises many magnificent docks and warehouses, with a prison for galley slaves, and a naval barracks for 6,000 men. In August, in the year mentioned, upwards of 10,000 British soldiers, under the command of Sir James Pulteny, gained possession of the heights; notwithstanding which, despairing success from the great strength of the works, the enterprise was abandoned, and the troops reembarked.

The General's conduct on that memorable occasion, being in opposition to the advice and opinions of his officers, was strongly condemned in England, where, however, the whole affair was speedily forgotten, owing to the far more momentous transactions going on in different parts of the world at the time. And hence our reason for now adverting to it. The same reason induces us, also, to state, for the

benefit of those of our readers who believe that the English flag has never, upon any occasion, struck to the French, that in 1809 seven sail of the line were captured by the French at Ferrol, about a fortnight after the battle of Corunna, to which the heroic defence of the unfortunate Sir John Moore (over whose remains Marshal Soult erected a monument, in admiration of his gallantry) lent an interest altogether disproportioned to the importance of the conflict. By-the-way, Ferrol and Corunna are only twelve miles apart.

Sir F. Stovin, though he served through the Peninsula with distinction, being aide-de-camp to Sir T. Picton at Badajoz and Toulouse, had also the ill-luck to belong to an expedition quite as disreputable to English sense and sensibility as that against Ferrol, viz., Walchern, some particulars of which we shall introduce here for the benefit of the younger reader; for we have no notion of being bound by the heading of our chapters to adhere literally to the comparatively trivial matters we have undertaken to treat of, when an opportunity presents itself for the timely introduction of more important or more instructive details; taking care, however, that the latter are made illustrative of the former. The memorable and unfortunate expedition of the British to Walchern consisted of thirty-five ships of the line and 200 smaller vessels, principally transports, and 40,000 land forces; the latter under the command of the Earl of Chatham, and the fleet under Sir R. Strachan. For a long time the destination of this expedition remained secret; but before July 28, 1809, when it set sail, the French journals had announced that Walchern was the point of attack. Perhaps a more powerful and better-appointed armament never left the British ports, and none ever more completely disappointed public expectation. Flushing was invested in August, and a dreadful bombardment followed; but no suggestion on the part of the naval commander, nor urgency on the part of the officers could induce the Earl to vigorous action, until the period of probable success was gone, and necessity obliged him to return with the troops that disease and an unhealthy climate had spared. The place was completely evacuated Dec. 23rd, 1809. The House of Commons instituted an inquiry, and Lord Chatham resigned his post as Master-General of the Ordnance to prevent greater disgrace; but the policy of Ministers in planning the expedition was, nevertheless, approved by a subservient majority. Still another unfortunate occurrence for British fame, in which Stovin was mixed up, was that at New Orleans, in 1815, where the Americans, under the late General Jackson, making ramparts of their cotton bags, repulsed the English with great loss of men and still greater loss of credit. Subsequently Sir Richard was engaged in a very successful enterprise, and on his own account too, viz., quelling an insurrection in the Greek Islands, for which he received the order of St. Michael and St. George.

It may be asked, what possible fitness a man at Sir Frederick's time of life, and after being engaged in such duties, can possess for such an office as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen? That is certainly a question we cannot pretend to answer, and perhaps the surprise of the inquirer will not be diminished when we add that nearly all the Grooms are very old men, only two—Mr. Gore (son of Major Gore, M.P. for North Shropshire) and the Hon. Captain Denman, R.N. (son of the ex-Chief Justice) being under sixty. Stovin is now close on seventy—rather late in the day, one would think, to dance attendance at the door of a lady's chamber, even though she were his lady-liege. Nearly as old is Sir E. Bowater, Colonel of the 49th, a Peninsular and Waterloo man, and twice wounded in the service. But he is a mere chicken compared with Sir W. Lumley, who is *eighty-two*, and has been in the army sixty-four years!—the same period exactly as the Duke of Wellington himself. Fifty-three years ago he helped to suppress the rebellion in Ireland; served at Alexandria under Cornwallis; was at the Cape in 1806; received a medal for his services as Major-General in command of the cavalry at Albuhera; and otherwise saw quite enough, it might be supposed, to induce him to prefer retirement instead of mingling in the throng of a court, especially as he has a regiment of Guards to look after. Of one of the affairs he was engaged in we must make mention, if only by way of companion-piece to Stovin's memorabilia in that line. We allude to Buenos Ayres, which, having been taken by the British under Sir Home Popham, July 21, 1806, was retaken, after an attack of three days, Aug. 12, the same year; and the British received another great repulse under Gen. Whilocke, who was disgraced in 1807, as mentioned in the sketch of Colonel Thompson, M.P., who there first imbibed that thorough hatred of corporeal punishment in the army which he has since done so much and so successfully to abolish. Connected with, and forming a portion of the operations against Buenos Ayres, on one bank of the Plata, were those against Monte Video on the other side. This city, now the capital the Republic of Uruguay, or Banda Oriental, was taken by the British un-

der Sir Samuel Auchmuty, but with the loss of nearly one-third of our troops, in 1807; and the place was evacuated a few months afterwards, Lumley being engaged both there and at Buenos Ayres (which latter words signify "good airs"), but the "blasts" from them on the occasion referred to were the reverse of salubrious.

The only other "Groom" we deem it necessary to refer to is Captain Denman, and to him only for the purpose of saying, that, vividly inheriting all his illustrious father's abhorrence of the slave-trade, he has acquired the character of being zealous at the expense of discretion, in supporting the policy of the African squadron against every possible objection, he being a distinguished commander in that fleet, and having not only executed condign punishment on the kidnappers of, and dealers in, their fellow-creatures on the coast of Africa and in the Brazilian waters, but has also sustained actions at law for his conduct in that respect; and has written a great deal to show that the maintenance of the blockade must finally extirpate the infamous traffic, though a vast number of intelligent philanthropists contend that force is the wrong machinery altogether for such purpose, and that it is to civilization of the negro, and the cultivation of friendly relations with Brazil, we must look for demonstrating that, rightly understood, self-interest is the most efficient auxiliary to humanity.

We next come to the Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, whose duties are exceedingly light, and extravagantly remunerated at £200 a year. The names of these personages are—Messrs. Master and Heneage, the Hon. F. Byng (son of Lord Enfield), and Sir J. M. F. Smith, a Major-General and Commander of the Sappers and Miners, but better known in military circles as translator, with military and political notes, of the professional work of Marshal Marmont, who lost Salamanca to Wellington, surrendered Paris to the Allies in 1814, when entrusted with its defence by Napoleon, and who also evacuated the French capital with the Guards in 1830, when the cause of his then master, Charles X., was borne down by the popular will. The Marshal is still alive, occupied with farming, and is said to be active and energetic out of doors, notwithstanding the loss of his arm at Salamanca. Marmont, who was made Duke of Ragusa in 1809, commanded the artillery at Marengo, and was by the side of Bonaparte through nearly all his great campaigns; but he is better known in history for his treason than for his services to his immortal master.

The Gentlemen Ushers Daily Waiters, are (including extras) six in number, the salary of four of them being £150 each, the other two about half that. Their duties are sufficiently specified by the title of their office, and are very light, each Usher serving a month in turn. The Senior Gentleman Usher is altogether exempt from any duty, on the ground of his parliamentary occupation as Black Rod to the House of Lords. This officer is much the same to the Peers that the Sergeant-at-Arms is to the Commons, but is appointed by letters-patent from the Crown, and his emoluments are very considerable. His deputy is styled the Yeoman Usher. They are the official messengers of the Lords, and either the Gentleman or Yeoman Usher summons the House of Commons to the House of Lords, when the Royal assent is given to bills. He executes orders for the commitment of parties guilty of breach of privilege and contempt, and assists at the introduction of peers, and other ceremonies. The office of Black Rod and Senior Gentleman Usher is at present held by Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart., who is also Deputy Great Chamberlain. He, too, like the "Grooms" we have been speaking of, is very old, having entered the navy upwards of fifty years ago, where he saw a great deal of service, and was made a Rear-Admiral of the Blue in 1848, though he has been Black Rod since 1832! He had been in Parliament many years for some Irish boroughs. His duties in the Peers are principally discharged by the Yeoman Usher, Mr. James Pulman; and we should also have added, notwithstanding what we have just said about the Black Rod resembling the Commons' Sergeant-at-Arms, that there is also a Peers' Sergeant-at-Arms, attending on the Lord Chancellor (Lieut.-Col. A. Perceval), who had long been a member of the Lower House, where he acquired a peculiar notoriety from the extremes to which he carried his Irish political and religious views, which were those of the ultra-Orange School. Another Gentleman Usher, whose name the reader sees in all accounts of the opening and proroguing of Parliament, as carrying the crown in a carriage, is Sir W. Martins, of whom fame, however, makes no further mention than that he married a daughter of the late Sir Thomas Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's-office; and hence succeeded, as it were, by a little arrangement perfectly well understood in well-regulated families, to be "Gentleman Usher of the Sword of State." The Assistant Gentleman Usher is Sir D. A. Gordon, Bart., who is also a snug clerk in the Treasury, but of his antecedents fame also is perfectly silent.

Next we come to the Grooms of the Privy Chamber—four gentlemen, who, when

it so pleases either of them, stand at levees, and such occasions, in the passages and on the staircases, for which they are entitled to receive £73 a year. One of these is Major Beresford, M.P. for North Essex, cousin to the immensely wealthy Marquis of Waterford, and whipper-in to the Conservative party in the House of Commons. Another Groom of the Privy Chamber is Sir Thomas Noel Harris—a gentleman not undistinguished in the courts of Hymen and of Mars. He has married three wives, one being the Dowager Countess of Huntingdon; and he served all through the late war, being the person, moreover, who brought to England the first tidings of the surrender of Paris to the Allies in 1814 by Marmont, as aforesaid; joined the army again the following year; lost an arm, and was otherwise severely wounded, at Waterloo; retired in 1835, and was made Chief Magistrate of Gibraltar, whence he returned some years ago, and took the office we are now speaking of, it being perfectly incomprehensible to us what charm there can be in such places for such men.

Besides the "Grooms" we have spoken of, there are the Grooms of the Great Chamber, ten in number, viz.:—Messrs. Payne, Gibbs, Moule, Meynell, Walker, Struver, Pollard, Coendoz, Donaldson, and Saunders. Their services are rarely ever required, even for show; still, they are charged £40 a piece to the country, or £400 per annum. There are also eight Gentleman Ushers Quarterly Waiters in Ordinary, with nominal duties, and trivial salaries singly, though amounting to as much, or more, we believe, than those just named, but of much higher rank and standing in society. Their names are—S. Randall, H. Greville, J. Green, A. Montgomery, and E. Hobhouse, Esqrs.; Lieutenant-Col. Diggle, Capt. West, and Sir J. Strachan, a descendant of the Walchern Admiral before adverted to.

Next we come to three dozen Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber—mere honorary officials, of wealth and station, ambitious of being thought connected with the Court, and to whom this post gives some small privileges in the shape of exemptions from serving on juries, &c., if they chose to insist on the "prerogative." We observe on the list for the present year the names of three Members of Parliament, and some half-dozen knights and baronets; but it is unnecessary to particularize them. Then we have eight other Sergeants-at-Arms, appointed for life, at £100 a year each, with fees of one sort or other. The Office of the Robes, quite a distinct department from that of the Mistress of the Robes, consists of Lieutenant-Col. Seymour as Groom; E. Browell, Great Clerk; Mr. Wilson, Messenger; and Mr. Drake, Furrier. All these, esp cially the two former, are very liberally paid, though the duties are nominal, being in reality performed by the upper menials of the palace.

We now come to a very important class of functionaries, male and female, with whom it behoves country cousins and town-curiosity hunters to stand as well as possible, if they would obtain a peep behind the scenes denied to the ordinary public. We allude to the Inspectors and Housekeepers of the Royal palaces. The Inspector of Buckingham Palace is R. Lyons, Esq., and of Windsor, J. Roberts, Esq., their salaries being something like £1,000 a year each, we believe. The Tapissiers, or those whose duty it is principally to look to the furniture, &c., are—at Windsor, Mr. Butcher; at Osborne House, Mr. Cripps. The Housekeeper of the State apartments St. James's is Mrs. Procter, the Housekeeper being Miss Smith. At Buckingham Palace the Housekeeper is Miss Pontet; at Windsor Castle, Mrs. Foster; at Kensington Palace, Lady A. G. Hallyburton, and of the private rooms, Mrs. Date; at Hampton Court, Mrs. Grundy; Kew, Mrs. Murphy; Osborne House, Mrs. Rymer. The salaries of these vary from £100 to £300 a year; but previous to the abolition of fees in 1846 they amounted to a vast deal more, in some cases to as much as £1,500 a year. The Housekeepers reside in the house, and dine at the steward's table, receiving 7s. a day board wages when the Court is absent; so that the situations are much sought after, and are held for life. Though the Housekeepers have of course the control of the Housemaids, they have not the appointing of the latter, who are all named by the Lord Chamberlain; but it will probably surprise the reader to hear that they have only £12 a year at entering, and never can have more than £18, and that without the least chance of a pension, for they are not what are called warranted servants. Formerly their wages were £45 a year, but are now reduced to the amount named. When the Court is staying at Windsor or Buckingham Palace there are about 40 of these handmaidens on duty. There are also what are called Necessary Women, one each to the Drawing-room (Mrs. Gough), the Ball-room (Mrs. Parker), and the Guard-chamber (Mrs. Williams), whose duty it is to attend upon the ladies in the ante-rooms on state occasions, and who make up by the perquisites they receive for such services for their comparatively trivial pay. The male attendants in the State apartments of Windsor-castle, for exhibiting a few of the rooms gratuitously to the public three days

in the week, are two, Messrs. Sly and Stadd, and receive £80 a year each, being on duty from eleven to three in winter, and to four in summer, and strictly prohibited receiving gratuities from all visitors, who are admissible on producing tickets, which are obtainable at the office of the Lord Chamberlain, and at the various print-sellers, and elsewhere, who are advertised during the season. The four Queen's Messengers are, Messrs. Rogers, Hill, Sheppard, and Chalmers, with the Lord Chamberlain's Private Messenger, Mr. Wakley, the value of their situations depending in great measure on the frequency of their employment; for, being paid travelling expenses, the more journeys they make the greater their remuneration, which, however, is thought to average about £350 a year each. These must not be confounded with what are commonly called Queen's Messengers employed on the public service, and whose remuneration, especially those employed by the Foreign-office, is very considerable.

While the foregoing chapter was being written, a vacancy occurred in the ranks of the Grooms-in-Waiting, in consequence of the death of the aged Gen. Sir W. Lumley.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM
AS IT IS.

It has been said with as much truth as eloquence, "Egypt has monuments of antiquity, surpassing all others on the globe. History cannot tell when the most stupendous of them were constructed; and it would be no improbable prophecy, that they are destined to remain to the end of time. Those enormous constructions, assuming to rank with nature's ancient works on this planet, and raised, as if to defy the powers of man and the elements of time to demolish them, by a generation that retired into the impenetrable darkness of antiquity when their work was done, stand on the surface in solemn relation to the subterraneous mansions of death. All the vestiges bear an aspect intensely and unalterably grave. Persons who lived thousands of years since, remain in substance and form, death everlastingly embodied, as if to emblem to us the vast chasm, and the non-existence of relation, between their race and ours. A shade of mystery rests on the whole economy to which all these objects belonged. Add to this, our associations with the region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in the sacred history, by which the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders."*

Nor were the feelings manifest in this striking passage peculiar to the writer by whom it was penned. "Your Majesty," said the far-famed sculptor, Canova, to Napoleon, who had invited him to reside at Paris, and as an inducement offered to transplant every work of art from Rome to that city, "may take everything that can be removed, and after that, there will remain infinitely more to delight and improve the artist than all which you have taken away." Enthusiastic as this observation may appear, it applies with even accumulated force to Egypt. In the ruins of that country, which surpass the power of man to remove, there is more of art and of history than can be found in the whole world besides. "A temple," it has been said by one of our most intelligent travellers, "is the pride of Athens; an amphitheatre the boast of Rome; but Egypt, from end to end, and from side to side, from the mouth of the Nile to the second cataract, is a field of inexhaustible wonder and delight to the traveller.

Any relics of past times which could be brought from thence, could not fail to be regarded by all the intelligent, whatever were their rank in life, with peculiar interest. In the infancy of the British Museum, whose rise and progress to a certain point we have already traced, the antiquities being few in number, and of little value, were considered merely as appendages to other departments of knowledge. In 1772 indeed a very considerable assemblage of articles of Greek and Roman antiquity, comprising the largest collection of ancient fictile vases—that is, those moulded by the potter,—had been purchased of Sir William Hamilton, for £8,400. But even then Montague-house was sufficiently commodious to contain

* John Foster.

all that was accumulated in every department; while the articles purchased belonging to the class of antiquities required no increase of the establishment.

But in 1801 a large number of Egyptian monuments came into our hands in consequence of the capitulation of Alexandria, and these were ordered by the King, in the following year, to be added to the British Museum. These memorials of far-distant times—these memorials of surpassing worth, were generally of too massive a character for the floors of what had been a private dwelling, and a large addition to the establishment became therefore necessary; and had there been any disposition on the part of the authorities to delay an enlargement of the Museum, it became absolutely imperative on the purchase of the Townley marbles in 1805. A gallery adequate to the reception of both was therefore completed in 1807, and a new department was created, by the name of the Department of Antiquities. Two advantages were thus added to those already possessed; visitors were gratified and informed by a splendid collection of ancient sculpture, from the colossal heads of Egypt to the beautiful and classic figures of Greece and Rome; and students in the fine arts were at liberty, under certain proper regulations, not only to inspect, but copy them,—a privilege which had not been previously enjoyed in this country. To the Department of Antiquities were now transferred the Hamilton Vases, already described, together with the coins, medals, drawings, and engravings.

As time rolled on, treasure after treasure was added to the accumulated wealth of our National Museum. It was stated by the Townley family in 1814 that there still remained in their possession a very large collection of ancient bronze figures and utensils, of Greek and Roman coins, gems, drawings, &c., all of which served to illustrate the sculptures purchased in 1805; and in that year the House of Commons granted the sum of £8,200 for its purchase.

In 1815 the Prince Regent, at an expense of little less than £20,000, purchased and ordered to be deposited in the Museum, an extensive series of marble sculptures, the frieze of a temple which had been dug up at Phigaleia, in Arcadia, and are known to be genuine productions of the earlier time of the school of Phidias, who stands pre-eminent among the sculptors of Greece. The most important accession to the Museum from the time of its institution, so far as the promotion of the fine arts is concerned, was, however, the addition of the collection of the Earl of Elgin, and therefore called the "Elgin Marbles," at the cost of £35,000. It consists chiefly of the exquisite sculptures which once adorned the pediments and frieze of the Parthenon—the Temple of Minerva, at Athens—a city so distinguished as to be called the "Eye of all Greece."

Valuable Greek and Roman sculptures continued to be purchased, and other objects of great interest and value to be presented. Among these was a collection of marbles from Persepolis, presented by Sir Gore Ouseley. Mr. R. Payne Knight, a trustee of great knowledge, taste, and ability, bequeathed to the Museum a valuable series of bronzes, 798 in number, of great beauty of workmanship, and in a fine state of preservation. The Duke of Portland offered also to deposit the Portland Vase in the Musuem—which, however, though exhibited there, remains his property.

In 1823 the library of his father was presented by King George IV. to the British nation, and it was ordered by Parliament to be added to the library of the British Museum. It was stipulated, however, that it should always be kept separate from its other books. Its formation was commenced when the houses of the Jesuits were being suppressed, and their libraries sold through Europe; during half a century little less than £200,000 was expended upon it, and it is probably the most complete library of its extent that ever was formed.

It was pleasant, some years ago, for the visitors to the Museum to be shown into a splendid room, of lofty height, of proportionate width, and several hundred feet long, the walls being covered from the floor to the ceiling by the works of this Royal collection, deposited in proper cases, yet all duly accessible, and having every defence that was considered to be required. Again and again have we seen

the stranger, suddenly introduced to this magnificent and extraordinary spectacle, transfixed with mute astonishment and delight. But, for some reasons—it was rumoured the dust created by such a concourse of people injured the books was the chief—this library has been closed for some years to the ordinary visitor. It may be said, however, that to the multitude it was *only* a splendid sight, and that all the use to which the books can be appropriated is secured to the public, under the rules by which access is gained to the reading-room of the Museum.

We cannot pause to trace the additions made to this national collection since that period. Many of them are of very great value. It must suffice to add a few particulars. On the donation of the Royal library, the Government ordered drawings to be prepared for an *entirely new Museum*, a portion of one wing of which was to be occupied by this splendid collection.

This wing, on the eastern side of the then Museum garden—the garden in front of Montague-house—was finished in 1828. The northern, southern, and nearly the whole of the western side of a quadrangle, have since been gradually added. In 1845 the last relic of Montague-house was removed, and the gallery built in 1807, as already stated, for the Townley marbles and the memorials of Egypt, was removed during the winter of 1846 to admit of the western side of the quadrangle being completed.

The principal façade of the new Museum has recently been finished. It presents a singular and striking contrast to the old front of Montague-house, which came into the view of the visitor of former days as he emerged from the Piazza, into which the door opened from Great Russell-street. For a brick mansion of a former century, we now look on an edifice of massive stone. A sort of French palace has been succeeded by an immense treasure-house, of which the nation may be proud. The order of architecture adopted throughout the exterior of the building is the Grecian Ionic. The southern façade consists of the great Entrance Portico, eight columns in width, and two inter columniations in projection. On either side is an advancing wing, giving to the entire front an extent of 370 feet, the whole of which is surrounded by a colonnade, consisting of forty-four columns, and raised upon a stylobate five feet and a-half high. The columns are five feet at their lower diameter, and forty-five feet high; the height from the pavement of the front court-yard to the top of the entablature of the colonnade is sixty-six feet and a-half.

A Commission has been sitting on the British Museum, from whose report it appears that the buildings in which its vast and invaluable collection is deposited have cost since the year 1823 nearly £700,000. The sums which have been expended upon the collection since that period the Commissioners could not learn; but the whole since 1755, independently of the amount expended on the building since 1822, considerably exceeded £1,100,000.

Thus then, we have rapidly traced the rise and progress of this national establishment; we should have liked to have lingered repeatedly, but we have resisted the temptation to do so, anxious to inform but not to weary our readers. We have given them, we believe, the chief particulars which are desirable for them to know at the outset; and we prepare now to conduct them through the various departments of the edifice, making such remarks, by the way, as will be likely to render repeated visits not only interesting but instructive; while those who live at a distance, and are unable to visit the Museum, may be able to form a clear idea of its character and contents.

A California costume is thus described in a letter from San Francisco: "I have gone through such a transmogrification since I left home, that you would scarcely recognise me. My complexion is the colour of cinnamon, my beard half a yard long, hair cut close, a South Sea Island cap on my head, and a Mexican blanket on my shoulders, blue pants slashed at the sides, with a red sash sound my waist—here you have a picture of your friend in the full dress of an American on 'Change,' in San Francisco."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Niagara is the great wonder of North America. Though it may well reward the traveller for a voyage across the Atlantic to trace the windings of the Hudson and the lovely lakes George and Champlain, to cross the Alleghanies, to visit the natural bridge in Virginia, and the mammoth cave in Kentucky, to follow the course of the Mississippi, or to revel in the magnificent scenery of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence,—all these united, will not equal Niagara; and the tourist will, in comparison, have taken his long journey in vain, if he have not visited "the Falls." As it is with European travellers, so it is with the Americans themselves. Every man, woman, and child considers it a duty to see the Falls, and to go some hundreds of miles out of their direct road for this purpose is not unusual. "Have you seen the Falls?" "What do you think of the Falls?" is the universal question; and woe to the unlucky wight who shall express any disappointment, or any difference of opinion about the effect produced on the mind by them, for it seems as though the national honour were involved in the answer. And as everybody must see, so everybody must give a description; and for the fiftieth or five hundredth time, the height and breadth are given, with the shape of the rock, and the exact position of the two cataracts, as though this would convey even the remotest idea of this remarkable scene. The matter-of-fact Yankee, or Englishman, may regard it as "a fine water privilege," the Frenchman as "une très jolie chute d'eau," and the enthusiast of all nations may go into extacies, and exhaust the vocabulary of high-sounding words and startling epithets; and, after all, Niagara is not described as that the reality may satisfy the wanderer's expectations.

Every tree, stone, doorpost, and window in the vicinity bear evidence of this desire to perpetuate individual impressions; and when seated on a fallen tree, to gaze in silence on these images of beauty, an entranced reverie has been suddenly turned to laughter, and I have been brought back to consciousness, by reading on the limestone at my feet that "Noah T. Nash" pronounced it "awful!" and "Zachariah F. Spriggs" "terrific!"

The albums kept at the hotels contain more lengthened effusions, in the shape of limping poetry, and highflying prose, some very ridiculous, some extremely coarse, and all tending to fill one with wonder that the contemplation of so much loveliness should have produced no better or more refining effect. So Niagara is not and cannot be described; and while myriads come to gaze, and go home to journalise, the green river madly rushes on, throwing up its columns of snowy spray, to be incarnadined by the sun's ray, or spanned by the lunar bow, and must, while the world lasts, be seen to be rightly understood. For myself, I am by no means free from this universal desire to write about what I have seen and felt; and though I shall not attempt a description where so many have failed, I cannot resist the pleasure of recalling the fortnight I passed in that lovely spot, and the remembrance that I, too, have seen Niagara.

We had arrived at Buffalo from the Great Lakes, and taking the railroad there, a ride of two hours' duration through the forest brought us to the Cataract-house just as night closed in. "Un voyage à faire et Paris au bout" has consoled many a weary traveller for all the miseries he may sustain on the road, and, in like manner, Niagara was my lode-star during a fatiguing inland voyage of more than 3,000 miles. Yet, when convinced that I was really there, my anxiety vanished, and I was even reluctant to change my dream for reality; but my companion, who had visited the Falls twice before, was impatient to renew his acquaintance with them, and by the uncertain light of a crescent moon struggling with heavy clouds, we wound our way among the thick groves of Goat's Island. To do this, we had to cross a rude wooden bridge, some 200 yards in length, which crosses the rapids of the American fall, the boiling surges that rushed under our feet shaking the unsubstantial structure, and covering us with spray. Though expressing the utmost confidence in the skill and knowledge of my guide, yet, I think, I was never so fully possessed with fear before—more from what I could not see than from any other cause. Unacquainted with the paths and the limits of the spot, I imagined every turn would plunge us into the vortex. I was surrounded by the roaring rapids, I heard the deep solemn voice of the cataract, the ground trembled beneath my feet, and through the openings of the trees I fancied I saw occasional glimpses of the white foam; but the increasing darkness made it really dangerous to advance, besides that we stumbled against others who were groping their way like ourselves, and who made the woods echo with their shrieks, thus adding to my terrors. Had it been possible to to be alone, which it never is in America, I could have sat down in the gloomy forest, contented with the voice and presence of Niagara, but there is

no romance in a crowd of sight-seers, and we returned to the hotel and waited for the morning.

When we arose, before the world was fully astir, and by the cloudless blaze of the summer sun, I looked upon the clear green water of the horse-shoe fall, gliding swiftly and peacefully over the precipice, the alabaster foam bursting forth as it fell, while a vast column of white spray rose majestically and glittered in the sunshine. Close by my side was the American fall, much less striking, yet worth the weary travel of many a league to see; and at my feet the dark deep rushing river, narrowed and compressed between the lofty banks, went on its way. It was a sight to look upon and never to forget, or to look upon and never wish to turn away. So full of dignity and repose—so like the eternity that is past and that is to come; carrying the mind back to the first calm days after the flood, when the bow of promise, now resting on that snowy foam, first spanned the heavens, and onward to the end of time, when the fountains of the great deep shall again be broken up, and a new earth appear. The scene is not one of astonishment or terror, but of unsurpassed loveliness and grace; not fear but pleasure being induced by the clear emerald colour of the water, the purity and elegance of the wreathing mist which for ever veils the foot of the cataract and hides its mysteries, and by the deep full music of its ceaseless and solemn voice. Not the last attractive portion of the landscape is the beauty of the banks, which below the fall rise perpendicularly on both sides, to the height of 200 feet, and are clothed with trees and shrubs, principally cedar, which entwine their branches and roots in most fantastic shapes. Here we spent many hours, sheltered from the sun, and catching miniature glimpses of the distant cataract through openings in the bushes, while giant butterflies lighted on the flowers, and the golden oriole and an occasional humming-bird darted from spray to spray of the sumach. Here we were free from intrusion, for the masses who visit the Falls are generally mere sight-seers, who think that one glance and one run through the various attractions of the place are sufficient, and who, during the very short stay they make, have not time to explore. For them there are the Terrapin rocks and the Tower, the various little islands among the rapids which are connected with the shore by rude bridges, the burning spring where the water is to be tasted, and then set on fire for their amusement—the various curiosity shops filled with Indian work, the museum and the camera obscura, which is kept by a negro, whose comments on what he sees from his convenient hiding-place, and his own views of the appearance and cause of the Falls, are extremely amusing.

But the crowning attraction of all is the great feat called going behind the sheet, an expedition not attended with any danger in reality, but so fearful in the apprehension and execution as to be a subject of much conversation both before and after. He was a bold man who first entered that blinding mist and penetrated through the darkness and mystery to the platform behind the falling water, called Termination-rock; and as you stand above, looking down on the hurly-burly, you feel that though the thing is done daily, it requires the exercise of a faith and courage which many otherwise brave men may not possess. The preparations are not of a nature to raise one's spirits. When a party is arranged, the ladies and gentlemen retire to dressing-rooms, where they divest themselves of their apparel, and are clothed in cold clammy oilskin dresses, with capuchin hoods, and heavy boots or shoes. They look like a party of Carmelites in green and yellow robes, and are watched with great interest by those who are too timid or too wise to join them, as they descend the cliff by a cleverly-constructed staircase, and, scrambling among loose stones, disappear in the spray.

The guide goes in front, holding the first person by the hand, and the rest follow in single file, linked to each other. The scene must be observed to be understood. You first encounter a terrific storm of spray, a sort of whirlwind created by the rebounding of the falling water, and the escaping of the imprisoned air, which takes away your breath and sight, and you rush madly on in the darkness, on a sloping ledge about 18 inches wide, holding to a rope which is tied for a part of the way to the rock. The guide shouts encouragement in front, and if any one stops, as is sometimes the case, from terror or exhaustion, he will jump down, and come back to render assistance. After passing a considerable distance in this manner, you will arrive at a clear space, where you can breathe freely, and look against the falling water; and you will find yourself under a kind of gothic arch, formed by the curving outward of the cataract and the retreating cliff over which it is precipitated. This open space continues for many yards further. A curious green sort of light enables you to distinguish the grotesque forms of your companions and the strange cavern in which you are enclosed, and from which there are no visible means of egress. At about 30 feet before you is the overwhelming torrent, in colour of the purest emerald, and beneath your feet the broken masses which have fallen from the overhanging cliff. The sound of the water is much less than

might be anticipated, and is not sufficient to prevent conversation; but there is a solemn earnestness in the roar of the crashing element around you, which conveys to the mind the idea of its irresistible power perhaps more forcibly than in any other position. There is also a painful sense of insecurity, from the exceedingly soft and destructible nature of the cliff against which you stand, sheltered only by the projecting masses of rock a hundred feet above. After remaining a few minutes, each visitor secures a small piece of the cliff as a memento of the success of his adventure; and the guide, passing in front of the party, leads you out through the blinding mist and spray, glad to return to the outer world once more. A certificate, signed by the guide, is given to each of the party, who are henceforth considered entitled to great consideration so long as they remain in the vicinity.

The scene which, next to the cataract itself, possesses the greatest interest and beauty, is the whirlpool, about three miles below. The river, which above the Falls is upwards of a mile in width, is here compressed into a space of five hundred feet, and runs with amazing velocity through a ravine bounded by cliffs more than three hundred feet in height. In this part of its course it makes nearly a right angle, and has worn away in the solid rock an enormous circular chasm several hundred yards in diameter. The rapids, instead of dashing over successive ridges, seem to be occasioned by the opposing currents, and the sudden compression of so prodigious a quantity of water which is forced in the centre of the stream to an elevation of ten feet above the sides. As the river escapes into the chasm above mentioned, it forms the whirlpool, and, after endless circles, passes off through another ravine to the Lake Ontario. To reach the bank of the stream, we had to descend perpendicularly by a rude staircase cut on the face of the cliff, sometimes swinging from one tree to another, and sometimes literally crawling on our hands and knees. At the bottom we found ourselves in the midst of confused masses of limestone, and were almost deafened by the noise of the turbulent stream, which threw up its rich green waves, leaping and dancing and falling back upon each other, while the foam rose many feet above our heads. The rocks are of most fantastic shapes, and we crept along among them for about half an hour, in search of one called, from an Indian legend, the Manitou, which is of immense size, while the scene from its summit is most extraordinary. The finest view of the whirlpool itself is obtained from the Canadian shore, where you can overlook the immense amphitheatre from the top of the cliff. In the centre of the waters was a vast log, which had been carried round and round in the vortex for many days, but was doomed finally to be engulphed. A tale is told of an Indian woman, whose lover had been drowned here in an attempt to escape from a hostile chief. She determined not to survive him; and, launching her canoe on the river, was carried down into the pool, where, for several days, she was seen whirled round in the magic circle, still singing her death-song, till at length the frail bark was drawn into the gulf below.

There are some fine sulphur springs near this point on the American side, which form most pleasant and health-giving baths, and are much frequented. Near them is a platform called the Devil's Rock, worn by water, and most probably the site of some ancient cataract, if not of the great Falls themselves, which many suppose have retreated in the course of ages from this place to their present position. Great changes have evidently taken place; the cataract is not what it was, as first seen by the French discoverers, and Father Hennepin's description can scarcely be reconciled with its present appearance. The cliffs, which are a soft, slaty limestone, are constantly crumbling, and the famous Table Rock has recently fallen away. Fine specimens of selenite, dogtooth spar, and quartz crystals, are found here, as well as many curious petrifactions.

The most picturesque views of the Falls are obtained from the Canadian side, which is on all accounts preferable to the American. A few years ago the only communication between the two banks was a ferry; but there is now a small steam-boat, which will convey visitors as near the cascade as is consistent with safety; and very lately a suspension-bridge has been thrown across, a short distance below the usual ferry.

ANGER.—As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of Nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand. But consider and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failures of others.

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

GENERAL MORTIMER.

In one of the noblest mansions in London, surrounded by all the appliances which luxury has invented, and in the enjoyment of all that wealth can purchase, sat General Mortimer. He had gained his laurels in the Wars of the Peninsula, had fought on the field of Waterloo, and had acquired additional renown, with high rank and emoluments, on the plains of India. Respected at home and abroad, an object of interest to strangers, who constantly sought access to his presence, eager to shake hands with one so distinguished in the annals of the country, and beloved by his family. Yet, on the evening in question, a cloud rested over the general's brow, which no music could charm away, and no arguments of Mrs. Mortimer remove. The reason whereof was this—he had an only son, a young man of the highest promise as to talents and disposition; and it would have been the crowning reward to the old man's military aspirations, to have seen this son treading in his father's steps, and even, it might be, rivalling his fame. But, for the first time in his life, disappointment awaited his fondest hopes, for Francis Mortimer regarded all war as wrong, as well as baneful to his country, and utterly unnecessary. No entreaties, no threats, no offers could shake his determination not to enter the army; and hence the general sat in moody silence, displeased that his wife would not agree with him in condemning their son, and all the more firmly resolved to carry out his often-repeated threat of banishing the young man from his home, and depriving him of his inheritance. All that afternoon had been spent in endeavouring, for the last time, to combat his son's determination; and additionally had the fiery temper of the general been galled, by not only failing in his object, but because he had been decidedly beaten in the argument.

A party of friends had afterwards assembled to dine with him, consisting entirely of old veterans in the service, from whose ardour in the cause of war the general had hoped to derive some assistance in subduing the obstinacy of Francis. This measure, too, had met with no success; and when all the guests had departed, he turned to his son, and said: "For the last time—and I warn you to reflect well on all you will have to give up, ere you decide—I ask you whether you will consent to do as I wish you?" "Father," the young man replied, in a voice of mournful determination, "I cannot hesitate a moment. It breaks my heart to give you pain, and to act in disobedience to your slightest wish, but I must decide as conscience dictates; and believing, as I do, that war is utterly inconsistent with the principles of the Gospel, I cannot obey you in this instance." "Say no more, sir," exclaimed the General; "say no more, sir; for if you thus persist in throwing away advantages, such as no man living, save the Duke himself, could offer his son, you may leave my house, and shift for yourself. No craven shall touch a shilling of my hard-earned money." But a few more words passed, and they were unavailing to change the settled purpose of either party; and, silently embracing his beloved mother, Francis Mortimer, penniless and homeless, that same evening quitted the residence of his parents, never to enter it again.

Bitter, indeed, was the sacrifice which he had been called upon to make, involving the loss of not only the society of his dear and gentle mother, the protection and love of his manly and generous father, who, with some faults, possessed many endearing qualities, and the abandonment of a brilliant public career, but obliging him to quit the country without daring to make the offer of his heart and hand to one whom he had long loved, and who, he had now too much reason to fear, formed some other connexion before he could be justified in coming forward. His young men acquaintances looked upon him as insane to throw away such prospects, and scarcely one of his friends sympathized in the sentiments which led him to pursue this singular line of conduct, although all were compelled to respect this singleness of purpose and manly-hearted renunciation of every selfish or worldly advantage.

It is not our intention to follow his future steps minutely. Sufficient has been said to prove that Francis Mortimer was a true hero, and amply did his after-life fulfil the bright promise of its commencement. But years were passed in the Civil Service in India, in the laborious occupation of a humble, poorly-remunerated clerk, and, when failing health compelled him to return to Europe, he found that no change of fortune, which might await his, could ever compensate for a feeble frame, and the blighting of his dearest earthly hopes. Strange and unexpected were the mingled tidings which greeted his arrival in Eng-

land. His father, who never recovered his former buoyancy of spirits after the disappointment of his wishes concerning Francis, had been attacked with mortal illness, and breathed his last before his son had landed. He had, when he found himself dying, so far relented, that his great wealth was found to be settled jointly upon Mrs. Mortimer and their sons. But what could riches avail in consoling Francis for years of separation from all who were dear to him, for his declining strength, and the marriage to another of her whom he had never ceased to love? A more bracing climate in some measure restored his health, and with his mother he thenceforth resided on his father's estate in Herefordshire, where his time was spent in cheering her old age, and in strenuous efforts to improve the condition of his numerous tenants. But the sacred pleasures of wife and children of his own he never enjoyed; and though his days passed not unhappily since they were soothed by his mother's affection, and enlivened by his disinterested labours in the service of his fellow-creatures, their loneliness, combined with constant personal suffering and early disappointments, rendered him a martyr in the cause of duty and of PEACE.

NINEVEH, IN ITS RISE, PROGRESS GLORY, AND RUIN.

NINEVEH has of late excited extraordinary interest. Of no city of ancient date has so much been recently said or written. A paper or two on so popular a subject cannot fail, therefore, to be acceptable to our readers.

The origin of Nineveh must be traced to the immediate descendants of the patriarch Noah. As the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, a famous province, situated between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, they would have to provide themselves with dwellings. Had their lot been cast in Palestine, its caverns would have afforded so obvious a shelter, that they might have preferred the occupancy of these recesses to the trouble or toil of rearing any other abode; but, in the plains of Mesopotamia, where they now sojourned, other means of shelter and security became indispensable.

The booth, formed of the branches of trees bent together, and covered with reeds and leaves, would, most probably, be the earliest kind of dwelling; but to other kinds of abodes there would soon be a resort. "The first men," as Forsyth says, "were not wandering and ignorant savages, although those who wandered from the parent stock and ceased to have any connection with it, generally fell into a state of barbarism and ignorance, as in Africa, America, and the Asiatic and other isles Science, arts, and civilization were confined to those who maintained their connection with the central stock of the first men, or departed in numbers sufficient to enable them to exercise and carry along with them the subdivisions of art and labour necessary to civilized life."

Tents would therefore be constructed at a very early period after the flood, as they had been before it, as singularly adapted to pastoral and hunting life. In the former these structures would be covered with the skins of sheep or goats, and in the latter with the skins of the animals captured in the chase. To a later period we must look for more elaborate processes, as the removal of the hair from the skins, and their being rendered proof against the falling showers; or the spinning and weaving of goat's hair, the work of the women in the wilderness. "We incline to think," says Dr. Kitto, "that the patriarchal tents were much the same as those which we now find among the Arabian tribes. These are mostly of an oblong shape, and eight or nine feet high in the middle. They vary in size, and have accordingly a greater or lesser number of poles to support them—from three to nine. If the Sheikh, or Emir, is a person of much consequence, he may have three or four tents for his own purposes,—one for himself, one for his wives, one for his immediate servants, and one for the entertainment of strangers. It is more usual, however, for one very large tent to be divided into two or more apartments by curtains; and this is the model followed in the holy tabernacle."*

Other structures, but not superseding the tent, would also be reared. For these the plain of Shinar itself supplied adequate materials. Thus we read that those who "dwelt there said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar."† Here then, were the common building materials for edifices of brick; and recent discoveries have shown that the early settlers erected huge structures with comparative sense. They employed bricks baked in the furnace, though less frequently than the Babylonians in after days. They also employed bitumen as mortar. And frequently they lightened their labour by cementing their

* Exod. 26, 31, 37. † Gen. xi. 3.

buildings with common clay, moistened with water, and mixed with a little stubble.

It was not long after the flood that we witness the appearance of Nimrod, the son of Cush, who was the offspring of Ham, on the stage of patriarchal history. He is described as "a mighty hunter before the Lord;" and an unfavourable opinion of him has generally prevailed. It is supposed that endowed with vast bodily strength, and displaying remarkable skill in the chase, he became a favourite of bold and daring young men, set up for a military chieftain, and marshalling his adherents into formidable troops, subdued, by their aid and energy, the inhabitants of Shinar and its neighbouring districts. It is plain that the name of Nimrod signifies an extremely impious rebel; and hence it was thought that it was not given to him originally, but afterwards as a characteristic appellation.

"The beginning of his kingdom" is said to have been "Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar." Hitherto the primitive fathers of mankind had remained together, no change had passed in their outward condition to vary their current modes of expression, and they therefore continued of one language. But in attempting to build "a city and a tower, whose top might reach unto heaven," the foundations of which are ascribed to Nimrod, their language was confounded. The consequence of this divine inteposition in staying their work, thus graphically described by an ingenoius poet of former days, Du Bartas:—

"Bring me, quoth one, a trowel, quickly, quick.
One brings him up a hammer; then this brick,
(Another bids), and then they cleave a tree;
Make fast this rope; and then they let it flee.
One calls for planks; another mortar lacks;
They bear the first a stone—the last an axe.
One would have spikes; and him a spade they give;
Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve.
Thus crossly crost, they prate, and prate in vain;
What one hath made, another mars again."

Other purposes of Nimrod were, however, accomplished; his kingdom included the lands of Asshur and Shinar, but the precise seat of his government is matter of doubt. To him, however, we attribute the building of Nineveh; for though this is ascribed to Asshur in the authorised version of the Bible, we prefer the marginal reading, which describes Nimrod as going into Assyria and building Nineveh. Among our reasons for so doing, which we need not now fully specify, is the more strict accordance of the rendering to this effect with the Hebrew original, and its agreement with the language of the prophet Micah, who speaks of Assyria "as the land of Nimrod."*

* Micah, v. 6.

The name of Nineveh is generally allowed to signify the residence of Ninus, who must have been identical with Nimrod. Its site was well chosen, for it was a fertile plain; well adapted to the purpose of this chieftain and his adherents, and no less so for all those who should succeed them, being bounded on the west and the south by the Tigris and the Zab. These noble streams covered the land with fruitfulness, while they supplied readily the means of irrigation, and at the same time those of easy and expeditious intercourse with distant provinces.

The earliest buildings would probably be only one story high, and the abode of the ruler scarcely distinguishable from that of his subjects; but he would soon require his residence to accord with his personal elevation; it would therefore become in some sense a palace. Superstition would also give rise to another edifice. Neither the sovereign nor his people would be content with the idol they worshipped, having a common or lowly abode; and hence, in due time, a temple would be reared; it may be more than one.

Other distinctive circumstances would necessarily arise. An apprehension of danger would lead to the walls being rendered massive, to the erection of strong military towers, and to the provision of a place of security for the inhabitants in seasons of peril. Meanwhile, the men who tilled the ground, and those who carried on trade, would have to unite in defending the town in the event of an assault; but as hostile incursions were likely to increase, and violent attacks were actually experienced, a martial force would be organized with greater or less skill, and the population be divisible into the civil and the military.

With an augmentation of wealth, and a proportionate increase of numbers and skill, would be the extent of the available force at the disposal of the ruler of the people. In the course of time, an inconsiderable settlement would therefore become a great city. Simple means would prove effective for the rearing of huge piles of buildings, in the absence of the more complicated apparatus devised and brought into operation by the intelligence and invention of after ages. A sufficiency of agents could not be wanting in such circumstances. With an amplitude of space and food, the multiplication of the human race is absolutely unequalled. The earth teems with prolific families. Even in these days populations placed favourably have been known to double themselves in less than five and twenty years. But in the days of Noah and his descendants, fifteen

years would prohably suffice for the same result. Such a multiplication at the end of five hundred years, would leave a population of no fewer than 34,359,738,368 souls Supposing that population doubled itself in twenty, instead of fifteen years, then at the end of 500 years, it would amount to 356,024,320 persons. No allowance is made in these calculations for the fact that the eight persons from which the numbers sprang, were all living in wedlock.*

The descendants of Asshur carried on the work which Nimrod had begun, and these were of an inferior race. "There is," says Mr. Layard, "on the plains of Mesopotamia, the Shemite, whether Hebrew, Arab, or Syrian, with his brilliant imagination, his ready conception, and his repugnance to any restraint that may affect the liberty of his person or of his intellect. He conceives naturally beautiful forms, whether they be embodied in his words or in his works; his poetry is distinguished by them, and they are shown even in the shape of his domestic utensils.

"This race possesses in the highest degree, what we call imagination. The poor and ignorant Arab, whether of the desert or the town, moulds with clay the jars for his daily wants, in a form which may be traced in the most elegant vases of Greece or Rome; and, what is no less remarkable, identical with that represented on monuments raised by his ancestors 3,000 years before. If he speaks, he shows a ready eloquence; his words are glowing and apposite; his descriptions true, yet brilliant; his similies just, yet most fanciful. These high qualities seem to be innate in him; he takes no pains to cultivate or improve them; he knows nothing of reducing them to any rule, or measuring them by any standard. As it is with him, so it has been, from time unknown, with those who went before him; there has been little change—no progress. Of progress, however, it may be added, there was little need; when the Arab intellect, under favourable circumstances, attained an eminence which has not been surpassed.

"With such agencies at work, and that not transiently, but continuously through successive generations, what stately and gorgeous plans might not be realized? It can excite no surprise that Nineveh rose to extraordinary magnitude and grandeur. It was the natural result of the labours of such masses of gifted people. The commencement of its greatness was probably about three thousand years from our own time. Its progress would be proportioned to its native energies. Stretching in length along the eastern banks of the Tigris, its breadth reached from that river to the eastern hills. According to Diodorus Siculus, it was of an oblong form, fifteen miles long, and nine broad, and consequently forty-eight miles in circuit. Its walls were 100 feet high, and so broad that three chariots could drive on them abreast; and on the walls were 1,500 towers, each 200 feet high. Not that the vast inclosure was covered with buildings. Like Babylon, Nineveh contained detached houses and buildings, together with parks and fields, such as may be seen in the East at the present day."

This representation of the city by the ancient historian accords with that of the inspired writer who describes it, as "an exceeding great city of three days' journey;" —the reference being most probably to its circuit, as sixteen miles, according to Rennell, is an ordinary day's journey for a caravan. Nineveh is also said to have contained "more than six-score thousand souls that could not discern between their right hand and their left;" in allusion to young children, who are generally considered to form one-fifth of the entire population, a number by no means extraordinary for a city of such extent. King assigns the same number for the population of Seleucia, on the decline of Babylon; and London, in 1831, contained not less than 1,766,500 persons, within a circle with a radius of eight British miles from St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was when Nineveh had reached the height of its power and grandeur, that Jonah, the son of Amittai, received a divine commission to go and proclaim against it, because its iniquity had come up before God. He was charged to announce that within the space of forty days the city should be destroyed. But Jonah, aware of the pride and false confidence of a city equally notorious for its magnificence and corruption, shrunk from the discharge of the duty with which he was entrusted. He knew that the prophets were exposed to insult from such as confidently maintained that the day of the Lord would not arrive, and who challenged God to hasten his work. He therefore resolved to "flee from the presence of the Lord;" but in his flight to Tarshish, which he records with an ingenious and contrite fidelity, he encountered, with those who were with him, a storm, and was cast into the sea.

Here Jehovah had prepared a great fish to swallow him. Till the time of Bochart, it was commonly thought to have been the *balæna*, or whale, properly so called, that was thus provided; while he supposed that it was the *carcharicas*, or dog-fish, which, though not the size of a whale, yet has so large a gullet, and so capacious a stomach,

* British Quarterly Review.

that one of them, he says, has been found to contain a warrior, clad in all his armour. Others have supposed that it was a shark, a species of fish abounding in the Mediterranean, exceedingly voracious, and in the belly of which whole men have been found. But the Scriptures leave it entirely undecided to what species of marine animals this creature belonged; merely stating it was a "great fish," one sufficiently large for the occasion. As, however, Abenezra says: "No man has the power of living in the bowels of a fish for a single hour, how much less for a number of hours, except by the operation of a miracle;" and as such it is unequivocally recognised by Christ himself, when he calls it "a sign," a token of Divine interposition, a supernatural event, demonstrative of the almighty power of God.

Aroused by this event, Jonah proceeded to the discharge of his mission; he went a day's journey into the city; he made the Divine annunciation, and the King of Nineveh, alarmed by the prophetic threat, proclaimed a solemn fast and supplication for pardon, and the fierce but righteous thunder cloud of Jehovah's displeasure passed away, leaving the monarch and his people utterly unscathed.

Against no part of Scripture has infidelity directed its shafts more strenuously than the narrative to which we have just alluded. In early days Julian and Porphyry exposed it to the ridicule of pagans, and men of similar spirit in our own times have pursued the same course. Methods of interpretation have been proposed, which, if applicable to this book, must be equally so to other parts of Scripture; and if so much hitherto regarded as strictly historical, is destroyed, and we have in its stead only "cunningly-devised fables." Unless, then, we are prepared for so tremendous an issue, we must hold fast the integrity of Jonah's narrative.

One fact may well induce us to do so. The personal existence, miraculous fate, and public ministry of Jonah, together with its solemn and widely-extending effect, are referred to by Christ himself; * and we even hear him exclaiming, "Behold! a greater than Jonah is here." It is not, therefore, rationally conceivable that he would thus have referred to an imaginary personage, and to a series of circumstances which were absolutely fictitious. If the opposite be asserted, then the Queen of Sheba, spoken of in the same connection, was an imaginary personage also, and the portion of the first Book of Kings relating to her, and having every feature of an historical record, shrivels down at once into an allegory. Nor is this all; the process, once admitted, must go on, till we have more conjecture instead of certainty, and instead of a light, to which we "do well to take heed," the blackness of darkness.

Jonah is generally supposed to have flourished in the reigns of Joash and Jeroboam the Second, Kings of Israel; the former of whom began to reign A.M. 3163, the latter died A.M. 3220. Jonah is said to have prophesied * concerning Jeroboam, that he should "restore the coast of Israel;" which prophecy, not now extant, was probably delivered in the reign of Jehovah, the grandfather of Jeroboam, when the Kingdom of Israel was greatly oppressed by the Syrians. So that though Jonah might be contemporary with Hosea, Amos, and Isaiah, he appears to have uttered the prophecy alluded to, before any were delivered of those now extant in the writings of the prophets. He is, therefore, justly considered to have been the most ancient of all the Hebrew prophets whose writings are contained in the inspired canon. The humiliation of Nineveh, which took place in consequence of Jonah's mission, was, unhappily, transient, and the outbreak of iniquity that followed again exposed the people to the righteous indignation of the Almighty. Hence, Nahum was charged with "the burden or sentence of Nineveh." It is highly probable that he flourished in one of the latter years of Hezekiah, and that his prediction was delivered nearly one hundred years before its accomplishment. At length it was fulfilled in the overthrow of Nineveh and the Assyrian power, by the joint forces of Cyaxares and Nabopolassor, B.C. 625.

* Matthew, xii. 39-41; xvi. 4.

* 2 Kings, xiv. 25.

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connexion is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

War has been justly called "The malady which infects princes." There is nothing, says the truly great and good Erasmus, more unnaturally wicked, more productive of misery, more extensively destructive, more obstinate in mischief, more unworthy of MAN as formed by nature, much more of MAN PROFESSING CHRISTIANITY, than WAR. This common misfortune of the world causes a suspension of commerce, a decay of wealth, an increase of taxes, a state of impatience, anxiety and discontent; multiplies houses of mourning, and fills a country with robbers, thieves, and violators of innocence. The flocks are scattered, the harvest trampled, the husbandman butchered; villas and villages burnt; cities and states, that have been ages rising to their flourishing state, subverted; and all places resound with the voice of lamentation. But none of these things appear to enter into the consideration of ambitious despots. They seem not in the least affected by

"The widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That are swallowed up in their controversies."

Most of the *brutes* live in concord with their *own kind*, move together in flocks, and defend each other by mutual assistance. Indeed, all kinds of brutes are not inclined to fight even their enemies. There are harmless ones, like the hare. It is only the fiercest, such as lions, wolves, and tigers, that fight at all. A dog will not devour his own species; lions, with all their fierceness, are quiet among themselves; dragons are said to live in peace with dragons; and even venomous creatures live with one another in perfect harmony. But to man, no wild beast is more destructive than his fellow-man.

"Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill."—YOUNG.

"View," says Erasmus, with the eyes of your imagination, savage troops of men, horrible in their very visages and voices; men clad in steel, drawn up on every side in battle array, armed with weapons, frightful in their crash and their very glitter; mark the horrid murmur of the confused multitude, their threatening eyeballs; the harsh, jarring din of drums and clarions, the terrific sound of the trumpet, the thunder of the cannon—a noise not less formidable than the real thunder of heaven, and more hurtful; a mad shout, like that of the shrieks of bedlamites, a furious onset, a cruel butchery of each other! See the slaughtered and the slaughtering! heaps of dead bodies, fields flowing with blood, rivers reddened with human gore! So deep is the tragedy, that the bosom shudders even at the feeble description of it, and the hand of humanity drops the pencil while it paints the scene." The horrors of a field of battle after the butchery is over are described in the following lines:—

"O'erspread with scattered arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with shivered spears.
Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors killed,
And useless they are scattered o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie;
There, turn their ghastly features to the sky.
Beside his lord the courser pressed the plain;
Beside his slaughtered friend the friend is slain;
Foe near to foe; and on the vanquished spread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undistinguished din is heard around,
Mixed is the murmur and confused the sound:
The threats of anger, and the soldier's cry,
The groans of those that fall, and those that die."

HOOLE'S TASSO.

THE RESTING-PLACE.—Home is the place of rest, the place which the weary spirit seeks in preference to all other places in the world. It is more or less perfect as we are more or less fortunate. But it is not wealth that perfects it. There may be wealth without sympathy. The young gentleman may be confined to his bed for weeks in his father's house, and yet never once be visited in his chamber by brother or sister. They hear how he is at the breakfast table in the morning, and that is all. They care little about him. He cared little about them in his heyday of health. Sympathy is better than wealth for endearing the idea of home to the mind; and this is especially felt in times of mental or bodily trouble, in times of weariness or bad weather, when there is no other mode of spending the time than in forming a part in the social and communicative family circle. The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the utter sense of desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

THE ASTROLOGER.

In the exhibitions of our modern magicians, there is often a moving figure which excites astonishment in proportion as the means by which it acts are unknown. Let the reader conceive of an astrologer-looking figure, two or three feet in height. Of dark complexion, with moving eyes, a mouth disclosing, when open, two goodly rows of teeth, and a long bushy beard chiefly of a grisly hue; it attracts the attention of every eye in the audience as soon as it is brought forth from its becoming cell or cavern, and placed on the table of the magician. Its long and richly-adorned robes, over which mystic characters are profusely scattered, are then rapidly scanned; while it cannot fail to be noticed that in the left hand is placed a sort of bell, and in the right is a stick with which the drum may be struck.

The magician now introduces to his audience that extraordinary person, Aldebarontiphoscophormio, far renowned for the secrets he can divulge, and desires that distinguished individual most courteously to acknowledge the plaudits with which he is received. These are then instantly made to the centre, and afterwards in succession to those who occupy the two sides of the room.

"Now, Aldebarontiphoscophormio," inquires the magician, "can you express an affirmative? If so, let the company see how it is done."

The figure bows profoundly, and partially closes its mouth.

"Are you able," is the next question, "to pronounce a negative?"

The figure shakes its head, and waves its locks with great energy, and, at the same time, shows its teeth, to increase the emphasis of the reply.

The third question is, "Can you count?"

The figure gives its affirmative, and strikes on its bell one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten;—when it is told that will do.

The magician now comes into the midst of his audience, and, standing at the distance perhaps of twenty or thirty feet, the following conversation takes place, of which we shall indicate not only the course, but the result:—

"Can you tell what this is?"—"Yes."

"Is it hard?"—"No."

"Is it black?"—"No."

"Is it cold?"—"No."

"Do I touch it?"—"Yes." The magician has just touched with his wand a lady's white fur tippet.

Other questions follow, in answer to which various articles are similarly described; and, at last, comes the crowning joke:—

"Do you see a lady and gentleman not very far from the centre of the room?"—"Yes."

"Are they very fond of one another?"—"Yes."

"Was that gentleman the first who sought the lady's affections?"—"No, no, no." Here the shaking of the hand became very violent.

"Do you think she will have this gentleman?"—"Yes."

"Very soon?"—"Yes."

"Tell me how many children she will have?"—The figure strikes its bell very rapidly,—very soon has passed beyond twelve; and, as it seems to be quite as likely to go on to thirty as to twenty, it is told that is quite enough, and it then bows acquiescence.

There are few persons who would not be greatly surprised at the movements and replies of Aldebarontiphoscophormio, and doubtless they discover no little ingenuity. In the dark ages, had they been made, the individual who constructed such a figure would have been in imminent peril of all the penalties denounced against "the black art." It would have been assumed that such results were attainable only by Satanic confederacy; but, happily, the light of better days enables men to ply their skill in perfect safety, and others to pry unharmed into even their seeming mysteries.

Another feat of modern magic may serve to reveal the hidden springs which direct the movements of Aldebarontiphoscophormio. The exhibitor borrows two

half-crowns, and is supposed to place them in a very large tumbler-looking glass that stands on a pedestal on the table. These answer questions in the same way, by rattling at the bottom of the glass, describing articles pointed to, or held up, and are quite as intelligent as to the present circumstances and future prospects of the lady and gentleman not far from the centre of the room, as the astrologer himself. The fact is, that the magician substitutes for the two half-crowns he has borrowed, two that he has previously prepared, to be fastened to long and invisible hairs or threads, which descend, sometimes through one of the legs of the table, and are worked by a confederate. In order to the full effect being produced, the confederate need not *see* any object that is to be described, for it may be arranged that the reply shall be given according to the *form* of the question. For example: "Is it red?" referring to a lady's shawl, may have the emphasis placed on the word *is*, to intimate that it should be followed by an affirmative; while the emphasis being placed on the word *red*, may as clearly denote the contrary to the confederate.

A bunch of keys have often been held up, while the half-crowns have been told to count them; or a watch has been taken from one of the audience, and the number of minutes past the hour have been required, and the answer is invariably accurate. Still, vision on the part of the confederate working the half-crowns is not necessary, for let it be previously arranged that the question shall be, "Can you tell me how many keys there are?" and that there should be a pause after the word that completed the number, taking each word as denoting one. Then, "Can you tell me how many keys—there are?" would intimate that there were *seven*, and so of any other number. Again, if a word were taken, as MANSFIELD, in which there are nine letters, and no two alike, and a word were put into the question having the letters denoting the number, the answer to be given would be equally easy. The strokes on the bell are, of course, made at pleasure.

In like manner, then, the magic movements of the renowned Aldebarontiphoscophormio may be explained. By strings or wires, worked by a confederate, with whom an arrangement is made prior to the performance, as to the mode in which the questions will be shaped, his wonders may be readily achieved. In instances where a complicated mechanism produces similar results, the tact is required by the magician, who, knowing when the affirmative or negative is to come, dexterously throws in a question that the reply may be appropriate.

M. Phillipe had the figure of a harlequin, which smoked a cigar with great apparent gusto, and when "the weed" was taken from it, blew forth a prodigious quantity of smoke. A complicated mechanism must have been required for the former, but the action of a small pair of bellows would have effected the latter. The writer once saw an automaton, which he was assured would produce both the described effects; but he could not witness them in this instance, as the figure was out of repair. He, however, observed the bellows, and from other arrangements of the automaton, had no doubt the information he received was correct.

M. Phillipe was accustomed to achieve an additional feat. He pretended, at least, to put a whistle in the mouth of his harlequin, and then sitting down on a chair, and taking a guitar, he played "There's nae luck aboot the house," and desired the automaton to accompany him. Harlequin seemed in a tremendous hurry to start; he was off again and again before M. Phillipe was at all ready, and when his movements were somewhat arrested, it might have been remarked of him as it was of a lady of sufficient pretensions while playing on the piano, "We take no note of time, but by its loss." At length mending his pace, Harlequin seemed fairly to accompany the guitar, and when he had reached the end of the tune, blew such a *w—h—e—u—g—h* as made everybody laugh at all accustomed to a pleasant cachinnation. Unless the reader greatly prefers the recondite to the simple, and the obscure to the plain, there is no necessity for imagining that any part of the accompaniment devolves on the automaton. The effect intended to be produced would be certainly attained by the whistle being in the mouth of a confederate. There is no reason, indeed, why one of the musicians in the orchestra, not indisposed to fun, should accompany the guitar. The appeal is exclusively to the ear; the eye has no means of guiding the judgment, and if it had, it is part of the magician's

art to delude and to mystify the spectator. M. Phillipe was so surprisingly *honest*, that he sometimes began his performance by saying; "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am now going to impose upon you, and to tell you a parcel of *lies!*"

The modern magician avails himself of a great diversity of means to gratify and astonish his audience. Could you deprive him of his marvellous manipulation, there would be an end of his long series of feats of *legerdemain* or slight-of-hand. Could you forbid his making some ingenious arrangement, which, in itself extremely simple, might be witnessed series of times without any chance of detection, you would impose upon him still severer restrictions. Could you prevent his appropriation of natural science, the number would then be greatly increased; and then could you deprive him of all confederacy—of that lady who appears so reluctantly to comply with his requests—of that gentleman, who looks so innocent as "a sucking dove," the mightiest magician of our time might break his wand, and tell only of

"A beggarly account of empty boxes."

MATTHEW MARVELL.

PUZZLING A DOCTOR.

DR. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke—if not perpetrated at his own expense; and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen officers, who were renowned more for bravery than scholarship. One day at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the Doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of the new officers ——."

"Dr. M., are you acquainted with Captain G.?"

"Yes; I know him well," replied the Doctor; "he is one of the new set. But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Captain S. "I have just received a letter from him; and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells *cat*.

"Done!" said the Doctor; "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said S.

"K, a, double t."

"No."

"Kate."

"No; try again."

"C, a, double t, e."

"No; you have missed it again."

"Well, then," continued the Doctor," c, a, double t."

"No," said S.; "that's not the way. Try again; this is your last guess.

"C, a, g, h, t."

"No," said S.; "that's not the way. You have lost your wager."

"Well," said the Doctor, with much petulance, "how, then, does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it—C, A, T," replied S., with the utmost gravity, amid the roar of the mess; and, almost choking with rage, the Doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming—

"Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner!"

POSTHUMOUS.—An Irish student was once asked what was meant by *posthumous works*. "They are such works," said he, "as a man writes after he is dead."

A REAL COMPLIMENT.—Being in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, Erskine asked her—"Are we ever again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your grace's society in Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say—There's a vile, dark morning; I won't rise to-day."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The fact that many thousands of working men will visit London in the spring and summer of 1851, anxious to gaze upon the wonders of the Industrial Show, and at the same time to see some of the permanent sights of the great Metropolis, is now undoubted. Clubs have been already formed in nearly all the towns of England, and every week pence saved from the earnings of toil are being husbanded to enable the subscribers to meet the expenses of a journey to town when the season comes. The invitation which has gone forth from the Royal Commissioners has thus widely been responded to. They have asked the world to come, and the world is coming. And the task now devolves upon them of seeing that—as far as they have power to secure this—the necessary arrangements and preparations are made to provide for the accommodations of the crowds of visitors whom they will have been the means of bringing from east, west, north, and south, to London.

Fears have been expressed in some quarters that foreigners will find themselves bewildered and lost—that meeting here a state of things so different in many respects from that of their own cities, they will need an extensive system of special provision for their entertainment, and a little army of accomplished guides to keep them out of harm's way. We confess to fears somewhat, though not wholly similar, with reference to our own artisan visitors. They too will find themselves in a new world, with limited time and a restricted purse; and if they are to be saved from imposition and other vexations, it is absolutely necessary that some steps should at once be taken by the proper authorities to provide beforehand for their accommodation.

An inquiry which first suggests itself is—what is being done for the provision of lodgings? Is it known to what extent there will be a sufficiency of beds and house-room? Are any measures being adopted to procure such a concert between parties having accommodation to dispose of, and those requiring it, as will lead to an equalization of demand and supply? The Commissioners, some time back, announced their intention of opening public registries, and invited lodging-house keepers of all ranks to enter their addresses, the nature of the accommodation they could afford, and the scale of prices. The movement was a judicious one; but we believe it has not led to any result. In fact, the voluntary registration scheme, as far as it has yet been tried, has failed, and the advantages it was hoped to reap from this proposal must now therefore be sought in some more positive and active interposition of the Commissioners than a general invitation to parties to come forward and inscribe their names.

We have this matter so much at heart, that we have given it the most anxious consideration, and beg to submit to the Commissioners the following suggestions, which, if carried out, would, we think, entirely remove the difficulty we have adverted to—viz., that the whole of London should be divided into districts of convenient size; that a well-organized staff of visitors should be appointed to each district, and that a domiciliary visit should be paid to every house—a printed form being left, and afterwards called for—to be filled up by the inmates, with such particulars as may be needed. The following may be mentioned as some of the questions to be embraced in the schedules, commencing with the general inquiry,

Is the occupant of this house able and willing to accommodate visitors to the Industrial Exhibition of 1851?

If so, have the goodness to state—

How many beds you have at your disposal for that purpose?

How many of these are in separate rooms, and how many arranged in the same dormitories?

Have you the means of furnishing your lodgers with accommodation for reading, meals, &c. &c.

State generally the nature of such accommodation and the rate of charges.

These are mentioned as illustrations only of the kind of information to be gathered, and the visitors might, in addition, be instructed to report upon the cleanliness, sanitary arrangements, &c., of the dwellings they inspect. The particulars

thus collected would form the sufficient basis of a complete register. Without this every one charged with making arrangements for country visitors will be at sea. With this to refer to for guidance, their task would be comparatively a light and easy one.

The officers appointed by the Commissioners for this work would, moreover, be able to render very efficient service, as a committee to communicate with the local authorities, and assist them in their preparations for the accommodation of the various artisan clubs. Such an arrangement would be to the advantage equally of lodging-house keepers and of visitors. It would materially assist in promoting that very desirable result—an equal distribution of the visitors over the whole time the Exhibition continues open. But we urge it most particularly for the sake of the working men, who may find themselves, without some such plan is adopted, turned adrift in the streets of London, and obliged to put up with any sort of accommodation that may happen to present itself—uncomfortable, unhealthy, and exorbitant in its charges, though it may be. Amongst the fair and honourable caterers of house-room, there will doubtless be a pretty good sprinkling of sharpers, who will be busy on the look-out at the railway stations, trying to catch the unwary, and as the old sign inscription suspiciously expressed it, "Take them in and do for them." The only effectual means of protection against these gentlemen, and the only safe way of securing accommodation that shall be clean, convenient, and economical, is to engage it beforehand, and this cannot be done by men of limited means, unless a proper register is compiled by some such means as we have indicated, and a central committee appointed to correspond and co-operate with the secretaries of local associations.

We beg, therefore, to suggest to the Royal Commissioners, that district visitors should be immediately appointed, and furnished with forms, to be left at every house, to be filled up with such particulars as may furnish the data for a Lodging-House Register, and that these visitors should be empowered to act as a Central Committee, to make arrangements for the Accommodation of Visitors.

CURIOSITIES OF INVENTION.

The ingenuity of inventors is evidently on the stretch, and many singular products, as curious as they are useful, will doubtless be the result. Amongst some, the account of which has reached us, are the following:—

Singular Process of Waterproofing.—A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says: "I forward you a brief sketch of a visit paid to one of our ingenious townsmen, who has been allowed a niche in the Exhibition of all Nations. On Thursday, myself and some others, equally curious, called upon Mr. Martin, with a request to examine the specimens he was preparing to forward to London. He has patterns of every fabric, from the finest open lace to the coarse fustian of the mechanic; each appears to be as if just cut from the web; not the slightest difference is observable betwixt those that had undergone his process of waterproofing and those that had not; even the most delicate silks are not in the least altered, either in colour, feel, or smell, except that they are perfectly impervious to moisture, the water rolling over them as if from the duck's back or the cabbage leaf. The most extraordinary sight of all was to see a piece of open net or lace, which had held water for the last month, the water rolling upon its surface like a ball of quicksilver; and the other a piece of broadcloth and fustian, on which was poured boiling water, with no other effect than the steam passing through it, the cloth itself absorbing not one particle of water.—I am, yours, most respectfully, W. S."—The *Whitehaven Herald*, speaking of the above invention, states that "the most extraordinary as well as the most characteristic part of the discovery is, that though cloth of any description, after having been waterproofed by Mr. Martin's process, will resist boiling water, which makes not, in fact, the slightest impression upon it, it is not in the slightest degree less pervious to vapour—the steam, and even the breath, passing as freely through it as before it was submitted to the waterproofing process—thus showing its incalculable superiority over the M'Intosh process, which, by impeding perspiration, is well known to be highly prejudicial to health."

Representation of Terrestrial Phenomena.—We believe it intended to make a globe of immense magnitude, with a corresponding magnetic axis, attached to great

batteries, by which the whole phenomena of terrestrial physics will be exhibited, according to Mr. Hopkin's principles of geology and magnetism. The axis is to be placed horizontally, supported by centres, round which a circular platform is to be erected, from which the whole of the surface of the globe may be seen as it slowly rotates on its axis, the geology, volcanoes, and the aurora lights, at each pole, and other interesting natural phenomena.

A Seamless Coat.—Mr. J. Goulding, tailor and draper, of Beverley, is making a coat for the Exhibition of 1851, which is nearly without a seam, having no shoulder-seam, no side-seam, no back nor breast-seam, and is in every respect a perfect curiosity.

Four Hundred and Twenty-six Day Clock.—An ingenious townsman of Dudley is at present engaged in constructing a very curious clock, which is intended for the Exhibition. The clock occupies in standing only eight superficial inches; the motive power is only 28 lb., and yet the machinery is so nicely constructed that it will take 426 days to run it down.

Tempest Prognosticator.—A philosophical invention from Whitby appears, in the form of a Tempest Prognosticator, whose accuracy is said to have been tested by the storms of the last twelve months; its inventor is Dr. Merryweather. The apparatus is to be exhibited for the first time at the Great Exhibition, when a pamphlet will be published giving the whole account of the discovery. The disastrous storm of last month was foretold by the Tempest Prognosticator, and communicated by letter to the President of the Whitby Philosophical Society, fifty-one and a-half hours before it took place.

Sensitive Instrument.—An eminent engineer in Lancashire, famed for the vastness and collossal proportions of his wondrous works, is devoting his mind and energy to the production of an instrument which it is said will in a moment detect the yet unknown inaccuracy of our most perfect national scales, and show, by one sensitive touch, how the devoted labour, the painful sight, and the unceasing study of years in obtaining accuracy of division, have been misapplied. This machine will quickly, palpably, and satisfactorily show to us a difference of the 70,000th of an inch, and will give us the means of producing scales of precisely equal length with each other.

Model Stocking Frame.—A beautiful model of the stocking frame is being prepared at Hinckley, complete in all its parts, and weighing only one and a-half pounds. It is described as a beautiful toy that would not disgrace a first-rate mechanician. The ingenious maker has also constructed a model steam-engine, an organ, a seraphine, and numerous other articles, which reflect the highest credit on his ingenuity and manual skill, which is further enhanced by the fact of the few opportunities of improvement that have fallen to his lot.

Royal Visit to the Works.—At a quarter before eleven on the morning of the 23rd ult., the contractors of the great Exhibition building received an intimation to the effect that at eleven o'clock precisely Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, would pay a visit to the works. No time was lost in preparing, as far as possible, for the Queen's reception; but beyond laying down a few planks along the muddy avenues it was impossible for the authorities to perfect any arrangements. At eleven precisely the workmen were gathered in a crowd about the entrance, and the Queen's carriage came up amid loud cheers and other demonstrations of hearty loyalty. This was Her Majesty's first visit to the works, and her expressions of hearty admiration were frequent. Her Majesty's attention was particularly drawn to the men employed upon the transept; and while Her Majesty was on the ground the first panes of glass were fixed in this part of the building. On leaving the ground, after a stay of an hour's duration, the royal party were loudly cheered by the workmen. After the departure of Her Majesty, Lord Granville climbed to the highest scaffolding in the building with the object of getting a view of the entire works; other eminent men, in their enthusiasm, dared the giddy height, and defied the muddy ladders.

General Notice to Exhibitors.—We subjoin an abstract of the regulations which have been adopted by the Commissioners for the guidance of such parties as may be intending to exhibit:—

All packages must be delivered carriage paid at the entrance appointed on the south side. Every article must be sent separately, legibly marked with the following address: "To the Executive Committee for the Exhibition of 1851, Building, Hyde-park, London. From (state country and exhibitor's name)." The agent of the exhibitors must be present to unpack, and every exhibitor or agent will be provided with a ticket to admit him to the building for that purpose.

Decorations of the Palace of Industry.—It was intended to have had the

arms of the different towns painted upon silk drapery, in the spandrils of the nave. The offer of the person to supply those ornaments had not, however, been accepted by the Commissioners; and we believe it is now intended, at the suggestion of Mr. Barry, to have flags of different countries placed in the angles of the roof of the nave. The defect of the building is considered to be its immense nave with a flat roof. Had a circular roof been adopted for the nave, similar to that of the transept, the building would, no doubt, have been one of the finest in the world.

SPACE.—One-half of the building will be occupied with the productions of the United Kingdom and its colonies and dependencies, and the other by the productions of foreign countries.

THE BUILDING.—As many as 2,200 men have been employed at a time upon the works. The great operations of late have been the flooring and glazing. The members of the Executive Committee took possession of their apartments on the 20th ult. Only one fatal accident has occurred, and this was attributable to the carelessness of the sufferer. A number of non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Sappers and Miners are being employed as clerks under the Committee for the Exhibition.

AN ERA IN THE HISTORY OF GLAZING.—During one week, at the Palace of Industry, 150,000 square feet, including part of the transept, were glazed.

ACCOMMODATION FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.—The Bishop of London has appointed a committee to consider what measures should be taken to provide foreigners and other strangers with the means of attending divine worship during the period of the approaching Exhibition.

PORTUGAL.—It has been currently reported that it was not intended to send any of the productions of Portugal to the Exhibition. We are glad, however, to see that some steps have been taken on the subject by the Government of that country. A meeting of the manufacturers and agriculturists of Lisbon was recently held, and a committee appointed for the purpose of promoting the objects of the Exhibition. Some regret has been felt, on the part of the Portuguese producers, that the regulations of the Commissioners in London are such as to preclude the admission of wines.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

A SCHOOLBOY.—The description given in the letter-press is the correct one.

JOHN TILLOTSON.—It would obviously be unwise to adopt any one colour for the building, where the contents will be of all imaginable hues, from white to black.

GEORGE P.—The circular transept roof will completely cover the row of huge elm trees. Indeed, it would have done so had their height been much greater than it really is. So far from their injuring the general effect of the building, they will constitute a very pleasing object when they are in full leaf. It is intended to construct a large glass fountain, playing into a basin of thirty feet diameter, in the centre of the transept, and we anticipate that the *coup d'œil* will be very splendid.

A SUBSCRIBER.—There can be no mistake about the present intentions of the railway companies. To prevent all misconceptions, the Executive Committee have issued a circular to the local committees, in which they say—"We beg to call your particular attention to resolution No. 2, by which you will observe the facilities proposed to be afforded for enabling the working classes to visit the Exhibition next year are confined exclusively to those associated in clubs. The expediency of promoting the formation of travelling clubs has thus become a subject which, in our opinion, deserves serious consideration, and we request you will bring this resolution before your committee, with our earnest recommendation that they should use their weight and influence for the formation of such associations as shall be acceptable to the working classes."

X.X.—It is impossible to express any opinion as to the probable sufficiency of the funds collected in aid of the Exhibition, until it is known with something like accuracy how much money will be received from visitors. The receipts will, no doubt, be very large.

A. LAWLEY.—The customs duties will not be *remitted*. If the goods are not again exported at the close of the Exhibition, they will be removed to bonded warehouses, and become liable to the usual duties. The following is the official regulation on this subject:—

"12. That, at the close of the Exhibition, all goods not cleared by payment of duty or for exportation, within a month from the day of closing, are to be removed to a bonded warehouse, and there fall under the usual regulations; the disposal of such to be recorded in the ledger of the controller of warehousing accounts at the Exhibition in completion thereof; and under no pretext whatever are goods to be allowed to leave the building before the close of the Exhibition."

PENNY LECTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

SIR,—The giant *cheapness* is only now beginning to develop itself. We have a *penny* WORKING MAN'S FRIEND—penny-a-mile trains, to waft the working man from the toil of his workshop to scenes new to him—and now, *penny lectures*, carrying the mind from laborious toil to pleasing and elevating topics.

I was attracted by a bill announcing a series of lectures upon various subjects during the winter months, the admission to which was fixed at *one penny*. I at first imagined that the low price could not ensure anything worth listening to. I, however, determined to attend, being anxious to ascertain what mental fare would be placed before the classes for whose benefit the lectures were intended.

I paid my penny, and found myself in a spacious and commodious school-room, well filled with working men, evidently intent upon having their pennyworth for their penny.

The subject for the evening was "*Geology*, in relation to Natural Theology," a subject which it might have been thought would fail to interest the working man. Such was not, however, the case; the audience seemed to follow the lecturer through the introductory (certainly the driest) part of the lecture with great apparent attention; and, as each of the arguments adduced by the lecturer was concluded, they showed their comprehension of the whole matter by long and loud applause.

Now, Sir, I do not intend to weary by carrying the matter further, except to impress upon the minds of all working men the importance of establishing and supporting *cheap lectures*.

Many good men may no doubt be found willing to impart such knowledge as they have in their possession. How easy it would be to procure a suitable building, and how very easy for every person to spare a weekly penny for sound information! You may thus attract some tap-room frequenter, and give him a taste for knowledge; and once the taste created it is insatiable, and will not willingly fall back upon old diet.

A *lecture* will at all times, if judiciously conducted, carry with it the attention of its hearers.

I admire the charge of *a penny*; there is something like honest independence about it. There is a something like dependence and charity in *free* admissions, which is, or should be, repugnant to the mind of the honest hard-working man.

Working men spend their evenings in public-houses for company and the interchange of ideas! Now, why not hold out inducements such as this of which I have written? It would forward the *Temperance* cause materially, as well as the cause of intellectual advancement, and perhaps add comfort to many a home.

CHARLES ROBERTS.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

He who praiseth himself is a debtor to others.

Presumption and self-conceit will overshadow the brightest attainments.

Questions of moment require deliberate answers.

Silent waters are seldom shallow.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.

Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

Passionate people, like fleet horses, overrun the scent.

Resist not the laws; they are the safeguard of the people.

It is not easy to love those we do not esteem.

A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

He who does not honour his wife dishonours himself.

Change of fortune is the lot of life.

Demonstration is the best mode of instruction.

Double dealing is the index of a base index.

Fugitives fear though they be not pursued,

Better to slip with the foot than the tongue.

Decide not hastily, lest passion or prejudice sway you.

Exalt Wisdom and she will exalt thee.

Entertain not sin lest you meet its reward.

All complain of want of memory, but none of want of judgment.

Cheerfulness and good nature are the ornaments of virtue.

Diligence is the parent of science, and the dispenser of excellence.

Past labour is present delight.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

MAGGOTY PIE.

A word still in use in Herefordshire, meaning a magpie. Shakspeare has maggot-pie, and the word occurs under several forms.

PENDENT BIRDS' NESTS.

The most celebrated of the pendent nests is that of the Baltimore starling. One of these was in the form of a cylinder, five inches in diameter, and seven inches in depth. It was hung on the extremity of the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, and was visible one hundred yards off, though shaded by the sun.

A CHARM.

A young farmer found his means seriously reduced. We do not approve of idle fortune-tellers, but it so happened that he met with a gipsy, gave her a crown for advice, and promised to make it a pound at the end of the year should he prove successful. "Take," she said, "this little cup, and drink from it every morning of the water you must get at such a spring. But, remember, you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken."

Accordingly the next morning he proceeded across his fields, for the spring was at the further end of the estate, and spying a neighbour's cows which had broken through the fence and were feeding on his pasture, he turned them out, and had the fence mended. But the labourers were not at hand; they came loitering in after their proper time, and were startled at seeing "Master" so early. "Oh," said he, "I see how this is; it comes of my not getting up in time." His early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for his breakfast; and the people were like himself about the farm. When at the close of the year he saw and rewarded his nut-brown adviser, he felt that her plan, like many an admirable invention, was as simple as it was efficacious.

INSECTS DESTROYED BY SMALL BIRDS.

Sparrows feed their young thirty-six times in an hour, which, calculating at the rate of fourteen hours a day, in the long days of spring and summer, gives 3,500 times per week. Redstarts have been observed to feed their young with little green grubs from gooseberry trees twenty-three times in one hour, which, at the same calculation, amounts to 2,254 times in a week; but more grubs than one were usually imported each time. Chaffinches feed their young at the rate of about thirty-five times an hour, for five or six times together, when they would pause, and not return for intervals of eight or ten minutes. The food was green caterpillars. The Titmouse sixteen times in an hour.

"ICH DIEN."

The Prince of Wales has a badge of honour peculiar to himself, in the shape of three ostrich feathers and the coronet of a Welsh prince, with the motto "Ich Dien," "I serve," which is the meaning of the old English. The allusion is to the Scripture verse, "The heir while he is a child differeth not from a servant." It is commonly supposed that the device of the feathers was originally taken from the fallen King of Bohemia, at the battle of Cressy, and was then assumed for the first time by Prince Edward, together with the motto.

ULTRAMARINE.

Ultramarine is manufactured from the substance called *lapis lazuli*, or *azure-stone*. It is of an azure blue colour in various shades, and generally accompanied with white or clouded spots. It is opaque, and in some parts sufficiently hard to strike fire with steel. Lapis-lazuli is brought from Persia, Natolia, and China; it is also found in Siberia and Tartary, and it has been discovered in Germany, and among the ruins of Rome. Some years ago this stone was much used for rings, and various ornamental parts of dress, as it will take a very high polish. It was also cut into ornamental vases and snuff-boxes; and, before the French revolution, it was imported into that country from the Persian gulf, for the inlaying of decorated altars. For the making of ultramarine, those pieces of lapis-lazuli were selected which contain the greatest proportion of the blue substance. These are burned or calcined, reduced to a fine powder, made into a paste with wax, linseed-oil, and different resinous matters, and afterwards separated by washing. The powder that is left in this operation, which requires much time and great attention to perform, is ultramarine.

TECHNICAL WORDS AND PHRASES.

In compliance with the oft-repeated request of several of our juvenile readers, we shall commence in our next Number an alphabetical series of definitions of the words and phrases employed in various arts and sciences.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR
[VOL. V.—No. 54.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1851.]

THE WORKING CLASSES, LANGUAGES, AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

In our last paper we endeavoured to awaken attention to the subject of languages as connected with the Exhibition of 1851, and showed that a little knowledge of French, German, and Italian, would be of great advantage to the operatives who may be able to visit the Crystal Palace. Of the three languages the *French* will be the most important, but to those who can add a little *German* a larger amount of information of the various people and productions will be available. It should be remembered by our working friends that our present great Oriental scholar, Dr. Lee, was a journeyman carpenter, and that he studied Hebrew while he worked at his bench. We need not tell them of *Brown*, the commentator, who learnt Greek while he kept his flock; nor of *Elihu Burritt*, the "learned blacksmith" and "*Universal Brotherhood man*," whose study of the different tongues of mankind seems to have awakened his sympathies towards every son and daughter of Adam. It is a glorious thought that the "*Ocean Penny Postage*" and "*Universal Brotherhood Idea*" should have come from the anvil and the smithy. While writing these words we are listening to a little boy playing on a piano, and singing as a chorus to his melody,

> "So a song for the hammer, the old iron hammer;
> The hammer shall conquer when swords are no more."

And such men as Elihu Burritt, and others of their stamp, are raised up by Providence to illustrate this idea, and at the same time to be models of what all mechanics, operatives, and labourers shall hereafter become. Learned carpenters, masters, weavers, scavengers, and kitchen girls, may one day be more plentiful than learned squires, lords, or parsons, are now; but then the movement must commence with themselves, and we trust that the Grand Exhibition of 1851 will put them a step forward in the right direction.

We last week showed that the study of foreign languages would be useful at the Exhibition. 1. To understand the names of many of the things that will be shown. 2. For conversation. 3. That French, German, Italian, &c., are easy. That English is a key to them all. 5. That classes might easily be formed immediately. 6. That multitudes of our operatives of both classes have plenty of time for these studies if they would only use their spare moments properly. We now observe—

VII. That the chief thing in learning a language is MEMORY. Many tell us that they have bad memories; but we are always incredulous on this point. We never yet found a person with a bad memory. We have heard those who complained loudest of this defect retail slander by the yard, and almost by the mile. The only fault, as some of them confessed, was, that their minds never became sieves except when a good thing was to be recollected; and then, like a filter, they were sure to send away the pure wine, and retain the dregs. Some of them were so besotted as to lay all the blame upon Adam and Eve, or else upon old Nicolas; but the real truth of the matter was, that they themselves had cultivated a vicious taste for whatever was silly, sinful, scandalous, irreligious, and obscene. The ancients used to divide man into a body, a soul, and a *spirit*; and the latter was supposed to be the presiding genius that ruled the other two. Every human being has this spirit

within him, and by it he rules his body and his soul; and therefore he has sufficient power, whenever he chooses, to chain down his attention to any subject; and *attention*, be it remembered, is the best friend and help that memory has.

By *using* our memories we may make them as long as we like; or, by never burdening them with anything, we can have them as short as we please. History gives us some marvellous details respecting the prodigious achievements of memory. It is said that the Druids, the ancient inhabitants of our island, kept all their history, their philosophy, their poetry, and their religion treasured up in their memories; and it is the opinion of many that Homer had the *eight-and-forty* books of the "Iliad" and of the "Odessy" by heart, and could repeat them *verbatim*; and indeed some have asserted that they were not written until long after his time. Now, when it is remembered that these books contain *each* about eight hundred hexameter lines on an average, we may form some idea of what the human mind is capable. We have heard of a girl who could repeat the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelations; of a gentleman who could give the whole contents of a newspaper, after reading it through but once; and of a minister who had learnt by heart Johnson's Dictionary from beginning to end. These facts show us what might be done; and we are certain that hundreds of our operatives, if they chose, might, before next June, commit to memory any moderately-sized French or German grammar, and the whole of a French or German dictionary. It would be only to learn a certain number of words and pages every day, and the task would be accomplished. It might seem hard at first; but use would soon make the lesson easy. And the advantages of such a host of beautiful words, and of the mental power and energy that would thus be gained, are beyond calculation.

We do therefore hope that our young men and women especially will enter on this work, and resolve that, instead of allowing their time, talents, and mental powers to be frittered away for nothing, or for next to nothing, they will determine to store their memories with useful knowledge, and thus bless themselves and the age, and wipe away from England the reproach of being inhabited by a race of barbarian mechanics, labourers, and clowns. The books would cost but little, and the money unnecessarily spent in drink, ribbons, &c., would procure a capital library; and our female friends should especially recollect that a head with nothing in it, though loaded with flowers and feathers of every hue, is as empty as ever. An ounce of good sense in the soul is worth all the finery in the wardrobe of a Turkish princess, and all the gold in the mines of California.

VIII. What a great advantage it would be *for* READING *and* MENTAL IMPROVEMENT, to have some knowledge of French and German. Our field of study would be vastly enlarged. We should understand our own language better, and have access to the treasures of wisdom which foreigners have collected. What valuable treatises on arithmetic, chemistry, mechanics, &c. &c., are found in these tongues; and what splendid poetry; and yet we voluntarily, from the love of ease, drink, finery, and folly, shut ourselves out from more than half of the wisdom and knowledge that Providence has placed within our reach. Hence we continue ignorant, proud, and clownish; and, seeing we know scarcely anything, imagine we are as wise as Solomon. For one of the disadvantages of ill-informed people is, that, because they know nothing, they bless themselves that they are acquainted with everything.

And then we hope that a time is coming when it will be as common to take a

trip to Paris, Cologne, or up the Rhine, as it is now to run to London, and will be performed with such little cost, that every industrious and economical mechanic will have it in his power to visit the Continent, and take his wife with him. But it should be remembered that half the pleasure and profit of going abroad is lost, if we do not understand the language of the people. We look each other stupidly in the face, and are barbarians to them, and they are barbarians to us. We are not only tongue-tied, but our souls are fettered, and the free intercourse of mind with mind, and heart with heart, is thus prevented. It is in our power to sweep from the earth the curse of Babel: indeed, we have a divine injunction to do so; for when the Saviour commands us "to preach the Gospel to every creature," he evidently implies that we should learn all the languages of mankind.

IX. *The people of other countries*, especially on the Continent, learn two or three languages, and *why should not we?* For if we are not prepared to yield to them in physical strength or martial prowess, why succumb to them in mental power and acquirements? An Englishman's tongue is as supple and as glib as a Frenchman's or German's. All organs of speech are made on the same principle. If they are spoiled, it is by education. Men and women were made to be universal talkers, and the English are no exception to the rule. And then our mental powers, and consequently our memories, are just as strong, perhaps even stronger, than theirs, for our temperate climate is a great auxiliary to our nerves, brain, and intellectual development. It would be, therefore, just as easy for all Englishmen and Englishwomen to learn several languages, as for the people on the Continent to do so. We trust that the time is coming when the strife of arms shall cease for ever—when martial ambition shall be execrated by every one—and that, in their stead, there shall be an intellectual and moral rivalry, by which not only individuals but nations shall "provoke one another to love and good works;" and that among other pursuits, the study of each other's language shall be an object of profitable emulation.

Lastly. A time is fast coming when *cheap trains* will bring over a vast concourse of foreigners to our shores, and there will be a great demand for policemen, railway clerks, waiters, shopmen, servants, &c., who can speak the languages of the Continent; therefore those who thus labour in acquiring the tongues of these strangers will not only be sure of employment, but will command higher wages than others. A German on the Continent said to me:—"We cannot travel in your country, for there are so few who can understand us. In some places we cannot get a railway ticket or a meal. No one can give us any direction." It really would be a good commercial speculation to open French and German schools everywhere. Our country is looked upon as a civil, political, and religious prodigy; and then its scenery and its ruins have immense attractions, and if our neighbours knew that in every town and village they could be understood, we should amazingly increase our trade from visitors alone.

Thus viewing the matter however we may, the study of foreign languages becomes a matter of great importance; and knowing the talents and facilities of our working friends for entering upon these pursuits, and the immense advantages, commercially, intellectually, and morally, which they would derive from them, and the increased amount of pleasure which they would realize, we have endeavoured to press the study upon their attention; and hope that the Exhibition of 1851 will be of far wider and more extensive benefit than its most sanguine friends have as yet anticipated.

DISCOVERY OF THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

It is difficult to realize the complete fulfilment of the prophecy of Nahum, in the entire destruction of Nineveh, "the Queen of Nations." Not only was that city annihilated, but even the memory of its site had passed away. So completely lost was it, that some placed it on the left, some on the right bank of the Tigris, and some even on the Euphrates. Referring to the early part of the seventh century, Gibbon says—"The city, and even ruins of the city, had the long since disappeared. The vacant space afforded a spacious field for the operations of the two armies"—those of Heraclius and Rhazates. Xenophon, in his account of the expedition of the younger Cyrus, in which the historian himself took a part, found the place a waste. So it was known to be in after-years, until even the place where Nineveh arose in all its grandeur, and thronged by its living and ardent multitudes, became a question of debate.

Whose voice, then, uttered the words:—

"With an overflowing torrent will he make a full end of her place;
And darkness shall pursue his enemies.
What do ye meditate against Jehovah?
He will make a full end:
Not the second time shall the calamity come?"

But not thus unknown was Nineveh to remain, either as to its site or its former state. About thirty years ago Mr. Rich, engaged in the British Consulate at Bagdad, was led to examine the ruins of ancient Babylon, of which he favoured the world with an interesting account. His attention was subsequently directed to the huge mounds of earth opposite Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris. Sometime before a sculpture had been exhumed there, but it had been destroyed by the Mahommedans, as "one of the idols of the infidels."

A knowledge of this fact stimulated his disposition to research, and he examined some of the mounds; but fragments of pottery, a small stone chair, and a few bricks also were obtained, which, however interesting in themselves, seemed but a poor reward for his anxiety and toil. He noted the circumference of the largest mound of the group—it was 7,690 feet,—but he had no idea whatever of its contents. With the product of his labours he returned to this country. These relics of by-gone ages were subsequently placed in the British Museum, but the only collection of Assyrian antiquities n Europe, including the remains of Babyon as well as Nineveh, was enclosed in a box of three feet square.

An entirely new light has been cast on the neighbourhood of Mosul, by the recent discoveries and works of Mr. Layard. In 1840 he completed a pilgrimage through Asia Minor and Syria, by visiting what had been proved to be the remains of Babylon and Nineveh. He entered Mosul, and visited the extensive remains on the left bank of the Tigris. In company with Mr. Ainsworth, he explored the mound of Kalah Sherghat, a vast ruin on the Tigris, fifty miles below the junction with the Zab. On his way thither, and near the Arab village of Hammum Ali, he saw the vestiges of an ancient city. From an artificial eminence he observed over a line of lofty mounds one of a pyramidical form, rising high above the rest. "This was the pyramid which Xenophon had described, and near which the ten thousand had encamped: the ruins around it were those which the Greek general saw twenty-two centuries before, and which were even then the remains of an *ancient* city." In the vast mass of ruins at Kalah Shergat, Mr. Layard discovered a few fragments of pottery and inscribed bricks, but he vainly sought for figures carved in black stone, which, according to Arab tradition, existed among the ruins.

Again this enterprising man visited Mosul, and observed many objects of great interest; but in October 1845, provided with letters of introduction to the authorities there, he left Constantinople, "crossed the mountains of Pontus, and the great Steppes of the the Usun Yilak, as fast as post-horses could carry him, descended the highlands into the valley of the Tigris, galloped over the vast plains of Assyria, and reached Mosul in twelve days." Accompanied by a British merchant, a mason, and a servant, he descended the Tigris to Nimroud, and at sunset reached the Arab village of Naifa.

Awad, a Sheikh of the Jehesh, in whose house he lodged, entered his service, and speedily engaged six Arabs to assist in the excavations which he determined to undertake. In the principal mound, only twenty minutes' walk from the village, about 1,800 feet long, 900 broad, and 65 high, supposed to be the pyramid of Xenophon, Mr. Layard and his companions found various fragments, and in the course of the morning ten large slabs forming a square were uncovered—in fact, the top of a chamber, with an entrance at the north-west corner, where a slab was wanting.

As the workmen dug into the side of the mound, they immediately came to a wall, but the slabs had been exposed to intense heat, and were so cracked and reduced to

lime that they threatened to fall in pieces. Highly encouraged by the labours of the first day's work, and with five Turcomans who had been attracted by the prospect of regular wages, the party began the labour of the second day. They now collected slabs bearing inscriptions, ivory ornaments with traces of gilding, among which was a male figure in long robes; walls branching out at different angles, and a large accumulation of charcoal, proving the destruction of one of the buildings by fire. Several inscriptions were uncovered, but no sculptures during the toils of three following days.

One incident is sufficiently amusing. Scattered fragments of gold-leaf had led the workmen to believe that Mr. Layard was in search of the precious metal, and even their chief, Awad, had arrived at the same conclusion. "O Bey," said he, "here is the gold sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to these Arabs, for they are asses and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The surprise and disappointment of Awad are easily conceivable when Mr. Layard presented him with the gold he had collected, and told him to retain all such as he might hereafter discover.

Employing a few men to open trenches by way of experiment, several gigantic figures, uninjured by fire, were discovered. A crouching lion, rudely cut in basalt, and a pair of gigantic winged bulls, without the head, and half the wings. On the back of the slabs, 14 feet long, on which these animals had been carved in high relief, were inscriptions in large and well-cut characters. A pair of winged lions, without the heads, admirably designed, and carefully executed, were also discovered, and a human figure, nine feet high.

On Mr. Layard returning to the mound, the morning after these discoveries, two Arabs approached him on their mares, at the top of their speed, exclaiming, "Hasten, O Bey, to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself."

"On reaching the ruins," says Mr. Layard, "I descended and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced, I asked for a present to celebrate the occasion; the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must have belonged to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsobad or Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded, and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off to Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

"Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen were heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, everyone mounted his mare, and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mahommed is his prophet!' It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands!' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet (peace be with him!) has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah (peace be with him!) cursed before the flood!' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

"I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search, about twelve feet deep."

The difficulties which sprang up in Mr. Layard's course, only, however, to be surmounted with singular tact, we cannot stay to enumerate. The path of discovery, like that of "true love,"

"Never did run smooth;"

but for all he encountered there was indeed a large recompense. After inspecting and covering up for future examination, a number of sculptured slabs discovered at Nimroud, Mr. Layard was employed in packing and transporting to Bombay, by the way of Bagdad, such sculptures as could be moved with the means at his disposal. These, with others subsequently obtained, were safely received in England, and were added to the almost countless treasures of our National Museum.

"The tradition," says Mr. Layard, "placing the tombs of the prophet Jonah, on the left bank of the river (Tigris) opposite Mosul, has led to the identification of the space comprised within the quandrangular mass of mounds containing Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, with the ancient site of Nineveh. These ruins, however, taken by themselves, occupy much too small a place to be those of a city, even larger, according to Strabo, than Babylon. Its dimensions, as given by Diodorus Siculus, were 150 stadia on the two largest sides of the quadrangle, and 90 the opposite, the square being 480 stadia, or about 60 miles. (Some make it 74 miles.) It is evident that the city was one of very considerable extent, and could not have been comprised in the space occupied by the ruins opposite Mosul, scarcely five miles in circumference. The dimensions of an eastern city do not bear tho same proportion to its population as those of an European city. A plain as extensive as London or Paris might not contain one-third of the number of inhabitants of either. The custom prevalent from the earliest period in the East, of secluding women in apartments removed from those of men, renders a separate house for each family almost indispensable. It was probably as rare in the time of the Assyrian monarchy to find more than one family residing under one roof, unless composed of persons very intimately connected, such as father and son, as it is at present in a Turkish city. Moreover, gardens and arable land were enclosed in the city walls.

"According to Diodorus and Quintus Curtius, there was space enough within the precincts of Babylon to cultivate corn for the sustenance of the whole population in case of siege, besides gardens and orchards. From the expression of Jonah—that there was much cattle within the walls—it may be inferred that there was also pasture for them. Many cities of the East, such as Damascus and Ispahan, are thus built—the amount of their population being greatly disproportionate to the site they occupy if computed according to the rules applied to European cities. It is most probable that Nineveh and Babylon resembled them in this respect. The ruins hitherto examined have shown that there are remains of buildings of various epochs on the banks of the Tigris, near its junction with the Zab, and that many years, or even centuries, must have elapsed between the construction of the earliest and the latest. The evidence afforded by the examination of all the known ruins of Assyria identifies Nimroud with Nineveh. From its immediate vicinity to the plain of junction of two large rivers, the Tigris and the Zab, no better position could have been chosen.

"It is probable that the great edifice in the north-west corner, or the principle mound, was the temple or palace, of the two combined. The smaller houses were scattered around it, over the face of the country. To the palace was attached a park, or paradise, as it was called, in which was kept preserved game of various kinds for the diversion of the king. This enclosure may, perhaps, still be traced in the line of low mounds branching out from the principal ruin. Future monarchs added to the first building, and the centre palace arose by its side. As the population increased with the duration and prosperity of the empire, and by the forced immigration of conquered nations, the dimensions of the city increased also. A king, founding a new dynasty, or anxious to perpetuate his fame by the erection of a new building, may have chosen a distant site. The city, gradually spreading, may at length have embraced such additional places. This appears to have been the case with Nineveh. Nimroud represents the original site of the city. To the first palace the son of its founder added a second, of which we have the ruins in the centre mound. He also built the edifice now covered by the great mound of Baasheikha, as the inscriptions on the bricks from that place prove. He founded, at the same time, a new city at Kalah Sherghat. A subsequent monarch again added to the palaces at Nimroud, and recorded the event on the pavement slabs in the upper chambers of the western face of the mound.

"At a much later period, when the older palaces were already in ruins, edifices were erected on the sites now marked by the mounds of Khorsabad and Karamles. The son of their founder built the great palace at Kouyunjik, which must have exceeded those of his predecessors in extent and magnificence. His son was engaged in raising one more edifice at Nimroud; the previous palaces, as it has been shown, having been long before deserted or destroyed, when some great events—perhaps the fall of the empire, and destruction of the capital—prevented its completion. The city had now attained the dimensions as-

signed to it by the Book of Jonah, and by Diodorus Siculus. If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty accurately with the 480 stadia, or 60 miles of the geographer, which make the three days' journey of the prophet. Within this space there are many large mounds, including the principal ruins in Assyria, and the face of the country is strewed with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments. Existing ruins thus show that Nineveh acquired its greatest extent in the time of the kings of the second dynasty; that is to say, of the kings mentioned in Scripture. It was then Jonah visited it, and that reports of its size and magnificence were carried to the west, and gave rise to the traditions from which the Greek authors mainly derived the information handed down to us."

We have no space to pursue in detail the researches of our distinguished countryman to whom we are so greatly indebted, not only for a narration of surpassing interest but for vivid and striking representations of the most remarkable objects he has beheld, from his own faithful pencil. If the possession or even the inspection of these be denied to many by their costliness, let it be observed that the relics of ancient Nineveh, already arrived, may be seen on any Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the British Museum. Important additions will soon be made to them, and others will certainly follow. The aggregate that will ultimately be possessed no sagacity can possibly foretell.

Most ample are the means thus afforded of confounding one of the devices of modern scepticism. The endeavour has been made to reduce the inspired histories of the Bible to the humble rank of myths and fables. But here are memorials of "the exceeding great city of three days' journey," demonstrating that we have to do, in this instance, with facts, not with fictions; while there are other proofs, no less valid and conclusive, of the historic variety of other parts of the Sacred Oracles. Well, then, may we say—

"Within this sacred volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries;
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better they had ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn!"

SOPHY DIXON: OR, THE LIGHT OF THE FAMILY.

It was one of those days of ceaseless rain which make the month of November so disagreeable, especially in the moist climate of Lancashire. Thomas Dixon's family were now, at nine o'clock in the evening, assembled around the large blazing fire which was kindled for their reception every night, in what they termed the "parlour." The room was small; it was hung around with prints in which the good taste of the selector was very apparent. A piano, with music books, stood at one end, and the fireplace, with a mantle-piece well stored with artistic decorations, was at the other. Over the mantel-piece hung a flute; a violincello reclined in one corner near the fireplace, and shelves filled with books occupied the corresponding angle. The table was strewed with unbound volumes and periodicals; among which "Cassell's History of England," and numbers of the "Working Man's Friend," were chiefly remarkable. A carpet and hearth-rug covered the floor; the furniture for the most part was mahogany. A large portfolio, filled with engravings and prints, lay half open on a sort of cross-stool by which it was supported. Natural-history specimens of various kinds filled up all the nooks and intervals in this crowded apartment.

Crowded indeed it was at this moment, for round the narrow fire-place, packed and jammed together on chairs and stools, were gathered Mr. Dixon, Mrs. Dixon, two nearly adult sons, and four daughters, descending from sixteen years downwards by regular biennial steps.

"It's a sadly wet night, Mary," said Mr. Dixon; "and you lads must have got very wet to-day on those bare and unsheltered hills. I sometimes wish I had left Padiham when John Richards went to the United States."

"I don't think you would have liked this Fugitive Slave Act, father," said Thomas Dixon, the elder of the two sons.

"No, it's a most disgraceful proceeding; but the last fig breaks the camel's back, and I hope this wrench, instead of tightening the negro's chains, will speedily snap them in two. No; on reflection I am glad I staid at home. The Americans have not of late grown in favour with me. Nevertheless, his is a bad climate: nothing but wet for the last seven weeks, except fogs and

heavy winds; and neither the rain nor the wind is a slight matter on these high grounds. Besides, our hills have no beauty of form, and none of verdure. It's a cold, bleak, damp country this of ours."

"Father, you are out of humour to-night; what has happened to you?" said Mrs. Dixon. "I wish you had been in half an hour earlier, before Sophy went to bed. That dear little thing, after she had knelt down at my knees, and said her simple prayer, added to the words, of her own account, 'and please God send father home.'"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Dixon, "that child is the light of my heart."

"Nay," interrupted two or three voices all at once, "she is the light of the family." Then each had his or her anecdote to tell touching some proof of affection or some shrewd remark.

"Well, certainly," said Mrs. Dixon, "none of you want brains; but I never had a child like Sophy; none so loving, so good-tempered, with so little selfishness—ay, and for a child, so much self-control; and yet how sensitive is she—the least excitement covers her face with crimson. And then to hear her laugh! Oh! it does my very heart good; how it rings in the ear, and delights the soul! Why here she has been playing in-doors all day with little Nell Williams, in the very height of happiness—now dusting or rubbing the furniture; now preparing dinner; now keeping school; now getting ready for a party; and now talking ceaselessly of you each and all, particularly of to-morrow, for you know she is so glad when Sunday comes, and she can to church, and sit with us in the evening."

Mrs. Dixon was stopped in her eulogy of her sweet child by the appearance of one of her elder daughters, bearing a smoking tea-urn. This being set on the table, was quickly surrounded with everything needful for a frugal but abundant meal. No sooner was all ready, than the Bible was laid on the table; and a chapter having been read, all knelt down, while Mr. Dixon uttered a few words of prayer, thanking God for his bounties, praying for pardon and succour, and referring all to his will for both time and eternity. The father's words ended, all applied themselves to the viands in good earnest, especially the two young men, who proved that neither wind, fog, nor rain, had interfered with their appetites.

"Well," said Mrs. Dixon, somewhat suddenly taking her cup from her lips in order to speak, "Grandfather, after all, is Sophy's favourite—poor old man; to see how she hugged him this morning when he came down stairs; and then she sat on his knee watching him eat his breakfast; and not a bit would she touch, though he pressed her, because I told her she would overload her stomach. If ever a child was fit to go abroad, 'tis Sophy. Young as she is, I could trust her as well as the oldest of you."

"But, Mary," interposed Mr. Dixon, "Sophy's the last, and the last is always the best."

"Why, *you* love the child as tenderly as any of us," rejoined its mother; "and you know that every word that has been said is true; aye, and a great deal more. There are those boys there; why, they are distractedly fond of the child, and I really do wonder she is not spoiled amongst us all. Only last week, you, John, bought her that fine doll, and now she has got for it bed, bedstead, dinner service, tea-things, and I know not what; every one of the children has contributed something; and as for Tom he never stops: now it's a barrel of figs—now a new ribbon, now a frock, now a toy; it is not yet a month since he bought her a muff and a polka for the winter."

"Oh, the little puss!" exclaimed Thomas Dixon; "who can help loving her? And father, there, with all his philosophy, I know very well that he thinks of her more than of anything else. Yes, father, you may look round the room as you like; I know what you mean, and you have good reason to be proud of its furniture, for you gained every bit by hard labour and economy; but after all, Sophy is the joy of your heart."

"Granted, lad," replied Mr. Dixon; "granted, most heartily; I *do* love the child; a healthy, happy child, about the house, is a source of perpetual joy. How gladdening the bright gleam of Sophy's eye! how thrilling the tones of her voice! and then her ringlets, tossing about her neck, as she runs up and down, or tumbles topsy-turvy on the kitchen sofa! but nothing pleases me so much as to see how she soothes and comforts and gladdens grandfather. I am afraid we shall not have him very long with us; he has been very ill this last attack; and sad indeed has it once or twice made Sophy. Yesterday I went up into his bed-room to see how he was, and I found Sophy clinging round his neck; and when I took her to give her a kiss, I saw her eyes were wet with tears. Well, but come, let us have our reading."

"What shall it be, father?" said Mary, Mr. Dixon's eldest daughter. "Shall we go on with the 'History of England.'"

"Not to-night. As I came through the town, I bought this sketch of the life of Fenelon; it is one of "Chambers's Papers for the People." Begin this, Mary, we can finish it to-morrow night. Fenelon is one of my favourites; I should like his spirit to be in all your hearts; besides, just

now, all the world is mad about the Pope. Poor old gentleman—much harm he can do to England! It is rather to be feared that Protestants may injure themselves and their cause by trying to injure him."

"How so, father?" asked Mary Dixon.

"How so, my girl? Why in this way: if we go and coerce the Papists, we do the very thing for which we blame them, and cannot fail to check Protestantism and promote Romanism. There is just this difference between the two: they deny liberty of thought and speech, we maintain it—which of the two is to prevail? The power of their denial depends on the number who concur in it; shall we swell those numbers and increase that power? or, being consistent, shall we demand and maintain unrestricted liberty for them as well as for ourselves, and so advance the cause of mental freedom, which is the cause of Protestantism, because it is the cause of the Bible and the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ? Stand fast, my children, in your Christian liberty, and be not afraid of error, which, if not persecuted, must prove short-lived. But go on with Fenelon."

While Mary Dixon proceeds with her reading, we may offer a few words to explain one or two points in our history. Mr. Dixon kept a small grocer's shop in the somewhat unsightly town of Padiham in Lancashire. He had begun life as an errand boy, and by dint of keeping his eyes open had acquired much commercial knowledge. Ever turning to account what he learnt, he raised himself from one humble post to another, till, having by rigid economy saved twenty pounds, he opened a small shop in the town just mentioned, which was his native place. Severe was the struggle which at first he had in order to keep himself on his feet. He had begun business just before the hard times of 1825-26. No cotton-mills had then been erected in Padiham, which depended exclusively on hand-loom weaving of the coarsest and most unremunerative kind. With food very dear, and scarcely any work, the population suffered grievously. The calamity came of a sudden, and found the people unprepared. How, indeed, could they have made any preparation, seeing that an industrious man, in full employment, could not make more than six shillings a week? The pressure was extreme, notwithstanding the frugality to which the weavers and their families had been long habituated. Soon were the cottages stript of their articles of furniture, which were deposited in the pawn-shops, or sold for next to nothing at Burnley. Their spare and worn clothing, and even rags, appeared on every side. Cheeks grew lank; robust frames wasted away; ruddy complexions became cadaverous;—in a word, all the signs of dearth were visible. Willing to afford aid to the utmost, Mr. Dixon gave his usual customers credit, until his own was exhausted; and then—he seemed on the verge of ruin. And reduced to beggary he must have been but for two things. First, he had a good wife—a woman who never spared herself, never thought of herself; who would go without food, or do on the least possible food, day after day, in order "to keep the childer from klamming." Besides, in the midst of her labours and privations, she was even-tempered and hopeful. A truly religious woman. She never despaired, nor would let her husband despair. We don't mean that she talked of religious support, but she gave it. Nor do we mean that she told her husband to keep up his spirits; but she herself kept them up. And both these noble acts she performed by never desponding and never complaining, but while doing her duty as well as she could, quietly and calmly aiding others to perform theirs. In her tranquillity there was indeed something peculiar, and at the same time very encouraging. It was not joy; that is too lively an emotion; and her circumstances forbad joy. Nor was it mere acquiescence. We may acquiesce in the divine ordinations, and yet be sad. Mrs. Dixon's manner seemed to say, that, severe though the trial was, yet all was, and in time would appear to be, for good. Relying on the supreme love of God, she was free from dejection, and made others happy when she could not make them glad. Thus, in Mr. Dixon's house there ever burned a light when all was dark around; and though a young family was rapidly coming on, yet love for the mother made the children welcome; the light of her good heart was reflected in their countenances, with ever-increasing brilliancy, till at last it rose to its full height in "Sophy, the light of the family."

The other circumstance which aided Mr. Dixon in his struggle, was his education. His parents had been too poor to pay for the instruction of their children, but seeing what advantages issued from education, they had been very careful to send Thomas, whom we call Mr. Dixon, to a Sunday-school. Little, it is true, did he then learn, But of what value did that little prove to him! He could just read and write. In those acquirements he possessed the key to knowledge. He employed the key. He was saved. By his little scholarship he had been enabled to open his shop. When trade proved ruinous, his little scholarship furnished him with a resource. From writing he had gone on to drawing. A bad

writer, he became a tolerably good draftsman; and when his shop was at its worst, he found a situation in a calico print-work. The wages he thus gained aided him through the crisis. And by constantly enlarging the circle of his knowledge and improving his mind, Mr. Dixon filled his house with the means of comfort, not omitting some of the elegancies and delights of social intercourse; gave his children a good school education; saved a little money; made, with the aid of his wife, a very happy home; and has now good reason to hope that his last days will be his best days.

The customary time for reading was well nigh gone, when a cry was heard above stairs. Mary's voice suddenly stopped, and every ear was intent. "It is Sophy," said Mrs. Dixon. Next moment Thomas was in the chamber. And in an instant after his voice was heard below, asking, "Shall I bring her down; she seems feverish?" "No!" shouted Mrs. Dixon, and hastened up to the bed-room. She found her sweet child very ill. Sophy, in some way, had taken cold, and was now in a burning fever. In a few minutes the two young men were on their way in quest of a surgeon. Meanwhile, every cheek in the house was wet with tears, save Mrs. Dixon's. She held the child to her breast, or gently tossed it on her knees, intent only on soothing it, until the doctor come. Yet, distressing was the sight, to see those flushed cheeks, those parched lips, that ceaseless tossing to and fro. Hours went on, and the medical man appeared not. Then Mrs. Dixon determined to try the effect of a hot bath. What a perfect form is that which stands there ready for the water! How exquisitely chiselled those limbs, and how beautifully proportioned! Look at that dark flaxen hair, flowing round those fair and well-turned shoulders, over that lovely neck. Those large grey eyes, too, though fevered, how bright they shine; yet how soft is their expression of love! See those delicate arms round the old man's neck, as he stoops to put Sophy into the bath, and tries to calm her agitation. What a contrast between that loveliness of childhood, and the few grey hairs sprinkled over that rapidly-fading head!

It was not till late in the morning that the doctor came. He had gone to a distance from the town to attend to a labour, and was prevented from paying an earlier visit. His looks were ominous, as he left the house. It was, he said, the scarlet fever. For six days did Sophy linger. Her sufferings we will not attempt to paint. Still less does the grief of the family admit of description. At the end of a week *the light of the family was extinct.*

"The God who gave her to us, has her in his keeping," said Mrs. Dixon, as all the members of her family sat with her around that once happy but now weeping hearth. Strange that a mother's tongue should be the only one that could find a word of solace to utter. But Mrs. Dixon was a truly religious woman. The spirit and the power of real, simple, unpretending piety, were in her heart; and in the midst of sorrow she had a peace, which she wished to communicate to others.

It was Sunday evening. Many days had elapsed, during which there was no family gathering in Mr. Dixon's house, for all its inmates felt too deeply to trust themselves together in their usual circle. But now, as if by accident, one after the other sat down in his own place by the fireside. At length father, mother, and all were there.

"Is poor Sophy cold this frosty night?" asked the youngest girl.

"No," replied her mother, "she is warm in God's love."

"I have often," added Thomas Dixon, "wondered what beauty was given for. Now just think of that dear child; was she not beautiful? and yet—"

"I know what you would add, but can not. Nevertheless, Thomas, though she is gone, she has not perished; the God who made her so beautiful in character as well as in person, must be a very loving, as we know he is an almighty, Being, and has, we may therefore feel assured, made the dear child happy with himself for ever. You wonder what beauty was given for Ask yourself what poor Sophy's loveliness did for us: but no, we cannot describe or measure it—but its good to us each and all has been very various and very great. Head, heart, and soul has it benefited. She is no more; but she has kindled a light in this house which will never go out.

"Amen, amen," interposed Mr. Dixon. "Such love can never die. What a blessed thing has that dear child been to me! I have been young, and now I am old; I once wanted everything, now I want nothing. I have loved you, my children, and do love you every one; you, my dear wife, I love with an affection peculiar to yourself;—but I have not known, in a long and very diversified life, anything on earth so pure, so satisfying, so refining, so delightful, as the love of that beautiful child to us all—to you, mother, and to each of you, young ones—but especially and before all others, to you, grandfather."

"She has gone before; I shall soon follow," subjoined the old man;—

"'There is a land of pure delight:'

"we shall all, I believe, meet our dear our very dear, Sophy there!"

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS—THE CHINESE—THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

On passing the entrance in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, the visitor enters a spacious court, with the main building of the New Museum facing him. The level of the principal floor of the building is reached by a flight of twelve stone steps at the foot of the portico, one hundred and twenty-five feet in width, terminating on either side with pedestals, designed to receive colossal groups of sculpture. Other sculptures are intended to enrich the upper part of the portico, while colossal statues surmount the pediment.

The principal entrance to the Museum under this portico is by a carved oak door, marked "In" and "Out" on brass plates. The entrance-hall is of noble proportions: it is sixty-two feet by fifty-one feet, and thirty feet high. A statue of Shakspeare, bequeathed by Garrick to the Museum, will be here observed. At this we may well pause a moment. "Shakspeare," it has been truly said, "is as much out of the category of eminent authors, as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakspeare's. We are still out of doors. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakspeare is unique. No man can imagine it better. He was the farthest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual serf—the subtilest of authors, and only just within the possibility of authorship. With this wisdom of life is the equal endowment of imaginative and of lyric power. He clothed the creatures of his legend with fame and sentiments, as if they were people who had lived under his roof; and few real men have left such distinct characters as these fictions. And they spoke in language as sweet as it was fit." From a memorial of the wonderful genius, the eye turns to another of the late Sir Joseph Banks, an enlightened and ardent friend to science and literature, and the companion of Captain Cook in his voyage round the world.*

At present the hall is adorned by some sculptures recently received from Nineveh, "that great city," against which Jonah was sent to prophecy: of these and others with which they are connected, we propose hereafter to give a particular account.

On the west is the principal stair-case, which we shall suppose the visitor to ascend. The centre flight is seventeen feet wide, flanked by two pedestals of grey Aberdeen granite, intended to receive colossal sculpture. The walls on either side are cased with red Aberdeen granite, highly polished. The balustrades are of Huddlestone stone. The ceiling and walls are partly painted in oil and partly in encaustic—a process lately revived, but of great antiquity. From Pliny's account it seems that the colours were made up into crayons by means of wax, and, the subject to be painted having been previously traced with a metal point, were melted on the picture as they were used. The picture being finished, a varnish of wax was spread over all. The colours thus not only obtained considerable brilliancy, but the work was also protected from the weather. It was lastly well polished.

On reaching the top of the staircase, and on the left of the Central Saloon, is the Ethnographical Room. This hard and strange-looking word may be easily understood. It is formed of two Greek words, *ethnos, a nation, a people, a race;* and *grapho*, I *describe;* and thus denotes the science which treats of the peculiarities of nations, people, and races, describing their customs, particularities, &c. Although the name of ethnography is thus used, it is generally considered as a branch of the sciences of geography and history. The contents of this room, therefore, as relating to humanity, and that in a vast variety of circumstances, cannot fail to afford the visitors much interest and instruction, while a description of a few of them may yield a similar, though inferior, benefit to those who have not an opportunity for actual inspection.

The models of various cromlechs of the Ancient Britons: of the Chain Quoit,

* See "Sailings over the Globe."

Cornwall; the Trevethy Stone, near St. Cleer; the Lanyan Quoit, near Penzance, and others close at hand, lead us back to a remote period in the history of our own country. Two thousand years ago it was like one great forest. The people lived in huts made of clay and the branches of trees. Their clothes were the skins of animals killed in hunting. Their food was the flesh of these creatures, with wild herbs and roots. Their boats were made of wicker work, covered with leather. Their priests were Druids: they were often clothed in long garments; they wore on their heads a sacred crown, and in their hands they waved a wand as a mark of their order. They were very fond of the oak, and thought the misletoe which grows from it was sent from heaven, as a sign that God had chosen the tree whereon it grew. Their temples were composed of large, rough stones, disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to rear any finished edifices. Some of these circles still exist; such is Stone-henge, near Salisbury. The cromlechs, of which there are several models in this room, are formed of flat stones laid across others in an upright position. They are very commonly found in parts of Wales, in Devonshire, and Cornwall, and other exposed districts of England, as well as in some continental countries. They are generally supposed to have been constructed to serve as altars. Around the temples, as at Stone-henge, there were *tumuli*, or mounds of earth, beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Some of these have been opened, and there have been discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the ancient Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow-heads of flint and bronze, and beads of glass and amber. And why were these buried with the departed? It was from the prevailing superstition—from which we cannot be too thankful that *we* have escaped—that the dead yet delighted in those things that had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the affections and inclinations of mortality.

A great variety of articles in this room relate to CHINA. Vast, indeed, is this empire. According to an official statement presented to Lord Macartney, and which might probably approach the truth, China *Proper* has a superficial extent amounting to 1,298,000 square miles, or about eight times the dimensions of France. No nation is so famed for industry in all the arts that minister to human subsistence. The lands in particular, which are at all capable of culture, are tilled with a minute care, without parallel among any other people. Agriculture is not, however, supported by any large application of skill, science, or capital. The Chinese carry on farming on a small scale, with rude instruments and almost no cattle. Above all are they noted for their expedients in collecting manure, which, from the small number of cattle employed, is an object of great scarcity. Substances never thought of elsewhere are appropriated to this purpose. In England many a valuable lesson might be learned in this respect, even from the Chinese. Not far from London itself a friend of the writer observed, from time to time, a large heap of manure on a farmer's grounds, just at the edge of a stream of water into which it dripped, till the water became black and turbid. "Could you not," his friend inquired of the farmer one day, after pondering what Liebig and other philosophers have said on the subject, "preserve this liquid manure, and keep also your water here fresh?" "No, no!" was the reply, "we always lets it run away." And yet to tear up many of his potatoes and turnips, or many of his full-ripe ears of corn, and to leave them to perish on the ground, would not be more foolish than the practice of this man in common with many of his race.

The Chinese are eminent also as a manufacturing people. The fabric of porcelain, so superior in beauty to any other species of earthenware, originated entirely with them; and though the taste of their imitators in Europe has produced far more elegant patterns, the Chinese are still unrivalled as to its whiteness, hardness, and the transparency of their colours. The materials of these they possess a peculiar art in extracting from a great variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral substances. Silk also is a fabric which the western world has learnt of the Chinese; and the silks of China are still unequalled as to richness, though in Europe they are considered too heavy, and the silks of France and Italy are preferred. That light and elegant cotton stuff, which is called *nankeen*, derives its name from the great

Chinese city where it is manufactured, and the cotton which grows in the neighbouring province is said to have naturally the yellow colour peculiar to it. The Chinese are celebrated, too, for ornamented papers, and they would be moreover for lacquered ware, were they not in this surpassed by the Japanese. It is singular how they produce with the simplest instruments a number of little ornamented toys and trinkets of great beauty. Such are their ivory fans and baskets, their ornaments of tortoishell and mother-of-pearl, their silver fillagree and lacquered chests and cabinets.

The eye will be gratified in this department of the Museum, by looking at a great diversity of articles as used by these remarkable people: as a Chinese bell from a Buddhist temple near Ningpo, with curious ornaments and inscriptions; mock spears placed on the walls of Woosung, to *intimidate* the British forces; a wooden trunk, in which the Sycee silver of the Chinese ransom money was transported to England; many simple musical instruments, and a number of articles too numerous to be described, used in agriculture, in domestic life, and also in the service of idolatry.

Objects from India are placed next to those from China: as figures and models of the gods and goddesses of the people. Griz measures, each of a certain number of tussoos, or thumb's-breadths, fourteen of which form the usual standard of measure of the oriental cubit, from Delhi, Poonah, and the west coast of India; bows, arrows, and slippers. The commerce of India has been much prized in the western world, for its natural products and its manufactures. Cotton, her native material, though not possessing any peculiar original beauty, has, by the skill of her artisans, been worked up into forms of dress the most elegant that human industry has ever produced. That of muslins, ingenious and delicate beyond all others, is appropriate and peculiar to Bengal, in whose eastern district of Dacca it is produced in a perfection elsewhere unrivalled. Though specially adapted, as it were, to the climate of India, so general has been the attraction of this beautiful fabric, that it has become the staple of Scotland and the north of England. There, by the employment of machinery, and the division of labour, it is produced much cheaper, and in some instances of finer texture; but the muslin of India, richer, softer, and more durable, still maintains its reputation. The same superiority is preserved by the calicoes, ginghams, and chintzes, which form the staple manufactures of Coromandel, and particularly of the Circars. Silk, though holding a secondary place as an Indian manufacture, is still ancient and considerable. Cashmere alone collects that fine wool peculiar to the goats that feed on the table-land of Thibet; and from this material are produced those exquisitely beautiful shawls which Europe has striven to rival unsuccessfully, except in cheapness. The shawl manufacture of Cashmere has suffered greatly from the revolutions of that country; and the looms employed in it have been reduced to little more than a third of their former number, which was 40,000,

We must allude to other topics of interest in our next number.

Happiness of Children.—Never attempt to improve the happiness of children; depend upon it you won't succeed, try how you may. "Pretty little dears," said a good-looking old gentleman one day, as he looked upon a group of children at play, "how I love the little innocents! Here, get a pennyworth of apples, and share them amongst you." He walked on, but yielding to a feeling of curiosity, we remained to watch the event. The apples were soon obtained—the game was stopped of course. One having claimed rather a larger share than his companion, a fight ensued; his opponent getting the worst of it, retired in tears to the mother of the stronger one, who soon appeared on the scene, and having cuffed him soundly, took him home for punishment. Another soon disappeared, like the black boy, with the stomach-ache in his countenance; while another remained on the field, giving sorrow vent. The apples of discord had been effectually dropped into elysium—the whole appeared suddenly transformed from enlightened children into men of the world. Selfishness had appeared amongst them, and had not forgotten to bring his companion misery, whom, although he despises, he seldom travels without. The happiness of a child is, perhaps, the only perfect earthly pleasure. Do not attempt to improve perfection, or you will certainly destroy it. If you see a child unhappy you may readily interfere perhaps with good effect; but when he is happy, in the name of humanity let him alone.

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

"I do not fear to die; for though I change
The mode of being, I shall ever be.
World after world will fall at my right hand;
The glorious future be the past despised;
All now that seemeth bright will soon grow dim,
And darker grow, like earth, as we approach it;
While I shall stand upon yon heaven which now
Hangs over me." P. J. BAYLEY.

LORENZO DE MEDICI used to say that all those persons are dead to *this* life who are without hope of another. The doctrine of man's IMMORTALITY seems practically indispensable to man's true nobility, to the development of his latent powers, to the harmony of his entire nature. Faith in that doctrine is the watchword which admits us into the citadel of peace; the *open sesame* which releases us from wilderness thraldom.

"And the strong sense we have of God in us,
Makes us believe our souls can never die.
The temples perish, but the God still lives."

Well may we cling to such a faith!—well may we strive to make it bear upon our daily actions, and illuminate our thoughts in the night watches! Well may we cherish every suggestion, every analogy, every illustration which tends to feed the altar-flame of an inspiration so pure—a light from heaven so holy.

The sceptic may ask—Can you *prove* that my soul is immortal? Is your logic equal to a demonstration of *that?*

Really, we are not careful to answer in this matter. If logical demonstrations alone suffice, there are many assumed facts which we shall have to class with fictions, or at least to endorse with an ugly—*Not Proven* The being of a God, for instance, and the being of a world. Can I prove by Euclid, or by Mills' logic, that God exists? I think not. Can I prove by algebraic processes, or by the march of a syllogism, that there *is* such a real thing, after all, as an external world? The attempt would soon baffle me. But what then? Is God at the mercy of a mathematical proposition? I trow not. Is the world's real existence dependent on a syllogism? No; a thousand times, *no*. Neither is the immortality of man dependent on a major or minor premiss, or on a sum in the Rule of Three. On this theme, listen, says Thomas de Quincey, "to no *intellectual* argument. One argument there is—only one there is—of philosophic value; an argument drawn from the *moral* nature of man,—the rest are dust and ashes." The proof has its place, not in the lower region of the cold, logical UNDERSTANDING (*Verstand*, as the Germans call it), but in the higher sphere of the REASON (*Vernunft*), which deals with intuitions rather than calculations,—with moral and profound convictions, having their root in the universal nature of man, rather than with those hard, dry, prosaic conclusions which can be put down on paper, step by step, in black and white. It is of this province that the intellect gathers hopes and certitudes of future being; as when Barry Cornwall says—

"How fine
And marvellous the subtle intellect is,
Beauty's creator! It adorns the body,
And lights it like a star. It shines for ever,
And, like a watch-tower to the infidel,
Shows there's a land to come."

Plato himself, as Fielding observes, concludes his *Phœdo* with declaring that the best arguments for our immortality amount only to raise a probability—that is, as Coleridge explains it, the best arguments of the scientific intellect, as distinguished from the higher reason.

After all said and done, we *feel* that we are immortal; we feel it in our most elevated moods, in our sunniest hours, in our serenest experiences, at those very times when we are best qualified to form a correct assurance on a topic so magnifi-

cent. We feel it at times, when the peaks of whatever is lofty and sublime within us reflect the radiance of the light that never was on sea or shore, and seem to invite the very footsteps of God. We feel it when we realize such truths as this:—"The love that will be annihilated sooner than be treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being." We feel it when giving free scope to the thoughts that travel through eternity, awakened by a survey of starry splendours when the heavens are telling the glory of God, or by a rapt study of Raphael's canvasses, or by intense perusal of Shakspeare and Milton and allied powers. At such times, in Wordsworth's mystical language—

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

If *we* create this vision of the immortal sea, this choral utterance of its waves, this minstrelsy of its mighty waters rolling evermore, does not the very faculty of creation imply a "divinity that stirs within us?" and if divinity, why not immortality?

But may not our spiritual capacities, which are confessedly glorious and great, have been conferred upon us in order to beautify and preserve our life on earth? If *this* be the *terminus* of these spiritual powers—if they are only created for the enjoyment and preservation of the present life, then, as Jean Paul says, an angel has been locked in the body to be the mute servant and fire-lighter, butler, cook, and porter of the stomach; then we have received the palate and appetite of a god, with the food for an animal. The discrepancy between our wishes and our circumstances, between the heart and the earth, would be, he contends, in the "Kampaner Thal"—a blasphemy, if our nature is doomed to entire decay. "Strangers, born on mountains and living in lowland places, pine with an incurable home-sickness. We belong to a higher place, and therefore an eternal longing consumes us, and every music is our souls' Swiss *ranz des vaches*." We feel that earth is our school-house, and that we are one day going HOME.

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

By J. W. KING, of Sheffield.

Talk not of sloth!—a cursed thing,
A canker-worm to man,
Feasting, revelling in the heart,
E'en since the world began.
Great Nature, infinite and wise,
Its deadly influence knew,
And published this eternal law—
There's work for all to do.

Talk not of sloth—the merry bird,
The ever-toiling bee—
Yea, every thing that lives and moves,
Are types of industry.
And shall the imaged form of God
The tyrant not eschew?
King, peer, and peasant, old and young,
There's work for all to do.

Talk not of sloth—ye sceptered ones,
Who lord it o'er the earth;
Your labour for the public weal
But constitutes your worth!
Think not that power and indolence
Were parcelled for the few;
Monarchs and mitred heads must learn
There's work for all to do.

Talk not of sloth!—ye richly great,
Look from your sordid thrones;
Behold your struggling fellow-man
For food and knowledge groans.
Come, help the lowly and oppressed,
Their path with blessings strew;
No longer live and lounge at ease—
There's work for all to do.

Talk not of sloth!—ye millions, no,
Though portionless and poor,
Forget not the immortal part—
Your minds with knowledge store.
The rising offspring of the land
Demand your interest too;
Show the regardless of your weal,
There's work for all to do.

Talk not of sloth!—it banisheth
True greatness from the soul;
It takes no note of time nor joys,
Nor seasons as they roll.
But let the bond of brotherhood
Be world-wide, firm, and true,
Then shall each heart rejoice to know
There's work for all to do.

THE SHIP AND THE SEA.

There are few, if any, persons who visit our coast, to whom the vessels, as they float on the bosom of the mighty deep, do not present objects of singular interest. Even the fisherman's boat has often caught and fixed the attention, while the yacht, the schooner, the barque, the brig, the frigate, and the still larger ships of war have excited feelings exceedingly diversified, and often intense.

> "The ships! the ships of England! Wherever the surges roar—
> Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East Indian shore,
> Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry breezes play—
> The flag of England floats alone and triumphs on her way!
>
> "Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our vessels glad the view;
> The wandering savage marks their decks, and stays his swift canoe;
> The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each distant sail
> Pass like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight pale!"

It was natural, therefore, for the products of the marine painter to have a wide-spread popularity. Nor can it excite surprise that the mechanic arts have been put in requisition to imitate vessels ploughing the deep waters. At a few of the best shops in London for the sale of articles of this description, there have been some beautiful automatic toys, in which the power of delicately-constructed clockwork has been applied to the production of movements and effects not a little astonishing. One of these, of foreign manufacture, and certainly one of the most successful attempts at imitative motion ever accomplished, we shall now proceed to describe.

This representation of a ship at sea is entirely free from all those interrupted, detached, and broken effects which generally mar the finest productions in clockwork. It most faithfully exhibits the easy, ever-varying, and ever-blending changes of position and surface, which a steady, stiff breeze will produce on a flowing sea and a vessel under full sail. It is indeed surprising to see how accurately two of the most magnificent objects in nature and art are embodied, and their peculiar movements enacted on so small a stage.

The eye falls on a field of ocean heaving with life, and a man-of-war floating, sailing, and even vibrating with the roll of the waves beneath her; all enclosed by a glass guard and an oval of but a small area. The sympathy, if it may be so termed, of the ship with the sea is admirable. When she seems to overtake a wave her bow slides up its side, and is projected into the air; when she rides on its breast her stern also seems elevated, and her deck is for an instant horizontal; and then as she leaves it her bow becomes depressed, and she sinks down into the succeeding hollow. So perfect is this last effort, that a lady was heard to say to her companion—"Do come away; that subsidence is really so natural, that it brings all my recollections of sea-sickness about me." And yet the vessel measures from stem to stern only five inches and a-half!

We speak sometimes of the "magic of mechanics," and doubtless on the principles of this science automata have been made in the dark ages, which have suggested the idea of the supernatural. And yet, fully disclosed to the eye, the spectator would not fail to be struck with their great simplicity. So it is here; though the effects are so perfect, there is no complication in the mechanism that produces them. We give a diagram for the purpose of rendering it easily intelligible. One of the plates covering the machinery is removed to show the connection of the parts in fig. 1.

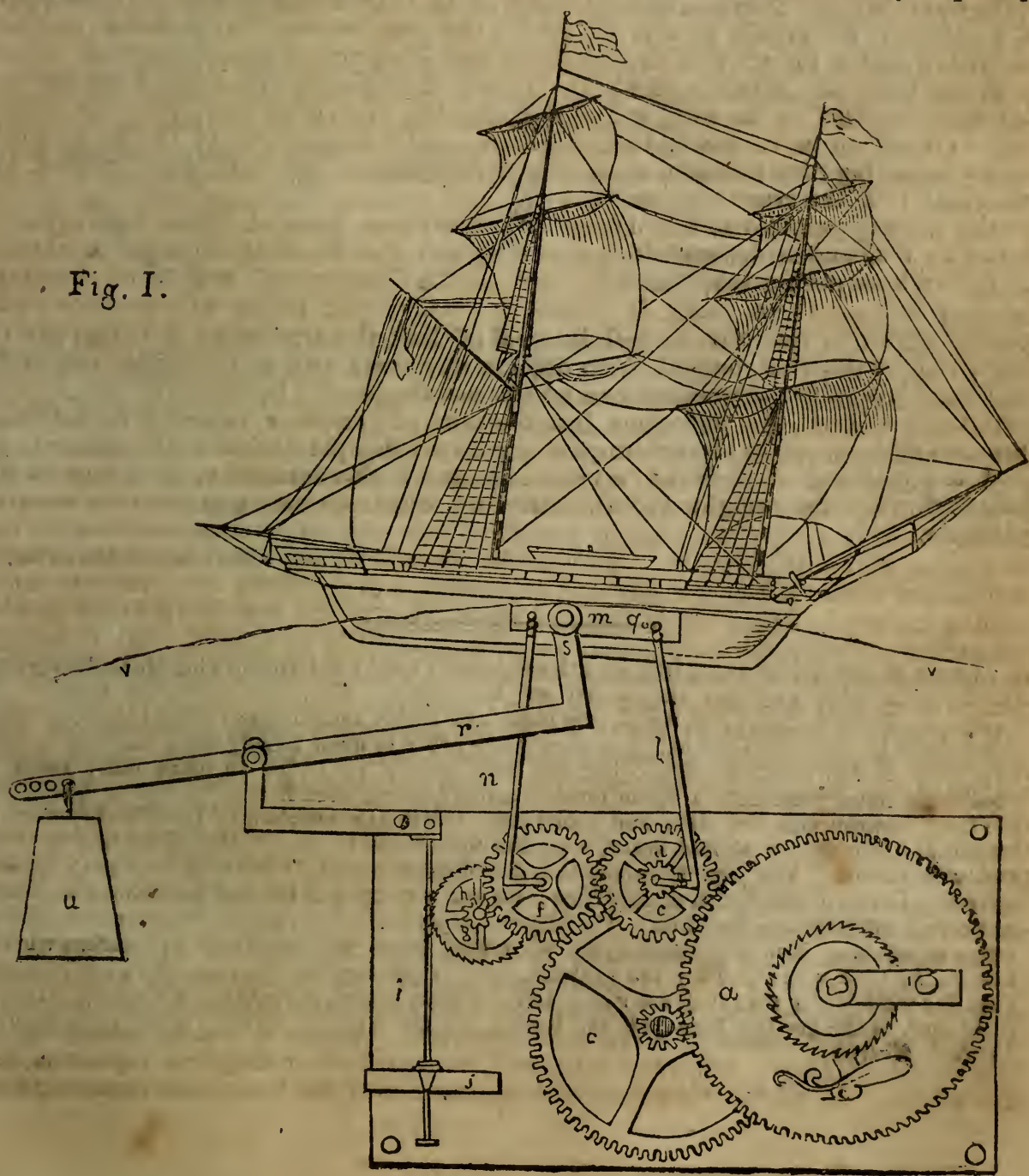
The moving power is concealed in the model from the observer by a thin substance or membrane (v), which is attached to the hull of the vessel, and thence extending to the borders of the machinery-chest, is there fastened. This membrane is very delicate in its texture and extremely pliant; it is not strained tight, but, on the contrary, left very full; and its surface is painted to represent an agitated sea. In all the elevations and depressions of the vessel this membrane of

course accompanies it; but to the spectator the motions of the vessel seem to be the effect, and not the cause, of the waves.

A spring contained in a barrel (a) communicates motion through a series of pinions and wheels (b, c, and d) to two wheels (e, f), which have each the same number of teeth and are geared together; on the axes of these wheels are cranks (m, k), which move two shafts (l, n) attached by centre pins (o, p) to the keel (q) of the vessel. To this keel is also attached, by a centre pin (s), a lever (r), which resting on a fulcrum (t) is continued beyond to any convenient length, and has, near its end, a moveable weight attached (u). One of the cranked wheels (f) is geared by a pinion and wheel (l, g, h), and an endless screw (i), with a fly (j), for regulating the velocity.

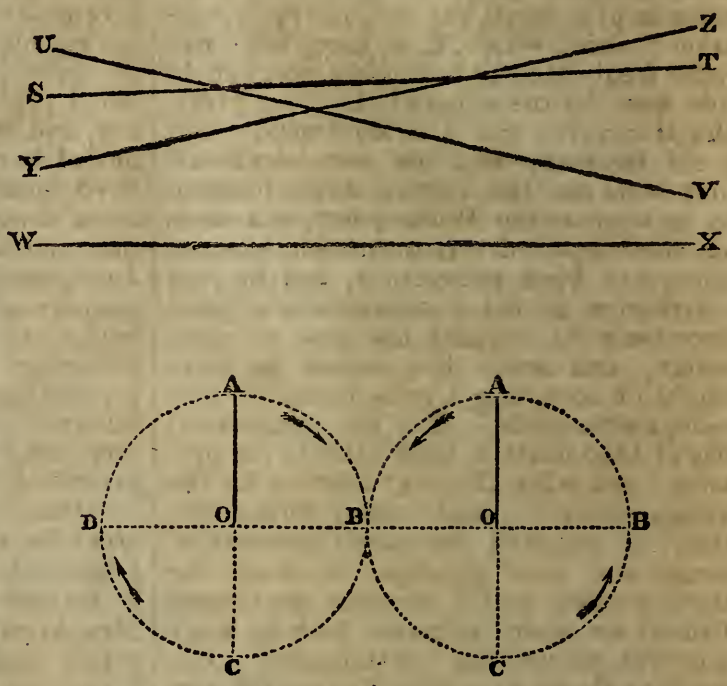
Supposing the lever (r) to be removed, the cranks and the shafts (m, k, l, n) vertical, and the machinery in action, it will be seen by examination that motion would be communicated to the vessel, but that this would be simply vertical—a mere up-and-down movement—and that the deck would always be parallel to the line on which it lay at starting. If we add the lever (r), centering it midway between the centre-pins of the shafts (o, p), a very small, but scarcely a percep-

Fig. I.



tible variation, would be produced; but if now we place the centre-pin (s) nearer to the centre-pin (p) of one of the shafts than to that (o) of the other, we shall have the motions of the centre-pins so controlled by the radius (s, t), that they move, both ascending and descending, with different and differing velocities; so that the stem and stern of the ship will rarely remain, for two successive instants, in the same level plane.

Fig. 2.



In the diagram (fig. 2) are shown the positions of the deck, which correspond to four successive and simultaneous positions of the cranks. The arrows indicate the direction in which the cranks turn round. When the cranks stand at O A, the deck will be in the position S T; as the cranks move to the position O B, S will ascend to U, and T descend to V, and the deck will arrive at U V; during the the change of the cranks to O C, U will descend to W, V to X, and the deck will attain W X; let the cranks go on to O D, W will now ascend to Y, and X to Z, Y Z becoming the position of the deck; as the cranks go on to the starting points O A, Y will ascend to S, and Z descend to T, the deck ascending to S T, the position whence it set out. It may therefore be seen that in each interval of time, the motions of the stem and of the stern are different, one of them being always greater than the other, and that, at two points in the course, the one which was the greater becomes the lesser, and *vice versâ*. It is the ingenious introduction of the lever (r) into its peculiar position with regard to the centre-pins (s p), that this play of changes takes place, and the pitching of a ship in a brisk gale and high-running sea is so beautifully imitated. By the weight (U) this pitching can be made quicker or slower at pleasure.

MATTHEW MARVEL.

ADVICE TO THE WIFE.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness by seeking to know in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have "scenes." I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern, men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*English Matron.*

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

No. II. THE ELECTION BRIBE.

Before the passing of the Reform Bill, when votes were to be bought, Mary Hargraves kept a small but flourishing haberdasher's shop, which, it so happened, was chiefly frequented by customers who upheld what went by the name of the Blue party. John Hargraves was a cabinet-maker and an old freeman, and his own opinions, which were on the Liberal side, inclined him to support the White party, who were thus distinguished. Hitherto his circumstances had been prosperous, and he paid no attention to the canvassers who used respectively to request his vote at each election, and much less would he have thought of accepting a bribe to induce him to adopt either side. But the commercial crisis of 1825 dealt a hard blow to his profession; and when the next election for the borough came on, and money flowed like water, it required no small amount of courage and good principle to resist the tempting offers which various gentlemen called at the shop to make, both to Mary Hargraves as well as her husband. For some days these were steadily resisted, but when one of their daughters lost her employment, owing to the hard times, and a demand was made upon them for the immediate payment of a large amount of rent too long due, the temptation to pocket from ten to twenty pounds by voting for the Blue party became almost irresistible. To the credit of Mary Hargraves it must be here stated that she never tried to persuade her husband to accept the offered bribes, and always declined to receive any herself, although she was sensible that her custom diminished as the election proceeded.

In those times elections in the large towns continued from ten to fourteen days, and by their attendant practices infused as much moral poison amongst the inhabitants as races do in the present day. John Hargraves, however, remained proof against the temptations of noisy processions, open ale-houses, and threats of losing the little employment which yet occupied him two or three days in each week. A week had passed by, and such was the state of the town no lady liked to venture into it unattended, when one day about noon, John returned home with a gloomy brow, and tidings that he had been at last finally turned off by his masters. While talking to Mary of their dismal prospects, a gaily-dressed lady, well known to both husband and wife, entered the shop, and he turned away to play with his sickly and favourite child, who crowed with delight at seeing his father home so early. Mary Hargraves had formerly lived with this lady many years, and was greatly attached to her, and Mrs. Arkwright had always been one of her best customers, although, as she lived some miles out of town, it was not often that she came herself to the shop. She had also taken much kindly notice of John, whose skill in cabinet work had frequently caused his being sent for to Langley-hall to make library shelves or aid in fitting-up her boudoir. Mary now expressed her gratification at seeing her good mistress again, and told her, rather sadly, how little custom she had had during the preceding week.

"Well," said the smiling lady, "you must let me make up for deficiencies; and I have a long list of 'must-haves' for you to furnish me with this morning." And Mrs. Arkwright named the different articles, which Mary hastened to bring out for her inspection.

After several mutual inquiries had been satisfied, the lady took out her purse, and, with her most winning smile, said: "In these election times one always pays double in consideration of one's wishes being consulted; and I hope, Mary, I need not ask you to use your influence with your husband to induce him to give his vote to Lord I——, for you are a good creature, upon whom I can always depend."

Poor Mary started, and coloured deeply, as she timidly replied—

"Indeed, Mrs. Arkwright, I must beg you to excuse me; I thought you had been too well aware of John's opinions, ever to have asked me to do such a thing."

"Well," said the lady, "I think you are very ungrateful for all the patronage Mr. Arkwright and I have shown your family, and I must say it is what I did not expect from you."

"Oh, do not say so, dear madam," said Mary, with streaming eyes; "I am not unmindful, indeed I am not, of your great kindness; but, oh, I should ill repay it, were I to force John to do anything he thought wrong."

"It is easy to make professions," replied Mrs. Arkwright, coldly, as she desired the footman to replace the parcel of things which she had selected on the counter, since

she did not mean to take them; and turning to John, who stood in mortified, but proud, silence, while she stroked the curly head of the sick child, she said, in her gentlest tone of persuasion—

"This dear little fellow, with his pretty flaxen hair, looks very ill, and I don't think he will get well in town. What say you to giving him a trip over the water, and taking him to the seaside for a week?"

John paused a moment, though he knew too well what this proposal included, and his resolution was additionally shaken by seeing his wife weeping bitterly, and he thought of their too probable fate if he declined to accede to the lady's wishes. Mrs. Arkwright perceived her advantage, and followed it up by pronouncing a high eulogium upon the excellent business abilities and admirable qualities of Lord I——, ably touching on such points of character as she supposed would tell the most upon one holding liberal opinions. But an anxious fearful glance from Mary, at this juncture recalled John's wavering purpose, and he respectfully, but decidedly, refused to give his vote to the Blue candidate.

"Then you must take the consequences," was the reply; and Mrs. Arkwright, vexed to have lost so much time, drove away; while Mary knelt down by her sick boy, exclaiming, "Oh, my Johnny, my Johnny, my winsome darling, what will become of you? Oh, my child, my child, only say you will get better, and not let your poor mother think she has killed her own darling." John tried, but for some time in vain, to comfort her; reminding her that they had both endeavoured to do right, and that straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leads to the kingdom of heaven, and to that peace on earth which is its commencement.

We have not space here to detail the further attempts which were made to persuade Hargraves to vote for Lord I——, as the election proceeded, and seemed likely to be decided by a very small majority on either side. These attempts became harder to resist, as Little Johnny's illness increased, and the unhappy parents doubted, at times, how far they had acted rightly. But the first temptations having been firmly withstood, strength was given in the hour of need to abide by the decision of conscience, and the election closed without John's or Mary's integrity having been impaired; though their custom had so sensibly lessened, that they were soon afterwards compelled to close their shop. Their consequent change of abode, and their residence in the country, which was rendered necessary by John's altered fortunes, which obliged him to work as a humble day-labourer in the fields, came too late to restore the wasted strength of their dear little boy. Although, when they learned to rejoice in thinking that their child was spared all that they had gone through, they could look back upon the sacrifice of its recovery, and of their richer worldly prospects with thankfulness, they could never remember the election without bitter regret for the happy days which were gone for ever; for their compelled absence from old friends, the loss of Mrs. Arkwright's patronage and friendship; and their descent to comparative poverty and obscurity.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

EVAPORATION.

A curious experiment was performed as follows:—A large drinking-glass was taken, and inverted on the ground for a short time, and by collecting the vapour which settled on the inside of the glass, the experimenter found that an acre of ground dispersed into the air, in the space of twelve hours of a warm summer's day, above 1,600 gallons of water, or more than twenty-five hogsheads. The quantity of water which, at this rate, would ascend from a square mile in the same time, is 16,000 hogsheads. What an immense quantity of water, then, must be constantly evaporating from the surface of the various oceans, seas, bays, lakes, and rivers, which the earth contains!

AQUATIC ANIMALS.

While the bosom of the sea abounds with the finny tribes, its surface forms a resting-place for many families of the feathered creation. The various sea-gulls, and many of the duck tribe—the petrel and the divers—the guillemots, and cormorants, and various others, obtain their food from the ever-restless wave. As every animal is adapted to its mode of life, aquatic birds are *web-footed*, to give facility in swimming; and as some of them are destined to seek their food *on* the surface, while others have to take their prey *beneath* it, their structure is admirably fitted accordingly. The sea-gull, for instance, having to seek its food on the surface, has feet like those of land birds, placed about the middle of the body; but the cormorant, who has to catch its prey under water, has its feet placed exceedingly far back in the body, for the convenience of diving. The upper beak is also bent like a hook, to secure the prey; and as this is

sometimes very large, the elasticity of the gullet enables the cormorant to swallow a fish much thicker than its own neck.

HEAT.

A ready way of producing heat is by mixing things together in such a way that a *chemical* change is produced. If you take a glass full of oil of vitriol, pour on it the same quantity of water, and mix them suddenly, the outside of the glass will become so hot that you cannot bear your hand upon it. Again, if you take a piece of fresh-burnt limestone, and pour upon it some water, so great a heat will be generated as to change part of the water into steam; at the same time the rest of the water is absorbed, or taken up by the lime, and becomes a solid substance. In the act of burning, as of a lamp or a candle, or as in a common fire of coals or wood, there is also a production of heat, as the result of a *chemical* change.

THE EARWIG.

Many people are very much afraid lest one of these insects should get into the ear of themselves or their children, and penetrate the brain; but they are frightened unnecessarily. For if an earwig should get into the ear, it would be very glad to get out again. And if it cannot get out at once, though it is not a pleasant inmate, the drum-head of the ear will effectually prevent the progress of the insect. Still further, it may either be killed or dislodged with ease, by means of a few drops of oil. It is probable that this insect had originally the name of *earwing*, its wing bearing a strong resemblance in form to that of a human ear. *Earwig*, therefore, is most likely a mere corruption of that name.

BEDDEGELART.

Beddegelart is a village delightfully situated in the midst of a tract of beautiful meadows, six miles from the summit of Snowdon. It is said that Llewellyn the Great came to reside at Beddegelart during the hunting season, with his wife and children, and one day, the family being absent, a wolf entered the house. On Llewellyn returning, his greyhound, called "Cilihart," met him, wagging his tail, but covered with blood. The prince being alarmed, ran into the nursery, and found the cradle in which his child had lain, overturned, and the ground covered with blood. Supposing the greyhound had killed the child, he immediately drew his sword and killed the dog; but, on turning up the cradle, he found under it the child alive and the wolf dead. This so affected the prince, that he erected a tomb over the faithful dog's grave, and called it, from his lamentable accident, Bedd Cilihart, or the grave of Cilihart.

THE PELICAN.

This bird is said to feed its young with its own blood, and to furnish, in so doing, a remarkable instance of maternal affection. But the story is fabulous. It probably arose from a casual sight of the white pelican, when in its nest; the beautiful crimson tint of its bill pressing against its delicately-white breast, appeared like a spot of blood.

QUILLS.

Quills are taken from the wings of ravens, swans, turkeys, peacocks, and geese. Goose-quills are supposed to have been in use among us between four and five hundred years. Many of them are brought to England from Hudson's Bay, Hamburg, and Ireland. In some parts of the world the people write with reeds. This is the practice of the Turks, Moors, and other inhabitants of the East. When the word *pen* occurs in our translation of the Scriptures, we must not understand it of a pen made from a quill, but of an iron style, or a reed, with which the ancients wrote. The iron style was sharp at one end, and blunt at the other, to scratch out what was written and not approved.

ARITHMETIC OF THE TOUCH.

This is extensively used by the natives of the East Indies and China, in their commercial transactions, not only among themselves, but also in their dealings with British and other merchants. Extensive bargains are struck without a single word passing between the parties, who, seated on the ground, with their hands covered by a shawl, or by their robes, agree upon prices which are indicated by pressing, in sight, the joints of their fingers. Each joint of every finger has a separate value attached to it. The third joint of the little finger being pressed *outside*, means 1, the second joint, 2; the first joint, 3; the first joint pressed in the *front*, 4, the second 5, the third, 6; the third joint, pressed on the *inside*, 7, the second, 8, the first, 9. On the next finger, beginning at the *outside* of the third joint, we have 10, the second joint, 20, and so on, up one side of the finger, down the centre, and up the other side, 30, 40, &c., to 90; the joints of the middle finger, pressed in the same order, mean 100, 200, &c.; the index finger, 1,000, 2,000, &c.; and the thumb, 10,000, on to 90,000.

SAMPHIRE.

Samphire, or St. Peter's Wort, probably derives its English name from its French name, "Herbe de St. Pierre," and hence it would be more correctly written *sam*pire, or as degenerated from St. Pierre, *san*pire

EGGS.

The eggs imported from France amount to about 60,000,000 a year. Supposing them to cost, at an average, 4d. a dozen, we pay the French about £83,000 a year for eggs. And supposing the freight, importers' and retailers' profit, duty, &c., to raise the price to the consumer to 10d. per dozen, their total cost will be £213,000.

ANCIENT OAK.

An oak is described as standing in the middle of a pasture, and bearing the most venerable marks of antiquity, which gives a name compounded of itself and its situation to the farm on which it grows—*Oak-ley* farm. The hollow of this tree was long the favourite retreat of a bull. Twenty people, old and young, have crowded into it at the same time. A calf being shut up there for convenience, its dam, a two-year old heifer, constantly went in to suckle the calf, and left sufficient room within the trunk for milking her. The oak is supposed to be near a thousand years old; the body is nothing but a shell.

BELLS.

Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, is generally considered the first person who introduced bells into ecclesiastical service, about the year 400. It is said by ancient historians, that in the year 610, the Bishop of Orleans being at Sens, then in a state of siege, frightened away the besieging army by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's church; a clear proof that at that time bells were not generally known in France.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Marvellous has been the recent progress of Natural History. Goldsmith, in his "Animated Nature," speaking of the humming-bird, says: "Of this charming little animal there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren down to that of an humble-bee." The eminent nurseryman, Mr. Loddiges, of Hackney, had in his possession some years ago no less than one hundred and seventy distinct species of "this charming little animal!"

COLSTERWORTH.

In the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, a hamlet of Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, situated six miles south of Grantham, Sir Isaac Newton was born. The house stands in a pretty little hollow, on the west side of the valley of the river Witham, which rises at a short distance, and has helped in suggesting the couplet—

> "For Trent eels and *Witham* pike,
> England cannot show the like."

The manor-house was the paternal estate of Newton, and here he was brought up and educated by his widowed mother.

THE FIRST COACH IN CHINA.—Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to China was a state coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was a mystery to Pekin. The ambassador, indeed (Lord Macartney), had made some dim and imperfect explanations upon the point; but as his excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the celestial mind was very feebly illustrated; and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question—"Where was the emperor to sit?" The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because that was the most elevated seat, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial place, and, for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses therefore being harnessed, under a flourish of music and a salute of guns, solemnly his Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, which was the coachman. This mutinous individual, looking as black-hearted as he really was, audaciously shouted—"Where am I to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition addressed to the Emperor through a window, "how am I to catch hold of the reins?" "Any how," was the answer; "don't trouble me, man, in my glory; through the windows, through the key-holes—how you please." Finally, this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these he drove as may be supposed. The Emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his Majesty's prosperous escape from the disease of a broken neck; and the state coach was dedicated for ever as a votive offering to the god Fo, Fo—whom the learned more accurately call Fi, Fi.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The failure of the contractors to complete the building by the time specified in their engagement, viz., the first day of January, excited no surprise in the public mind, and did nothing to lessen the feeling of wonder which has been occasioned by the rapidity with which the Industrial Palace has uplifted itself. In fairness to the gentlemen who have superintended this great undertaking so far, it must be remembered too that they have had not only to contend with all the disadvantages of the present season of the year—short days, and not unfrequently unfavourable weather,—but that numerous additions were from time to time, and especially within the last few weeks, made to the original design. These added considerably to the amount of work the contractors had to accomplish. As instances, we may mention that extra gallery space has been provided, of a width of 24 feet, and upwards of one mile in length; and that the external limits of the building have been enlarged so as to include some extensive clumps of trees. Numerous offices, moreover, have been completed, which it was not originally intended to commence until after the other portions of the structure were finished. Under these circumstances, the Commissioners, of course, could have no hesitation in granting the contractors a short extension of time.

When we consider the immense size of the Glass Palace, covering an area of 18 acres of ground, the novelty both of the materials and plan for any building larger than a garden conservatory, and the fact that everything used had to be purposely prepared—the iron to be cast, the glass to be blown, even the machinery itself to be expressly constructed—we must acknowledge that the whole is perhaps the greatest wonder of Industry and Enterprise of which modern times can boast. The result is, as we anticipated, a remarkable display of grace and beauty. The discriminating eye will not fail indeed to detect some detractions. It would have added greatly to the grandeur if the whole of the roof throughout the entire length had been circular as in the transept. The elevation at present is so little compared with the area, that until the spectator is removed to a considerable distance from the building, nothing but the transept and the lower tier of pannelling is visible. The beauty of appearance would have been greatly heightened too if the basement had been glazed according to the original design, instead of boarded as at present. In spite, however, of these defects, the structure is one of great majesty and elegance, which cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who gaze upon it, and the astonishment of all who have not been privileged to watch its progress and mark the mechanical details of its construction. Perhaps the best point of view from which to see the Palace to advantage is afforded by a walk on the opposite bank of the Serpentine.

The question of decoration has excited considerable discussion. Many persons have protested against the proposed use of white, blue, and yellow paints, as incongruous and unwise. It has been urged, with some plausibility, that, as the interest felt in the building will be connected to a great extent with the *materials* of which it is composed, no attempt should be made to conceal them; that the iron columns and girders, for instance, should be made to wear a metallic appearance, instead of being painted to represent flimsy wooden spars and cross-pieces. Upon this argument has been based the suggestion that the iron-work should be *bronzed*, thus giving prominence to the *distinctive feature* of the Palace, as an illustration of the present state of the building arts. Another suggestion which has been urged with much earnestness is, that a uniform coat of white paint be adopted throughout.

On Monday, the 30th ult., the business of the Executive Committee was formally transferred from Palace-yard to the building in Hyde-park.

It was in contemplation that, when the Commissioners obtained possession of the building, arrangements should be made for the admission of considerable numbers of the working classes to see the interior. The necessity, however, for preventing any obstruction that might lead to delay in the progress of the works, has compelled the authorities to give up their original intention, and defer, for the present at all events, the admission of any large bodies of visitors.

We are glad to hear from numerous quarters that the societies, formed for the purpose of husbanding funds for a visit to London, and economizing the expenses, are progressing favourably—that their subscribers are increasing in numbers, and that the payments are, generally speaking, made regularly and punctually. As one of the most prosperous of these associations, we may instance that at Norwich, which originated with the hand-loom weavers, but which now embraces operatives of all trades. The subscription in this case amounts to one shilling fortnightly. By a special provision this club is open to tradesmen who are admitted on the payment of 20s. weekly to a participation of the benefits of the association. At Dublin a large meeting, attended by citizens, has been held in the theatre to hear an address from Mr. W. H. Porter. That gentleman stated that the object of his addressing them was to show the desirableness of enabling them to visit, with as much facility as possible, the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was the wish of the Dublin Executive Committee to stir up, if possible, the thinking portion of the Dublin artisans and mechanics to visit the Exhibition, and obtain knowledge there. In England they had been forming clubs to facilitate the same object, and the Executive Committee deemed it most desirable that some similar measure for that purpose should be put into operation here. The expediency of organizing clubs was then submitted to the meeting to be decided by a show of hands, it having been previously explained that owing to the distance and the shortness of the time now left for their arrangements, a subscription of less than 2s. 6d. per week would be insufficient. The show of hands being in favour of the project, the preliminary steps were taken for the formation of rules.

Amongst the latest places in which societies have been formed are Belfast, Aberdeen, Chester, Devizes, Dowlais, Bridport, Beverley, and Rugeley, in every instance with marked success. At Bridport, at the inaugural meeting, upwards of fifty members were enrolled. Very active measures are being taken at Aberdeen under the auspices of the Lord Provost, and with the co-operation of the Steam Navigation Company. The Bridlington Club is to consist of an unlimited number of *both sexes*, to be called "The Bridlington International Exhibition Visiting Society." At Whitby a large number of persons enrolled their names as members, agreeing to pay 9d. per week towards defraying expenses.

If in any districts this matter has been neglected, we urge our friends to attend to it without any further delay, or the opportunity will have passed away. We remind them, too, that the advantages offered by railway companies, in consequence of the arrangements made with the Commissioners, are only guaranteed to the members of clubs.

FRANCE.—In numerous branches of manufacture the French exhibitors will, in all probability, form our most formidable competitors. Our readers may, therefore, be interested in knowing what may be expected at the World's Show from our ingenious neighbours. We have, accordingly, gleaned some information on this point from sources to be relied upon. It must be remembered that in some respects the French have a great advantage over ourselves. They have long been familiar with the machinery of Industrial Exhibitions, and have become practised from experience in all their requirements. There is, moreover, every disposition on the part of all the producing classes to take part in the rivalry to which they have been invited. The Exhibition is spoken of in the highest terms of eulogy as worthy of a liberal, enterprising, and enlightened people. The comprehensiveness of the scheme and the vast arrangements everywhere making in England for efficiently carrying out the contemplated work, elicit the surprise and the admiration of the Parisian manufacturers. And there can be no question that they will respond eagerly to our challenge, and nearly all the leading houses of Paris are busily engaged in preparations. The silversmiths and jewellers will contribute numerous articles of unique design and beautiful manufacture, and the specimens of bronze and ornamental iron-work will be especially rich.

The cutlers of Paris, it is said, are unwilling to enter the lists with the workmen of Sheffield, but two or three of the principal gunsmiths, and several sword cutlers, intend to exhibit.

The carvers in wood and marble are exceedingly busy, and will no doubt send some very beautiful examples of their handicraft. The Parisians admire ornamental furniture,

consequently there is always a great demand for their services; some of them are most clever artists, educated for a far higher department of art, but compelled by circumstances to exercise their talents on more humble works.

The paper-maché manufacturers, on the other hand, are very far behind us; there is nothing worthy of the slightest comparison with the produce of Birmingham; but the workers in buhl have attained a high degree of perfection.

With respect to carpets, a luxury which is coming into frequent use in France, three or four very large houses are making great efforts to rival Brussels and Axminster. The national works at Gobelin are in full activity, both in tapestries and carpeting, the result of which we expect to see in the "Palace of Glass" in May next. The same may be said of the porcelain of Sèvres.

The mercers' shops of Paris are filled with the beautiful silks of Lyons, and the ribbons of St. Etienne and St. Chamond; and Spitalfields, Manchester, and Coventry must be vigilant and careful, to avoid defeat in the impending contest.

The *Austrian*, *Belgian*, and *French* Government have determined upon sending *elèves* (pupils) from some of the public schools to report specially on the different departments of the Exhibition. A staff of from thirty to forty gentlemen are to inspect and furnish accounts of the various objects of interest for Austria, and the Government of that country have appointed a commission to co-operate with the Royal Commission in London, to protect the interest of her exhibitors. These number upwards of a thousand. Hungary is to forward samples of silk, which it is expected will rival the manufactures of the Italian provinces.

At *Malta*, the gold and silver smiths, who have long been famous for their personal ornaments in jewellery, are busy in preparation. Each master workman, it is said, will produce a specimen of the work in which he most excels. Lapidary work, stone-cutting, and inlaying of marbles are also mentioned; and the lace and mittens, so highly and justly admired, will be carefully selected from among the chief products of the island.

Curious Seals from Delhi.—The editor of a Delhi paper gives a description of some silks which are being cut for the Queen and Prince Albert, to be shown in 1851. Budr-oo-deen Ulee Khan, the well-known chief of seal-cutters at Delhi, who has supplied all the highest authorities for years, has exhausted his skill in producing these *chef d'œuvres*. The seal for Her Majesty is a cornelian, with the corners neatly cut off; the size about one inch square. On it is cut a native inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"First monarch of the world, as Solomon in magnificence, with a court like Saturn. Empress of the age. Sovereign of the seas. The source of beneficence. By the grace of God, Queen of England and Ireland. Ruler of the Kingdoms of Hindostan. Defender of the Faith of Christ. The great Queen Victoria."

Prince Albert's seal is of the same size, but cut on a blood-stone, and has the following (translation):—

"The distinguished by the aid of God. The noblest of the family of Brunswick. The honoured companion of the great Queen. Prince highest in rank, great in dignity, the chief in excellence of the English Court, Albert, &c."

He has prepared two beautiful emeralds for seal-rings, to be presented by himself as specimens of his art. One for the Queen, three-eighths of an inch in length by two-eighths in breadth, on which the following lines are beautifully cut:—

"Badshah Buhr-o-bur.
Adil, bu tuyeed-i-Khoda.
Hookm ran dur huft.
Kishwur, Mulkih Victoria."

Translation.—"Sovereign of the sea and land. The just, by the favour of God. Governor of the world (or the seven climates). Queen Victoria."

The one for Prince Albert is of the same size, but has simply the Christian names before enumerated.

President Filmore and the Exhibition.—It was expected that the President of the United States would be amongst the personages to reach London in 1851, but the following letter, addressed to Mr. Stell, of Manchester, dissipates the expectation of that pleasure:—"Washington City, D. C., United States, Dec. 1, 1850.—William S. Stell, Esq., Manchester.—My dear Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 8th ult., through Mr. Randall, expressing the hope that I may visit the World's Fair in London in May next, and assuring me that if I do so I shall receive a cordial welcome from my countrymen in England, and tendering me the hospitalities of your own house whilst I remained at Manchester. Previous to the death of my lamented predecessor, I had anticipated the pleasure of visiting London at the time of the Fair, but I deem it now impossible to leave my official duties here, and your kind letter causes a still deeper regret at my disap-

pointment. Were it possible for me to be absent for such a length of time, nothing could be more gratifying than to accept your proffered hospitalities. I well recollect meeting you and your lady in the fall of 1837, and should be extremely happy to renew the acquaintance. Independent of that, I have always felt a strong desire to visit Great Britain. Its soil is classic ground to me, and I should be most happy to be able to make a personal comparison between the leading men of that country and my own, and to see how far we have improved upon the political institutions of the mother country. But this must be deferred till a more convenient season.—Accept my thanks for your kindness, remember me most cordially to your lady, and believe me truly yours, MILLARD FILMORE."

FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION IN AMERICA.—A correspondent of the *Art Journal*, writing from Philadelphia, says: "Our American project has assumed an increased importance from the patronage of the American Government. It has appropriated Governor's Island, in the harbour of New York, for the purpose, with a Government guard. The island is within two minutes and a-half of the city by steam, has a fort upon it, and about thirty acres of level ground at our disposal. Every facility of making it a bonded warehouse has been granted, and the President wishes his name to go to the world at the head of a list of honorary patrons, in which the governors of our separate States unite. As I told you in London, it has been thought best to make a mercantile transaction, in the nature of a consignment, of it, in preference to placing it in the hands of an institute, so that the goods may be taken care of and sold to the best advantage. Mr. William B. Draper, of New York, will be the consignee, and as his references in London and on the Continent will be of the highest character, his next circular from London cannot fail to carry the conviction with it that the project will be carried out in integrity and the utmost good faith. My countrymen, of all political parties, view the plan with favour."

ARRIVAL OF CONTRIBUTIONS FROM CANADA.—The ship Pearl, which had arrived in the docks from Montreal and Quebec, has brought from the former place, as a portion of a large general cargo of Canadian productions, 107 packages of sundry goods, consigned to order, and officially declared to be intended for the Great Exhibition of Industry of all Nations in Hyde-park. The whole of these packages, being the first consignment of this nature from the British North American provinces, will, in pursuance of the approval regulations of the commissioners of customs, be placed in the bonded premises until the building in Hyde-park is ready for their reception at their intended destination.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

SCHEMER.—The railway arrangements requiring parties of as many as 250 persons to a special train, will probably render the general adoption of the plan you speak of impossible. Families, however, in many towns, are acting upon it, combining to take a house for the season, and arranging to divide its occupation among them, by separate sitting rooms, but a common table, and making use of it in a pre-arranged succession, determined by lot.

TEETOTALER.—An address of respectful remonstrance has been adopted by the National Temperance Society, for presentation to Prince Albert, with reference to the beer presented to the men on the occasion of his Royal Highness's visit to the Building. The following is one of the passages:—

"We have noticed, also, with great satisfaction, that in the regulations for the refreshment of the visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1851, a clause has been inserted, with the approbation of your Royal Highness, prohibiting the sale or supply of any intoxicating beverages, even in the smallest quantity, to any parties.

"While these circumstances have filled our hearts with joy, at the exercise of your great and powerful influence in favour of one of the most important movements of the present age—the promotion of temperate habits among all classes of our countrymen—we frankly acknowledge to your Royal Highness that we have felt a corresponding degree of sorrow at learning, from the public journals, that your first official visit to the Crystal Palace now erecting of the Exhibition was attended by the entry of a brewer's dray, with 250 gallons of beer to be drunk by the workmen employed on the edifice, and that their vociferous cheers were as much excited by the appearance of this miscalled 'boon,' as by your august presence at the same moment of time.

"We would fain hope that this incident was neither designed by, nor approved of, your Royal Highness; but, associated, as it has been and will continue to be, with your first Royal visit to this noble pile, it cannot fail to give the sanction of your high rank, superior intelligence, and known philanthropy, to this mode of exercising hospitality among the working classes."

EDWARD S. (Brentwood.)—Thank you; your suggestion shall be attended to.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective.

ABAN'DONMENT, *s.* the act of *forsaking.* A term used chiefly in marine insurance. Before the owner of an insured vessel can demand the stipulated compensation for the loss of his ship, he must *abandon* to the underwriters, or insurers, all interest in the property which may be saved from the wreck.

ABA'TEMENT, *s.* This word is derived from the French *abater*, which means to beat down, remove, or destroy. In *law* it is used in three senses—namely, that of abating, or removing, a nuisance; abating, or overthrowing, an action or indictment; abating, or illegally intruding upon, the rights of freehold property. In *commerce* it signifies an allowance made or required, so as to lower the price of goods.

ABATTOIR', *s.* the French name for a place where cattle are slaughtered.

ABDUC'TION, *s.* from the Latin word *abductio*, to lead off. It is the taking away, by force, fraud, or intimidation, any female from her parents or guardians. The crime is felony by the English law.

ABERRA'TION, *s.* the act of *deviating.* The "aberration of light" is a remarkable astronomical appearance, being a seeming alteration in the place of a star. This arises from the continued motion of the spectator, and of the light which brings the impression of the star to his eye.

ABEY'ANCE, *s.* a law term, derived from the French *bayer*, to expect. When property is not vested in any individual, but is ready to be vested in the first person who may legally claim it, the property is said to be in *abeyance.* The word is commonly used to signify anything that is *standing over*, or unsettled.

AB'LUENTS, *s.* medicines which dissolve and carry off impurities.

ABOR TION, *s.* a miscarriage, or untimely birth; any design or production that does not come to ripeness or perfection.

ABRA'SION, *s.* the act of rubbing off. In *mechanics* it signifies wearing away by friction, or the rubbing of one thing against another.

AB'SCESS, *s.* from a Latin word, *abscedo*, implying separation; but it is commonly used to describe an inflammatory swelling containing matter.

ABSOR PTION, *s.* from *absorbeo*, to suck up. In physiology it means the taking up by minute vessels, situated at every point of the body, certain substances or liquids, and distributing them for the nourishment of the body. Thus, the human hand is capable of imbibing, in a quarter of an hour, an ounce and a-half of warm water. Absorption explains many matters connected with health and disease, as, for instance, a few minutes' exposure to the impure atmosphere of a marsh, or swamp, may produce protracted ague, and sometimes instantaneous death.

ABUT'MENT, *s.* that which joins to, or borders upon, another object. The solid supports at the ends of a bridge, or arch, are called its abutments. In *engineering*, it is any part at which a moving power rises or stops. In an ordinary steam-engine each end of the cylinder acts as an abutment for the steam, which, being unable to expand itself in the direction of the fixed obstruction, spends its whole force against the piston which is moveable.

ACAD'EMY, *s.* from *Academia*, a garden in the suburbs of Athens, the favourite resort of Socrates and his disciples, but owing its celebrity as a seat of philosophy to Plato, who established his school there, and presided over it for nearly half a century. Hence the followers of Plato were called the Academics. It is now used as a general name for schools or learned societies.

ACCEL'ERATED MOTION, *s.* to accelerate means to increase the speed of any movement. In mechanics, when a body falls from any height, the motion increases as it approaches the ground; this is called *accelerated motion.*

ACCEPTANCE, *s.* the signing a bill of exchange, and thereby agreeing to pay it on a certain day; this is commonly called "a note of hand."

AC'CENT, *s.* Accent in *grammar* denotes certain marks placed over syllables to regulate their pronunciation; they are three—the acute (´), the grave (`), and the circumflex (^). In *mathematics* accents are used to avoid the confusion which would arise from the use of many letters in problems; thus, different magnitudes of the same kind are expressed by the same letter, but with an accent. Accent in *music* is the emphasis given to certain notes in a bar in common time, the bar of which is divided into four parts, the first and third are accented, the second and fourth are unaccented; in triple time the accent is on the first note, the second and third are unaccented, and so on with the rest.

ACCES'SARY, *s.* in law, one who is guilty

of a felonious offence, not as chief actor, but by command, advice, instigation, or concealment. An accessary *before the fact* is one who, being absent at the time of the crime committed, yet procures, counsels, or orders another to commit a crime. An accessary *after the fact* is one who, knowing that a man has committed a felony, receives, relieves, or assists him. The punishment of accessaries *before* the fact is the same as that which is by law inflicted on the principal; and accessaries *after* the fact are made punishable with imprisonment proportioned to the heinousness of the original crime.

Ac'cidence, *s.* a name given to a book teaching the first parts of the grammar of any language.

Accip'ient, *s.* a receiver.

Accom'paniment, *s.* something added to another, either for relief or embellishment. In *music* it is the subordinate part, or parts, accompanying a voice, or voices, or a principal instrument. Thus the pianoforte part of a song is an accompaniment, the air itself being the principal.

Accumula'tion, *s.* In political economy this is the act of adding one saving to another, for the purpose of forming *capital.*

Achromat'ic, *a.* an optical term, signifying "without colour." It is used in speaking of telescopes and other combinations of glass, to describe those which are so contrived that the image does not present those coloured fringes round its edge which are usual in common glasses.

A'cids, *s.* This is a name given to a numerous and important class of chemical bodies. Acids are usually sour, they are easily dissolved in water, they turn most blue colours red, they readily combine with alkalies and earths, and they act powerfully upon most metals. Acids are found in all the kingdoms of nature. The *phosphoric* acid existing in bone, is of animal origin; the *citric* and *oxalic* acids are products of vegetation; the *carbonic* and *sulphuric* acids are very common in mineral bodies; and the *chromic* and *arsenious* acids are found in mineral bodies only.

Acous'tics, *s.* the science which treats of the nature of *sound,* its effects on the human ear, and the theory of musical concord and harmony. The word also describes medicines used to assist the hearing.

Acros'tic, *s.* a short poem or verse, so contrived that the first letter of each line shall, when put together, form a word or name.

Ac'tuary, *s.* the registrar or clerk of a court, or one who manages the business of a commercial or insurance company.

Ac'tion, *s.* the state of motion. In *mechanics* it is the pressure or striking of one thing against another; in *painting* and *sculpture* it applies to the position of the figures introduced; in *morals* it is an act performed by an agent capable of distinguishing right from wrong; in *war* it is a struggle for victory between opposing parties; in *law* it is a suit or process.

Acupunctura'tion, *s.* a method of bleeding by making punctures in the muscles of the human body.

Addi'tion, *s.* the putting together two or more numbers. It is the first of the four fundamental rules of arithmetic.

Adhe'sion, *s.* the property by which two distinct substances adhere to each other.

Ad valor em, *a.* according to value. The term is used in reference to duties levied according to the value or worth of the goods as declared by the owner.

Ad'vocate, *s.* from the Latin *advocaro,* to call in aid. Among the Romans an advocate was a person skilled in the laws. In English courts advocates are usually termed *pleaders,* or *counsel.*

Advow'son, *s.* the right to present a clergyman to a vacant church or benefice.

Ae'rolite, *s.* a name given to meteoric stones, or bodies which have fallen on the earth from the atmosphere. Some of these have weighed only a few grains, others from fifty to a hundred pounds.

Aerol'ogy, or Aero-dynamics, *s.* the science which treats of the motion of the air, or of the mechanical effects of air put in motion.

Aerom'eter, *s.* a machine for weighing air.

Aer'onaut, *s.* one who sails through the air in a balloon, or otherwise.

Aeronau'tics, *s.* Aerostat'ics, *s.* the science of sustaining bodies suspended in the air, as in balloons.

Aesthe'tics, *s.* from a Greek word which signifies "I am sensible," or "I feel." The name given to a branch of learned inquiry, the object of which is a philosophical theory of the beautiful, whether in poetry or the fine arts.

Affida'vit, *s.* a deposition on oath.

Affin'ity, *s.* in *law* a relationship by marriage; in *chemistry* a tendency of bodies to combine, as in the case of acids and alkalies, which unite and form a neutral salt.

Affla'tus, *s.* a vapour, or breath. In *theology,* the communication of the power or spirit of prophecy.

Af'flux, Afflux'ion, *s.* the act of flowing.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 55.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.]

THE PAPER DUTY A BANE TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

We have so frequently referred to this subject, that we are afraid our friends will grow tired of it; but, somehow or other, John Bull will not easily be aroused. You must talk, and talk, and talk again, before he will stir a peg. "Line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept," seem to be as necessary now as in the days of Isaiah. Well, we do not complain of all this; for John, though rather dull and sceptical at first, is an honest old fellow, and can be influenced by reason and argument; and, when thus moved, all the world cannot stop him; nay, generally speaking, he will not halt until he has given his own motion to the whole world. What a deal of talking and writing was necessary before *Slavery* could be abolished! But, when once it was done in the British Empire, it may be confidently asserted that it was done for the whole world. The same may be said of the *Corn-laws*. What a vast amount of labour was bestowed on that point, which hardly required a word! Why, Cobden, Bright, and others—many glorious working men and working women among the rest—uttered speeches enough, if measured by the yard, to go several times round the earth, or perhaps to reach the planet Jupiter, before you could make the leading Bulls believe that it was not right, just, humane, benevolent, and eminently Christian, for the rich, who rolled in wealth, to tax the loaf of the starving poor! But, the bread-tax abolished, and free trade established in England, is virtually free trade established throughout the world. And now we must have a thorough good long talk about "Taxes on Knowledge," and, by-and-by, this vile impost of a dark and barbarous age will be swept away; and, swept away once, will be swept away for ever.

Some people imagine that this is a question that merely concerns the heads, or intellects, of the people; that it only makes *books* dear, and thus enables a government, more than ever zealous on the question of education, to take away the key of knowledge from the masses! What glorious educationists the Ministry are, seeing they give £100,000 a year to educate the people, and take £800,000 a year out of their pockets in the shape of a paper duty! We are afraid that this zeal about national education has more of the piety of *Mawworm* about it than fell to the lot of those blades of ancient days who created so much fun for Swift, "Hudibras," and the Cavaliers. My sanctimonious neighbour, *Solomon Sneak*, thinks I cannot afford to educate my children, and therefore he obtains a law to take out of my pocket £80, and kindly, liberally, and affectionately gives me back £10 to teach my offspring! And, what is worse than all, he contrives to get this money in such a way, that he does his utmost to prevent my youngsters from having books after they are taught to read. When will the masses learn that Government grants are, in nine cases out of ten, Government robberies, and that the people can make grants to themselves, out of their own purses, far easier, quicker, and cheaper than they can by putting their pence and their pounds into that vortex of extravagance, the national Exchequer, whose guardian, the Chancellor, seems to know so little of the real use of money, that he appropriates nearly FORTY MILLIONS a year—not to improve the intellects of the people, or to preserve their lives—but on an

apparatus by which thousands of lives are destroyed, and thousands more plunged into grief and misery!

But this is not all. Knowledge is not merely taxed, but the skill, the labour, the time, the talent—aye, the bread of the people, are worse than taxed by this impolitic duty. To raise the price of food is bad enough, but to injure trade and decrease labour is far more cruel, because in doing this you take away from the working classes the means of obtaining daily provision; and this is done by the *Paper Duty.* Just take an example:—In the year 1834 the duty on paper was reduced from 3d. per lb. to 1½d., and the consequence was that the manufacture was increased 80 per cent., or very nearly *doubled.* We now produce paper to the value of £4,000,000 annually, and therefore only think what a large proportion of this vast sum is paid into the hands of the working classes in the shape of wages; and, consequently, if you increase the trade, you will increase the employment, you will raise the wages, you will add to the comfort of the operatives of the empire.

For it should be observed that the paper manufacture can be carried on in any of our rural districts. It does not require a peculiar locality, and that we should have crowded factories and overgrown towns. Old rags can be collected anywhere. In the neighbourhood of the writer a great deal of paper is made out of straw. The chief thing wanted will be the means of transit, either by water or railway. Men, women, and children also can work at it. We trust that our friends the farmers, who are so loudly complaining of poor-rates—because free trade has made bread cheap!—will advocate the abolition of this iniquitous duty. Many of them may become manufacturers if they choose, and, by employing their poor neighbours, may relieve the parishes from the burden of supporting them. We believe that, were the duty to be abolished, and education to increase, within a few years the trade in this article alone would be doubled. The supply of books in the country at the present time is most pitiable. An increase of *ten pounds* weight of paper, on an average, in the shape of books, to each individual in the land, would contain but a very meagre amount of mental food; and yet this would more than double the demand for labour.

We have just put down the pen to weigh a few books in our library, and we find "Milton's Poetical Works," an 18mo copy, weighs ten ounces; two volumes of the "History of England," just published by John Cassell, eighteen ounces; a "German Dictionary," a pound and a-half; and a small "French Dictionary," three-quarters of a pound. We do not call ours a very large library, but the ceiling cracks under its weight. We have often had to pay carriage for luggage, because the books in the portmanteau weighed so heavy; and yet they were only a few—not a quarter of what we wanted for travelling companions. Now, we mention these facts to show our working friends what a trade there will be in "*the good time coming,*" when the Freehold Land Societies and other institutions shall give to our working friends the Suffrage, &c., and the light of the workshop shall banish the darkness of the Senate, and bestow on us a legislature free from the barbarism that would tax the knowledge of mankind. We have in our Houses of Parliament men whose souls seem to have been born in 1551, and are too obtuse to discover that 1851 is three hundred years a-head of them. An "*incumbent*" literally means "*a dead weight*;" and, alas! we have not only incumbents of parishes, but we have an incalculable dead weight of mental rubbish, which must be swept from the government of the world; and England, we are sorry to say, has too much of this lumber

of the dark ages. Therefore, every man, woman, and child must become an agitator for the repeal of a tax which is one of the foulest and most injurious imposts of our time.

We were struck just now, in weighing the books, with the fact that a large number of volumes are bound in *cloth*, *silk*, and *leather;* and hence, if you multiply libraries, you will greatly increase the cotton, the silk, and the leather trade. We shall want more skins from abroad, and there are thousands of foreigners who will gladly give us hides for our manufactures; and thus shipping, sailors, merchandise, &c., will be doubled and trebled. Then our silk-weavers and cotton-spinners may lift their heads for a benefit.

And what shall we say of the mills that will have to be built and kept in repair —the machinery that will be wanted for paper-manufacturing establishments? Here, independently of the making of the paper, will be thousands of hands kept in full work, and remunerated with good wages, and consequently able to procure all the comforts of life for their families. We have long felt convinced that England is not over-peopled as yet, and that there is no real need for emigration. Had we an enlightened government and equitable laws, there would be full employment for every operative in the land, and no one would be under the necessity of removing to Australia, Port Natal, New Zealand, or America, for the want of the necessaries of life.

Hence this Paper Duty business is not merely a hindrance to the spread of knowledge, but it is an affair of the stomach and of the body generally. It is equivalent to a bread-and-cheese tax, a clothes tax, a labour tax; or rather, we should say, a bread-and-cheese, a clothes, a furniture, and a labour *prohibition*, for it prevents hundreds from having any employment, and consequently robs them of the comforts and conveniences of life. It is a tax, or rather a prohibition, which affects our *outward* and our *inner* man; for both body and mind are injured by it. And it shows, further, what incompetent and unpatriotic governors we have. We fear that not a few of them are still aliens in our country, and retain their hereditary antipathies to the land which has nourished and enriched them, and to which they owe their revenues and their pensions. Many of them are not really naturalized yet. Providence has placed wealth, and comfort, and wisdom within our reach, but they refuse to let us enjoy these bounties. True patriots seek, by every means, to enrich their fellow-citizens and their country; but England, alas! has always been more or less burdened with a *junta* of senators who have prevented her sons and daughters from enjoying the blessings which have been placed within their power, if the laws and the taxes had not interfered; and these legislative nuisances will continue, until the people, with a peaceable, but at the same time with a firm voice, demand their removal.

We might have shown from other sources as well as from books, that a tax on paper is a real burden on the people. Almost everything is wrapped or packed in paper. It is one of the most convenient articles we have among us. There is hardly anything so much in use; so that, if not a necessary of life, it is a necessary for the comfort and convenience of life; and yet this is the production on which a duty of THREE HALFPENCE in the lb. is charged. A tradesman who has to pay £100 for paper, has to give £40 of that sum to the Government in the shape of a tax. Not only is the *tea* taxed, and the *sugar* taxed, but the State demands that the rag of *paper* in which they are carried shall be taxed also. Now, whatever a grocer,

or any one else, has to pay in taxes, he must obtain back again from his customers; and thus the people are taxed over, and over, and over again.

We shall probably turn again to this matter; but, in the meantime, we implore our working friends of both sexes to be on the alert, and put forth every power they can command *to abolish* the DUTY ON PAPER.

THE WORLD'S WORKMEN.

It has been long the custom with a certain class of speakers and writers, to use the term "working men" as applicable only to those whose livings are obtained by hard bodily *manual* labours. Never was there a greater mistake, as we shall humbly attempt to prove. It is true that, to a certain ascertainable extent, the phrase has been rightly employed; but to limit it to those only whose callings necessitate the exertion of the physical powers, is a grand error, since it has been proved that mental labour is of itself a greater tax upon the bodily health than any merely *hard* work in the ordinary sense of the term, and that the want of a sound body has been the frequent cause of failure in regard to the possession of a healthy mind. The ancients knew this well, and therefore has their recognition of the fact descended to us in the well-known form, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*,"—"A sound mind in a sound body."

Into the error, of thinking themselves *the only workers*, mechanics and labourers have too readily fallen, till at last it has come to be considered amongst them that mere *mental* labour is no labour at all, and that the followers of any pursuit which requires no exertion of muscles and extensors are not to be reckoned among the "working classes." Indeed we ourselves have unwittingly fostered the idea in addressing our FRIEND, more particularly to the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water:" in this we have probably erred a little; but as hitherto they have had no literary organ of their own, the error has been on the right side, and productive of a world of good.

The term "working men" has been occasionally used, too, as one of reproach; but in this respect we are gradually getting wiser, as we recognise the fact of the majority of people in the world being obliged to live by labour, and that labour itself is *honourable*. We were born to it, most of us, and that is a sorry time when we experience a failure in the resources whence it springs. The curse pronounced on Adam and his seed for ever—"In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread"—is turned into a blessing, for it is certain that without occupation of some sort man becomes a heavy, inane, inanimate being. We all recollect the nursery warning—

> "For Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do;"

and therefore we must work to keep ourselves in mental as well as physical health.

And that labour *is honourable* we have higher warrant than any merely social consideration. St. Paul exhorts us to be "not slothful in business," but "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and the wise Solomon, addressing those who would waste the precious gift of life in luxurious idleness, directs their consideration to the little insects of the field as a pattern of industry —"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." What a lesson of wise prudence have we here! Again: "The labour of the foolish wearieth," but "the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

A little anecdote will illustrate our meaning: we have it from the mouth of a friend. At a temperance meeting held in the days when the good of abstinence was less understood than at present, a labouring man, an engineer, we think, got up to speak, and after relating his experiences—"I am much obliged to you, gentlemen," says he, turning to the others on the platform, "for coming forward in our behalf, but this is entirely a working man's question, quite a working man's business, and with it only working men can prosper, or have to do;" and so on. When he sat down, our friend said to him, "Roberts, do you know what Solomen meant when he said, '*Much study is a weariness to the flesh?*'" "No," replied Roberts, "I did not know that Solomon had ever said so." "But he has," rejoined our friend, "and when next you tell an audience that your standing close to the furnace, and lifting weights, &c., weary your flesh, don't forget that we, who think, and study, and write, weary *our* flesh also, though we may sit still most of the day in a comfortable room." "Ah! well," said the other, "I dare say you are right; we are *all* working men."

Now, let us consider: there is a pale thin

man, in a fashionable suit of black, standing behind a counter, on which is displayed the choicest productions of the loom. On the other side two ladies, elegantly attired; they are about to make a purchase; but they are here to please, and roll after roll of silk, and piece after piece of rich velvet and poplin and tabinet are taken down from their shelves and thrown by the dexterous hands of the pale young man in various forms of beauty, till at last the whole counter, with a chair or two and a table in front, presents an appearance of rich confusion. But as the variety has become greater, the hesitation of the ladies has become more apparant, and, in the mass of splendid and varied materials of many hues and colours, they are puzzled which to choose. At last one, taking out her watch, discovers it is past nine at night; and with a fond lingering look at the piles of splendour lying before them, on which the light of many a shaded lamp is cast, they rise gracefully and inform the shopman they will call in the morning—they think they should prefer seeing the goods by daylight. The young man bows politely, and holds the door open that they may pass out into the street, and then turns wearily to the loaded counter. He has to roll up, pack up, remove, clear away, and put each separate article in its own particular place, before he goes to bed. It is three hours' work; he has been standing behind that counter ever since seven in the morning, with just an hour's intermission for meals; seventeen hours a day, and obliged to look polite and pleased, even though his head is aching and his limbs are weary Think you, he is not entitled to be called a working man? As much so as the weaver who sat before the loom at which the stuffs were made, or the dyer who dyes the colours, or the sailors who brought home the silk from over sea, or the carpenters who made the blocks they are rolled upon, or even the porters who packed and carried them from the mill to the railway, or from the railway to the shop?

"Ah!" says one, who looks over our shoulder as we write, "but we never said a draper's shopman, or any such like, could not be classed among *working* men; but how about *the rich?*"

Why, my friend, just come to this window with me for a minute. You see that *gentleman in his carriage;* he looks comfortable and sleek enough, you'll say. Well, that gentleman, sitting so cosily behind those two noble-looking brown horses, is a well-known physician, with a most extensive and lucrative practice. He has travelled some thirty miles to-day, and has visited some dozens of patients. He is well paid. I grant it; but look at the years of study and fatigue, by day and night—the best part of his life wasted—he must have endured before he arrived at his present position. And as to hard work, why that man rises every morning of his life at six o'clock, and gives advice gratis from eight till noon to scores of applicants, for every one of whom he has a pleasant smile and a consoling word. Hard work! why that sleek gentleman is called out of his bed at nights and never thinks of grumbling; and if, as you say, he gets his guinea for his trouble, why has he not earned it in toil of body, and wear and tear of mind, it may be in years of previous poverty and neglect?

Look at the *rich merchant* too: he toils and toils, and is ever in a fever of anxiety about ships at sea and the price of stocks at home. He employs some dozen "working men," in the shape of clerks and accountants, who work as hard with pen and pencil, ledger and invoice, bills of lading and clearance, as any of the porters on the wharf, and yet at any moment a continental war, a diplomatic quarrel, or a storm at sea, may make a beggar of him. It is said of Rothschild, the richest merchant of his day, that so great was his anxiety during the French revolution of 1830, that for five nights he never slept a wink, and that when his friends saw him afterwards they asked him if he had been down in a fever. The working man—using the term in its every-day acceptation—seldom experiences any greater anxiety than to provide himself with food and raiment. Yet who shall say that the merchant is not a working man?

The *lawyer*, the *statesman*, the *clergyman*, the *painter*, the *architect*, the *civil engineer*, the *surgeon*—do they not work as hard as any labourer at factory, or mill, or forge, or bench, or stool, or frame, or engine, or loom, or spade? Ay, that they do. And look at the years of study requisite to acquire their several professions. For the lawyer there are languages and jurisprudence, history and equity, precedents and cases without number, besides the faculty of ready apprehension, subtlety in argument, moderation in triumph, modesty in demeanour, and good temper in defeat; for the statesman there are a thorough knowledge of that inner history of the world and men and motives, called politics, a good and practicable acquaintance with history and the polite arts, languages and literature, morals and statistics, together with a memory stored with facts, and a ready utterance to give them currency; for the clergyman there are requisite, besides the merely theological requirements, a perfect acquaintance with Latin and Greek and Hebrew and *belles lettres*, with a gentlemanly demeanour, a moral

character unimpeachable, a charity extensive, an eloquent tongue, a powerful pen, and a good heart; for the painter there are genius and experience, and a knowledge of the world, besides tact, talent, patience, a steady love of his art, and a correct idea of distance, colour, form, feature, light, shade and perspective; for the architect there are mathematics, algebra, and figures innumerable, in which sciences the civil engineer must also be an adept, besides an acquaintance with drawing and general history, designing and the liberal arts; for the surgeon there are absolutely necessary, besides the languages, botany and chemistry, a sound and perfect knowledge of physiology, anatomy, surgery, midwifery, and the theory and practice of medicine, before he is allowed to open a shop or feel a pulse. Shall we say, then, that these are not *working men* in the very strictest sense of the term?

We have purposely omitted to say anything about *thinking* men, who are workers always. The poet at his midnight lamp, the author at his desk, the editor in his little room at night, and even the novelist, are all workmen of the highest class. Indeed the writers and speakers at public meetings —they, at least, who think and write and speak for the good of the millions—may be reckoned among the most useful of the world's workmen, as the world is beginning to discover and acknowledge. They are the true *vox populi*, the veritable exponents of a nation's will, the voice of God in the world.

But lest any should think we undervalue the men of thews and sinews, we append the names of a few among them who have raised themselves out of their original conditions by the force of mind and the perseverance inherent in the men of the people. Martin Luther, the great reformer, was the son of a miner; Edmund Kean, the tragedian, probably the greatest in the world, was the son of a carpenter; Thomas Talford, the architect, was a shepherd-boy; Hogarth, the celebrated painter of "The Rake's Progress" now in the National Gallery, was an engraver of pewter pots; Dr. Faraday, the greatest practical philosopher of the age, was a bookbinder; Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," was a common soldier; the celebrated Dr. Brown was a weaver's apprentice; Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer; Gay, the poet and collector of the "Fables" which bear his name, was a silk mercer; John Howard, the philanthropist, the first man who called public attention to prison discipline, was a grocer; Thomas Guy, the founder of the hospital, who died worth £250,000, was the son of a Thames lighterman; Priestley, the divine, was the son of a tailor and clothier; Wordsworth was a barber's boy; Virgil, the great Latin poet, author of the "Eclogues," was the son of a baker; Æsop, the Greek fabulist, was a slave; Robert Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," was a shoemaker in Little Bell-alley, Colman-street; Bramah, the celebrated engineer, was a carpenter; Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer was the son of a poor bookseller in Lichfield, and came to London with a guinea in his pocket; Caxton the first English printer, was apprenticed to a mercer; Inigo Jones, the architect of Whitehall, was a carpenter; Peter King, Lord Chancellor of England, was the son of a grocer; Taylor, the poet, was a waterman and lighterman on the Thames; Stowe, the historian, whose survey of London has a world-wide reputation, was the son of a tailor, and worked at the shop-board in his youth; Porson, the greatest Greek scholar of his time, was the son of a parish clerk; Northcote, President of the Royal Academy, was the son of a watchmaker; Sir Thomas Lawrence was a publican's son, and waited on his father's customers; Robert Dodsley, the poet, bookseller and publisher, was a menial servant; Daniel Defoe, the author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe," was apprenticed to a hosier; Homer was a beggar; Ben Jonson was a bricklayer; Rollin was a cutler; Captain Cook was a common sailor; Cobbett was a small farmer; John Bunyan was a travelling tinker; William Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," was a shoemaker; Dr. Franklin was a journeyman printer; and Joachim Murat, King of Naples, was the son of an innkeeper!

Thus we see, that they whom the world delights to honour were all working men; and so if we wish to rise in the estimation of ourselves and those about us, we have, in the well-known names adduced, no lack of examples. Let us put away, then, the old-world maxim, that only they are *workmen* who soil the whiteness of their hands: let us render honour to those who work for us with mind and pen, and be careful not to offend either.

"For labour is money, and labour is health,
And labour is duty on earth;
And never was honour, or wisdom, or wealth,
But LABOUR has been at its birth."

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF THE SCIENCE.

We have not been sent into the world to be the idle and the unconcerned spectators of the objects and the wonders which are everywhere around us. We have been endowed with powers and capacities which qualify us for the deeper study and the more perfect knowledge of all those great phenomena with which our earth abounds. We have been set down in the midst of a vast and splendid museum ,in which we find not only huge masses of unorganized and inert matter, but every form and vanity of organic and animal life, from the little modest flower up to man himself. All that is external to his own mind is designed for contemplation ; nor can the human mind be better or more profitably employed than inquiring into the great phenomena of nature, and into the laws by which these phenomena are governed. In proportion as the circle of his knowledge is widened, will the sum of his happiness be increased. Turning away from the grosser pursuits and pleasures of sense, his spirit will seek communion with life, and harmony, and goodness ; and the closer this communion, the purer the satisfaction of his inner man. Over this wide and instructive field we should like to travel in company with our readers. But we must confine ourselves to a narrower and more limited region, and yet within these limits we shall find enough to challenge our most diligent study and our most admiring wonder.

Physiology is a term derived from two Greek words—*physis*, nature, character, a constitution, and *logos*, a discourse or treatise ; and when applied to man includes those conditions, phenomena, and laws of life which are common to the human body in a state of health. In other words, it is the science of healthy function. While some of the phenomena of life are peculiar to the members of the animal kingdom, there are other phenomena which may be observed in various degrees of perfection, and wonderfully modified in both animals and vegetables. All bodies in which these phenomena can be discovered are said to be organized, or organic—that is, they are made up of parts, which, however diversified in themselves, are yet mutually adapted and mutually dependant. A vegetable is an organized body : it has its own distinct elements in composition, and in its structure, and these constitute its organization. This organic life touches very closely upon the animal life; while the animal life, taking up all the elements of the organic, goes beyond it in those processes of growth and evolution by which the several parts of the body take from the blood, in the course of its circulation, those materials which they can most easily assimilate, and by which they repair the waste and the loss to which they are ever subject in fulfilling their respective functions. This process of assimilation is inseparable from the principle of vital action. To the question, what is life ? we can give back no answer. If health admits of neither definition nor description, neither does life. If required to define disease, we must first have defined health, since the one is but the negation of the other, the same holds true of life and death. That there is such a thing as life or vital action, cannot be denied ; and the only thing we can say with certainty is, that life is that which admits of development. We take a pebble and a corn-seed, and commit them both to the soil, and subject them to the same influences and agencies. The seed will burst and germinate, and develop itself in flower and fruit ; while the pebble may lie there for ages unchanged. This mysterious principle pervades all organized matter, and is found in its highest and most perfect form in the animal economy ; and among animals, first and pre-eminent in man.

The structure which man possesses for the development of this life is made up of certain chemical compositions, and anatomical arrangements. Of the fifty-five elements of which all known matter is composed, nearly one-third exist in the human body ; and of which some are essential, while others are only incidental. We know of no organic substance in which oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are not essential to its very existence, while the addition of one or more of the other elements, in whatever proportion, will determine incidentally in what it differs from any other form of organic matter. It must, however, be kept in mind, that since

the elements which compose organic and inorganic matter are the same, we must look for the difference between these two classes of substances to the modes in which they are combined. The combination of oxygen and nitrogen, of which the atmosphere is formed—or of oxygen and hydrogen, as they enter into the composition of water, does not render either the atmosphere or the water an organic substance. But, if we take plants as indicative of the lowest or simplest form of organic being, we shall find that they include the three elements of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, while in the animal economy we shall find oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur are united.* It is with this animal economy that we have to do in our present inquiry; and therefore we must take up the structural formation of the human subject. The two parts of which the body is composed are the solids and the fluids. The solids, which are divided into the hard and the soft, include the bones, cartilage, muscles, viscera, and all portions of a similar texture; while the fluids take in the chyle, the blood, the lymph, the secretions, and the excretions. Some of these fluids are separated from the tissues and the blood through the operation of special organs; but the more important class of them includes all those which may be termed FORMATIVE, and from which are derived the materials for the formation of the solid tissues. But neither chemical composition nor anatomical or mechanical arrangement would account for those phenomena which are peculiar to organized substances, and therefore to both of them must be added the vital principle; and this principle, as we have before hinted, shows itself in the development, growth, and assimilation, or continued maintenance, of the organic being.

With these simple facts before us, we must confess that "the human body may be regarded as a machine, not less remarkable for the finished workmanship of its parts and the consummate skill with which they are put together, than for its complexity. In these respects it resembles, at the same time that it infinitely surpasses, the most perfect works of men's hands; but it stands alone in this, that it contains within itself the means of ministering to its own growth and preservation, and, within certain limits, of repairing the many injuries to which it is exposed. It draws its supply of materials from without, appropriates to its own use almost every form of organized matter, and converts it by a subtle chemistry into blood. This fluid is distributed through the entire frame, nourishing, vivifying, and stimulating every part,—the system of vessels by which it is encouraged, and the heart by which it is circulated, forming not the least remarkable portion of its mechanism. Blood once circulated through the frame becomes unfit for the nourishment of the body, or the support of its life, till it is restored to its state of purity by exposure to air in the lungs. But the change produced in the blood by the contact of the air, though it be the most striking, is by no means the only one which it undergoes in its circulation through the body. A variety of noxious ingredients derived from the food itself, or from the effete textures of the frame, are separated from the blood by appropriate organs, and expelled; at the same time that the functions of nutrition and secretion are going on in every—the most minute part of the frame. In the performance of these several functions the solid structures of the body are in incessant action, its fluids in perpetual motion, and both in constant change. The means by which all this is effected is more remarkable than the fact of its taking place. A power, of the nature of which we are profoundly ignorant, whose centre is the brain and the spinal cord, and whose instruments are the nerves, presides over all these motions, and changes, regulates, controls, and harmonizes them; and so adapts itself to the varying conditions of the frame as almost to seem endowed with discretion and volition, as well as power. Lastly, this wondrous fabric is the abode and material instrument of a mind, by which it is brought into connection with the external world, and exposed to all those varied influences

* The following elementary substances may be obtained; by chemical analysis, from the human body:—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, silicon, chlorine, fluorine, potassium, sodium, calcium magnesium, iron, and sometimes manganium, aluminium, and copper.

which make one race of men to differ from another, and each individual from his fellows. The intimate connection which exists between the several parts of the frame, and the close dependence of one function upon another, is even more remarkable than the multiplicity of parts of which it consists, and the variety of functions which it performs. If the heart cease to circulate blood, or the lungs to purify it, the nervous system would no longer send forth those influences for which the heart beats and the chest breathes. External influences also, on whatever part of the frame they act, affect not that part only, but, through it, other organs, and, through these, the entire body. Again, the mind affects the body, and the body re-acts upon the mind, and both together form a being so intricate in structure, and so complex in function, that the continuance of his life and the maintenance of his health appear a constant miracle. But the perfection of this machine is equal to its intricacy; and thus it happens, that while the one provides, under favourable circumstances, for the free play of all its parts, the other exposes it, under unfavourable ones, to serious derangements of functions and alterations of structure.

"Thus, then, the human body consists of a fluid, with appropriate organs for its elaboration and purification; a system of vessels for its distribution throughout the frame; solid structures to be formed, maintained, and renewed; a ruling power presiding over every action of the solids, and every motion and change in the composition of the fluids; and an organ of the mind, the instrument by which its mandates are conveyed to, and its workings take effect upon, the body."

To preserve the healthy functions of this never-to-be-equalled structure should be the care, as it is the duty, of every individual man. It is no common good to have a sound mind in a sound body; but if the play and the force of the intellect depend more or less on the sound and healthy condition of the body, then no means should be slighted by which the human frame may be more effectually kept from injury or disease. Nor let it be forgotten that disease is present when any structure of the body is changed, or when any function is either unnaturally active, or torpid, or altered in character. It is the integrity of every structure, and and the perfect and harmonious play of every function, to which we give the name of health; and health is very much in every man's own keeping. His every-day habits will determine the condition of his body; and the particular state or condition in which his body is at any time found, is that to which we give the name of health or disease. Every man, therefore, should make himself familiar with the science of physiology. He should study his own structure, and the laws by which that structure is governed, that he may know how to preserve the one and how to obey the other, so as to prolong life, and render happy that life while prolonged.

But while we let our thoughts go out and fix on every object without ourselves, how little accustomed are we to look within into that more limited but not less richly replenished world which we carry about with us, and whose wonders rise into the highest sublimity! How strange! KNOW THYSELF, is a sentiment so great as to have been deemed worthy of a divine origin and heavenly descent. It has been taken up and reiterated in every age, and by men of every creed; and yet how little does man study himself! Familiar with the world without, he is comparatively ignorant of the world within. While throwing back fold after fold of the veil from the face of external nature, and penetrating its most hidden recesses, he is forgetful that there is the temple of his own humanity still to enter, with its deeper veil to lift, and its more profound mysteries to explore. We stand rebuked by the voice of antiquity. With fewer facilities for enlarged and correct investigations, an inspired writer affirms:—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth:—thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." He believed this, not as a current and vulgar opinion, but as the result of study, knowledge, and conviction. He had applied himself to the subject. He came to the conclusion as the result of patient and careful research;

and gave it forth as the dictate of enlightened reason. Let us sit at the feet of this Great Master. Let us give ourselves up with at least equal interest and self-devotion to the mighty theme. Vast is the field which opens before us. Sublime are the discoveries which promise to reward our labours.

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

No. IV.—THE SACRIFICE.

Eustace Bailey was one of those gifted individuals whose rare mental endowments and attractive manners procured him general admiration and affection. From his boyhood upwards he had earnestly desired to become a minister of the Gospel in the Established Church, which he thought would afford scope to the development of his philanthropic plans, besides leaving him ample leisure for the prosecution of his still more ambitious schemes of authorship. The early death of both his parents made no difference in the fulfilment of his wishes, since his college education had been provided for, and his guardian, Sir James Swinburne, had long promised him a living worth £1,200 per annum upon his taking orders. At nineteen he went to Oxford, and two years passed rapidly away in the delightful acquisition of knowledge, while his vacations were cheered by endearing intercourse, at the house of his guardian, with a sweet-tempered, intelligent niece of the neighbouring rector's. Bertha deserved the devoted affection of the highly-endowed Eustace Bailey; and when he at length offered her his hand, no objection was made to the young couple's mutual engagement, since their friends considered that the promised living would amply supply them with all the comforts of refined life. So, happy in Bertha's love, and most fortunate in the career now opening to his view, the young clergyman attained his majority.

The time drew near for his being ordained, and, before taking this final step, he conscientiously examined into all the articles of religious faith, which he would then have to sign, in token of his full assent to their doctrines, and as those he would hereafter teach to others. But, to his surprise and grief, this examination filled him with the most painful doubts,—not, indeed, of the fundamental truths of Christianity, but concerning many of the dogmas which his profession required him to believe. He could "prove his own faith," but he could not assent to the Creeds as worded in the Common Prayer-book; and the longer he thought, and the more deeply he investigated these momentous subjects, the more clearly did he begin to perceive the necessity of giving up his long-cherished plans. This idea was so exquisitely painful, that he at first flung down his books, and resolved to sign the Articles, without caring what they signified, and as he knew so many others did. But even the thought that his marriage must be indefinitely delayed by abandoning the Church, was less painful than the idea of reading reproach in the eyes of his gentle but high-souled bride; and he knew her far too well to doubt what her decision would be. Again he nerved himself to the dreaded task, and consulted, as in duty bound, more than one clergyman respecting his perplexity. They endeavoured to explain away his difficulties, while hinting, not very clearly, but too significantly to be mistaken, that since Eustace still believed the more important points, such minor Articles of the Creed could be of no consequence. "But integrity is of vital importance," Bailey thought to himself, as he indignantly quitted the worldly-minded dignitaries of the church; "and what will it profit me to gain the whole world and lose my own soul?"

After these conversations with his brother clergymen, no doubt remained in his mind as to the course which it had become his duty to pursue; and no words can describe the anguish of the bitter conflict which he had then to pass through before he could resolve upon communicating his decision to his guardian and to his Bertha. Several hours were passed in alternate attempts to pray for strength, in paroxysms of despair, and in renewed determination not to sleep again until he had accomplished the task of writing to Sir James Swinburne. The heart only knoweth its own bitterness, and human skill may not raise the veil of secrecy so mercifully drawn over such mental struggles. Suffice it to say, that young Bailey passed through the fiery ordeal unhurt, and came forth strong in rectitude to fulfil the trying duties which he had imposed upon himself. The beginning of a new day had dawned as he sealed his letters to his guardian, to Bertha, and to the president, and then sank exhausted in mind and body

into that deep, peaceful slumber which sometimes follows a hard-won victory of right over might.

The conflict once over, he felt comparatively at ease, although he was well aware of the storm of indignation and regret which awaited him. Nor was he deceived in his expectations; and while grieved and wounded at the harshness of Sir James Swinburne's epistle, the displeasure of his tutor, and all his other friends, he silently blessed the consoling letter of his dear Bertha, who said she loved him all the more for his honourable conduct, and entreated him not to mind the world's contempt or his guardian's anger.

A fortnight after receiving this sweet missive Eustace Bailey had quitted Oxford for ever; and after a brief but delicious interview with his beloved, he started for a retired and humble college belonging to one of the orthodox Dissenting sects, and entered upon a new and arduous course of study. He still spent his vacations at Brockdown Castle, where his guardian always received him with courtesy, though he never resumed his former friendliness, and Bailey knew that he had nothing to look for at his hands after his education should be completed. Two years later he became a minister of the Gospel, and received a call from a country congregation, who offered him a salary of £80 a year. This he thankfully accepted, and as soon as he was installed into his new office he looked round for pupils, and commenced a boy's school. Now came the hardest part of the sacrifice he had made, and he endured it manfully, although the grey hairs, which began to show themselves, betrayed his internal sufferings. No agreeable or intellectual society was within his reach; his home was lonely in the extreme, and he could not afford the expense of a journey more than once in the year to see Bertha, whose pale cheeks showed how much she, too, endured in this prolonged separation. He had also little leisure to pursue his favourite studies, and no time in which to carry out the schemes of authorship, which he found himself far more fitted to execute than in his unripened youth. He disliked particularly the drudgery of teaching, and not for five years did the number of his pupils enable him to engage an assistant. Thus he had become a grey-haired man of thirty, when, after ten years' betrothment, he and Bertha were at length united. This event procured him the mental companionship he so much needed, and cheered his life inexpressibly. Nor did he, when blessed in the affection of so good a wife, engaged in a most honourable employment, and possessing a fair share of health, dare to call himself otherwise than one highly favoured. Yet his days, even to the end of a long life, were wholly occupied in school-keeping; and the consciousness of the genius which lay within him unused, and the brilliant preferment, which would have led the way to such a different and captivating career, which he had renounced by his own deed, rendered his existence a perpetual sacrifice to the mandates of conscience as long as he lived.

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

By John Barnes.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind!
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast on your way!

Although ye may not gain at once,
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work,
Plod on, and do not tire:
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array.
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done—
Then DROOP NOT on your way!

TRUTH.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be squandered. Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, and unblemished reputation, a good education, and inward abhorrence of vice in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE THUGS—THE NUBIANS—THE ASHANTEES.

A series of models can scarcely fail to catch the eye in the Ethnographical department, illustrative of the appearance and practices of the Thugs. The name Thug, derived from Hindoostanee, means a deceiver, and is the special appellation of secret murderers in India. Nothing can be said with any degree of certainty of the origin of this people. The Thugs themselves refer it to the remotest antiquity, and that they may be traced very far back is fully ascertained. Their gangs, consisting of from ten to three hundred men, of all races, castes, sects, and religions, yet all joining in the worship of the goddess Kali, have moved about all parts of India, sacrificing to her every victim they could seize, and sharing their plunder among themselves. Still they shed no blood, except impelled by circumstances; murder, strange to say, being their religion, the performance of its duties require secrecy, and the instrument of death is a rope or a handkerchief, which could excite no suspicion. They are, in fact, stranglers.

Every gang has its leader, the *Jemadar* or *Sirdar;* its teacher, the *Guru*, whose duty it was to initiate the novice into the science of using the handkerchief. Then came the *Bhuttotes*—that is, the stranglers; and the *Sothas*, or entrappers; and then the *Lughaees*, or grave-diggers. In a country like India, and among a people characterized by an almost incredible apathy, it was easy for the Thugs to commit the most atrocious murders without exciting the interest of the victim's relations. The immense jungles bordering the roads have afforded every facility for concealing the bodies, and the custom of travelling in parties has prevented the designs of the Sotha from being suspected, whenever he succeeded in offering the protection of his Jemadar to travellers whom their wealth induced his party to entrap.

The Thugs generally assume the appearance of merchants, which increases the confidence of those who afterwards become their victims. Their murderous practice may be thus described:—Whilst the Bhuttotes arrange themselves so as most readily to effect their purpose, the Lughaees dig a hole; and at a given signal a noose is thrown round the neck of the traveller, and being taken unawares, he is strangled without being able to offer any resistance. He is then thrown into the hole, large incisions are made in the abdomen to prevent the corpse from swelling, and the hole is covered over with a layer of dry sand, another of thorns and bushes, and over the whole is thrown the earth that had been dug out, which the Thugs smooth down so as not to attract the attention of travellers. After every murder they offer a sacrifice to Kali, which is thus performed:—A large sheet is spread over the cleanest spot they can select, and on this is cast a pile, consisting of a certain quantity of coarse sugar; near this they place a consecrated pick-axe, and a piece of silver as an offering. The leader then sits down on the sheet, and the best stranglers place themselves on each side of him, with their faces towards the west. They then distribute the sugar, and eat it in solemn silence. The Thugs were first discovered by the English Government in Mysore, soon after 1799; and a plan for their suppression was adopted in 1830 by that enlightened and benevolent Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck. Since then their numbers have rapidly diminished.

We turn from these degraded and wretched people to examine various articles from Nubia, Abyssinia, and Ashantee. Abyssinia has little intercourse with the civilized world, insulated as it is by rocks, deserts, and boundless plains. It has been described as entirely a country of mountains. All of them present forms peculiarly rugged and precipitous. In some of them the summit forms a plain of some extent, encircled by walls of rock, which, being accessible only by ladders and cordage, may be called a natural castle. But it is not less a country of rivers than of mountains. The Blue River is supposed to be the long-sought-for head and source of the Nile. The people are sunk in abject barbarism. One account of them excited great suspicion, but it has since been fully confirmed. The practice, most revolting as it is, is now beyond dispute. Slices of warm flesh, cut from the ox while it is standing at the door, are brought in with the blood stream-

ing and the fibres quivering, and are eagerly swallowed as the choicest delicacy. One traveller affirms that the animal is still alive, another that he has been that instant killed: it is probable that the practice varies. The mode of partaking of this so-deemed luxury is also exceedingly strange. The chief is seated between two females, who wrap up the morsels in cake, and thrust into his open mouth the utmost quantity he is able to receive, "just," as our old traveller observes, "as if they were stuffing a goose for a feast." The females are then allowed to satisfy their own appetite, after which the servants clear the table. This is called the *Erinde* feast, which always concludes the marriage ceremony. That much dissoluteness and profligacy prevail in such circumstances, may be easily conceived.

From the high chains of Abyssinia, and from the still loftier mountains of the Moon that traverse central Africa, there descend numerous and ample streams, which, long before entering Egypt, unite in forming the river Nile. A mighty expanse of desert sand, stretching for upwards of a thousand miles in each direction, constitute the whole north-eastern part of Africa. For many hundred miles in the upper part of its course, the Nile, confined between high and rocky banks, is merely bordered by a brilliant belt of fertility, the sandy waste stretching indefinitely on both sides: this is Nubia. The Nubians are in a very rude state, and are scarcely acquainted with any of the arts of civilized life. They are a strong and muscular race, and their countenances and manners are described by travellers as pleasing. The inhabitants of the small and secluded villages are employed in agriculture. Those who go to act as porters in the cities of Egypt are said to be remarkably honest. But in the large towns, chiefly inhabited by slave merchants, the greatest profligacy prevails. The Nubians have scarcely any manufacture that can be called national. The women make coarse woollen and cotton cloths, mats of date canes, and the needful implements for cooking.

The large and powerful empire of Ashantee lies to the south of the Great Kong mountains of Africa, and is one of the most populous kingdoms near the district Europeans have indiscriminately called Guinea, or the Gold Coast. In no portion of the tropics is the bounty of nature exhibited with greater luxuriance than on the soil of Ashantee. The eye dwells on immense forests, whose huge trees, undisturbed for centuries, are hung with gorgeous blossoms, while the light green or reddening hues of parasites are twined with their luxuriant foliage, and varied flowers wave around their vast stems and roots. There, too, are the cleared patches, where rice, cotton, indigo, or coffee, grow under the eye of the wealthy agriculturist, and are all but independent of his care. While the luscious pine springs up on almost every side, the cucumber, the melon, and the banana, appear in rich abundance, with all that can sustain life and gratify the taste. The air is laden with perfumes from fruits and flowers; and birds pour forth, with a gladness and fluency of throat, their notes of melody.

Nor is there merely a luxuriant surface to this part of Africa; for far beneath lurks the rock gold, and even the rivers and sands of the country teem with the glittering dust. The iron used for many useful purposes is also there; and certainly one of the most beautiful and abundant countries under heaven is Ashantee.

The people are still barbarous, but they are a spirited and energetic race. The British arms have had abundant evidence of their bravery. The resources of the kingdom are undoubtedly great, whether we consider the warriors sent from time to time into the field, or the splendours of the Sovereign's court. On a reception-day the scene literally shines with gold; ornaments of solid metal gleam among the costliest silks; and ivory and gold, in various forms, show that the artisans are intelligent and skilful.

The Monarch, despotic as he is in some respects, is not so absolutely. The officers and Caboceers that crowd around him on court days, have all a voice in the Legislature, and freely do they discuss alike peace and war in his presence.

Still universal slavery prevails in Ashantee,—a slavery not to be counted by units and tens, or even hundreds, but by thousands and tens of thousands.

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it."

And in this lovely land the people are such *weeds*. Not that a slave is invariably treated with rigour; on the contrary, he is often regarded almost in the light of a child, and can rise to power and wealth among his master's fellows. But he is a slave still, and his life is reckoned but at a slave's market price. And for one favoured being, we may reckon thousands doomed to toil and the chain.

Superstition, too, is rife among the people. If they have some vague and general ideas of one Almighty Ruler, these are obscured and deadened by the abominations of the priest. Fetish oracles are to be found on every hand, and endless tricks and impostures keep up their influence. The deluded Ashantee goes to present his offering with eyes fixed on the ground; it is taken from his hand by the fetish man, hidden among the branches of the consecrated banian, while the confederate who stands by declares that the offering has been received by the idol!

Not only is this public mummery practised, but before his own threshold, or by his own hearth, he has his peculiar fetish, to which his daily prayers and sacrifices are offered. The day commences with these benighted observances, and as it passes onwards, the remnants of food, or the drops of palm-wine, placed or poured on the floor of the house, are the tributes of its owner to his tutelary fetish.

Still darker shades must be added to the picture: the superstition of the people sanctions and encourages the grossest vice. But we draw a veil over the revolting scene. Let us be thankful that "the lines have fallen to *us* in pleasant places—that *we* have indeed a goodly heritage." And let us do all that in us lies for the relief of those who are "ready to perish."

LITERATURE AND LABOUR.

"ALL works of the mind have not an equal importance, doubtless; yet all, even the most frivolous in appearance, have a good or evil effect on society. It is not in the power of a man of letters merely to amuse the crowd; for to amuse men, he must touch the chords which vibrate either to their intellects or their hearts. Literature, then, whatever form it assumes, exerts an influence which it is of the highest importance to regulate, and render less dangerous to leave in the hands of men who employ it only for the sake of acquiring money. Rousseau copied music for a livelihood, and wrote books to instruct mankind. Such should be the life of every man of letters worthy of the name. If he be rich, let him give himself up entirely to the cultivation of thought, if it be possible. If poor, let him learn to combine with the labours of literature the exercise of a profession subservient to his wants.

"Amongst contemporary authors there is no one who, by dint of wearisome researches and vigils, has succeeded in renewing for the people the chain, broken in a thousand places, of tradition. No one, assuredly, ever worked at an historical work with more love—with more perseverance, than M. Monteil; nobody has devoted to the accomplishment of a literary design a greater portion of his life. What would become of him if, during the thirty or forty years he consecrated to his work, M. de Monteil had had to seek the means of existence in his writings? What would have become of him? But M. Monteil had a high and intrepid soul. To defend himself against extreme poverty he had recourse to an honourable trade. He has lived not beyond privation, but beyond the caprices of the public."—LOUIS BLANC.

Amongst ourselves, some of the most successful literary men are men of business—men who know how to economise time, and how to spend it, and who give us daily proof of both by coining it "into sterling thought, if not into sterling money," and circulating their wealth widely and liberally amongst their fellows. There is one thing, however, which all should remember who thus give to the world the hoarded store of their talents, and that is, that to ages yet unborn are they the almoners of good or evil. The words of their books are imperishable seeds, from which immeasurable and indefinite results will arise. They are bread cast upon the waters, which will be found after many days. It is an awful consideration, and should make them careful that they sow no tares with the wheat—mix no poison with the bread, lest the day should come when they would be called upon to give an account of souls, from the four corners of the earth, who had partaken of their food and perished.

THE CRIPPLED COBBLER—A PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE is often an indifference to those who occupy the humble walks of life, even when there is no disposition to regard them with either contempt or scorn. Though when a pebble was picked up on the sea-shore, it might be felt that within that rough exterior was a substance capable of receiving so high a polish that it might become a personal ornament, the fact of man's susceptibility of improvement, however lowly his rank, may be utterly overlooked. Nor may anything arise to disturb the unfounded assumption, that as poor, degraded humanity is, so it must still be; much less may the thought occur, that even in the lowest grade there may exist abundant evidence that improvement has been effected, by the agency of an active kindliness, to an extent which even the sanguine could not have anticipated.

There, for example, shut up in a room, measuring some six feet by eighteen, is a man, a cripple from his youth, now hammering his leather on a lapstone, now cutting it to the proper shape on his board, now piercing the shoe-heel, or, with waxen thread, fastening the new sole to the worn upper-leather, and repeating the same processes from from day to day, and from year to year, in order to provide the means of his subsistence. Assuredly, no ordinary passer-by would look for mental progress in such circumstances, much less for any feelings of which self was not the object.

And yet we are about to describe a totally different case. In Mary-street, Portsmouth, only a few years ago, lived JOHN POUNDS, whose condition in life has just been sketched. He was a native of that town, the son of a workman employed in the Royal Dockyards, and born in 1766. In his humble breast, however, benevolence became the master passion. He had learned, for he was able to teach; he felt compassion for the poor and the ragged, and what he knew he was desirous to impart.

Accordingly, seated on his stool, and pursuing his avocation, he might be seen from time to time instructing the needy but busy crowd that gathered around him. And be it said to his honour, he had passed far beyond the *scholar* drawn in Tickel's lines on "The Horn-book:"—

"The aged peasant on his latest bed,
Wished for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) the savoury lecture makes;
'Great A' he gravely reads: the important sound,
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound;
The expiring ancient reared his drooping head,
And thanked his stars that Hodge had learned to read!"

John Pounds knew full well, not merely that letters should be learned and joined in syllables, but that the mind should be roused from its stagnancy and taught to *think*, and he did what he could to make those around him *think aright*. Nothing that he knew, and was likely to be useful to his poor and ragged charge, did he withhold. Many communicate knowledge only as a sponge yields what it contains, on pressure, and perhaps, though its pressure is repeated again and again, the product is small: *his* instruction flowed like the water from the spring at which he filled his pitcher. Hence, his was an "industrial class;" and he taught those who clustered about him, not only to read and think, but to cook their victuals and to mend their shoes.

It was long since said by our Poet Bowles, that any one who saw a bird-cage in a humble dwelling, might infer from it the kindliness of its inmates. Long-continued observations will sustain the assertion. An eminent physician had proof of it. He had attended the sick daughter of a poor family till her entire recovery, and the only return they could make him was their great favourite, a magpie, which, though the sacrifice to them was large, they all agreed should be made, under the impulse of the warmest gratitude. The physician, who, of course, would rather be without the bird than have it, was concerned not to wound the feelings which he saw in full force on its being presented to him, and generously avoided all difficulty, by saying to the mother—"I am much obliged, my good woman, but as I have no place for the bird, I will allow you sixpence a week to take care of it for me!" Nor can we forget the words of Coleridge:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
All things, both great and small;
He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and bird and beast;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

To no man could these words be more applicable than to John Pounds. He was the friend of all kinds of birds and domestic animals; he amused himself by rearing singing-birds, jays, and parrots, and taught them to live in harmony with guinea-pigs and even cats. He is the first person of whom we have heard, who trained thus far very different creatures,—a large collection of which has since been styled "The Happy Family," and found several imitators. He might sometimes be seen seated in the midst of his cobbler's stall, which served also as a school, with a ca-

nary-bird perched on one shoulder, and a cat on the other.

If it was a sore trial to the family already mentioned to give up in prospect their magpie, what must it have been to John Pounds to forego the pleasure he derived from the various creatures gathered about him, from the glib-talking of his parrots and the sweet and varied songs of his canaries? And there were doubtless among them special favourites, only to be relinquished with a sigh, or with the pang only known to a heart where feeling is deeply seated. Yet, whatever it might be, John Pounds experienced it, and that again and again. And why? It was because his scholars increased in number, and he was too poor to help them and to keep his pets too; so these were foregone, that all he had, little as it was, beyond what a bare subsistence cost, might be expended on the destitute children around him!

The *benevolence of the poor* has never yet received the attention which it demands; and yet there are many displays of it every day in the year. Some facts which come to light are deeply affecting, but thousands more would prove equally so did they not remain in impenetrable darkness. A few years ago, for instance, great distress was endured in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, and the late Dr. W. Cooke Taylor proceeded thither on a mission of inspection and relief. "I went," he says, "into the house of a widow who had three children. She was one of the most intelligent, naturally polite persons I ever saw. She told me that the earnings of herself and two of her children amounted together to about eleven shillings per week, and that though they had once been better off, they felt themselves comparatively happy, when they contrasted their condition with that of their neighbours. I remained for some time, and on parting offered her a shilling for the trouble I had given. 'No, sir,' she said, 'I cannot take your money while there are many so much worse around me: allow me to send it to a family *suffering from sickness as well as want;* and forthwith she sent her daughter with the shilling to the house whose misery she had been describing."

What a noble instance is here of unobtrusive virtue! The pure benevolence of this poor widow is exceedingly touching. Rarely has the spirit that dwelt in her humble abode been seen in the lordly hall or the gilded palace. Well might their occupants blush over this example of the highest generosity. And yet, according to the same authority, this elevated charity was found in many of the poorest cottages of Lancashire.

"Throughout the entire district, I found," says Dr. Cooke Taylor, "the most distressed dwell invariably on the assistance which they received from their neighbours. 'We must have perished but for the charity of our neighbours' was a phrase which met me everywhere; and invariably I found, upon inquiry, that their neighbours were very little better off than themselves."

Among such persons John Pounds holds a distinguished place. The tale of his school is thus told:—In early life he adopted a young nephew; but as he thought that he could educate two better than one, the son of a poor woman was called in as a companion. Others, however, were equally needy, and so they were added by ones and twos, until there was a large school of boys and girls. During the latter years of his life he had no fewer than *forty* scholars. One peculiarity must not be overlooked, for it adds another ray of goodness to those derived from other circumstances. From his class of candidates, always numerous, he did not pick out those whose garments were in larger pieces, or whose countenances had a soothing or a winning expression. He received first, not only the poorest, but the *worst* of the tribe; his preference was given to those he called the "little blackguards." He even sought them out when they would not come to him; he would follow them to the quay, and bribe them, if they would only come to his school, with a *roasted potato!*

Nor was John Pounds without a recompense. Kind acts, like young birds, always come home to roost. There is a blessing waiting on benevolent effort, which, when refused by him who is the object of the kindliness, nestles in the bosom of the philanthropist. Great, in this way, must have been the enjoyment of John Pounds; but to this his experience was not restricted. The children loved him as their best friend—as a tender father. And when he died, at the venerable age of seventy-two, on the 1st of January, 1839, there was much grief—not that which is expended in "a flood of tears," but that heart-sorrow which is felt, though few or no tears may fall, when the spirit sinks beneath the overwhelming pressure of irreparable loss.

With impressive eloquence, says Mr. Guthrie, in his "Second Plea for Ragged Schools:" "Were we to make a pilgrimage anywhere, as soon as to the lowly heath where the martyr reposes, we would direct our pilgrim steps to the busy streets of Portsmouth, and turning aside from the proud array of England's floating bulwarks, we would seek out the humble shop where John Pounds achieved his works of mercy, and earned an imperishable fame. There is no poetry in his name, and none in his

profession; but there was more than poetry—the highest, noblest piety in his life. Every day within his shop he might be seen cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some score or two of ragged urchins, whom he was converting into useful members of the State. Honour to the memory of the patriot cobbler, beneath whose leathern apron there beat the kindest heart—there glowed a bosom fired with the noblest ambition; and who, without fee from scholar or reward from man, while he toiled for his hard-earned bread by the sweat of his brow, educated not less than five hundred outcasts before they laid him in the lowly grave! Honour, we say again, to the memory of this illustrious patriot! Nor is there in all the world any sight we would have travelled so far to see, as that selfsame man, when he followed some ragged boy along the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his kind keen eye upon him, and tempting the young savage to his school with the bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and peers, judges and divines might have stood uncovered in his presence; and even marble monuments might be removed from the venerable walls of Westminster—poets, warriors, and statesmen might give place—to make room for him."

Most heartily do we think so. Often have we read without emotion a long and fulsome eulogy carved on marble; but who, after this plain but true tale, could read the inscription, if there be such an one, *unmoved*—

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN POUNDS,
THE FOUNDER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS?

METAMORPHOSES OF WATER.

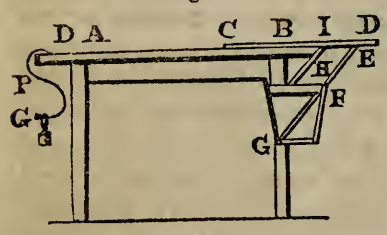
Absolutely pure water, fresh drawn from the chemist's still, or formed from its elements by burning a gallon of hydrogen gas in half a gallon of oxygen, seems as simple and inert a substance as one can well conceive,—devoid, as it is, of colour, taste, and smell. Yet, in the whole range of material substances, there is perhaps not one whose transformations are more surprisingly Protean, or whose relations are more extensive and intricate. A solid body, stone-hard, falls from the sky and breaks your window. You pick it up, and find it a dense angular crystal; which, while you examine it in the palm of your hand, changes to a transparent fluid; which again, dwindling gradually as you gaze at it, becomes invisible, and vanishes into thin air. If the weather be frosty, the vanished substance soon re-appears in dew-drops, softly deposited on the cold window—which just before its momentum had power to break; and these drops, while you watch them, suddenly shoot into delicate ramifications, and resume their previous crystalline solidity. Nor is the hailstone less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with thrice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts, instead of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass. Of a plaster-of-Paris statue weighing 5 lbs., more than 1 lb. is solidified water. Even the iridescent opal is but a mass of flint and water, combined in the proportion of nine grains of the earthly ingredient to one of the fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot deep, weighing about 1,200 tons, at least 400 tons are water; and, even of the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons are water solidified in earth. Water, indeed, exists around us to an extent and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyer buys of the drysalter 100 lbs. each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains in exchange for his money no less than 45 lbs. of water in the first lot, 64 lbs. in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to 73½ lbs., in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe contains in ordinary weather about 5 grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and this rarified water no more *wets* the air than the solidified water *wets* the lime or opal in which it is absorbed. * * * Of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, water is also a large constituent during life, and a powerful solvent after death. Potatoes, for example, contain 75 per cent. (by weight) and turnips no less than 90 per cent. of water;—which explains, by the way, the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink. A beef-steak strongly pressed between blotting-paper yields nearly four-fifths of its weight in water. Of the human frame (bones included) only about one-fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen); the rest is water. If a man weighing 10 stone were squeezed flat under an hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, and only 2½ stone of dry residue would remain. A man is therefore, chemically speaking, 45 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pailfuls of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that "the living organism

is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;" and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried in his own person, found, that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water. Thus amply does science confirm the popular saying, that water is the "first necessary of life." Not of life only. Of death, considered as the final predominance of chemical over vital forces, water is also the indispensable minister; taking, as it does, an active part in the processes of fermentation, putrefaction, and decay—through which organized bodies pass in their gradual relapse to the inorganic condition.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE MAGIC OF MECHANICS.

It would seem to many impossible to cause a pailful of water to be supported by a stick, one-half of which only, or even less, rests on the edge of a table. And yet the feat is easily practicable, as we shall proceed to show. In the diagram let A B be the top of the table, on which is placed the stick C D. Convey the handle of the pail over this stick in such a manner that it may rest upon it in an inclined position, and let the middle of the pail be within the edge of the table. That the whole apparatus may be fixed in this situation, place another stick, G F E, with one of its ends resting against the corner G of the pail, while the middle part rests against the edge F of the pail, and its other extremity against the first stick C D, in E, where there ought to be a notch to contain it. By these means the pail will remain fixed in that situation without being able to incline to either side; and if not already full of water, it may be filled with safety, for its centre of gravity being in the vertical line passing through the point H, which itself meets with the table, it is the same as if the pail were suspended from the point of the table where it is met by that vertical. It is also evident that the stick cannot slide along the table, nor move on its edge, without raising the centre of gravity of the pail and of the water it contains. The heavier, therefore, that it is, the greater the stability.

Fig. 1.



Still more curious would it be to many to affirm that a body having a tendency to fall by its own weight, may be prevented from falling by adding to it a weight on the same side on which it tends to fall; and yet this feat may *appear* to be accomplished.

For example: provide a bent hook D G F, as seen at the opposite end of the diagram, and insert the part F D in the pipe of a key at D, which must be placed on the edge of a table; from the lower part of the hook suspend a weight G, and dispose the whole in such a manner that the vertical line G D may be a little within the edge of the table. When this arrangement has been made the weight will not fall, and so it will be with the key, which, had it been placed alone in that situation, would perhaps have fallen.

The fact may be rendered still more clear by a toy which has been constructed on the same principle. If this horse, which is exhibited in the diagram, and is a solid figure, had its hinder legs placed on the edge of the table, it would fall to the ground directly the hand was withdrawn. But there is a bent piece of wire which is connected with the body of the horse, and by means of this the horse, though placed at the edge of the stand, does not fall, but moves about in perfect security. Here again the figure, which was unable to support itself, is actually prevented from falling by adding a weight to its unsupported end. In each case, however, the weight *appears* to be added on that side, but it is, in reality, on the one opposite.

Fig. 2.

Here we have a valuable illustration of a great natural principle. The centre of gravity is that point about which all the parts of the body exactly balance each

other; if, therefore, that point is supported, the body will not fall. In the instance just cited, the centre of gravity of the whole figure is thrown into the leaden weight: the hind legs of the horse thus become the point of suspension, on which the ball may be made to vibrate with perfect safety. In fact, instead of the weight supporting the horse, the horse supports the weight.

Sustain the centre of gravity, and the body maintains its erectness; but whenever the centre of gravity is unsupported, the body must fall. A laden cart or wagon will then be most firmly supported when the centre of gravity falls exactly between the wheels, and that is the case on a level road; but when the centre of gravity falls beyond them the vehicle is upset.

The centre of *magnitude* should be carefully distinguished from the centre of *gravity*. When a body is of uniform density, the centre of gravity is in the same point as the centre of magnitude. But when one part of the body is composed of heavier materials than another part, the centre of gravity, being the centre of the weight of the body, cannot accord with the centre of magnitude. The centre of gravity can, however, be easily determined. Suppose, for example, a slate to be suspended by a loop at one of its corners on a nail against a wall; then, as soon as it is at rest, we know that the centre of gravity is immediately below the point of suspension, and that a perpendicular line drawn from that point to the ground will pass through the centre of gravity. But to know in what part of the line the centre of gravity is situated, the slate must be hung up by some other part, and another perpendicular drawn from the new point of suspension to the ground. Just, therefore, where the two lines meet and cross each other must be the centre of gravity; and if a walking-stick were placed on this point, the slate would be balanced with great exactness. This test is perfectly satisfactory when bodies are of no considerable thickness; when it is otherwise, the centre of gravity must be determined by other means.

When we stand upright our centre of gravity is supported by the feet. If we lean on either side, we no longer stand firmly. When a person carries a single pail of water, as the centre of gravity is thrown on one side, the opposite arm is stretched out to endeavour to bring it to its original situation. But a pail of water carried in each hand involves no difficulty; for the pails balance each other, and the centre of gravity remains supported by the feet.

It is from often-tried experience, if not from a knowledge of this principle, that the dancer on a tight-rope performs his marvellous feats. He holds in his hands a heavy pole, the weight of which he throws towards the side that is deficient, and thus he dexterously maintains his equilibrium. Hence his eyes are steadily fixed on some object, which shows his slightest deviation from the centre of gravity, and he instantly on its discovery corrects the error. Artists have seen the necessity of constructing their works on a recognition of the same principle. In a celebrated equestrian statue of Peter at St. Petersburg the artist has introduced a serpent twining upwards to the horse's tail, to sustain the equilibrium of the mass. We have another exemplification nearer home. In the figure of Achilles in Hyde-park, erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington, there is an immense mass of matter at the base, in order to arrest the evils that would otherwise have arisen.

Another fact may also be added. North of the Adour, in the south-west of France, the country consists of wide plains, on which numerous sheep of a hardy breed find scanty pasturage. In some parts the soil, composed of an ash-coloured sand, is too unproductive even for sheep-walks. Forests of pine occupy a vast extent of country. The pine acquires in the sandy and otherwise unproductive wastes a height beyond that which it attains in other parts of France. The population of the wilds is scanty; the peasantry live in solitary cabins; the head of the family engages in the culture of the soil where its sterility is diminished by nature or counteracted by an abundance of manure. The younger branches go, perhaps, twenty miles from home to attend their flocks, or make charcoal in the forests. One peculiarity in their circumstances leads to a notice of them here. They traverse the deserts on long stilts, that they may pass dry-footed through the morasses, which from time to time intervene, and also see to a great distance. The

shepherds watch their flocks mounted on these stilts, and resting on their staves, the tops of which are broad and round to afford them a seat. Not only do they walk on these stilts, but they can run, stoop, jump, and even dance with perfect ease and security. Some of these people have occasionally appeared in London. And strange, indeed, does it seem to see them looking in at first-floor windows, or moving about on the pavement before the houses, and then walking and jumping about in the road, as calmly and with as much facility as we could do without any stilts. Their only difficulty is to stand still on their stilts; but this is obviated by a long staff which they carry in their hands, and which, when they wish to rest, forms a prop to give them steadiness. In either case, however, they are perfectly secure so long as they keep the centre of gravity within the base.

Feats of balancing are all dependent on the same principle. It is not easy to balance a short stick, but if two knives are stuck in it, so that one may incline to one side, and the other to the opposite, and then the extremity of the stick be placed on the tip of the forefinger, the stick will keep itself upright without falling, and even if it be made to incline, the stick will raise itself again, and recover its former position. In this instance the centre of gravity of the two knives and of the stick are below the point of suspension, or the extremity of the stick.

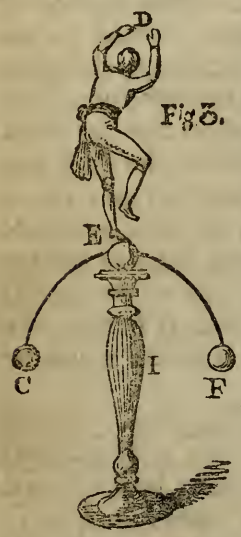


Fig. 3.

In the same way small figures, as D, with two weights, C F, to counterbalance them, are kept in an upright position, and are made to turn and balance while the point of the foot rests on a small ball E, loosely placed on a kind of stand, I. The centre of gravity of the whole, which is at a considerable distance below the point of support, maintains the figure upright, and makes it resume its perpendicular position after it has been inclined to either side; for this centre tends to place itself as low as possible, which it cannot do without making the figure stand upright.

MATTHEW MARVEL.

THE GREEN HOLLY.—I am very partial to the holly, the yew, and the ivy. They give both food and shelter to the birds; whilst the charming green foliage makes us almost forget that winter has set in. The holly claims my preference; for, in addition to food and shelter, it affords an impenetrable retreat to those birds which take up their quarters on its branches for the night. Our ancestors knew and felt the value of the holly hedge when the wintry blast whistled through the naked hawthorn. Hence they raised it as a barrier against the north; and, on the breaking of the clouds at noon, they would resort to the protection which it offered, and there enjoy the sun's delightful presence. But modern innovation, which, in nine times out of ten, does more harm than good, seems to have condemned the holly hedge as a stiff, unsightly form, and in its vacant place has introduced a scanty sprinkling of isolated plants. I own that I am for the warm arboreous plan of ancient days; and thus I never pass a garden, where yew and holly hedges grow, without stopping to admire them, and then I proceed onwards with favourable notions of the owner's taste. But, to the holly in particular. I am now so convinced of its utility, both to men and birds, that I have spared no pains in rearing it as a shelter from the cold, when Boreas, sure harbinger of storms, passes over the dreary waste. The deeper and richer the soil, so much the better for the holly. Still, this favourite plant of mine will thrive almost in any soil, and even amongst the clefts of rocks where there is scarcely any soil at all. Neither can any of the four rude winds of heaven affect the perpendicular growth of the holly tree, although they make an impression upon the sturdy oak itself. Thus, in this neighbourhood, whilst we see the elm and the beech leaning towards the east by the overbearing pressure of the western blast, we find that the holly has not yet given way to its impetuosity. Indeed, keep the roots of the holly clear of stagnant water, and you have little more to do, for it forms its own defence; and, moreover, it has one advantage over most other plants—namely, it can push its way successfully up amid surrounding shade and pressure. Its lateral branches, too, will take root so soon as they come in contact with the soft soil beneath them. If you place a young holly plant in a full-grown hawthorn hedge, it will vegetate in that incommodious site; and will manage, at last, to raise its head aloft and flourish clear of all opposition.—*Waterton's Essays.*

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We have urged upon the attention of her Majesty's Commissioners what appears to us the most efficient means of preparing for the accommodation of the working classes—we mean the collection of materials for a full and complete register of lodging-houses, by means of a systematic canvass, conducted by a staff of authorised inspectors, who might afterwards act as a central committee in London for the general superintendence of the arrangements and for correspondence with local committees. If these suggestions are not acted upon, we see no other course than for the artisans of London to take the matter into their own hands on behalf of their brethren in the country, and do what they can to prevent the inconvenience and imposition to which visitors will be exposed unless their plans be arranged, and the manner and mode of their reception fixed beforehand.

We fear that few of the working men of London are in circumstances to offer to their friends and fellow craftsmen the rites of hospitality. The dwellings, for the most part, occupied by the industrial classes are too crippled in their room and to inconvenient in their arrangements to render this possible, or, in a sanitary point of view, desirable. Amid the vast impetus to commerce resulting from the extension of the railway system, it has not yet borne some of the richest social fruits it has promised us. We may anticipate, as part of its future developments, assisted by other movements we need not now particularize, the multiplication of surburban villages for the accommodation of artisan families, where, in the neighbourhood of all large towns, but beyond their smoke and dirt, the men of toil shall be able to retire after the labours of the day are over, exchanging the gloomy garret, or the undrained unventilated court, for pleasant healthful cottage homes.

But we have to deal with the rude realities of London in this spring of 1851; and however open his heart may be, the working man cannot open his house to the stranger for bed and board. His visitors will have *to lodge out*. It may be, however, that if others of more influential station fail to take this matter properly up, he can do much in other ways than direct hospitality to promote the comfort of the thousands who will flock up to town. His contributions to the Exhibition and to the great brotherhood of labour may take this shape. And our readers who reside in London will forgive our reminding them that the advantage they possess in being on the spot will make them in some sort debtors to the stranger. *They* have no need of clubs to hoard up the hard savings of industry; they will have no travelling expenses to bear; they will not have to sustain the charges of extra lodgings; in short, the Exhibition will find *them at home*, and they will be able to see all its wonders and learn all its lessons without any tax upon their customary earnings. The London workman, by the mere accident of his scene of labour being laid in the neighbourhood of Hyde-park, will have an advantage of several pounds in mere outlay over his fellow-workmen at Manchester or Bristol; whilst, at the same time, he will avoid the discomfort of strange quarters, and separation from family associations. If he is a kind-hearted husband or father, he will have the additional pleasure of taking his wife and children to the great show, which the countryman cannot do without a serious multiplication of his expenses.

You Londoners, then, whose happy lot it is to dwell under the shadow of the Crystal Palace—for, light and airy as it is, we conclude it has that usual appendage of things material and mortal;—you, untaxed pleasure-takers, whose most costly fare will mayhap be a threepenny 'bus, and whose own stout legs may save even that: think what can you do to comfort and minister to these pilgrims from afar to the shrine of Industry, who have come over mountain and river—from the granite quarries of Scotland, and the looms of Manchester, and the mines of Cornwall, and the furnaces of Wales—to stand in the courts of that vast temple and pay their adoration to the Arts of Peace.

Let us offer then a few practical suggestions, that the working men of London may do what the Executive Committee, perhaps, are prevented by the multiplicity

of other engagements from effecting. They can form committees from their own ranks, canvass the various districts of London, compile a register of lodgings from the particulars elicited by their own inquiries, and sit as a body of reference with whom local authorities may correspond, and to whom arrangements for the reception of different parties from the country may be entrusted. It only needs that the initiative should be taken by a few men of enterprise and intelligence. Amongst the foremen and leading hands in the principal commercial and manufacturing establishments of the Metropolis there are hundreds such. Let some of them take it up and agitate the matter amongst their fellows. A little free counsel will soon enable them to decide upon the steps proper to be taken, and to manage for such a division of the labour as will make the pressure on each comparatively light. The plan we should recommend is, the appointment of a general central committee, which might nominate from amongst its own members, or otherwise, as it may be expedient, district committees to make domiciliary visits, and ascertain from such personal inquiries what accommodation various parties may have the power and willingness to afford. It would materially assist them in this task if they used printed forms something like that we suggested in No. 53. The blanks filled up in these would furnish the locality of the house, the number of beds available for lodgers, and how many of them were in separate rooms, &c., the particulars of charges for beds, bed and breakfast, and other matters which it might be useful to ascertain. With full information on all these points there would be comparatively little trouble involved in engaging beds for the different country clubs, and arranging the time at which each was to come up.

We content ourselves with throwing out the hint, and trust that it will be taken up and acted upon. Whatever little difficulties there might be in carrying it out, we are persuaded that they would soon be overcome. Mutual counsel and co-operation would suggest expedients, and point out a hundred ways in which the workmen of London may help the workmen of the country. Our own services as a medium of intercommunication are freely offered, and we hope shortly to have to report progress in this new movement.

A word more. What are our temperance friends about? They have in their existing organization ample opportunities of corresponding with friends in all parts of the kingdom. In many towns temperance clubs have been formed, and in many more the leading men who are moving in the promotion of visiting associations are men known as temperance leaders. Much might be effected by the metropolitan committees. Let them invite inquiries and references on all points connected with lodgings, and gather as much information as they can to enable themselves to answer them, and they may do efficient service.

London Places of Amusement.—We content ourselves this week with furnishing the following list in accordance with our promise. We shall soon have a word or two to say upon the relative merits of some of these exhibitors. It will be seen they are divisible into three classes. Free unconditionally—1. Greenwich Hospital, free on Monday and Friday; British Museum, Great Russell-street, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; East India Company's Museum, Saturday; Greesham Lectures, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; Hampton-court, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday; National Gallery, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday; Kew Gardens, daily; London Missionary Museum, Bloomfield-street, Finsbury; Pantheon, Oxford-street; St. Catherine's Docks, London Docks, West India Docks, and Custom House. 2. Gratuitous, by tickets, obtained from respectable stationers, or members of the several institutions—Antiquarian Museum, Guildhall, daily; Ashburton Collection, Piccadilly, daily; Asiatic Museum, New Burlington-street, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; Botanic Gardens, Chelsea, daily; College of Surgeons' Museum, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; Dulwich Gallery, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday; Entomological Museum, Bond-street, Tuesday; Grosvenor Gallery, Upper Grosvenor-street, daily; Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick, daily; Hunterian Museum, College of Surgeons, daily; Linnæan Collections, Soho-square, daily; Royal Institution Museum, Albermarle-street, daily; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard, daily; Sir John Soane's Museum, Tuesday and Friday. 3. Charge for admission—Botanical Gardens, Gravesend, daily; Chelsea Military Aca-

demy, Friday; British Institution, Pall Mall, daily; Chelsea Hospital, daily; Cosmorama, Colosseum, Diorama, and Society of Arts, Adelphi, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; Madame Tussaud and Sons, Baker-street; Burford's Panorama, Polytechnic Institution, Panorama of the Nile, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Thames Tunnel, Rotherhithe, daily; the Tower, daily; Westminster Abbey, daily; Woolwich Arsenal, daily; Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, daily; Surrey Zoological Gardens, daily.

Patent-law Reform.—The Committee of the Society of Arts for Legislative Recognition of the Rights of Inventors have prepared Resolutions to form the heads of a bill for that effect. They propose that everything in respect of which a patent may now be granted should be registered, and the protection should extend to the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands; the registration being considered merely as a record of claims, and not as any determination of rights between parties. An inventor may make disclaimers and rectify errors in specification at any period. Registration of inventions should be obtainable for a period of one year on payment of £5, and should be renewable for four periods of five years each, on payment of £10 at first renewal; of £20 at second renewal; of £50 at third renewal; and of £100 at fourth renewal. The principle of renewed payments is proposed as a means of testing whether an invention is in use, and of removing useless inventive rights that might otherwise be obstructive of improvements. Penalties for falsely using the title of "patent" or "registration" should be instituted, and actions for infringement of the rights of inventors should be brought in the County Courts. A fair trial should be given to the working of the proposed system of registration before any special tribunal to determine inventive rights is substituted for the existing ineffective tribunals. Any tribunal appealed to might refer any case for report and certificate to the registrar, assisted by competent and scientific persons. A registration adjudged to be illegal to be cancelled. That there should be only one office for the registration of inventions, &c., and the payment of fees. Every person desiring to register an invention should submit two copies of the specification of his claim, accompanied, where possible, by descriptive drawings. The mode and procedure of registration to be regulated by the Board of Trade. An annual report of all specifications registered, with proper indices and calendars, to be laid before Parliament. A collection of all the specifications should be made, calendared, and indexed, and deposited for public information in the British Museum, and such collection should be printed and published. The surplus profits, after paying office expenses and compensation, should be directly applied to some public purpose connected with invention; but not carried to the Consolidated Fund.

Curious Knitted Quilt.—Mrs. Phœbe Holloway, wife of Henry Holloway, house-painter, Dorchester, has, after the incessant application of many months, completed the knitting of a full-sized quilt. The middle is in a handsome lace-work pattern, set off at the corners with tulips; and sundry other various and original designs are most tastefully interwoven from this part to the bordering, the style of which much resembles that of the most approved and gorgeous lace-trimming. The quilt is lined with a very rich rose-coloured silk. The peculiar merit and ingenuity of this work will be understood and appreciated when we state that the whole of it has been knitted from one continuous unbroken thread, on pins by hand—not a single stitch having been sown throughout—and that the several elegant designs, which admirably blend one with the other, are not only the invention of Mrs. Phœbe Holloway, but are the spontaneous result of her reflections as she proceeded with her work—no preconceived and ready-adjusted pattern being placed before her eyes for imitation or assistance. And so perfectly is this a specimen of the production of natural genius, that, we believe, the most ordinary rules and terms, as laid down in books of instruction on the art of knitting, are absolutely unknown to this very skilful and highly praiseworthy young woman. It has only just been determined by the London Committee that the required space shall be allotted for the exhibition of this beautiful quilt, a result which will of itself stamp the character and merit of the article, since the demands upon the Royal Commissioners from all parts of the world for space have so far exceeded even the vastly unprecedented magnitude of the Crystal Palace, that the admissibility of each article had to be determined by competent judges, by reference to some remarkable feature of interest or excellence in the article offered for exhibition.

Extension of time to Exhibitors.—An important concession has been made by the Executive Committee in favour of the exhibitors of certain classes of goods likely to sustain injury from long exposure to light, moisture of the atmosphere, &c. They have issued the following announce-

ment of an extension of the time allowed for the deposit of such articles:—"Those exhibitors who shall have caused the space allotted to them in the building to be completely fitted up with the necessary shelves, cases, &c., before Thursday the 20th of February, so that nothing remains to be done but simply to bring in the goods and deposit them in their proper places and receptacles, will thereby acquire a title to have requests for extension of time examined. Exhibitors, who having obtained a certificate from an appointed officer that their spaces and stalls are quite completed by the 20th of February, will then be required to give some satisfactory guarantee to the Executive Committee that they are prepared to bring in their goods at the order of the Executive Committee, and such requests for extension of time will then be duly considered and dealt with on their merits."

Model of Shakspeare's House.—The poet of the universe will not be forgotten at the great competitive Exposition. He will, doubtless, be represented to us in Parian marble, ivory, plaster, china, and innumerable other materials in which the bust is portrayed; but the most interesting memorial of the Swan of Avon will be an accurate model of his birthplace, which is in course of construction by an artist of considerable talent in this description of work, Mr. John Powell of Trentham. The representation will not be confined to mere external developments, but the model is to be so contrived that a view may be had of the interior, showing the "birth-room" and its antiquated furniture.

Refreshments.—In consequence of misapprehensions which have arisen, and alterations which are required to be made in the areas for the sale of refreshments, the Executive Committee have called for fresh tenders; but the same conditions are again laid down with reference to the exclusion of intoxicating beverages, the gratuitous supply of filtered water, the cheap sale of simple refreshments, such as tea, coffee, &c.

Furs.—We understand that Mr. Nicholay, the furrier, has undertaken to prepare for the Exhibition of Industry a complete collection of the furs of America, and for this purpose the Hudson's Bay Company have placed their stock at his disposal. Mr. Nicholay is also anxious to make a complete collection of skins of animals of this country, and would therefore be obliged if gentlemen who may have it in their power would favour him with any very fine specimens of the skins of the deer, otter, seal, wild cat, marten, badger, and polecat, which skins Mr. Nicholay will be happy to have prepared at his own cost for the Exhibition.

Royal Irish Bazaar—In addition to the great exertion made by the manufacturers of Belfast to secure an adequate display of the productions of that neighbourhood in the Exhibition building, we learn that several of the leading linen and damask manufacturers of Ireland have determined upon fitting up, on a scale of unusual magnificence, a "Royal Irish Bazaar," in which will be exhibited the whole of the processes connected with the growth, preparation, and manufacture of Irish linens, &c. The walls of the building will be decorated with frescoes and paintings illustrative of some of the most beautiful Irish scenery, and it is also intended to transfer to the Bazaar, after the Great Exhibition is over, the collection of minerals and native produce sent from Belfast, in order to form the nucleus of an Irish Museum in London. One of the objects which the enterprising promoters of this national bazaar have in view is that of endeavouring to effect some beneficial change in the mode in which Irish fabrics at present find their way into the hands of consumers. With this view it is proposed to sell at the bazaar fabrics of a character similar to those displayed at the Great Exhibition, at fair and reasonable rates of profit, instead of the exorbitantly high prices at present chargedto the consumer. The following allotment for space had been made for Belfast district:—Floor and counter space—for raw materials, 686 superficial feet; for machinery, 1,200 feet; for manufactures, 2,100 feet; and for fine arts, 14 feet; wall space, for all the sections, 7,000 feet—total space, 11,000 superficial feet. This was 1,969 feet less floor and counter space, and 466 feet less wall space than was required by the exhibitors.

Stained Glass.—To quiet the fears of some professional exhibitors that the proper precautions would not be taken to secure the effectual lighting of specimens of painted glass, that their merits of design and colouring might be fairly shown, the Committee have announced that every care will be taken to exhibit stained glass in the most effective manner, and as far as possible in accordance with the wishes of the exhibitors.

M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, commissioner from the French Government, has arrived in England to superintend the arrangements for the exhibition of the articles of that country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

EDWARD.—As a matter of taste, we wholly dissent from you. The trees you speak of will be a great ornament to the building, fitted to set off its style as a conservatory. They will serve a more useful purpose, too, in affording an agreeable and refreshing shade.

E. HOXTEN.—The members of the Executive Committee have taken possession of the new offices in the building in Hyde-park, and therefore all communications must in future be addressed to them at the Exhibition Building in Hyde-park, instead of as formerly to No. 1, Old Palace-yard.

A. R. F.—It is not yet known whether any of the foreign sovereigns will pay us a visit. It was reported that the Emperor of Russia had taken the Star and Garter at Richmond, but this report has been contradicted in the papers by the proprietor of that establishment.

W. W.—Contemporaneous exhibitions of various kinds will, no doubt, be very numerous. We mentioned, some time back, that a Supplementary Exhibition was proposed, for the reception of the articles excluded from the Hyde-park building for want of space. We understand, too, that the committee of the Archæological Institute have determined to form an Exhibition of Ancient and Mediæval Art, which will resemble that which was so successful at the Society of Arts in the present year, but will be more fully developed, and more scientifically arranged. It is contemplated to include among its contents a series of early paintings, down to the time of Holbein; also a collection of ancient views of London, &c. &c. Some large mansion that may be vacant will probably be taken for this comprehensive scheme. A reference to another display, to be called the Royal Irish Bazaar, appears, too, in another column.

H. & J. S.—Rejected candidates for space have two opportunities of appeal against the primary decision of the committee of sections. Already many notices of appeal have been sent to the City of London committee. These appeals will be first referred to the council of chairmen, and if desired, afterwards, to the Executive Committee, for a final dictum.

CURIOUS.—The history of the small trees about which you inquire and complain, is as follows:—Last session, after Lord Brougham's philippics against closing "the lungs of London," came Colonel Sibthorp. Of a clump of ten small trees, which would have especially obstructed the south-west portion of the building, nine were quietly cut down and removed, without being missed by the most observant frequenters of the park; it was then that the gallant colonel stepped forth, and claimed immunity and a reprieve of the doom of the tenth. Lord Seymour, the Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, moved in Parliament by the protector of arborial privileges, accordingly suspended the sentence, and the spared elm has ever since been allowed to stand in the way of the completion of Crystal Palace itself. Its straggling boughs interrupt the flooring of the galleries.

U. L. T.—The designs originally sent in for the building amounted in all to 245, and amongst the competitors were twenty-seven Frenchmen, two Belgians, three Dutch, one Hanoverian, one Neapolitan, two Swiss, one Rhenish Prussian, and one from Hamburg.

FERRUM.—It is extraordinary, certainly, that, with the means and appliances which England has so readily at her command for the production of ornamental iron-work, she is still so far behind our continental neighbours both in the quantity and quality she puts forth. There is no doubt but that, were the demand for it greater, far more attention would be given to its manufacture; but the architects and builders of this country seem, from some cause or other, to be, as yet, opposed to its free introduction into our edifices. Perhaps the coming competition will give an impetus to this branch of trade.

COOK.—The refreshment tenders are again open for competition; the full particulars are obtainable from Mr. D. Wyatt, at the offices in Hyde-park.

E. JAYNE.—1. The particulars required about the Registration of Designs Act you will find in back numbers. 2. The fees are as follows:—For provisional registration: registering design, 10s.; certifying former registration (to proprietor of design), 5s.; registering and certifying transfer, 10s.; cancellation or substitution (according to decree, or order in Chancery), 5s. Those for complete registration are—

	Stamp.	Fee.	Total.
Registering design	£5	£5	£10
Certifying former registration (to proprietor of design)	5	1	6
Registering and certifying transfer	5	1	6
Cancellation or substitution (according to decree, or order in Chancery)	—	1	1

There are also small fees for inspections, &c., for provisional and complete registrations.

E. HARPER (Heavitree).—Blank forms for intending exhibitors to insert the character, &c., of their articles in the official catalogues have been issued, and are obtainable at the offices: they are printed in various sizes, and in four coloured inks: those for raw materials in black, machinery in blue, manufactures in red, and the fine arts in yellow. All the official regulations in anywise affecting contributors, are obtainable from the local committees, or from the offices at the Hyde-park building.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The following are the fees for admission to the various parts of St. Paul's Cathedral:—

	s.	d.
Body of the church	0	2
Whispering Gallery	0	6
The Ball	1	6
Library, &c. &c	1	0
Clock	0	2
Crypt	1	0
Total	4	4

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Before we begin to work this month, we would ask our friends a question or two. Have you taken advantage of the instructions which have been from week to week given you during the last few months? If you have, I will tell you what good things you are now in the enjoyment of; and if you have not these things, whose, let me ask, is the fault? First, you have plenty of cabbages and greens, parsnips, turnips, carrots, leeks and onions; you have as much sallad herbs as will afford you a nice dish, at least, every Sunday; you have dried and put by, in neat paper bags, thyme, marigolds, rosemary, sage, and marjoram, and in your store-room there are pears and apples, and a few pots of jam. Well, with all these things, you can go on comfortably through the winter, and, with little or no expense, can provide for your families nice, hot, nourishing dinners. If none of these good things are to be found in your gardens or your store-rooms, we are sorry for you, and earnestly ask of you to bestir yourself even now; accompany us to the garden, and willingly and heartily do the important work which belongs to this season.

FRUIT TREES.

We were last engaged at the vegetable beds, and now would attend to the fruit trees.

Let us at once prepare the borders in which we design to plant young currant, gooseberry, or other trees, by laying on them a good quantity of fresh earth, and then making them quite level, that they may be perfectly settled before the time of planting. Next, let us examine the soil in which the old fruit trees are growing, and wherever we find it cold and moist, lay on well-rotted manure and fresh earth; and where we know it to be of a warm nature, apply the sweepings from the cow-house, piggery, or rabits' hutch, *unmixed* with any straw-litter. Half-decomposed manure should never be spread over the roots of fruit trees; it requires to be thoroughly rotted, or it will do more injury than service. When the trees are very old, it should be laid on to the distance of from ten to twelve feet from the trunks, if the beds or borders will admit of it, as the roots by which the nourishment is supplied to them extend to that distance, and frequently to a much greater.

If the weather is moist, clear the trees from moss, but be careful not to injure the bark, and on no account cut or prune during this month, lest the frost should come before the wound is healed, and injure the tree.

Wherever you find a pole wanting to the espaliers, supply it, and where any poles or rails are loose, tie them up neatly, and then, with small osier twigs, or bass matting, which is better, fasten the fruit branches, observing to place them at regular distances, and to leave the binding so loose, that, when they grow large, they will receive no injury from it.

SNAILS AND OTHER VERMIN.

The very great injury done to our gardens by vermin makes us all anxious to get rid of them, and as this is the season when we may accomplish the task with least difficulty, the sooner we go about it the better.

For the destruction of slugs, snails, and other slimy-coated insects, Mr. William Abraham gives the following simple and effectual recipe:—

"Take some roach-lime and mix it with turf-mould taken from the yard or turf-house, and add a small quantity of coal-soot. Let this be done in the evening, and by the morning the damp mould will have slaked the lime. The mass will be found to be warm, and is to be strewed over the beds or wherever the above-named vermin are observed. The peach, or other wall-trees, are to be dusted with the same, care being taken that the soot be less in quantity than the lime." This remedy should be applied early in the morning.

Another and a still more simple and effectual method of removing them is by searching for them in their hiding-places during this and the next month. They will be found behind the trunks and large limbs of wall-trees, and in empty pots, and should be at once rooted out and destroyed, or the spring will soon awaken them to life and mischief.

Lucifer Matches.—According to Mr. Mayhew, in the *Morning Chronicle*, in one steam sawing mill visited by him, the average number of splints made for lucifer matches is 156,000 gross of boxes a year, each box containing 50 splints, altogether 1,123,200,000 of matches. For the manufacture of this quantity 400 cubic feet of timber are used in a week, averaging eight trees, or 400 large trees a year for lucifer matches only, in one mill. It is no longer a joke to say a man who deals in matches is a timber merchant.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective.

AGEN'DA, *s.* a memorandum, or order of proceeding.

AGRA'RIAN, *a.* relating to fields or grounds, or to the equal division of lands.

AG'RICULTURE, *s.* tillage, husbandry; the art of cultivating the earth so as to preserve and increase its fertility.

AL'CHEMY, *s.* a pretended art, which proposed to discover a liquid by the use of which human life might be perpetuated, and the baser metals changed into gold.

AL'COHOL, *s.* In *chemistry* this means a highly-rectified spirit, produced by vinous fermentation, and separated by distillation. It is a strong poison, a powerful antiseptic, or preventive of putrefaction, and it constitutes the intoxicating property in spirits, wine, beer, and other strong drinks.

ALCYON'IC, *a.* relating to submarine plants.

AL'GEBRA, *s.* the science of calculating by means of signs and letters instead of by figures.

ALTIME'TER, *s.* an instrument used for taking the height of places or objects geometrically.

AL'TITUDE, *s.* the height of a place; the elevation of a heavenly body above the horizon.

AL'TO, *a.* high; in *music*, the highest natural voice of an adult male.

AL'TO RELIE'VO, *s.* an Italian word, signifying, *high relief;* it describes that kind of sculpture which is executed on a flat surface, but which stands out considerably above that surface.

AMAL'GAM, *s.* a mixture of metals, one of which is always mercury. Silver is termed *native* amalgam, that being the only one furnished by nature.

AMANUEN'SIS, *s.* one who writes what another person dictates.

AMATEUR', *s.* a name given to a lover of the arts, or one skilled in curiosities.

AMAURO'SIS, *s.* a dimness of sight, causing an appearance of flies, or dust before the eyes.

AM'AZON, *s.* a warlike woman. The name, *Amazons*, was given to a fabulous race of women, said to be remarkable for their valour.

AMBASS'ADOR, *s.* a person sent as the representative of a nation on any public business to a foreign country.

AM'BER, *s.* a yellow, semi-transparent gum, which, when rubbed smartly, becomes electrical.

AM'BERGRIS, *s.* a solid, opaque, fatty substance, found on the sea-shore in warm climates. When heated, or rubbed, it sends out an agreeable odour.

AMBIDEX'TER, *s.* a person that can use both hands with equal ease. The term is used metaphorically, to describe a man who will take either side of the question, or a juror who will receive a bribe from both parties for his verdict.

AMBUSCA'DE, *s.* a private post occupied for the purpose of surprising an enemy.

AMER'CEMENT, *s.* a legal term to describe punishment by a pecuniary penalty.

AMEND'MENT, *s.* in law, this signifies the correction of mistakes in the written records of judicial proceedings.

AMER'ICANISM, *s.* an idiom, or mode of speech, peculiar to Americans.

AM'ETHYST, *s.* a precious stone; rock crystal of a purple colour. Many ancient vases and cups are composed of this mineral; and seals and brooches are cut from the smaller and more choice varieties.

AMMO'NIA, *s.* a volatile gas, caused by heat and moisture, acting on animal matter. Its smell is suffocating, and, when most concentrated, destroys life.

AMMUNI'TION, *s.* a general name given to military stores.

AM'NESTY, *s.* an act of general pardon.

AMOR'PHA, *s.* false or bastard indigo.

AMOR'TISEMENT, *s.* the right of transferring lands to mortmain; that is, of making them over to some community that is never to cease.

AMPHIB'IOUS, *a.* from a Greek word, which signifies *double life.* The term is commonly applied to those animals who are so formed as to live at pleasure either on land or in the water.

AMPHITHEA'TRE, *s.* a building in a circular or oval form for public amusements, with seats one above another, and an area in the centre.

AMPHO'RA, *s.* a term used in reference to Grecian and Roman antiquities, signifying a vessel pointed at the bottom, so that it could be stuck in the ground, with a handle on each side of the neck, which was long and narrow. They were used for various purposes.

AM'PLITUDE, *s.* extent; capacity; in *astronomy*, it means the angular distance of

a celestial body from the east point, when it rises, or from the west point, when it sets; in *engineering*, it means the range of a gun.

AMPUTA'TION, *s.* a cutting-off part of the body.

AM'ULET, *s.* any object worn suspended from the neck, or attached to any part of the body, supposed to have the effect of warding off disease and other evils, and of securing health and good fortune.

A'NA, *s.* a Latin termination of the neuter plural form. In modern times this termination has been used to denote collections, either of remarks made by celebrated individuals in conversation, or of extracts from their note-books, letters, or even published works, or, generally, of particulars respecting them. Thus, *Johnsoniana* would signify matters, or things of any sort, about, or pertaining to, Johnson.

ANACH'RONISM, *s.* an inversion of the order of time, by which events are represented, or objects introduced, which could not have happened or existed at the time stated—such as the introduction into a picture or drawing representing ancient events, of a style of building, or of furniture and costume, which did not prevail till centuries after.

ANACLAS'TIC, *a.* refracting; breaking or turning rays of light from a direct course.

ANACREON'TIC, *a.* relating to Anacreon the poet; *s.* a poem after the manner of Anacreon.

AN'AGLYPH, *s.* a sculptured ornament; a vessel of metal chased or embossed. The name is sometimes applied to cameos and sculptured gems; when the figure is indented, or sunk, it is called an *Intaglio*, or *Diaglyphic*.

ANAGLYP'TOGRAPHY, *s.* Anaglyptographic engraving is a process of machine-ruling on an etching ground, which gives to a subject the appearance of being raised from the surface of the paper, as if it were embossed. It is much employed in the representation of coins, medals, bas-reliefs, &c.

AN'AGRAM, *s.* a changing the place of the letters of one or more words, so as to form a new word—as *May dew*, *Medway*. Sometimes the letters of the words are so placed as to form a new word when read backwards—as *evil*, *live*.

AN'AGRAPH, *s.* a commentary; an inventory.

AN'ALECTS, *s.* fragments collected from various authors.

ANALEP'TICS, *s.* from a Greek word, which signifies *to restore;* medicines which serve to restore or repair the strength.

ANALO'GY, *s.* a certain resemblance or agreement between two or more things, which, in other respects, are entirely different. In the *fine arts* it means the unity and conformity of the representation.

ANAL'YSIS, *s.* the act of dividing a subject into its component parts. This is a contrary process to *Synthesis*, which consists in uniting the parts into a whole. *Chemical* analysis is the separation of compound bodies either into their simpler or their elementary constituents.

ANAMOR'PHOSIS, *s.* a perspective projection, causing an object to appear deformed in one point of view, and in another an exact representation.

AN'APEST, *s.* (in poetry) a foot consisting of three syllables, two short and one long.

ANAPHO'RA, *s.* a figure in rhetoric, when several clauses of a sentence are begun with the same word.

AN'ARCHY, *s.* disorder, confusion, tumult; the entire absence of political government; the condition of a society or collection of human beings inhabiting the same country, who are not subject to a common sovereign.

ANASTAT'IC, *s.* a word derived from the Greek, signifying *reviving*. This is a process, recently invented, by which any number of copies of a printed page of any woodcut or a line engraving can be obtained. The printed matter to be copied is first soaked in diluted nitric acid (aqua-fortis), and while retaining a portion of the moisture it is pressed upon a sheet of polished zinc, which is immediately wrought upon by the acid in every part except that covered by the printing ink, a thin film of which is left on the zinc; it is then washed with a weak solution of gum arabic. An inked roller is then passed over the plate, when the ink adheres only to that portion which was inked in the original. Impressions may then be taken from the zinc plate in the same manner as in lithographic printing.

ANATH'EMA, *s.* a curse pronounced by ecclesiastical authority.

ANATH'EMATA, *s.* (Greek) Donarii (Latin), the names given by the ancients to presents or offerings made to the gods. A similar name was given to tablets commemorating recovery from sickness; these were also called *votive offerings*.

ANAT'OMY, *s.* the science of the structure of living creatures; or the art of dissecting bodies for the purpose of examining their structure, and the nature, uses, and functions of the various parts.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 56.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1851.]

THE DUTY ON PAPER AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

The more we look at this tax, the more we are impressed with its gross injustice. It is computed that the annual value of paper sold in Great Britain is £4,000,000, and out of this sum the Government takes £800,000;—that is just ONE-FIFTH!!! We wish our working friends to reflect that *five eights* make *forty*, and, therefore, that *five* times eight hundred thousand make *four millions*. We repeat the thing over and over again, because we cannot help looking at the enormity, and we wish everyone else to look at it too. *One* penny out of every *five* pence! *one* shilling out of every *five!! two* shillings out of every *ten!! four* shillings out of every *pound!!* and *twenty pounds* out of every *hundred pound!!* is rather a bold stroke, and could only be done by a falsely-named representative Government. Common despots would not have the face to impose on one little article so heavy a burden. A philosophical writer, and one who has always used his tongue and pen for the masses, has justly observed, that our boasted representatives have taxed the English beyond any other nation under heaven. Tyrants have never dared to oppress their subjects with taxes to the extent that we have been taxed for the last fifty years. This is one of the greatest proofs we can have of the corrupt state of our present electoral system, and the ignorance and injustice that still influence so large a majority of our legislators. What an outcry there would be if Government proposed to lessen every shilling to the value of a *franc*, and every pound to sixteen shillings; and yet this is done in the paper business; and a trade worth FOUR MILLIONS a year is reduced to THREE MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS! because the Government must have £800,000 a year to spend most extravagantly on persons, placemen, sinecures, unnecessary wars, and a useless standing army. For we need not say that State expenditure is rarely managed with any economy except in the payment of the middle and the working classes.

It should be remembered that paper-making differs from almost every other branch of trade, for nearly the whole cost is laid out in *wages* and *duty*. Paper is made out of a worthless material, which, but for this manufacture, would be thrown away. It is a beautiful exemplification of the words—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Old rags are in themselves valueless, but the paper manufacturer sends out his emissaries to collect them; he then tears them to pieces, and so macerates and re-amalgamates them, that he produces all kinds of paper; so that the beautiful "cream-laid," &c. &c., which is now handled by the fair slender fingers of the most delicate lady in the land, or written upon with the silver or gold pen of the Queen, was the other day the mere refuse of the filthiest hovels and attics. Perhaps there is hardly another instance in the history of human ingenuity, in which a material so valueless is manufactured into an article so valuable. Here we have in reality the true philosopher's stone, transforming useless substances, which would be swept to the dunghill, into £4,000,000 worth of solid gold! or rather, we should have said, into £3,200,000; for, as we have said, the Government has the conscience to take away £800,000 of this hard-earned property!

But the value in *mere cash* is the smallest part of the benefit; the infinite advantages which mankind derive from paper will never be known in this world; the

blessings it will confer upon man will be a theme for eternity. You cannot imagine a substitute for it. What else so convenient for packing? Its strength in some forms, its lightness, durability, and elegance in others, render it one of the most serviceable commodities we have amongst us. Who has not been struck with the beautiful boxes and envelopes which literally adorn the articles concealed within; so that we have no doubt that many a purchaser is actually tempted to buy for the sake of the elegant paper casket which contains the jewel or the jujube. We might write a long article, or even a volume, on the advantages which merchandise in ten thousand ways derives from paper; so great, indeed, that were the manufacture given up, we should have an almost instant stagnation in trade; and thus not only the 160,000 persons employed in the production of paper would be thrown out of work, but some thousands engaged in other trades would instantly be deprived of the means of subsistence; and consequently every duty that touches and impedes this branch of our national industry must tend to paralyze every other, and inflict a severe injury on the wealth of the country, and especially upon our working men and working women. It has been fashionable at elections, for political knaves to get up a cry of "*No Popery!*" "*Church in Danger!*" "*No Poor-law!*" &c. &c.; but if the men behind the scenes, who for selfish motives have originated these watchwords, had been really concerned for the welfare of the country, their chief cry would have been, "*No Paper Duty!*" and, in abolishing this injustice, would have done one of the most effectual things for the extinction of heresy of every kind, for the establishment of the true church, and for the abolition of parochial Unions, by enabling the people to feed and house themselves from the fruits of their own industry.

We have said, you cannot find a substitute for paper, and we repeat the sentiment. What if we had now to write our letters and books on skins, on the bark of trees, or on the papyrus of Egypt! Only think what a costly, bulky thing a manuscript must be! and what tons of burden our mails would have every day to carry! What a host of animals must have been slain to supply the wants of *Walter Scott*, or other voluminous writers; and "the cattle upon a thousand hills" would yield but a poor supply for the cash, book, and newspaper demands of England alone! We may boldly affirm that the world could never attain the millennium without paper. If a common-sized Bible printed on paper weighs nearly two pounds, what would it weigh if written on skins? A well-furnished library is now a ponderous affair; but if hides were used, not only the weight on the floor but the dimensions of the room must be vastly increased, and the Crystal Palace of 1851 would perhaps be scarcely sufficient to contain the volumes, in the British Museum. John tells us that he supposes that the deeds of the Redeemer were so vast and so numerous, that if all were written the world would not contain the books. Some persons have charged his hypothesis with exaggeration; but if we remember that histories in those days were literally volumes or cumbersome rolls of skin—that the characters or letters were large, and the world of the apostle comparatively small—we perhaps shall hesitate before we charge his remarks with extravagance. It is certain that we could not enlighten and evangelize the people if we had to write on the materials which the ancients were doomed to use. In the monetary affairs of the olden time £100 was a hundred-weight; it was, therefore, no joke to have a pound in one's waistcoat pocket; and we do not wonder that purses in those days were sacks, and that persons who had much money required camels to carry

their wealth. What a change paper has brought over the world! A thousand or ten thousand pounds can now be transferred on a cheque which weighs only a small fraction of an ounce. And our intellectual treasure is even more reduced in bulk, for in these days we can condense into a few small thin volumes a mass of intelligence which, if written on skins, would load an elephant.

We have sometimes thought that paper is almost become a spiritual thing, for lovers can utter their sighs and send them round the world, engraved on a thin material so light that eight sheets of small quarto weigh less, ink and all, than half an ounce. Sixteen pages of love and courtship on so etherial a substance afford a remarkable example of light reading! And not only sentimental, but the gravest, the profoundest, and weightiest thoughts can be thus winged and sent abroad, as on the pinions of a seraph. The miracles performed by paper might afford matter for tales of truth far more interesting than any of the fictions of romance. Every morning what a host of minds converse together through the press, although their bodies are so far removed from each other! so that we may ask with astonishment, What have old rags done? or rather, What have they not done? But for these, in the new, pure, and regenerated form which the manufacturer gives them, we should hold but little intercourse with our absent friends, and affection would, in many instances, evaporate and die for want of a medium of communication. What a clumsy thing a parchment epistle would be! What large unsightly envelopes would be required, and how cumbrous and heavy the postman's bags! We never see the neat little letter, with its elegant folding and penny stamp, but we return thanks for paper. And the work of this marvellous material is hardly yet begun, although already the infant hero has done wonders. How many abuses it has corrected! how many reforms it has carried! how many hearts it has cheered! and how many souls it has saved! It has burst the fetters of the slave, thrown open China and India, emancipated the Catholics, and repealed the Corn-laws. It has multiplied periodicals and newspapers to an incalculable degree; has made thousands of Miltons out of one; and poets, philosophers, historians, and men of science become almost omnipresent, and stand ready to cheer and bless every man's hearth, whether he is rich or poor, a prince or a peasant. It has above all given the Bible to the nations, and, as it were, transubstantiated the Saviour, and rendered him the intimate friend and glorious example of myriads of the human family, and will eventually introduce him, not only to every altar, but to every fire-side. This, be it remembered, is done by paper, and yet this is the article on which the Government pounces, and from its produce takes away ONE-FIFTH of its value!

What an immense business the book trade has become. Here you have stationers with all their assistants, booksellers, publishers, printers, compositors, pressmen, press and machine makers, type-founders, ink manufacturers, bookbinders, tool-makers, leather merchants, goldbeaters, engravers, and artists, busily engaged; and these again give employment to multitudes who provide them with food, clothing, the necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of life: for if you throw any of these out of work, you injure all those who depend upon their custom.

But we have said enough to show that the paper business is of vast importance in commerce, and in still more so in the affairs of mind, morals, and religion; and therefore every patriot, every friend of man, and every Christian, ought to arise and demand the abolition of a tax which presses so heavily on the prosperity and progress of the nation.

Working Men and Working Women should reflect that this impious duty not only robs their minds of intellectual food, but their bodies of daily bread. Were taxes made direct, and this and other imposts removed, there would not be a single man or woman in the country out of work; and not only would labour increase, but wages would of necessity rise. It is a bitter reflection to the poor Englishman that he is starved by his representatives, and that the men who propose to bless him visit him with a curse; and this will be the case until the Government is reformed, and therefore all *peaceable*, *rational*, and *moral* means ought to be adopted to accomplish this object; but it should be remembered that nothing will be gained by violence. Physical power is impotence; moral power is omnipotent.

Members and Friends of Mechanics' Institutes should put their shoulder to this work. The Paper Duty is the sworn enemy of education and knowledge; and is in some respects a tyrannical substitute for the censorship and thraldom of the press. Mental bonds are better than chains of adamant. An ignorant people of necessity work in bondage. This is known by every government, and it has long since been found out that paper duties are preferable to fetters of iron. There is no doubt that the paper duty has broken up many a Mechanics' Institute, and given to the army many an ignorant clown, to the Union hundreds of paupers, and to the hulks some thousands of criminals.

Sunday-school Teachers and Members of Missionary and Bible Societies should also come forward and agitate and petition. Every penny paid in paper duty is a tax on education; is an iniquitous impost on the Bible; is an impediment to religion, and a robbery on the treasury of Christian philanthropy. Mahomet always taxed the men of the Book, and our Government follows the false prophet, and will continue this enormity until the country shall demand that paper and knowledge shall be duty-free; and in this work of reform Christian men and women should take the lead; for no one can refuse co-operation in such a movement against a soul-destroying tax, without impeaching his patriotism, his philanthropy, and his piety.

EXHIBITION TALES.

EDWARD MANLEY.

"Poor Harriet's gone at last. She has had a weary time of it. More than two years is it since she was first taken ill; and really she has borne her sickness with great patience. And then to see her love for her child. Doubtless in that affection she found comfort; but it was also her bitterest drop; the idea of parting with her 'sweet little Mary' was very distressing to her. Mary was her last thought. When her eyes finally closed, they were fixed on the spot where Mary was."

"And has not Ned behaved well?"

"Excellently!"

"Yes, he has a noble heart. To work by day and watch by night is a severe task."

"Nay, he has worked as well as watched by night. This discovery, of which he spoke the other day, occupies all his thoughts."

"It does not occupy his heart."

"No; his heart was his wife's, and now all of his heart will be his child's. People like Edward Manley feel and think at the same time. Nay, the exercise of their affections is as necessary for them as the exercise of their intellect. Perhaps the force and vigour of their head come from the strong and ceaseless impulses of their heart."

"Well, Harriet was a good servant, and I mean to attend the funeral. It's a small mark of respect toward one who really had succeeded in gaining my love. I am very sorry for Edward Manley. I had hoped the two would have lived many years together. They deserved to be happy—he for his manliness and industry, she for her sweet temper and good housewifery."

"God knows best; let us acquiesce. Ed-

ward has suffered a very great loss, but he will do well. He has a fortune in his ingenuity. Poor fellow! the expenses of this illness and funeral will sadly throw him back again. He told me, two months since, that he hoped to succeed, but he said the outlay was very great. Two years ago, when his wife had her first severe sickness, he was near the completion of his discovery. Then he was stopped by the expense he had to incur. I offered to lend him money, but he refused, declaring that on borrowed capital nothing ever came to good. Little can he have had to expend on his private labours since then, for he has been most liberal in his outlays for his wife."

"Very true: everything she could take she had, and much that she could not take —wine, grapes, fish, poultry. Oh, he is a fine young fellow! And then, every morning, when he came from the shop to breakfast, he brought Mary a posy, which, though small, always contained some choice flower or two. In spring mornings his posy was made of wild-flowers, which some way he found time to gather with his own fingers. Oh! it was very touching to see how Mary's face brightened, and looked love and thanks, when Edward last Friday entered her room at the usual time, bearing the usual nosegay."

"Can anything be done to aid Edward?"

"You know he won't take aid."

"Suppose we just put the matter so that he cannot help accepting some pecuniary assistance. Let me alone; I really wish to see him succeed; and if only he can perfect his discovery for this Great Exhibition, it will be a very great advantage to him, and I shall be truly rejoiced."

The speakers in the preceding dialogue were the Rev. Thomas England and his maiden sister, who kept his house. They lived near Huddersfield, in a country parish of which Mr. England was the rector. Pious and amiable in their private relations, they were very good to their neighbours. Most diligent was Mr. England in his pastoral duties. Every one of his parishioners he knew personally. With the families, and to a great extent the family circumstances, of most of them, he was intimately acquainted. In his labours of love he found a very efficient helper in his sister, who ministered specially to her own sex. In the discharge of this duty she had carefully and diligently waited on Harriet Manley in her protracted malady, and had the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with the numerous excellences of her husband. The district was mainly supported by manufactories. Edward Manley was a millwright. From boyhood he had been given to reading. Acquiring a little knowledge in the parish school, he employed all his leisure moments in improving his mind during the period of his apprenticeship. Among other good deeds, Mr. England had opened the vestry for evening classes, in which he taught the higher branches of arithmetic, geography, and history. This course of instruction Edward Manley went through with care and success. Becoming well versed in the subjects taught in them, he became an assistant to the worthy clergyman in teaching others, and so well pleased was Mr. England with his diligence, ability, and good manners, that he gave him half an hour twice a week after the usual business of the evening was done. With this aid, Manley had made himself familiar with algebra and geometry. He wished, however, to obtain some knowledge of the applied sciences. How was he to succeed? In Huddersfield was an excellent Mechanics' Institution; but Huddersfield was five miles from his home. He transferred his residence from one side of the village to the other, so as to fix himself midway between the town and his place of work. Having done so, he was within a brisk walk of the Institution. No sooner, then, had he finished his day's work, than (washing his hands and face in the shop, and taking a crust of bread and cheese in his hand) he every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, set off for Huddersfield, where he attended classes of instruction on chemistry, mechanics, and mechanical drawing. His spare time on the other evenings he employed in Mr. England's vestry.

By the time he had reached manhood, Edward possessed a sound acquaintance with most branches of science that bore on his trade. In his boyish days he had displayed some rude signs of constructive ingenuity, and when grown to man's estate his bed-room was full of proofs that his skill had been much improved. Especially remarkable were the drawings on the walls, which exhibited views and working plans of the steam-engine, from the earliest attempt to the latest and most complete model. Familiar with what had been accomplished, Manley knew what was still desirable. He saw how much the usefulness and efficiency of the steam-engine were diminished by the necessity of employing coke. A less cumbrous moving power was, he felt, the great desideratum. Applying all his energies to the subject, he succeeded, as he believed, in making a discovery which afforded the requisite impulse. But for its application considerable changes of structure were required in the engine itself. On the studies and the experiments requisite for effecting these changes he had for some years employed his mind, and expended all the re-

sources he could command. His diligence and ability received a new and powerful stimulus when his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with a genuine royalty of conception and aim, proposed that the capital of England should be the centre of an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. "Here then," thought Edward, "is a fine opportunity for me. For this Exhibition I must have my engine ready. The expense of taking out a patent, which has been the great black spot in the whole affair, will be lightened or removed by this; and then my discoveries and inventions will be carried over England—nay, over the world—by the newspapers and by the lips of visitors. I must be up and doing." And "up and doing" he was day after day, at three o'clock in the morning, though "up and doing" he oftened remained until twelve o'clock at night. While thus engaged, straining his powers apparantly to the utmost, his wife's disorder assumed a threatening aspect. By day he could not be with her, as he had then to labour for food, house-rent, and little luxuries for Harriet. Every other night, therefore, he resolved to pass at her bedside. And there, while attentive to all her wants, and listening to every breathing of his suffering partner, he carried on such lighter processes in his labours as could be performed in a sick room. Providence seemed to smile on these virtuous efforts, for every thing succeeded in an unusual manner. The sick chamber, however, grew darker. The lamp of hope burnt with an ever feebler flame. Harriet's sufferings became fearful. At last she died.

It was a heavy blow for Manley. It stupified him. He had anticipated a different result. His wife and himself had known each other from childhood. Through the favourable opinion formed of him by Mr. England, he was an occasional visitor at the rectory, and so was led to become intimate with Harriet, who was the only servant-maid in the family. Early in life did the two pledge their troth, one to the other, and never were two hearts more closely welded together. Yes; it was a terrible blow for Edward—this loss of his dearly-beloved Harriet, the mother of his "sweet little Mary." For several days after the interment, Manley remained in her chamber, dark as it was at the moment when the corpse was removed. He would see no one; he took food only once a day, and then nothing but a little bread and water; he made no inquiries respecting the world without; he never touched or even looked into any of the drawings or parts of his machine which lay on the table; he even refused admission to Mr. England. At length, at the end of a week, he consented to receive a letter which the postman brought. A letter was a rare thing in that humble dwelling, at which the postman had stopped but once since the marriage of its inmates. "Whence can a letter come," thought Manley. "Give it me." It ran as follows:—

"EDWARD MANLEY,—I have a strong opinion that your inventions will lead to something, and am very desirous of becoming a partner with you. Will you accept me? I have very little money at my command; but I shall be content with a small share of the profits, and so, if you are willing, am ready to embark with you the sum of £100, to be paid in two equal instalments: the first fifty is ready as soon as a deed can be drawn and signed.—Yours truly,

"THOMAS ENGLAND."

The moment he had read the letter, Manley opened the chamber door and went down stairs. Having shaved and washed himself, he was proceeding to leave the house when the door was roughly opened, and he was accosted by a man in ragged clothing and filthy appearance. "When," he rudely shouted; "when is this snivelling to end? A wife never died before, I suppose. Oh yes! you are dainty people in this house; too genteel for your trade, and too wise for your companions. But come, we'll forgive you all, if you'll club down for the supper to-night."

"Jenkins," calmly replied Manley, "leave the house. I shall be at my work tomorrow; but with your eating and drinking I will have nothing to do. Here, I don't mind giving you half-a-crown; but I wish you would bestow it on any other tradesman than the publican."

"Why," rejoined Jenkins, "we must have a spree now and then."

"Yes; and bring your family to the union."

"Is that any business of yours? However, gentlemen ought to contribute to the poor man's feast, and so I'll take your money; but, with your leave, I'll leave your advice behind. Much good may your new steam-engine do you! Ah! ah! ah! Ned Manley have a machine in the Exhibition! Yes, and Queen Victoria, with her brood, will look at it and ask—'Whose is this?' But, Ned, it is not there yet."

Edward Manley, as soon as the tipsy man was gone, proceeded to the rectory and ratified the proposed partnership. Assured now of succeeding in his object, he turned his attention to what he considered his chief remaining difficulty. How was he to procure admission for his machine? This was a matter in which a clergyman

was little likely to give him effectual help. For himself he knew not how to set the first step in the matter, for his wife's sickness and his own secluded habits had left him ignorant of what was going on in the world. He had indeed—who has not?—heard of the Crystal Palace, and he had heard that some notice must be given as to want of room. What could he do? Would it be enough to take his machine to London? But where and how was he to show it, and explain its purpose and workings? These thoughts, which had long been in his mind, now came forth in bold relief and great vividness when at length he seemed near the realization of his long and fondly-cherished schemes. Revolving the matter in his mind as he walked from the rectory towards his cottage, he bethought him of one in Huddersfield who had taken an interest in him while attending at the Mechanics' Institution. "Yes," said he to himself, "Mr. Schwann can and will do it for me. I think he'll remember my face, and I'll go to him this instant." "No sooner said than done" was Manley's practical motto. Within an hour he had left Mr. Schwann's counting-house, with a countenance of placid satisfaction.

"And now," thought he, as he returned rather late in the evening, "I will apply to this job with all my energy. True, one-half of the pleasure is gone, for Harriet will not share in my success; but her loss makes close work the more necessary, else——" He suddenly stopped short, and struggled with himself to suppress emotions that were on the point of getting the mastery, and which might have brought a return of his gloomy and overpowering torpor. After a long interval, rousing himself by a great effort—"Well," said he, "in Mary I have something to live for; and for Harriet's child I will finish this machine: it's like doing it for the mother. Yes, Harriet, I always told you I should pull through."

Wearied, in his debilitated state of health, with the varied excitements of the day, Edward Manley went to bed immediately on his return home, resolving to resume his labours early the next morning. Not till the hour of four did he awake. Immediately he kindled a lamp, and was about to apply himself to his labour, when he saw fragments of iron all over the floor. The painful reality darted on his mind. He gathered up the broken pieces. Yes, some one had smashed the most delicate and the most difficult piece in the whole machine—the very essence of his invention—the sole part that was strictly original. Who was the fiend? He walked up and down the room with bent head and folded arms, deep in thought and most gloomy in feeling. He had so walked for more than half an hour, when, roused by the striking of the clock, his eye fell on some words chalked over the mantel-piece. They were these: "A supper for a gentleman." Manley at once saw that Jenkins had been at work in the room. He knew that Jenkins and a few others of his fellow-workmen of similar habits and condition had long looked on his private labours with envy; he knew that they bore him ill-will, because he would not join in their debasing revelries. But he was not prepared for such a display of their jealousy and spite. The truth was, that his refusal to make one at their supper the night before had put the finishing stroke to his unpopularity. Jenkins especially owed him an old and a bitter grudge, for words reproving his intemperance; and, having observed Manley walking out of the village as if going to Huddersfield, he had stolen into his chamber, and, with knowledge which none but an artisan could have possessed, had dashed to pieces the most precious portion of the machine.

When, at the usual hour, Manley entered the workshop, he was kindly received by the greater and better portion of his fellow-workmen, while, at the same time, evil eyes were, he was conscious, watching him from different sides of the large room. He returned the greetings in a cordial manner, and took no notice whatever of his enemies. Indeed, deep as was his disappointment, he harboured no revenge. Foolish he knew it would be to waste his energies in crimination. His only course, he saw, was to resume his task with, if possible, augmented application. Having accordingly stepped to the rectory after his day's work was done, to inform Mr. England of his misfortune and release him from his promise, he went directly home, took some refreshment, and began to repair the mischief. "At any rate," said he, "I shall not now have to watch poor Harriet, and I can work as late and rise as soon as I please. Only I will have little Mary sleep in my chamber. Her sweet face and soft breathing will keep me awake and make my labour pleasant."

The work was resumed, but some way it made but little progress. His eyes were heavy, his mind wandered, even his hands seemed to have lost part of their skill. Firm, however, was his determination. Never till the appointed time did he take to his couch. Always did he rise when the alarm-clock struck. The struggle went on for twelve days. At the end of that time Edward Manley yielded to a necessity too strong for him. He fell ill of a fever. The medical man declared that the malady arose from an undue and exhausting tension of

all the powers, both bodily and mental. Mary was removed to the rectory. Miss England superintended the nursing. For several days, when the fever was at its height, Manley's life was in peril. At last came a favourable turn. At the end of six weeks the sick man was able to walk abroad with the aid of a stick. But return to his ordinary pursuits was strictly forbidden. Sea air was recommended; but whence were the means to come? Besides, November was a bad time for travelling. Towards the end of that month, however, Mr. Manley felt himself able to discharge his ordinary duties.

It was Sunday evening. He had attended divine service that day, and acknowledged publicly the goodness of Almighty God, the Saviour of men. Towards dusk he went to the rectory to thank Mr. England and his sister for their great kindness, and to conduct his child back to his own home.

"I fear," said Mr. England to him as he went down the lobby towards the door, with Mary in his hand; "I fear, Edward, that it is now too late. We must give up the machine."

"No!" he replied in a deep, firm tone, which half startled Mr. England, and betokened a strength of character and fixedness of purpose that could not be overcome. "No, sir, I will never abandon the plan while I live. I know it can be fully accomplished. I do not even despair of having all ready by the Exhibition. Only in one thing is there any change. That change is in myself. You have more than once tendered me money. The partnership was, I knew, only a kind way of offering me what you knew I wanted. Till lately I was averse to taking any money from you, because I was less confident of success. But now my scruples are gone. As I lay there on that sick couch, when the fever had scarcely begun to abate, I went over the invention, bit by bit, and the whole as completed. Then did there come into my head a contrivance for a want which I could never properly supply before. Everything went on well, dear sir, but that. There I always came to a stand. That difficulty was, I believe, the cause of my illness. Night and day I was haunted by that difficulty; but, some way, I found the solution, when my mind beginning to recover, was in a sort of half sense, half frenzy. That solution I have since worked out in thought and on paper. I have with my mind's eye seen the whole machine working beautifully. It is done, sir—it is done. There is need only of a little money and some labour. If all goes well, and God wills it, I shall have the machine complete by the end of April. Only, dear sir, I must be bold enough to ask of you the loan of ten pounds. When the engine is complete, probably I may need ten pounds more; but I hope not; for, though I have run behind during this sickness, I can live on little, and my wages are good. A journey to London, however, is expensive, and for packing, carriage, clothes, and one thing and another, I may want a second loan."

"You shall have it, my friend, with all my heart. I am glad you have asked me. It shows a right confidence in me on your part. I was just going to make you an offer, but hesitated from fear of giving you pain. To-morrow I will bring you the first loan. The second you may have whenever you like."

"Thank you, sir; I knew you would oblige me. My dear Mr. England, I have often left your door before: sometimes in a very joyous mood, never till now sad. But I cannot forget *her;* I cannot forget her who to me was the charm first of this house and then of my own cottage. Yet sad though the thought of her loss makes me, I will do my best for her sake, and the sake of this dear child. I told poor Harriet that I should pull through, and—I will say no more, lest my words should sound like boasting."

Reader, in the Great Exhibition look for Edward Manley's machine. There it will be. Edward is a modest man; perhaps he may conceal his name. There, however, the machine will be; for the greatest discoveries and best inventions that you will behold there will owe their existence to the qualities which form the essence of Mr. Manley's character.

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.—A comedian went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F——tt, expatiating in the green-room on such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. "I have heard," says the latter, "that he is the kindest of men, and I know that he writes to his wife every packet." "Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the other, "*unremitting* kindness."

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

THE CONDITION OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL ORGANIZATION.

All organized bodies deriving their designation from the fact of being made up of certain distinct parts, and each of these parts being the instrument of a certain action or function which it performs under certain conditions, it is only following the order of nature to direct our inquiry first to these individual organs.

All organized being springs from a germ. This germ is a minute molecule, which cannot be seen without a microscope of high power. It may vary in size, from immeasurable minuteness to the ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and presents the form of a sphere. As it gradually enlarges, its outer wall becomes transparent, through which the colour of the inward substance can be seen. It is supposed that the germ or molecule is formed of fatty or oily matter; or perhaps of particles of oil coated over with a substance which is called albumen, and which the molecule takes from the fluid in which it floats. By drawing to itself materials from the elements around, and incorporating these with its own substance, this germ becomes a cell which may include a number of other germs or molecules, which in their turn become the germs of new cells, and which, being set free by the bursting of the parent-cell, give existence to a new generation, and so the mysterious yet beautiful process goes on from generation to generation.

As the cell gradually enlarges in size, it becomes an interesting inquiry as to how its growth is promoted. Where does it obtain the materials for its increase? And how do those materials become assimilated, so as to be taken up and incorporated in the substance of the cells? The source of supply must be sought in the elements by which every individual cell is surrounded. All that a vegetable cell, for example, requires for its growth, is a supply of water and carbonic acid; because the acid being the product of carbon and oxygen, and the water of oxygen and hydrogen, the water and the acid supply the three elements—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon—which enter into the composition of the plant. Surrounded by these elements, the cell has the power of converting them into a new compound, whose properties adapt it to become part of the growing organized substance. The product is a species of gum or starch, which is taken up into the substance of the germ, and is that out of which all vegetable tissue is formed. This product is the result partly of chemical composition, and partly of vital action. Starch-gum is identical in composition with vegetable tissue, yet in vain do we look for the development of such a tissue from a solution of the gum. It must be subjected to something more than merely chemical action. Under such action it exhibits no tendency to spontaneous coagulation—no attempt at the production of an organized body. It is more than probable, therefore, that under the vital action there takes place a re-arrangement of the constituent particles; that this new combination brings it into a condition to be organized, and that when once brought into this organizable state, there takes place the process of assimilation. In other words, the germ or cell appropriates to itself so much of this new product as is essential to its own integrity or perfection, amid all the changes to which it is subject. There is a continual formation of new particles to supply the place of those which are either impaired or removed. This is something more than that mere mechanical force which shows itself in determining the position, shape, and relations of the cell. It is something more than that chemical force which comes out in determining the composition of its outer walls, and the colour of its inner contents. It is not only something different from these and from all other known physical causes, but that which rises above them—includes them, and controls them—that to which they are subject, and by virtue of which the cell takes in all the characteristic properties and attributes which belong to the species or organ to which it is attached. And yet to the question—What is this vital action?—we can give no other answer than that it is one of those ambiguous terms invented by man to cover his ignorance of those profounder laws which govern the interior and the deeper region of the organic world.

This vital property, which enters into all the processes of organic being, developes itself not only in preparing the most dissimilar materials for food to be taken up by the organic substance, and so assimilated and appropriated as to preserve and maintain the structure in its integrity, but also in a certain power and dominion over the most perfectly-organized tissues. These tissues have the power of contracting or shortening themselves in a peculiar manner. This contraction is excited by the application of a certain stimulus. This stimulus, though the property of contractility is inherent in the tissues themselves, comes through the nerves as a medium, and the nerves again are influenced or acted upon by the mind, which has not only the consciousness of power, but can express that power in its will and determination. We wish to raise our hand, or to extend our arm. We will it, and we do it. Our will to do it is our power to do it. If the physical structure be perfect, our will acts on the nervous system, the nerves act as the medium of conveying a stimulus to the particular muscles, and no sooner is the stimulus applied to these tissues than the hand is raised, or the arm is extended. It is not meant that there can be no muscular contraction without nervous action; but wherever a nervous system is found, the nerves have to do more or less with the contraction of the organic tissues.

From these cells, which may be looked upon as among the simplest forms of organized animal matter, there come by a farther development, higher or secondary forms of organization, in the shape of filaments or threads of such exceeding fineness as in some instances not to exceed the twenty-thousandth part of an inch. Larger than these, but of essentially the same character, are those fabrics which enter into the formation of organic muscular tissue. A muscle is composed of such fibres, these fibres being individually endowed with the same power of contraction and relaxation as the entire body. These fibres are connected together by a cellular substance, which is a fine membrane, composed of many thinner layers irregularly joined together, and forming innumerable cells which communicate freely the one with the other. This thin and beautiful membrane insinuates itself between the muscular fibres, and affords attachment to them. In a more condensed state, it forms that white, glistening substance in which the muscle terminates, and to which is given the name of a tendon. This difference in the colour of the tendon from the muscle, of which it is but the termination, arises from the fact that a tendon has less blood and fewer nerves in its texture. The muscular fibres, on the contrary, have a large supply of blood and of nervous influence. This copious supply of nerves gives to the fibres their great sensibility and power of motion, while the quantity of blood gives to them their beautiful red colour.

It appears, then, that the simplest form of organized matter is that of a germ with its appropriate cell, which germ draws to itself certain inorganic elements, and by chemical action produces a new and peculiar compound for its own maintenance or reproduction. In the animal economy this germ is entirely dependent for its growth upon the supply of nutriment already provided in the vegetable kingdom. The germ, possessing in itself a vital force, so acts upon the surrounding elements or materials, as to produce a new arrangement of those particles, which new arrangement gives birth to the mysterious process of organization, or the incorporation of those newly-arranged particles into the solid texture. In becoming by assimilation part of the organized fabric, they partake all the vitality which belongs to the parent structure. This vital activity is of short duration. Under the influence of chemical action, the decomposition of the organized structure is continually going on, and by such decomposition the structure is ever giving back to the inorganic world a portion of the very elements which it drew from the world for its support and preservation; while the changes to which the structure is so constantly subject are such as sooner or later to render it incapable of performing its peculiar functions. The parent cell then dies. The germ of a new cell is set free, in a state to continue or perpetuate the race.

In proportion to the vital activity of any organized structure, the shorter will be the term of its life. To whatever degree the activity is increased and becomes abnormal, in the same degree is the period of its existence shortened. On the

contrary, diminish the activity and life is prolonged. Let an organized structure—a corn-seed, for example—be so conditioned that its vital operations may be suspended, and in this state it may remain for ages multiplied by ages. This suspended vital action is not to be confounded with death, which implies a total loss of vital properties; but is to be looked upon as nothing more than a dormant vitality. Let the corn-seed change the conditions of its being; let it be taken from an Egyptian mummy, in which it may have been concealed for thousands on thousands of years, and be subjected to the influence of soil and rain and light and heat, and it will germinate and go through the whole series of vital operations, as if these operations had never been suspended. Or bring up some of the deeper soil of a field nearer to the surface, and seeds which have long been embedded will come up in the form of flowers and plants. Raspberry trees have been raised from seeds taken from the stomach of a man whose skeleton was found thirty feet below the surface of the earth. Nor is it possible to say how long this vital action might be suspended without in the least degree impairing the vitality itself. Life is something which cannot be destroyed. We may damage and destroy the mechanism through which life manifests itself, but life we cannot touch. As all organized being has its origin in a germ, then in the germ there must be a vital principle which is indestructible; and this indestructible principle it is which in every organized being challenges all the changes of time, and all the force of created and finite power.

It is clear, however, that all vital action depends on certain external conditions. Whatever may be the vital property of any organic structure, its development is contingent on causes and influences external to itself. A corn-seed would never germinate apart from heat and air and moisture, any more than moisture and air and heat could produce the fruit apart from the seed. No change can be said to be truly spontaneous. In other words, no hidden property can develop itself, unless it be called into action by some stimulus fitted to affect it. The properties of all matter require certain conditions for their manifestation; nor can we determine whether these conditions are present till we have subjected the matter to the action of certain agents or influences. No one on seeing for the first time a quantity of gunpowder, could tell that it possessed the property of combustion, or that this power of combustion depended on the minute subdivision of the three substances of which it is composed. Again, no one could affirm that oxygen and hydrogen have any latent affinity for each other: and so long as they are kept separate this does not manifest itself. It is only when we mix them together, under a certain given temperature, that such a stimulus is given to these affinities as to result in a chemical union of the two bodies. Now the essential materials of animal and vegetable structures being the four elements of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, and these elements being capable of an almost endless number and variety of combinations, it has been supposed that they possess in themselves some vital action. If in a certain state of combination and arrangement they form the substance which we term muscular fibre, may not the contractility which belongs to such muscular fibre result from the peculiar combination of those four elements? The question is easily put, but not so easily answered. We cannot say it is not so: and yet we lack sufficient data on which to rest the conclusion that it is so. It is true that those who take the positive and affirmative side of the question, resolve the existence of these peculiar properties in the inorganic elements into the will of the Creator, and fall back upon Infinite Wisdom for such an arrangement. We ask no more. Whether the vital action be inherent in the inorganic elements, or result from combination and arrangement, or be something superadded to both, is a matter of little moment, since the mind of man can find no resting-place till he ascend step by step, in the great process of effect and cause, up to the will of God, as the first and final reason of this wonderful and beneficent arrangement.

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

No. IV.—THE SCULPTOR'S FAMILY.

Carl Munter was a poor but celebrated artist; and about the year 1842 he received an order from his King to cast a splendid statue of *Liberty*, for which he was to receive liberal payment. He rejoiced in the commission, for he thought he could then afford to give his sons a better education, and to treat his darling little wife to a journey to Paris; and, besides all this, he dearly loved his art for its own sake. So, he set vigorously to work, and at the end of twelve months had fashioned a clay model, which he submitted to the King's approval. Many alterations were required, and then when these were completed Carl Munter had to labour a long time in vain before he could procure sufficient metal of the right kind wherewith to form the statue itself, since it would take fully seven hundred tons, and was to be eighty feet high when finished and placed on its pedestal. Six years of hard work and of rigid economy in his household went by, and it was not until the seventh year that he actually commenced melting the bronze in order to cast the statue; and this undertaking was one of great danger to life and property, for the enormous quantity of molten liquid, glowing hot, kept Munter and his workmen in constant fear of the foundry taking fire. Only by promising double wages could he keep the men at work; nor would this have been sufficient inducement, had not Munter set the example of the most daring bravery himself. At the post of greatest risk he was ever found, regardless of his wife's tears, or the dismal forebodings of his friends; while his cheerfulness never failed, and he would encourage the workmen by singing heroic songs, and jests which made them laugh and forget their danger.

Three days and three nights did the casting proceed successfully, each day the risk becoming greater, owing to the increased heat of the building; and all this time Munter never rested an instant, and still the work was not completed. Finding at this juncture that he could hold out no longer, he consented to repose a few minutes, on condition that his wife would keep watch while he slept, lest the men employed should leave their post, or his presence be needed. Only Theresa's anxiety for her husband's health could have inspired her with courage to fulfil this dreadful task; but, thankful to see Munter fall asleep the moment he threw himself into his chair, she did as he directed, and timidly stationed herself at the door of the terrible foundry, where life and death seemed brewing in its huge and hissing cauldron. Poor Munter! he had enjoyed the rest he so much needed not more than ten minutes, when Theresa's voice roused him suddenly by exclaiming, while she shook him violently, "Carl, wake up, wake up—*the foundry's on fire!*"

Carl delayed not an instant, save that he caught his wife for a moment at his breast, saying, "Save yourself and the children;" and then, regardless of her shriek of anguish, he hastened to the foundry. The men, in consternation, were about to summon assistance to quench the flames, but Munter's stern voice rang out like a trumpet, commanding them to desist, and directing them to steep large cloths in water to keep down the fire, but not to extinguish it, as, while life was spared to him, he would endeavour to complete the casting. Awe-struck and unwillingly, the men obeyed; but so warmly interested had they become by this time in Munter and his success, they presently worked with more alacrity, when they remembered his actual safety depended on their exertions. Theresa sent the children away, but she would not desert her husband, and spent the time chiefly in prayers and tears; while their neighbours, learning what had happened, assembled from far and near to witness the result, and to offer their assistance.

It was a terrible scene—the interior of the foundry—and none but the bravest, physically and morally, would have dared its dangers, and surmounted horrors so prolonged; for the heroism of endurance is far above that of immediate action, where there is little time to realize the risk which is run. "Oh, heavens! twelve hours are past since the building took fire: what will become of my Carl and all those brave men?" So sighed Theresa, as darkness came on, and the foundry glowed like the dwelling of some powerful demon. But a more mighty energy was at work than is ever exercised by evil agencies, and the good power triumphed. At midnight a loud cry arose, a cry of joy, and the doors of the foundry were thrown open, and Carl once more embraced his darling wife; and then summoning his neighbours, all set to work to put out the fire; while shouts of triumph arose from time to time, as in groups of ten to twenty, the good Germans satisfied themselves with their own eyes that

the casting was completed, and the statue uninjured.

When the flames were reduced, and the gladsome light of day dawned upon the black and silent foundry, Carl Munter came forward to thank his friends for their assistance; and when his wife had supplied them with home-brewed beer he proposed the following toast:—"May the inauguration of the statue of Liberty, which has thus triumphed over the greatest dangers, be an omen of the final and joyful victory of freedom to Germany, which shall at no distant period take place, if only the people be true to their fatherland." The toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheers, and sweet indeed to the worn and weary sculptor were the sounds which reached him as he laid his head on the pillow that morning, of the heart-stirring song raised by his fellow-countrymen as they departed from the foundry to their respective homes:—

"Free as the Rhine, the noble Rhine,
Our fatherland shall be."

NOTE.—The author of the above wishes to state that the idea of this instance of modern heroism was suggested by an account in the *Athenæum* of the new Bavarian statue lately erected at Munich.

THE CICADA SEPTENDECIM.

CICADA SEPTENDECIM is the name given to insects which appear every *seventeenth* year in some parts of America. Their re-appearance on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia is expected in the present year, 1851. The following particulars concerning them may not be deemed uninteresting. The extract is from "Latrobe's Travels in North America:"—

The observations of a past century had shown the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania that every seventeenth year they were visited by countless hordes of insects of the cicada tribe, hence called *Septendecim;* distinct in aspect and habits from those whose annual appearance and mode of life were understood. Though of a different tribe, and with perfectly different habits from the locusts of the East (*Gryllus migratorius*), the fact of its occasional appearance, as though by magic, in such vast swarms, had caused it to be familiarly alluded to by that name. Its last appearance had been in 1817, and its re-appearance was thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week in May, 1834. Nature, true to her impulses, and the laws by which she is so mysteriously governed, did not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th May and following day the whole surface of the country in and about the city of Philadelphia suddenly teemed with this singular insect. The subject interested me, and as, during those days, I had every opportunity of being daily, nay hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with it, both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of my observations. The first day of their appearance their numbers were comparatively few; the second they came by myriads; and yet a day or two nights might pass before they reached their full number. I happened to be abroad the bright sunny morning which might be called the day of their birth. At early morning the insect, in the pupa state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly-barbed claws on the fore-legs. Its colour then is of a uniform dull brown, and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in form, excepting the absence of wings, ornaments, and antennæ. The first impulse of the imperfect insect on detaching itself from its grave is to ascend a few inches, or even feet, up the trunks of trees, at the foot of which their holes appear in the greatest number, or upon the rail fences, which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws. Half an hour's observation will then show you the next change which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell down from the back of the head to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows. With many a throe and many a strain you see the tail and hind legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfurl themselves; and lastly, the head, with its antennæ, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born insect freed from its prison. The slough is not disengaged, but remains firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood, and the insect languidly crawling a few inches, remains as if it were in a doze of wonder and astonishment. It is rather under an inch in length, and appears humid and tender; the colours are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and the wings for a while after they are opened appear crumpled and unelastic. All this passes before the sun has gained its full strength. As the day advances, the colours of the insect become more lively, the wings attain their

full stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for its future little life of activity and enjoyment.

Between ten and eleven the newly-risen taibes begin to tune their instruments. You become conscious of a sound filling the air far and wide, different from the ordinary ones which meet your ear. A low distinct hum salutes you, turn where you will. It may be compared to the simmering of an enormous caldron; it swells imperceptibly, changes its character, and becomes fuller and sharper. Thousands seem to join in; and by an hour after midday the whole country, far and wide, rings with the unwonted sound. The insects are now seen lodged in or flying about the foliage above, a few hours having been thus sufficient to give them full strength and activity, and bring them into full voice. Well may the schoolboy and curly-headed negro rejoice at the sound; for their hands will never want a plaything for many days to come! Well may the birds of the forest rejoice; for this is the season of plenty for them. The pigs and poultry, too, they fatten on the innumerable swarms which before many days will cover the ground in the decline of their strength.

The pretty insect—for it is truly such—with its dark body, red eyes, and its glossy wings interlaced by bright yellow fibres, enjoy but a little week; and that merry harping which pervades creation from sunrise to sundown for the time of its continuance, is but of some six days' duration. Its character would be almost impossible to describe, though it rings in my ears every time I think of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the sound produced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of musical chords, produced by the action of internal muscles upon a species of lyre or elastic membrane covered with net-work, and situated under the wings, the action of which I have often witnessed. The female insect may utter a faint sound, but how I do not know; it is the male who is endowed with the powerful means of instrumentation which I have described. Though the sound is generally even and continuous as long as the insect is uninterrupted, yet there is a droll variety observable at times; but what it expresses with peculiar satisfaction or jealousy, or what other passion I cannot divine. It has been well described by the word *Pha—ro!* the first syllable being long and sustained, and connected with the second, which is pitched nearly an octave lower by a drawling *smorzando* descent. During the whole period of their existence the closest attention does not detect their eating anything, and with the exception of the trifling injury received by trees consequent upon the process observed by the female in laying her eggs, they are perfectly innoxious. The end to which they seem to be sent to the upper day is purely confined to the propagation of their species. A few days after their first appearance, the female begins to lay her eggs. She is furnished with an ovapositor situated in a sheath on the abdomen, composed of two serrated hard parallel spines, which she has the power of working with an alternate perpendicular motion. When her time comes, she selects the outermost twigs of the forest trees or shrubs, and sets to work and makes a series of longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender bark and wood. In each of these she lays a row of tiny eggs, and then goes to work again. Having deposited to the heart's content, she crawl up the twig a few inches yet further from the termination, and placing herself in a fitting position, makes two or three perpendicular casts into the very pith. The duty is now terminated. Both male and female become weak, the former ceases to be tuneful; the charm of their existence is at an end; they pine away, become blind, fall to the ground by myriads, and in ten or fifteen days after their first appearance they all perish. Not so, however, their seeds. The perforated twigs die; the first wind breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon the ground. The eggs give birth to a number of small grubs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without injury; and in it they disappear, digging their way down into the bosom of the earth.

Year goes after year—summer after summer; the sun shines in vain to them—they "bide their time!" The recollection of their existence begins to fade—a generation passes away; the surface of the country is altered, lands are reclaimed from the forest, streets are laid out and trampled on for years, houses are built, and pavements hide the soil—still, though man may almost forget their existence, God does not. What their life is in the long interval none can divine. Traces of them have been found in digging wells and foundations eight and ten feet under the surface. When seventeen years have gone by, the memory of them returns, and they are expected. A cold wet spring may retard their appearance, but never since the attention of man has been directed to them have they failed; but at the appointed time, by one common impulse, they rise from the earth, piercing their way through the matted sod, through the hard-trampled clay of the pathways, through the gravel, between the joints of the stones and pavements, and into the very cellars of the houses, like their predecessors, to be a

marvel in the land, to sing their blithe song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun, and amidst the verdant landscape—like them, to fulfil the brief duties of their species, and close their mysterious existence by death. We are still children in the small measure of our knowledge and comprehension with regard to the phenomena of the natural world!

WONDERS OF VEGETATION.

VEGETABLE LIFE

COUNTLESS as is the number of the natural objects which surround us, they form two great classes: the *living* and the *lifeless*. The difference between the earth on which we tread and the plants that grow on its surface appears on a moment's thought. The particles of which the latter are formed are held together by a power totally unlike every other. If, for example, you put some carbonate of soda and some tartaric acid in a glass, and then pour water on them, they unite *chemically*, and a glass of soda-water, all bubbling up, is produced. A spark of fire falling on a mixture of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal produces a similar union, and astonishes us by the force of gunpowder. In these instances, in common with others of a similar kind, the substances in either case are combined by a power which brings them into a marvellous intimacy; but still more intimate, still more wondrous, is that vital power which unites the particles of a plant in one harmonious whole. It stands amongst the greatest marvels of the universe.

If it be asked, "What is life?" we answer, "No one knows what life is *in itself*, we only know it in *its effects*." To it is owing that constant change with which we are familiar. None passes on the pebbles of the gravel walk, or on the slabs of the pavement; but look, and you will see the little plant become a great one, while it puts forth again and again its leaves and flowers and fruit. Its *vital* power throws off from it whatever it has received that has become useless, and takes up all that is required for its nutriment and support. Thus it triumphs over lifeless matter by what it receives and by what it rejects. It does so, too, by preserving the identity or sameness of the plant, for just what it was it continues to be. No lily ever becomes a rose—no rose ever changes to a lily; but remaining through its whole course the same in itself as at first, the vital power acts, until, in its turn, it is vanquished by a chemical law, and it ceases to live.

Another effect of life must also be noticed, for every living being is the offspring of a parent to which it bears a strong resemblance. The grain of wheat produces the well-known corn-plant; the nut the tree yielding others of the same kind; the slip of a geranium a flowering plant like that from which it was taken. The offspring does not sink below the parent, so that an inferior being is produced, as would be the case were the acorn to yield only a shrub. Nor does it pass beyond its parent, as it would were the seed of some stunted plant to give rise to an ash or an elm. Like produces like by an unvarying law. But life springs from life. Where it is not there can be no product; where it is, there appear its appointed results. It comes through an unbroken chain of being, since the Great Creator willed there should be life, whose power alone can call the humblest creature into existence.

But the offspring, whether of the plant or the animal, is not produced at once. It does not appear with all its parts and powers matured. On the contrary, its first state is that of a germ, often astonishingly minute. And yet, however small it may be, there is a wonderful preparation for all to which hereafter it is to give rise. The hundred-fold that a little germ often yields, is all wrapped up within itself in what is called vital power.

And yet *what* this is we are not likely in this world to know. Chemistry can do wonders. It can analyze or separate particles and combine them. It can make solids fluids, and fluids solids. It can reduce water to the two gases of which it is formed, and then so unite them that water again appears. But it cannot tell what life is, nor recompose a single fluid or a single solid of any living body; nor can it help us to understand the means by which bodies having life keep up their differences, not only in their form but their quality also. Even where the same nutriment is received, the quality of the substances that receive it may widely differ. In the same soil, supplied by the same water, and fanned by the same air, may flourish the nutritious plant and the deadly poison: the vine and the aconite, the rose and the hemlock. The very roots and leaves of these plants may be intertwined, and yet no alteration will in consequence pass upon them.

Let us learn, then, from the mystery on which we have been dwelling, to be truly humble. How irrational, to say the least, is pride of intellect, when a single ear of corn, a single blade of grass, contains a depth which no plummet of ours can sound!

METROPOLITAN MEMORANDA.

We have received the following in reference to our last Memoranda :—

" *To the Editor of* THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

" January 5, 1851.

" SIR,—As a constant reader of your amusing and, to a certain degree, instructive periodical, I hope you will allow me to point out to you what I conceive to be a very great error in your last number. At page 5 of your number for the week ending January 4, 1851, you say—' That in 1809 *seven sail of the line were captured by the French at Ferrol, about a fortnight after the battle of Corunna.*' I am myself a naval officer of 42 years' standing, and I certainly never heard of such a capture of British ships, either at Ferrol or elsewhere, in 1809; neither can I find any such circumstance mentioned in " James's Naval History," where, if such an occurrence had taken place, it must have been found. Will you, therefore, in *some way* in your next publication, explain this (as it appears to me) great error.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

" A NAVAL OFFICER AND A COUNTY MAGISTRATE."

*** We do not happen to have by us at the moment any naval authority of precisely the kind we would wish to refer to, but if our correspondent will ascertain who was the admiral on the station at the time, and then seek out his name in " O'Brien's Naval Biography," we apprehend he will find his doubts satisfactorily cleared up. Meanwhile we can adduce a deservedly-accredited work on all such matters, " Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates," 4th edition, Moxon, London, 1847, where, under the head of Ferrol, the fact we mentioned is specifically given. Our correspondent surely does not share the too common belief that the English have never been defeated at sea ? He does not require, we trust, to be reminded that the most chivalrous and perhaps most glorious of all our nautical heroes, Blake, was twice beaten by Van Tromp, who sailed through the Channel with a broom at his mast-head to denote that he had swept the waters of the enemy; the gallant Dutchman being afterwards killed in an engagement off the coast of Holland with his antagonist, Blake, whom he had repeatedly fought. Both the English and Dutch combined fleets were defeated by the French off Beachy-head, in 1690. Again the combined fleets of the same powers, under Admiral Blake, were defeated by the French in 1693. The drawn battle between the famous Admiral Benbow (one of the many warriors of whom the Salopians boast) and Du Casse, in 1702, is worth noting here. In the engagement the other ships of Benbow's squadron, on falling astern, left this brave commander alone to maintain the unequal battle. In this situation a chain-shot shattered his left leg, yet he would not be removed from the quarter-deck, but continued fighting till the morning, when the French sheered off. He died soon after of his wounds, at Jamaica, where, on his arrival, he received a letter from the French admiral, of which the following is a literal translation :—" Sir,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; yet it pleased God to order it otherwise. I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by G—d they deserve it.—DU CASSE." Two of these unworthy cowards, Captains Kirby and Wade, were shot on their arrival at Plymouth, having been previously tried by court-martial. The English fleet was defeated off the Lizard, in 1707. Off Toulon, in 1744, the victory was lost to England by a misunderstanding between the English commanders, Matthews and Lestock. The battle off Ushant, in 1778, between Keppel and Dorvilliers, was a drawn one. Nelson was defeated in his attempt on Santa Cruz, in 1797, and lost his right arm. In the engagement between the French and English, in 1801, off Gibraltar, the Hannibal, 74, was lost. And it is needless to add that in the last war with America, in 1812-13, we were repeatedly worsted. There is nothing discreditable to the national honour in all these, nor do they detract from our claim to the undoubted supremacy of the ocean; but it is just as well to bear in mind that Britannia is not altogether exempt from disaster in her ruling of the waves. We do not address these remarks to our correspondent, as supposing that he requires to be told them by way of information; but the occasion seemed to call for them, and they will doubtless be news to many of our humbler and younger readers.

MUSIC AND REVELRY, PHYSIC FOR THE CROWN.

The Queen's Bands, State and Private.—The Cost of their Crotchets by no means Fiddle-de-dee.—The Salaries, Dress, and Duties of the Royal Fiddlers, and the Pecuniary Tune they Fiddle to.—Difference 'twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, and who Pays the Piper.—The Master of the Tennis Court, and who keeps his Ball on the Hop in reference to the "Racketting."—Swan Hopping extraordinary.—The Barge Master and his Californian Sculls.—The Laureate and his Song of Sixpence.—The Office and its Antecedents, Classical and Anti-Classical, here, there, and everywhere else.—What Gibbon says about them, and what other people say too.—Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth in connection with the Bardship.—Peel and the last Laureate but one.—The Bard of Rydal and the Cambridge Installation Ode.—An Unseasonable Word in Season, by Douglas Jerrold.—A Word for Mrs. Norton.—Ditto for Tom Miller, the Basketmaker—Poet and true Working Man's Friend.

THE Queen's State Band consists of twenty-four members. The master, George Anderson, Esq., receives £200 a year; the conductor, Thos. L. Parker, Esq., £100; the eight household trumpeters, £40; and each of the twenty-four private members of the band, £40. Considering the rate at which musicians are paid in this country, these salaries may appear small; but it is to be remembered that the appointments are "warranted;" that they are for life, carrying with them pensions; that the holders make much money by tuition and otherwise; and that the duties are very light, being only required on State occasions, opening and proroguing of Parliament, levees, drawing-rooms, and the like, where their splendid performance, no less than their gorgeously-embroidered dresses, are a prominent object of admiration. They are also entitled to certain fees and perquisites when in attendance, that augment the value of their situations, which are obtained by promotion from the Queen's Private Band, who are paid from her Majesty's privy purse. These perform at most of the private entertainments of the Court, at Windsor, Buckingham-palace, Osborne-house, or wherever the Royal Family may happen to be located. It is said, on an authority we have already quoted in similar matters, that "their former salaries were £130 a year each; and a supper, with a pint of wine each, at the conclusion of the evening's performances. The salaries of all the new members now joining the band are only from £80 to £90 per annum, with trifling exceptions. The supper and wine have been entirely done away with, and a small sum nightly, when they attend, is allowed instead. The old members, however, who were in the band previous to the reductions taking place, continue to be paid their salaries according to the former scale." Many of the musicians are members of both state and private band, but this is less pecuniary advantage than might be supposed, beyond the fact that service in the former gives "warrant" for a pension; for the salary of £40 as a state musician is deducted from that as a private bandsman, the only gain being, it is said, to the Queen's privy purse. The private band consists of twenty-five members, beside the master, whose salary is £200 a year, and it is on his recommendation that candidates are appointed. Each member annually receives a dress suit, consisting of a blue coat, with the household gilt buttons, white waistcoat, black breeches, two pair of silk stockings, and an opera hat, provided, of course, at the personal expense of the crown.

Though the State band is allowed £1,916 according to the provisions of the Civil List, every three years there figure in the Miscellaneous Estimates such items as these—viz., "allowance to the sergeant-trumpeter, the household-trumpeter, and the kettle drummer, and for a new silver trumpet, &c., £380 odd, being part of the expenses defrayed by the officers of the Household, not being part of the Civil List." This is precisely on a par with the demand for collars and badges for the Master of the Ceremonies, notwithstanding that functionary being duly rated on the Civil List. The payment of these people is surely enough in the first instance, without the public being everlastingly called upon for petty cost of this sort, the more especially as there is never any notice taken of various reductions effected in many departments of the Household, and from which savings assuredly the tax-payers do not profit, whomsoever else may. So, too, with the Master of the Tennis Court—an office as purely a meaningless sinecure as that of the Hereditary Grand Falconer. One William Beresford, Esq., is the fortunate individual who holds it, and seemingly as a sort of heir-loom; for an ancestor of his held it in the last reign but one, and at the present salary of £132 per annum. Like the Grand Falconer, this mastership is another of the bequests of the second Charles to the people of England. That monarch was a great patron of tennis or racket playing; and the "court" in which it was carried on by him and his dissolute companions is still in existence in James'-street, Hay-

market, with a gaming house yet attached to it, as in the licentious days of the Restoration, when one of the revellers, in a song famous at the time, sang—

"Farewell my dearest Piccadilly,
Notorious for great dinners;
Oh! what a Tennis Court was there,
Alas! too good for sinners."

The court is now but very indifferently attended, the number of subscribers being small, and the play trivial—that is, the tennis play. As to the play in the gaming-house adjoining it we say nothing, but should suppose that it, too, is insignificant, for the whole establishment was advertised a short time ago to be sold, and the inducements were not such as to lead to any very spirited competition among the bidders.

Two other officers who deserve to be classed under the head we are now speaking of are the Barge Master, Mr. John Roberts, and the Keeper of the Swans, Mr. John Hamilton. The former, and his boat's crew (who must not be confounded with those in attendance on the royal yacht), are quartered on the civil list at some £500 a year, and there is an extra charge for *their* barges, and *etceteras;* their duties consisting of a very rare row on the river, when her Majesty chooses to take the water in state, as on the occasion of the opening of the Coal Exchange last year, when the Prince Consort sailed down the Thames from Whitehall to perform that ceremony. What the Keeper of the Swans has to do, that the innumerable other officers connected with the conservancy of the Thames, and the ponds in the parks, &c. &c., could not do, we have no means of even guessing; but we dare say the mystery is intelligible enough to the initiated, and whether it is or not is no great matter.

We next come to the Laureate, an official to whom and to whose office a great deal of interest has lately been imparted from a variety of causes. First, however, as to the office. The derivation of the word, as we learn from Brande, is *laureatus*, which literally means crowned with laurels. At the Certamina, or gymnastic and other contests celebrated under the Roman emperors, especially at the Quinquatria, or Feast of Minerva, poets also contended, and the prize was a crown of oak or olive leaves. But it was from some traditionary belief respecting the coronation of Virgil and Horace with laurel in the Capitol, of which, however, no record is extant, that the dignity of poet laureate was invented in the fourteenth century, and conferred on Petrarch at Rome by the Senate, or supreme magistrate of the city. It was intended to confer the same honour on Tasso, who, however, died on the night before the proposed celebration. In 1725 and 1776 it was granted to two celebrated improvisatori, or declaimers of impromptu verse, named Signor Rufetti and the Signora Morelli, better known by the name of Corilla. In most European countries the Sovereign has assumed the privilege of nominating a court-poet with various titles. In France and Spain these have never been termed poets laureate; but the imperial poet, or Poeta Cæsares, in Germany, was invested with the laurel. The crown, however, was customarily given at the universities in the middle ages, to such persons as took degrees in grammar and rhetoric, of which poetry formed a branch, whence, according to some authors, the term Baccalureatus has been derived. In England traces of a stipendiary royal poet are found as early as Henry III., and a poet laureate by that name under Edward IV. Skelton, under Henry VII. and VIII., was created poet laureate to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and appears to have held the same dignity at court; but the academical and court honour were distinct until the extinction of the University custom, of which Henry VIII.'s reign exhibits the last instance. Royal poets laureate are supposed not to have begun to write in English until after the Reformation. The office was made patent by Charles I., and the salary fixed at £100 annually, and a tierce of Spanish Canary wine. Under Queen Anne it was placed in the control of the Lord Chamberlain. In the reign of George III. the annual tierce of wine was commuted for an increase of salary, and at the close of the same reign the custom of requiring annual odes from the Lord Chamberlain was discontinued.

"The title of poet laureate," says Gibbon, "which custom, rather than vanity, perpetuates in the English court, was first invented by the Cæsars of Germany. From Augustus to Louis, the muse has been too often false and venal, but I much doubt whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who, in every reign, and at all events, is bound to furnish, twice a year, a measure of praise and verse, such as, I believe, may be sung in the chapel and in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet a man of genius." The poet here alluded to was Whitehead, for twenty-eight years laureate to George III., and certainly possessed of few of the merits entitling him to the praise of so eminent a panegyrist as the immortal author of the "Decline and Fall." Lately it has been in far more distinguished keeping, but almost

entirely on the understanding that it should be a sinecure, any departure from that understanding being entirely optional with the bard himself. Scott declined it, when offered by George IV., being too loyal a man, or at least too inveterate an eulogist of the kingly office and all its attributes, to take the wages of royalty without performing the expected duty, and yet too sensitive of the dignity of his calling to disgrace his muse to the level of back-stairs rhyming about the fiddle-faddle of the Court Circular. Southey accordingly accepted it, merely for the sake of the salary attached to it. No service was expected and he rendered little or none in the regular capacity of laureate, though he was continually hymning the laudations of monarchy and all belonging to it, in divers "Visions of Judgment," which were considered to exhibit a most purblind obtuseness to all judgment, as Byron, Moore, Leigh Hunt, and the wits of all the liberal school were never tired telling him, in every variety of phrase. Besides the laureateship, Southey also was in the receipt of £300 a year from the Royal Bounty Fund, on which he was placed by Sir R. Peel, after he had declined being made a baronet by the minister. The circumstances in connection with this overture and its refusal were only lately made public; and they redound most creditably to the honour, the delicacy, and the magnanimity of both parties, being a few of many posthumous particulars of the statesman's little suspected character that have tended to enhance his memory in the esteem of the country.

On Southey's death, in 1843, the office fell to Wordsworth, at the desire of her Majesty, it was understood. The appointment was extremely objectionable on the score of its being a recognition of merit, so far as State pay was concerned, for Wordsworth was not only in receipt of a gratuity of £300 a year from the Royal Bounty Fund, but was also an officer of the Excise, with a very lucrative sinecure salary, and was, moreover, long past the time when he could be considered the fair exponent of the poetical ability of his latter age. The only thing he ever produced in his capacity of laureat was the "Installation Ode," on the occasion of Prince Albert being made Chancellor of Cambridge; and in that performance the Bard of Rydal was generally considered to have fallen infinitely short of the humblest expectation his admirers had formed of him. When Wordsworth died early last year, it was taken for granted that Lord John Russell would set his face against the "mummery" of its revival. The thing was universally pronounced to be totally alien to the spirit of the age, a burlesque on the attributes of the Crown at a time like this, and derogatory and degrading to literature. Douglas Jerrold suggested—in his usual, pointed, practical, matter-of-fact fashion—that the office and its perquisites, should be bestowed on the keeper of Shakspeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon, and so made an honour to the country, and an abiding service to letters and their professors for ever. Another suggestion was, that if the office were to be continued, it could not possibly be more worthily bestowed by a Queen than on Mrs. Norton, who had already written one of the most beautiful poems in the language, on a subject the dearest of all others to Victoria's maternal heart—the future of the Prince of Wales, under the graceful and significant title of the "Child of the Islands." Others, and a very numerous body, too, claimed it for Thomas Miller, an author essentially English in the best sense of the term; sprung from the people; glorying in his class; and exalting his origin by perpetuating in print the beauties of that nature whose mysteries he worshipped in the sylvan glades of Sherwood Forest in the dawn of life, and has since made hundreds of thousands of readers participants in the same ever fresh and never-cloying pleasures. Mr. Miller, though uneducated in the ordinary sense of education, has written a goodly library of works in various branches, some of them requiring great research, and an intimacy with literature far below the surface, as, for instance, his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," and his historical novels, "Fair Rosamond," "Royston Gower," "Lady Jane Grey," and others, exhibiting a range of knowledge and a capacity for dealing with large subjects such as are to be met with scarcely in any other author now before the public; while in the treatment of country life he is entirely without an equal, for his portraiture of rural existence is the literal transcript of his own actual experience. As a poet, everything he has done, which is much less in quantity than might have been reasonably expected from his great success, has been characterized by the most consummate taste and deep and spontaneous feeling, as witness his "Summer Morning," a piece of thoroughly poetic colouring that need hardly fear comparison with the "Church-yard Elegy" of Gray. Mr. Miller, it is true, is not the pet of a clique; and, therefore, it was not to be expected that his claims would weigh in the balance against one who was. But we cannot help expressing our surprise —shared in, we know, by a large and grateful class of the reading public—that he has

not long since been placed at least on a footing of equality with many recipients of the Royal Bounty Fund, whose very names, in many instances, are all but unknown even to those whose business it is to be conversant with all such matters. On this subject we shall say no more at present than that Mr. Miller, in his three-fold capacity of poet, novelist, and delineator of rustic life and manners, was a *protegé* of Sir R. Peel's and experienced the hon. baronet's liberality, which was all the more flattering from the discrimination and critical fastidiousness which invariably preceded his munificence.

Of the present laureate, andthe circumstances of his appointment, we shall speak in our next.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Were one to make choice of a pocket-book of prudential maxims, of every-day use and salutary practicability, for the regulation of life, it should neither be the Enchirdion of Epictetus—nor the poetical precepts of Theognis—nor the Dissertations of Antoninus—nor the Golden Sayings of the Seven Sages of Greece—but the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, King of Israel. Familiarized as we are from infancy with this precious manual, seeing it vended at penny-cheapness by itinerant hawkers, and carelessly thumbed at old women's schools by the vulgarest of village children, we little consider that it contains within itself a treasure of wisdom, worthy of the name of the great Oriental Prince it bears. It is King Solomon's proudest trophy; it would do honour to the greatest monarch—the greatest philosopher—that ever existed It comprehends, in compendious space, all the most useful wisdom diffused throughout the voluminous dissertations and moralities and maxims of antiquity—the marrow, I may say, of the wisdom of all sages, and of all ages. Its rules for conduct are distinct and intelligible, without any sophistry; its observations on life strikingly just, without any refinements of speculation; its invitations to wisdom attractive, without any aim, artifice, or superficial embellishment. Even the memory, as subsidiary to the judgment, is assisted by the equally-balanced and contrasted clauses into which each verse is, like the Hebrew poetry, for the most part regularly adjusted. So simple are the precepts as to be comprehended even by the child; so profoundly wise as to command the reverence and sanction of the man of years and experience. Nor are they addressed to one sect of philosophers, or to one people; they are of universal application, and of immediate obvious reference to human conduct and affairs. There is not a day, not an action in our lives, to which they cannot be squared and adapted. They are accommodated to every country, every age and stage of life, every profession and class of society, every diversity of civilization. The king and the beggar, the simplest rustic, the profoundest statesman, may draw from them excellent counsel. And it may with confidence be asserted, that any man that sallies out into the complicated business of life, deeply impressed with the influence of this little volume, and taking its rules for his regulating chart, will conduct himself gracefully in every possible situation, and attain that honour, happiness, and prosperity, which are the necessary fruit of that prudence which it inspires.

What a glory is this for the royal sage their author! His personal glory, that of his wealth and his conquests, have disappeared; but the fame of the man "*who filled the world with proverbs*" is fresh in every land. How much higher a glory is this than that of the multitude of vulgar kings and oppressors! The memorials of Assyrian monarchs, their towers, their walls, gardens, and sepulchres, are extinguished, mouldered down into the very soil that supported them, having left not a trace; the monuments of Egyptian tyranny exist only as immense incumbrances on the earth, testifying to future ages their enormous inutility, and recalling (if they ever recal) the names of their founders only to be execrated as the debasers of the human race to the rank of beasts of burden: but the name of Solomon shall be ever uttered with admiration and blessing, as that of one who not only ennobled humanity by his splendid personal example, but still continues, by the influence of his heavenly wisdom, to refine and elevate and render happy our nature; a name imperishable throughout earth and her islands, so long as wisdom is "*the principal thing!*"

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

It is to be hoped that the working men who are anxious to visit London and profit by the display of the various specimens of industrial skill about to be exhibited, will be assisted in everything in which such help can be rendered, by the co-operation of their employers. In saying this we must not be supposed to advocate assistance of a pecuniary kind. It will be far more self-respectful for our artisan friends to find their own funds, and accept no eleemosynary aid. Let their excursion to London be the reward of their own prudence, forethought, and self-denial, and it will be all the more an occasion of honest dignified enjoyment. There are other ways, however, in which masters can lend a very efficient and useful co-operation to the workmen in their employ.

We mean by the terms employers and masters not only the men whose capital is invested in these concerns, but all who exercise influence and superintendence over the operations of the works—overlookers and foremen of all grades, especially those of the more educated and intelligent class.

These may with much propriety and advantage help in the formation and conduct of visiting clubs, seeing to the proper administration of the rules, the regular collection and judicious investment of the members' deposits, &c. &c.

They may be of good service in effecting arrangements when the proper time comes, with the railway companies for excursion trains, and in opening correspondence with the proper parties in London upon the subject of lodgings, so that every necessary arrangement may be made beforehand, and no confusion, or loss of time and money, be experienced when the visitors arrive.

They may facilitate the convenient absence of the men from their several departments of labour by a thoughtful and timely distribution of the work necessary to be done. In large establishments where many hands are employed, and where the different branches of labour are nicely adjusted to, and dependent upon, each other, this will be found of vast importance. A general suspension of work in an extensive manufacturing concern can only be arranged, so as to avoid disastrous results, by those who understand the necessities of the orders on hand, and have the authority to direct and control their execution. In the same way, a partial stoppage—the suspension of any one department—without concert and arrangement by the heads of the establishment, would cause a general confusion and dislocation. Of course the workmen will not in any case be allowed to absent themselves for their Exhibition-visit but at the times and for the periods fixed by their employers; but very much of the *comfort* and enjoyment, and, indeed, advantage of the trip, will depend upon the *judgment* and *kindness* displayed by employers in the time they select, and the general arrangements they make on this subject.

Lastly, they may do much service by personally accompanying their workmen to London. If possible, let them close their factories altogether for a week, and the whole party—head and hands—unite in exploring the varied wonders of the World's Show. Such an arrangement would be exceedingly appropriate. It would be a sign of the close connection really existing between capital and labour—of the mutual dependance of the monied and the toiling classes. It would exhibit each in the exercise of a just appreciation and respect toward the other. It would infallibly promote the growth of generous and confiding feelings between the employer and the employed, and aid in paving the way toward that reconciliation of classes which the moral reformer would hail as the most promising of our social changes. It would do much to establish a basis of intercourse by which differences might be adjusted and irritations soothed, without an appeal to combinations and strikes on the one hand, or arbitrary exactions on the other. And in its more immediate and positive results, the simultaneous study of the various specimens of machinery, of process and of product, by the different classes engaged in corresponding branches of manufacture—those who think and design, and those who execute such designs—would naturally promote such an intelligent and harmonious combination in carrying out improvements and adopting ideas which the Exhibi-

tion might suggest, as could not otherwise be secured. Hints and explanations would be mutually exchanged—theoretical knowledge and practical would each in turn come to the aid of another. All the members of each large establishment would sit in friendly counsel together in all matters of interest to their several industrial commonwealths.

We throw out these hints to employers, overseers, and foremen, that they may see in how many ways they may beneficially co-operate with the operatives in their several departments; we submit them to our working friends, that they may be prepared to meet any advances that may be made towards Union with frankness and cordiality. We trust that this interesting and eventful year will witness the burial in the tomb of antiquated prejudices—of many of the jealousies and animosities which have hitherto separated between class and class.

The Internal Arrangements.—It appears to be the present intention of the Commissioners to group the productions of foreign countries geographically in relation to each other on the eastern side of the transept. How far this will be agreeable has yet to be seen. The north-west end has been sketched out as the position to be allotted to machinery in motion—the north side being, as far as possible, devoted to machinery generally; whilst the south is to be allotted to raw materials and produce. It is expected that the light will be equally good in all parts of the building, though the glass will be shielded by canvas on all sides except the north. To prevent any interception of light, or great awkwardness of outline, it is intended that all things to be hung upon the walls shall, as far as possible, be limited to a height of twenty feet. Such are a few of the notions, so far as they have gone, but nothing can yet be regarded as finally settled. Make what regulations they may, some variations will doubtless be permitted; and it becomes a question of considerable doubt whether, after they have completed the building, and allotted the space within it, the Executive Committee should attempt to interfere any further, save and except so far as to prevent one exhibitor from acting injuriously towards another, or towards the general interest of the Exhibition itself. The Commissioners propose to find deal counters where such rude structures may be required. Such assistance is not likely to be accepted by the majority of those who have goods for display. Each man best understands the art of placing his own products in their most advantageous light. Indeed shop and warehouse decoration has grown almost into one of the fine arts. When the Commissioners give a deal counter they will probably dictate its height, its width and other peculiarities. On all these niceties the taste of the exhibitor should be left free. Each should be at liberty to pay for his own hobby and to ride it as he best pleases—each to be able to display his skill, his taste, and his idea of the properties of colour and arrangement due to the peculiar objects he exhibits; remembering always that no individual mistakes be allowed to mar the beauty of the great and novel design which all should be interested in perfecting.

New Omnibus Routes.—Amongst the subjects which have lately attracted attention in connection with the Exhibition, the propriety of establishing new lines of routes for omnibuses is one. A deputation of omnibus proprietors have waited upon the Executive Committee, for the purpose of receiving any suggestion or plan which they might consider advisable to offer. The members of the deputation, upon leaving, expressed their determination immediately to convene a meeting of the whole of the omnibus proprietors of the Metropolis for the purpose of discussing the subject, and suggesting some additional routes, which will have the effect of affording to the numerous visitors, who may be shortly expected, a more complete and direct means of communication between the Exhibition and the different parts of the Metropolis.

Cornish Granite for the Great Exhibition.—A very large block of granite, being more than 20 feet long, of the finest quality and colour, has lately been raised by the Cheesewring Granite Company, at their quarries on the Cheesewring-hill, which is intended to be sent to the Great Exhibition of 1851. The mass of stone of which it formed a portion in the quarry contained by measurement the extraordinary quantity of above 4,000 cubic feet, or about 300 tons, without crack or flaw. From the increasing reputation this stone has acquired, it may be expected that granite which will bear comparison with the best granites from other parts of the kingdom will be added to the resources of East Cornwall.

M. Soyer, the celebrated gastronomist, has announced that he is making preparations to entertain thousands daily at his "Symposium of all Nations."

It is stated that active arrangements are being made for the transport of 10,000 visitors from Vienna.

ANOTHER PRIZE.—The "Bankers' Magazine" states that Mr. J. W. Gilbart offers a prize of £100 for the best essay in reply to the following question:—"In what way can any of the articles collected at the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 be rendered especially serviceable to the interests of 'practicable banking?'"—"These articles," it is explained, "may be architectural models that may suggest improvements in the bank-house or office—inventions by which light, heat, and ventilation may be secured, so as to promote the health and comfort of the bank clerks; discoveries in the fine arts, by which the interior of a bank may be decorated, or the bank furniture rendered more commodious; improvements in writing-paper, pens, ink, account-books, scales, letter-copying machines, or other instruments used in carrying on the business; improvements in printing and engraving, by which banks may get their notes, receipts, letters of credit, and other documents, of a better kind and at a less expense, or so as to prevent forgery—new inventions in the construction of locks, cash-boxes, and safes, which shall render property more secure against fire or thieves and generally all articles of every kind which can be so applied as to improve, cheapen, or facilitate any of the practical operations of banking."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—We understand that musical instruments will occupy 3,400 feet at the Exhibition. There will be various specimens of organs from the various London builders; among the rest, it is understood there will be one gigantic church organ, containing upwards of eighty stops, with an independent pedal organ upon the largest scale. The cost of this instrument will be several thousand pounds. There will also be an interesting instrument, designed by Col. P. Thompson, M.P.—an enharmonic organ—the object of which is, by minute subdivision of the scale, to attain a perfect intonation. The ingenious colonel will also exhibit an enharmonic guitar, the design of which is somewhat similar. No class of musical instruments will, we believe, be unrepresented. As might be expected, pianofortes will be most numerous. In this department the most eminent manufacturers are exerting their utmost powers to exemplify the superiority of native instruments. There will be several improvements exhibited, both as regards tone and mechanism. The number of exhibitors, it is anticipated, will amount to about seventy.

INDIA.—The *Kurrachee Advertiser* of Nov. 9 says: "The river steamer Satellite, whose arrival we noticed in our last, brought, we understand, a number of boxes containing precious articles for the London Exhibition of 1851. Among them, we are told, is a pearl robe, valued at about £7,000; and a gold mounted saddle, set with precious stones, the property of the late Runjeet Singh, valued at about £6,000. We doubt not but tha these articles, when exhibited, will be viewed with surprise and wonder by our friends at home, who have never seen India in a regal native style, but we question whether the trophies would ever fetch the Indian value which is set upon them, and which they are well worth. While writing on this subject we have also heard that his Highness Ali Moorad has contributed most magnificently towards the Exhibition in embroidered workmanship of quilts, enamelled swords, &c. It is to be regretted that all the various articles contributed *via* the Indus were not exhibited to the residents of Kurrachee prior to their final shipment from the seaport of Scinde."

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—Mr. R. Horne has proposed to trail flowers round the Exhibition building, and a meeting has been held to hear a proposition from Mr. Henry Birt, to contribute by co-operation, without exception possibly the most novel, elegant, attractive, and beautiful objects in the Exhibition—namely, a splendid May-day international industrial jubilee garland. The garland is made, and it is anticipated that one beneficial result will be an immediate, extensive, and constant demand for copies of the goods and specimens exhibited.

FOREIGN POLICE.—Arrangements have been made, we learn, with the police authorities of France, and even other countries, to concentrate a few foreign police in this country to watch the movements of any fereign pickpockets who may be tempted hither in the spring.

The principal entrance to the building will be at the south end of the transept, and will consist of a lobby 72 feet in width by 48 feet in depth, which will be reached by three steps formed of oak and of the width of the transept. From the lobby the entrance into the building will be through several pairs of folding doors eight feet in width.

Mr. Cooke has, for one evening, devoted the receipts of the Royal Circus, Bristol, to the funds of the Exhibition of Industry, and has, we hear, handed over to the financial officer the sum of £50. The performance was under the patronage of the mayor and corporation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

JAMES F.—We are very decidedly of opinion that on most of the points you refer to an alteration must be effected; but there are circumstances which render the present moment not the most propitious for urging it.

P. M. M'GILVRAY.—The Mechanics' Home will provide a news-room, supplied with papers and magazines.

A MASON.—The sum which has been taken at the gates has been devoted to the formation of a sick and accident fund, and must now amount to some hundreds. We are glad to say that though, on an average, 2,000 workmen have been employed for some time past, only two serious accidents have occurred.

A MEMBER OF A CLUB.—Perhaps the cheapest method of provisioning will be by a common table, in the nature of a *table d'hôte*, at fixed hours, and at fixed prices, which, together with the kind of quality of the provisions, should be expressly stipulated for in the agreements which may be made with lodginghouse-keepers, or with a neighbouring cook-shop or coffee-house. If possible, the meals should be in the house where they sleep. All these points shall receive attention in due course.

G. R. H. (Manchester).—It has been announced again and again, and the Executive Committee have called particular attention to the fact, that the arrangements that have been made with the railway companies will only be available for members of clubs. What terms may be come to by other excursionists, it is, of course, impossible to say. We can only answer your inquiry as to the present intention of the contract that has been made.

A PROMOTER OF FREE EXHIBITIONS.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster and St. Paul's have resisted the assaults of the press for so long a period that we almost fear they are incorrigible, and know not what pressure of public opinion would induce them to yield. We purpose trying what we can do with them. Perhaps, as you suggest, they may be prevailed on to relinquish their pence during the exceptional circumstances of the Industrial year; but we fear it will be otherwise, and that they will look upon the prospect of a "rush" of visitors much in the same light as other showmen do. A gentleman, despairing of influencing their better feelings, and anxious to prevent the unfavourable impression which the demand for twopence at the door of our national buildings must leave on the minds of foreigners, suggests, "as a last resource, and to save ourselves as Englishmen from an everlasting and a national disgrace, that a public subscription be at once entered into, and a committee formed, to treat with the Dean and Chapter for the purchase of the right of entry gratis during the year 1851, and also to defray the expense of employing a certain number of guides to point out the internal beauties of our cathedrals to all admiring strangers."

SOU'-WESTER.—The tempest-prognosticator, invented by Dr. Merryweather, of Whitby, and about to be exhibited by him, is described in the application for space as "a circular pyramidal apparatus of three feet in diameter and three feet six inches in height, composed of French-polished mahogany, glass, silver, brass, &c., to illustrate a discovery of the means of anticipating storms." The inventor adds:—"My belief is, that it will be the perpetual means of saving thousands of lives, as well as protecting an immense amount of property."

W. L. (Bradford).—The engraving of the Crystal Palace which was presented to our readers with No. 49, did not, certainly, answer the expectations of the proprietor of this journal. Mr. Cassell gave directions which he anticipated would secure a really superior work of art; and it was a source of much regret to him that, by the selection of paper unsuited both in size and quality, and the use of the machine instead of the hand-press for working off the impressions from the plate, his intentions were frustrated. It is hoped this explanation will be satisfactory to our correspondent, and to any of our other readers who may have felt disappointed on receiving the engraving.

A WORKING MAN.—Yes; all the Supplementary Numbers will be published in a volume. Being entirely the composition of working men—men who toil, in manual, laborious employments, it affords a high testimony to their mental and and moral progress. Nearly six hundred essays, on various subjects, have been received, and more than one hundred and thirty have already appeared.

A. J. (Kingston).—No persons have been authorised by the Commissioners to act in the way you name. There can be no doubt that many attempts at fraud will be made by persons who think the Exhibition a fine opportunity for getting money out of the unwary, no matter by what means. The papers just now contain the trial of a young man at the Central Criminal Court, for falsely representing himself to be an agent for apportioning space, and under that pretence obtaining 10s. from a poor woman who wanted a space of three feet to exhibit a pair of stays. The only safe course of proceeding is to apply to the Executive Committee, Hyde-park, or to the secretary of your local committee.

A. S. CAUL.—The fee of one shilling to be paid upon registration in respect of ornamental designs, and of ten shillings for articles of utility, will be returned to the proprietor of the designs, upon the production of a certificate to the effect that the articles registered have been deposited in the building of the Exhibition. The provisional registration thus effected will continue in force for twelve months, and may be extended for a further period of six months by order of the Board of Trade. The rights of the proprietor are protected by the same penalties and recoverable in the same mode as under the existing Registration of Designs Act.

A READER.—We are assured that it is the intention of the Government, immediately upon the opening of Parliament, to bring in a bill for the purpose of granting protection to that class of exhibitors whose inventions are not protected by the Designs Act of last session.

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

I DO not know that the garden-work of any other month is more important than that which belongs to January, and whenever it is either neglected or done carelessly, the effects are sensibly felt all through the succeeding spring and summer. We therefore strongly recommend it to the attention of our friends, if they wish to enjoy the blessings of fruitful and pleasant gardens.

DIGGING.

In dry weather continue to dig all unoccupied beds and borders, laying them in *trenches* that they may be mellowed and sweetened by the frost, and rendered friable and fertile by having the soil and subsoil mixed.

EARTHING UP CELERY, ENDIVE, PEAS, AND BEANS.

When the digging is finished—well and carefully finished—let us proceed to attend to the vegetables that require to be earthed up, and to be protected from frost. If the weather is dry and open, earth celery; and if there is hard frost, the ridges ought to be spanned by hoops and covered with litter. If you have buried endive in order to preserve it through the winter, you must now cover the ground carefully with long litter or tanner's bark, as the plants cannot be too much guarded against the influence of the weather. Peas and beans should likewise have the earth drawn up about their stems to protect them as much as possible from frost, and in doing this avoid covering the tops of the plants.

CRESSES—MUSTARD—RADISH.

All small sallad herbs may now be sown on a warm, sunny border, which should be arched with hoops covered with mats. This is a sufficient protection in any moderate season, and when the frosts are severe it is only necessary to cover the mats with straw. Plants grown under glass come more quickly forward than those thus raised, but do not afterwards thrive as well.

CRESS is sown in very shallow drills, and covered slightly with fine earth.

MUSTARD seeds should be sown in fine vegetable mould, in shallow drills, and then covered with a light thin layer of the same sort of mould, which had been passed through a riddle.

RADISHES. Sow the "short-topped" as it is most hardy, and let the seeds be shaken tolerably thick over a well-raken even surface of good rich earth; cover with the same to the depth of half an inch.

PARSLEY AND CHERVIL.

If the weather continues dry, sow parsley and chervil in drills. They need no covering, as their seeds will not send up shoots until there will be little or no danger of their being injured by the cold.

CHERVIL should be sown every month. A very small portion being sufficient each time.

PARSLEY is frequently sown in this month as an edging to newly-made walks, and a very pretty one it is. It is also sometimes sown all round the roots of trees, as it will grow and thrive where few other vegetables would live.

BEANS.

The first crop of Windsor, and early long-pod beans should now be sown to succeed the mazagan. Let the soil be a stiff, heavy loam, let the seed be a year old, and put down the same quantity of it as recommended for the mazagan in a late number of "The Working Man's Friend."

MANURE.

When all this is done in our garden, let us come to the manure and compost heaps. Turn them over, and shake them well up with a strong fork, but do not mix them together. With that which we term "manure," and which is composed chiefly of straw litter, and of litter from the cow-house, hen-house, and pig-sty, we should mix bog-mould,* soil, or ashes. These substances check the excessive heat which usually sets in with decomposition in heaps composed of such materials, and absorb the moisture which would otherwise evaporate and leave the heaps materially reduced in both quality and quantity. If dung is too much decomposed when spread on the ground it only impoverishes the soil; and if it is too fresh it benefits the ground the second year but not the first. Never mix lime with the manure, it gives it an additional stimulus which causes it to exhaust all its active properties at once; but you may mix lime with bog-mould and with the

COMPOST HEAPS.

Compost heaps are formed of all the decaying vegetables, the leaves of the trees, and the weeds, the sweepings of grass-walks and any clay or earth thrown aside

* Or the bottoms of ponds, or ditches, &c.

after sifting. With this, mix mould from a black bog, and a proportion of lime or salt. The latter is, however, greatly to be preferred, because it not only contains within itself enriching properties, but it promotes more effectually than lime the putrefaction of the substances which we wish to convert into a fertilizing mould, and by destroying with the weeds their most minute seeds, it saves the gardener much labour in the spring, for it is admitted by all that the adage does not exaggerate which says,

"That one year's seeds give seven years' weeds."

When all the heaps have been thus managed, we would ask our friends to look to their hedges and repair them carefully and neatly wherever they may require it. No garden can look pleasant to the eye that is surrounded by a slovenly hedge, nor is it safe from trespassers. After this is done we may rub out and clean seeds, prepare shreds and nails for those trees which we intend to prune next month, and get all the garden-tools ready for use, that when the spring work commences we may not be kept from attending to it.

THE DROWNED CHILD.

A FAMILY—the father, mother, and three children, the youngest between two and three years old—had been making a visit, and were returning to the city of New York by one of the Williamsburgh ferry-boats, towards evening, in the month of July. They were evidently in humble life, and had a rare treat in the pleasure of a holiday, dressed in their best, and flushed in the enjoyments of health. They were sitting in the stern of the boat, and near the railing; the youngest children playing near the parents, frolicsome as kittens. It was a picture pleasing to look on, and it made one's heart glad and grateful to see a group so joyful in each other, and evidently as blest among themselves, as if they had been born in wealth.

It was a very pleasant day, and a pleasant hour of the day. A few moments more would bring them home, and the children, tired of the day's play, would be asleep. Suddenly the youngest, frolicking on the floor, rolled under the railing, and in an instant was overboard. Many were looking on, but it was so sudden and unexpected that no one could arrest it. A shout was raised for the boat to be stopped, but before that could be done, the father leaped over into the deep and struck out manfully in search of his drowning child. The mother had shrieked with agony as her child had gone, and now that her husband was also overboard, her anguish was terrible to behold. A lady strove to console her, gathered the other children about her, and bade her to trust in God, and hope for the best. The father proved to be a noble swimmer, but the water was so agitated by the motion of the boat that he could see nothing of his child, and for some minutes he beat about to no purpose. Small boats put out from the shore, and one of them picked him up when he was nearly exhausted, and he was brought to the steamer and lifted on board. Here was a fresh scene of distress, when the father and mother met again. He had returned from the watery grave himself, but their child, their pet lamb, was lost. As he was raised on the deck, the mother cried, "The child, the child: where is it?" He looked at her, and with a thoughtfulness and beauty not to be expected in such a moment, answered gently—"Mary, God has it." The boat still lingered, and the passengers were straining their eyes into the distance, hoping that one of the boats might rescue the child. It had now been half an hour in the water. Presently, a shout went up, and the word was passed along that the child was found. It was picked up by one of the many in search, and a solitary oarsman rowed on with his precious charge. As he came alongside, the hardy old tar, with a tenderness of feeling that gave him an honor, covered the face of the child. He could not bear to shock the parents with the sudden sight of their dead child. Yes, it was dead. It was taken on board, and the gentle lady who had sought to comfort the mother in her anguish took the little one and opened its dress and laid her hand on his heart—but it was still. All he means that could be applied were of no avail to restore the spirit that had fled.

What a change was here! The boat reached the wharf, and the family, a mourning, wretched family, went off home. The papers, the next morning, mentioned, under the head of accidents, that a child was drowned from one of the ferry-boats yesterday; but how little of the sorrow of that disaster is told in such a line! How much sorrow there is in this world that we know nothing of!

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

AN'ATRON, *s.* the scum which swims upon the molten glass in the furnace; the salt which gathers upon the walls of vaults; soda.

AN'CHOR, *s.* an iron instrument, which, being attached to the cable, and fixed in the ground, keeps a ship from driving. The anchor is used *in art* as an emblem of hope, firmness, patience, and faith.

AN'CILLARY, *s.* an handmaid, or female servant.

ANDAN'TE, *ad.* (in *music)* is the medium between the extremes of slow and quick time; gentle, distinct, soothing.

ANEMOL'OGY, *s.* the doctrine of winds.

ANEMOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for measuring the force and velocity of wind.

ANEM'OSCOPE, *s.* a machine to foretel the changes of the wind.

AN'EURISM, *s.* a disease of, or wound in, an artery, by which it becomes swelled.

AN'GLE, s. (in *mathematics)* the space between two lines which meet at a point. When they meet perpendicularly it is a *right* angle, and is 90 degrees; when less it is an *acute* angle; and when larger an *obtuse* angle.

AN'GLICISM, *s.* a mode of speech peculiar to the English language.

ANGLO-SAX'ON, *a.* relating to the English Saxons.

AN'GULAR, *a.* having corners or angles.

AN'HYDRITE, *s.* sulphate of lime; gypsum.

AN'IMAL, *s.* a body endued with life.

ANIMAL'CULE, *s.* an exceedingly small animal; sometimes so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

AN'IMUS, *s.* the spirit of anything; or the principle of life.

ANNEAL'ING, *s.* the art of tempering glass; the rendering hard metals capable of enduring the hammer. Glass when suddenly cooled after melting, and some metals after long hammering, become extremely brittle. This property is removed by placing the glass in a cool oven, and by heating the metals again after the hammering.

ANNIVER'SARY, *s.* the annual return of some remarkable day.

ANNOTA'TION, *s.* an explanation, a note.

ANNU'ITANT, *s.* one who has a yearly allowance for life.

AN'NULAR, *a.* in the form of, or resembling, a ring.

AN'NULET, *s.* a little ring; a fillet; a mark in *heraldry;* in *architecture*, a small square member in the Doric capital, under the quarter round.

AN'ODYNE, *s.* (in *medicine)* that which has a soothing, mitigating power, or which procures sleep.

ANOP'SY, *s.* want of sight.

ANTAL'GIC, *a.* endued with the power of mitigating pain.

ANTARC'TIC, *a.* relating to the southern poles.

AN'TE, *(Latin)* a particle signifying *before.*

ANTECE'DENT, *s.* a word or argument which goes before; in *grammar* the noun to which the relative is subjoined.

AN'TEDATE, *v. a.* to date before the time.

ANTEN'NÆ, *s.* the horns or feelers of insects.

ANTEPENUL'TIMATE, *s.* the last syllable but two in any word.

AN'THEM, *s.* a holy song, or divine hymn.

AN'THER, *s.* (in *botany)* the point or top of the stamen, containing the pollen or fine powder.

ANTHOL'OGY, *s.* a collection of flowers. The name is sometimes given, figuratively, to a collection of poems.

ANTHOPH'YLITE, *s.* a shining mineral.

AN'THRACITE, *s.* a bright, shining kind of coal, which kindles without flame or smoke, and burns with a great heat. It is of value in smelting iron.

ANTHROPOL'OGY, *s.* the doctrine of anatomy.

ANTHROPOMOR'PHOUS, *a.* having resemblance to man.

ANTHROPOPH'AGI, *s. pl.* cannibals, man-eaters.

AN'TI, (Greek) a particle signifying *against*, or contrary to.

ANTIA'CID, *s.* an alkali; *a.* alkaline.

AN'TIC, *s.* a buffoon, or jester.

ANTICLI'MAX, *s.* (in oratory or writing) a sentence in which there is a descent, or fall, from the great to the little.

AN'TIDOTE, *s.* a remedy; a medicine to expel poison.

ANTIM'ETER, *s.* an optical instrument for measuring angles with precision.

AN'TIMONY, *s.* a white brittle metal, incapable of being rolled into sheets or drawn into wire; it is used in medicine in different

forms; combined with lead it forms type metals, and with lead and tin, music plate metal, pewter, &c.; it enters also into the composition of some of the pigments used in painting. Glass is coloured yellow by antimony.

ANTIPHLOGIS'TIC, *a.* (in *medicine)* good against inflammation.

AN'TIPHON, ANTIPH'ONY, *s.* a hymn; the chant.

ANTIPH'RASIS, *s.* the use of words in a sense opposite to their proper meaning.

ANTIP'ODES, *s. pl.* a term from the Greek, signifying literally, those who stand feet to feet, as is the case with the inhabitants of two opposite points of the globe.

ANTIQUA'RIAN, AN'TIQUARY, *s.* one who studies antiquity; a collector of ancient things.

ANTIQ'UE, *a.* (in art) a term by which is understood pre-eminently those peculiarities of genius, invention, and art which are preserved in the remains of cultivated nations of antiquity.

ANTISCORBU'TIC, *a.* good against the scurvy.

ANTISEP'TIC, *s.* a medicine, or substance, to prevent putrefaction—as salt, nitre, sugar, vinegar, charcoal, and alcohol.

ANTIS'TROPHE, *s.* the second stanza of an ode.

ANTITH'ESIS, *s.* (in rhetoric) a figure by which a contrast is drawn between two things, so as to exhibit the opposite qualities of each.

AN'TITYPE, *s.* the original, which is represented by the type.

AOR'TA, *s.* the artery which arises immediately out of the left ventricle of the heart.

APE'RIENT, *s.* a mildly-opening medicine.

A'PEX, *s.* the tip or angular point of a thing. In *art*, a cap with a sharp point at the top, resembling a straight-horn, worn by the priests of heathen Rome.

APHE'LION, *s.* that point of a planet's orbit which is the most distant from the sun.

A'PHIS, *s.* a small fly; the plant louse.

APHLOGIS'TIC, *a.* burning without flame.

APH'ORISM, *s.* a maxim, precept, or general rule.

APH'THONG, *s.* letters which have no sound.

A'PIARY, *s.* a place were bees are kept.

APOCALYP'TIC, *a.* concerning revelation, or the book of the "Revelations" in the New Testament.

APOC'RYPHA, *s.* certain books sometimes added to the sacred writings, but which are of doubtful authority.

AP'OGEE, *s.* that point in the heavens in which any planet is at its greatest distance from the earth.

AP'OGRAPH, *s.* a copy or transcript of some book or writing.

AP'OLOGUE, *s.* a fable, or story, so contrived as to teach some moral truth.

APOMECOM'ETRY, *s.* the art of measuring distant objects.

AP'OPLEXY, *s.* a disorder of the brain, which suddenly destroys sensation.

A POSTERIO'RI (*Latin)*, signifying literally, *from a thing after;* in *logic* it means reasoning from the effect to the cause.

APOS'TROPHE, *s.* (in *rhetoric*) a sudden change by which a speaker turns his discourse from the subject to some person or thing; as, "O Death where is thy sting?" In *grammar* it is a mark thus (′), signifying the contraction of a word, as can't, don't; also where the final *s* is separated from the word, as "England's Queen."

APOTH'ECARY, *s.* a person whose business is to prepare medicines for sale.

AP'OTHEGM, *s.* a short, sententious, instructive maxim, or saying, worthy of observation; as, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

APOTH'EOSIS, *s.* a ceremony by which emperors, heroes, and saints (so called), and other eminent men, were consecrated, or raised to the rank of gods after their death.

AP'OZEM, *s.* a decoction or infusion of herbs.

AP'PANAGE, *s.* land set apart for the support of younger children.

APPA'RENT, *a.* (in astronomy) a term used to describe an observed phenomenon, as it *appears* under perhaps unfavourable circumstances, in opposition to the *real* or *true* phenomenon, when freed from those circumstances.

APPARA'TUS, *s.* tools; furniture; equipage.

APPARI'TION, *s.* an appearance; a spectre; a ghost, or spirit. An impression made upon, or an appearance presented to, the mind, when it is in a disordered state, or after it has been powerfully and intensely engaged on some given subject; or when, in certain places, or at certain periods, the mind is under the influence of fear.

APPE'AL, *s.* an application for justice, or compassion. In *law*, the removal of a cause from an inferior to a superior court.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 57.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES.

The titles of many publications are perfect misnomers. The name is a trap, and thousands are caught in the snare. People may say, "What is there in a name? It is only a few letters made on paper with pen and ink, or printer's type; and when uttered, is nothing more than a mere vibration of air." This may be all very true, and if men and women were only animals, we might remain unconcerned: but unfortunately, or rather fortunately, people have not merely eyes and ears, but souls; and a word, whether written or spoken, can sink deep into the heart. Poor King Lear spoke feelingly, when he said of his daughter, she

> "Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
> Most serpent-like, upon the very heart."

Nothing so touching, so biting, so moving, so thrilling, so inspiring, or so prolific of thoughts, feelings, words and actions, as a word. Hence the old saying: "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." Heretics and knaves are generally so fair spoken, that if it were possible they would deceive the very elect. How often "with feigned words have mankind been made merchandise of!"

We want our readers to weigh these sentiments, because we commenced our publication with a title of no common pretensions. We called our periodical, "The Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor," and now we appeal to our supporters, and beseech them to look back on all the numbers which have appeared, and say whether or not we have sustained the title. We do not assert that every article has been of equal merit, but we have a strong impression that we have avoided every thought that could injure or corrupt any one, and have given utterance to those only which were calculated to benefit our readers. We have abundant testimony that hundreds of families have been *instructed*, and that thousands of working men have found us a "*a friend*," and thus the object which we proposed has so far been answered.

We are not about to utter any complaint, but still we have a strong impression that our publication ought to have a more extensive circulation, and that this is desirable for all parties. The *pecuniary* benefit would be little, compared with the *advantage* which the masses would derive from the diffusion among themselves of correct principles. We are unspeakably grateful that we have issued a weekly periodical, in whose success our working friends have a far greater stake than ourselves. The pence or pounds which we may obtain from an extensive sale are mere trash, compared with the mental and moral benefits which our customers must derive from the truths contained in our pages. Were the globe, from the surface to the centre, one mass of solid gold, yet one sound and healthy moral principle would outweigh it all. Perhaps there is no money so grudgingly parted with as that which is spent in books, and yet there is none laid out to so great an advantage. Give a man wisdom, knowledge, industry, economy, morality, and religion, and you give him wealth, honour and happiness. Proper mental tuition and self-government can make the cottage the envy of the palace, and can raise the artisan and peasant to companionship with the prince. The constitution of our country makes us a sovereign people. Our legislators are our representatives, or, at any rate, ought to be—yes, and shall be, when the principles taught in "The Working

MAN'S FRIEND" shall be generally understood and obeyed. By the senators whom we choose, *the laws* are made by which the Monarch governs the empire: so that after all the Sovereign of these realms rules according to the sovereignty of the people. How important then that the masses should be well instructed! In most of our movements we have begun at the wrong end. We have fidgeted ourselves about the *ruler*, when our chief duty was to put those who are *ruled* right. We need not care who sways the sceptre, provided the people take care that nothing but a sceptre of righteousness be delivered into the royal hand. "The king can do no wrong," unless the subjects are stupid and depraved. Hence the grand climax of social, civil, political, and ecclesiastical wisdom and equity, awaits the elevation of the masses; and to this glorious object our friends well know we have devoted all our energies in "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND." Perhaps our friends will allow us here to observe,

I. THAT THERE IS NO OTHER PUBLICATION SO ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

We rejoice in all the valuable periodicals of the day. It is cheering to see, at the commencement of this year, that several healthy magazines, &c., have issued from the press. *Eighteen hundred and fifty-one* stands at the head of all the periods that old Time has looked upon, if estimated alone by the literature that now adorns and enlightens the age. We may not have a Shakspeare and a Milton; but if we fail in the production of such works as proceeded from their pens, we have, nevertheless, writings of a more practical character, which, if they do not dazzle, yet instruct and edify, and are adapted to raise up a population which will be able universally to appreciate the writings of our greatest authors, to imbibe their noble sentiments, and thus become truly and nationally great. Still our writings have their *caste*. One magazine is sworn to a sect, another to a clique, and a third to a class. Some are for the learned, and are as abstruse as they are profound; others are for the rude, and are as childish as they are simple; others are for the religious and the spiritual, and are too heavenly-minded to look on man's bodily and social condition, or to go about, like the SAVIOUR, to bless our race temporarily and eternally. Like the priest and the Levite, they pass by on the other side, and leave the man who has fallen among domestic, civil, political, or ecclesiastical thieves, to die of his wounds. Forsooth it would stain their garments and secularize their piety to raise the oppressed masses! Some of our publications are solely for the rich, and others, again, are for all classes—a kind of "*Omnium Gatherum*," which are everything, and nothing at the same time, and strive, above all things, to make a kind of hodge-podge of society. They advocate no principle thoroughly, lest they should offend any of their vast variety of readers; hence hundreds of subjects are *tabooed*. You must never mention them, lest Harry Heartless, the squire; the Rev. James Jones, the parson; Mrs. Prim, the doctor's wife; Tom, the blacksmith; Sally, the laundress; Mr. Spink, the saint, or Jem Black, the sinner, should take umbrage, and give up their patronage. They become "all things to all men," to gain all men and all women to nothing at all! Our little periodical differs from all these publications by adopting just one idea—"*The Elevation of the Working Classes*." It does not level, but raise, and gives to the mechanic and labourer a lever by which he can lift himself as high as he pleases. At this work we have toiled for the last year, and have not laboured in vain; but still very little has been done, compared to what ought to be effected, and would be

effected if our working friends would use their influence *to enlarge the circulation.* The work is their own; it has laboured solely for their benefit; in no single instance has it forgotten or deserted their interests; and therefore it is not going too far to ask for an increase of patronage.

II. THERE IS NO OTHER PUBLICATION SO THOROUGHLY OPEN TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS.

We have attended to their suggestions; have printed their productions; and have generally obtained articles on any subject which they have deemed subservient to their welfare. Having a staff of writers well versed in most matters connected with the real advantage of the working man, it has always been easy to procure papers suited to the exigency of any case that has been proposed for discussion. Our *Supplementary Numbers* may be justly said to be the wonder of the age, and have done more than any other publication to roll off the reproach which for ages has lain heavily upon the masses. They have been called "ignorant," "brutish," "vulgar," and "wicked." It has been concluded that the pen, the hammer, the shuttle, the plane, and the lapstone, could not go together; but we have confuted and exposed this error, not by reasoning, but by facts. The papers, on such a variety of subjects, written by operatives, which we have published in our *Supplement*, contains such a mass of information, learning, and instruction, and are composed in such pure English, that their appearance will be the most glorious vindication of the factory and the workshop that has ever been attempted. We shall never again hear in high places of the "*untutored savages*" of the manufacturing districts. We shall republish these Essays forthwith in a separate volume, and we feel assured that if they came out under the name of Macaulay, Bulwer, or Leigh Hunt, they would not, as a whole, disgrace these names. Now it really is something to have elicited these papers and sent them round the country on the wings of the press, as a specimen of the intellect, talent, and moral feeling which now abound in our factories. And as we intend to continue this series we must entreat our friends to increase our weekly and monthly circulation, as by so doing they will confer an immense advantage on their shopmates, and will, no doubt, be the means of arousing a large amount of talent which at present lies dormant.

III. "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" *has received the highest encomiums from some of the most distinguished names in the country, for the able manner in which it has been conducted.*

We could mention a long list of patriots and others who have in very high terms commended the work for its truths, its principles, its instruction, its lively style, its literary and philosophical character. We may add that it is largely read by the middle and higher classes of society, in consequence of the value of its articles. We felt at the commencement that, in order to write for the workshop, it was not necessary to be low or vulgar, and that we had no need to pander to an obscene and depraved appetite. The fact that so many myriads of our working people esteem and understand the Bible, was to us a proof that a periodical, written in a style that would not offend the drawing-room of the lady, or the study of the scholar, or the laboratory of the philosopher, would not remain unappreciated by our mechanics and peasants. Our anxiety has been to make scholars, philosophers, and patriots of the masses. We wished to purify their language by refining and informing their souls, and therefore have never stooped to any-

thing that was base or polluting. We want to turn a pure language upon the people by accustoming them to contemplate the beautiful, the true, the pure, and the sublime.

We hope to see the day when the manners of the workshop shall be as courteous and gentle as those of the saloon, and have kept this object in view in what we have published in "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND." The articles themselves have been allowed by all to be exceedingly valuable, and we believe that they have added greatly to the comfort of hundreds of families, and are destined yet to bear fruit in the future lives of the youth of both sexes who have adopted our hints and studied our pages. If all the truth could be told it would be seen that many have resolved to improve their minds; to excel in their trades; to be polite in their manners; to mend their circumstances; to be temperate and economical in their expenses; to become freeholders and electors; to keep from the jail and the poor-house; to be patriotic reformers and virtuous citizens. To accomplish these objects we have aimed, and have a strong conviction that we have not written in vain; at any rate we are sure that the essays and papers which we have published have been adapted to produce such happy results.

Having thus laboured for one year in the cause of the working classes, we know something of its sweets and its toils, and can say that we are not tired. But we want more co-operation. So long as there is a single ignorant, idle, profligate, depraved, unhappy operative or peasant, our work is not done. We wish to see our hard-working countrymen and countrywomen the glory of our age, our country, and the world; and knowing that our pages are devoted to this object, and in some measure adapted to this work, we entreat our subscribers to increase their distribution. If every reader of "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" would but recommend it in workshops and among relations and acquaintances, our circulation could easily be doubled, and even then the supply would be small compared with the wants of the population.

We ask for the zeal and sympathy of our friends in this good work. Every man and woman should be a missionary, to raise the wretched, to instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the depraved; and every association should be a centre of intelligence, patriotism, benevolence, and morality; and then the virtue, prosperity, and happiness of our fatherland would surpass all that history has recorded or that poets have dreamt of in the loftiest of their musings.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST ELEPHANT EVER SEEN IN ENGLAND.—Matthew Paris relates that, about the year 1255, an elephant was sent over to England as a grand present from the King of France to Henry III.; and states that it was believed to be the first and only elephant ever seen in England, or even on this side the Alps; and that consequently the people flocked in great numbers to behold so great a novelty on its arrival. Among the Close Rolls one of about this date is extant, in which the sheriff of Kent is ordered to proceed to Dover in person to arrange in what manner the king's elephant might be most conveniently brought over; and to provide a ship, and other things necessary, to convey it; and directing that, if the king's mariners judged it practicable, it should be brought to London by water. Another order was shortly after issued to the sheriffs of London, commanding them to cause to be built, without delay, in the Tower of London, a house, forty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth, for the king's elephant; and directing that it should be so strongly constructed that, whenever there should be need, it might be adapted to, and used for, other purposes.

EXHIBITION TALES.

JOHN EDWARDS.

"NAY, Fanny, I did not strike thee."

"Thou did, indeed, John; thou struck me right down on the floor there, and little Jack with me. Poor bairn! never did I think that his father would have so used me. Oh what a change! and we've been married only fourteen months. But I was a fool to think I could reform thee. They told me thou drunk, and I saw thee myself tipsy more than once: but thy promises were so fair! Oh those fine words! how I hate them now: and yet I did think thou loved me."

"And so I did, Fanny; and I love thee still; and I love thy bairn. Just forgive and forget, my lass, and all will be right."

I do forgive; and I forgive thee, my lad, with all my heart. But I am afraid all will not go right. Thou hast broken thy word to me, John; thou told me thou wouldst never enter that nasty casino again."

"Well, d'ye see, I could not altogether help it. Will Bowker would make me go and have a glass, in order to see the play, and I didn't like to refuse him, because he said he would help me with the machine."

"As to the machine, thou'lt never get it ready by the time,—that I know very well; and for the casino, I can't think for the life of me why the magistrates let such places be, unless it is to break the hearts of us poor wives, and bring father, mother, and children to the union. Howsoever, I have heard one thing to-day that makes me glad. There are to be no more plays in the casino nor at Lang's. Oh how I hate those vile places! How many hundreds of young creatures are lost, aye, utterly ruined there. Yes, and old ones, too. It was a bad day for thee, John, when thou first set thy foot over the threshold of that filthy place on the bridge; but, as I was saying, there's to be no more play-acting. The Mayor won't allow it, and so that excuse is taken from thee. But while they have that Sunday music, too many poor young things will be drawn into the spider's web, and have their blood sucked. Thou knowest Nancy Jenkins. Well, she's just been put to bed. A very decent, well-behaved girl was Nancy till she got a gait o'going to Lang's, and now she's a mother without a husband, and they say the chap's nowhere to be found. Nancy used to be a teacher in the Old Church Sunday-school. But hearing the organ play a tune she used to sing, she thought there couldn't be much harm, and so, as her young fellow pressed in she went. After that they were always there till it was too late, and now the girl is ruined.

"Do, John, do, I beg thee, do give up this drink. My dear lad, it makes a fool of thee; and, what's worse, it's beginning to make a brute of thee, else thou would never have struck me last night. And then to think how well we could do with thy six-and-thirty shillings a week. And thou had two guineas thou knowest, till thou lost thy place of foreman. Why, the first six months we were married, we saved three pounds ten shillings, besides paying for all the furniture. But, I am afraid thou'lt lose thy present situation. Dickens, the new foreman, was here this morning while thou wast a-bed. I don't like that Dickens, John; he seemed half glad when he found out how it was thou wast not at thy work. 'Ah,' said he, 'I see how it is; thy lad had better keep a sharp look out, for master's very angry; we are full of work at the shop, and master says he won't have men who drink.'"

"I tell thee what, Fanny, I'll have that place again, and Dickens may go where he likes. I see, Fanny, the machine will do it all. Master thinks well of the machine, and won't turn me adrift. No, no, he knows too well how much he'll get by it. Oh it will be a rare fortune for him; and you, my little Fan., you and your bairn shall have somewhat, I promise you. We are not always going to be as we are now; though the house is nice and clean, I will say that; and little Jack there is a fine fellow, and looks neat too, that he does. But when the machine is completed, thou'lt see something then, Fanny. Why, Bowker and I talked it all over last night, and I know we can make it so as to put in with one roller six, eight, or ten colours—almost as many as you like at once. But come, I must not sit here talking; I'll be off, and see what master Dickens has to say. He's a proud stuck-up fellow—but he can't trip me up."

John Edwards rose from his late breakfast, and hurried off to the print-works. As he was hastening along, he was met by his employer. "This," said the latter to im, when they met—"this, Edwards, is too bad; three days off from your work and you know how busy we are. Aye, I see by your red eyes what the cause is. Drink will be your ruin. But you shan't go on vexing me any longer about that machine. It is now two years since I began to give thee help, and I verily believe *that* money

has been the worst thing that ever came to thee. However I've not enough; so we'll just give it up at once."

"No! don't be hasty, Mr. Potter," replied Edwards; "I know I've not acted well towards you; but I have foresworn drink, and will get the thing done right away."

"You had need lose no time, John, if it is really to be at the Exhibition; at any rate, I should like to have some cloth printed by it there. Why, the affair has lost me a world of money already. You see, relying on your word, I have taken steps for getting a patent; and if you really do all you say, and will do it, neither you nor I will want cash again. I tell thee what, Edwards, with all thy skill, thou'rt a bit of a fool, else thou wouldn't let such an opportunity slip. Few men are backed as thou art, and I wouldn't have had anything to do with thee, had I at the first known thou wert given to drinking."

"Well, sir, I am really very sorry I have given you so much trouble. Just look over this once, and you'll find all right. I hope you'll allow Grub and Tinker to make the things I told them?"

"So long as you are sober, they shall do for you anything you want. But now be sharp; get on with it; there's little better than two months to the time. . . . . Stay, now I think of it, you had better leave the block, and just go and give all your time to the machine. I'm going away for a fortnight; let all be ready by the time I come back, and we will then try with some cloth what the thing can do. Keep sober, John, and I don't despair."

"Come," thought Edwards, as he parted from his employer,—"come, I've talked him over nicely anyhow; this looks like being turned adrift, doesn't it? No, no; he knows which side his bread is buttered; and as for thee, Master Dickens, who'll be master now? At any rate, I shall have no more of thy insolence; for didn't master tell me to have thy shop, and employ whom I would?"

Thus exulting in his almost unexpected success, John Edwards was entering the yard of the print-works, when out came the workmen hastening to their dinner. Among them was Bowker. Seeing Edwards approaching, Bowker shouted out, "Three cheers, lads, for Edwards; he is a rare trump!" The cheers were given. The men gathered round Edwards, and at first unintentionally bore him back towards the gateway. "Come, my lads," said Edwards, when he found he was leaving the ground,—"come, let me go in; I want to look after something very particular."

"Oh yes," interrupted Bowker; "it's that machine. But no working in the dinner hour. Come away with Jim and Will here; we are going to have a chop at 'The Plucked Goose.'"

Edwards did not offer a very sturdy resistance.

"When the work-bell rang, Bowker and his party were still in the public-house. Edwards at the moment it begun was in the middle of his story about Mr. Potter and the machine. When he had concluded, Bowker declared that Mr. Potter was a fine fellow, and he'd drink his health, if it was the last sixpence he had. Another quart of fettled ale was ordered in. Conversation went on briskly. The last night's amusement at the Casino came on the carpet, and by the time the jug was empty it was two o'clock.

"It's nonsense to think of going to work this afternoon," said Bowker; "let's have a game of skittles."

Edwards yielded hesitatingly. Seeing this, Bowker exclaimed—

"Why, Jack, what's got hold on thee? Thou'rt losing thy pluck, man!"

Thinking of Fanny and the machine, Edwards would willingly have withdrawn. His feet, however, carried him forward, and he was soon in the skittle-ground, as active and as jovial as any of his companions.

The party played and drank the whole afternoon. Towards the close, a frizzle of bacon and a glass of whisky were proposed. At the end of the meal, Bowker and Edwards began to be uproarious. The landlord was sent for and treated. Mine host, finding the proceedings satisfactory to himself, determined to fool them up to the top of their bent, and proposed that old Bob, the blind fiddler, should be sent for. That son of Apollo came—dancing ensued.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Bowker; "who can dance without ladies? I know where to get some, and of the right sort too."

Soon he returned, bringing with him three young women of no doubtful character. The revelling now proceeded with brisker foot and louder uproar. At length midnight came, and the brawlers were turned into the streets. Half mad with drink and excitement, Edwards, partly in fun, partly in earnest, rushed against a couple of persons who, arm in arm, were hastening home. One of them, a female, fell, such was the violence of the onset. As she fell she uttered a scream. Her companion turned and struck Edwards to the ground. Immediately a policeman came up, and took the offender into custody.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Edwards was in a great state of alarm and distress. Hour by hour

had she waited impatiently, expecting her husband's return. He was, she thought, busy at the works, endeavouring to make up for lost time. Besides, knowing how ardent was his temperament, and how promptly the act followed the resolve, she fancied that after he had done his ordinary work he had turned to the machine and was occupied with it, unaware of the way in which the time was running on. "I must not complain," she said to herself, "but encourage him in this. Happy for us all if the change does but last."

Scarcely had the idea passed from her mind, when a loud knock was heard at the door. She opened it, and in walked a policeman. "I am sorry to tell you, ma'am," said he, "that your husband is in the lock-up."

"For what?"

"For knocking a lady down."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true; and he has rare company: three girls, no better than they should be, and two fellows as tipsy as himself, are with him. They had all been drinking together at 'The Plucked Goose.'"

"Oh, horrid, horrid! *Is* it so? *can* it be so? Don't try to frghten me: you'll break my heart."

"Nay, I've told you the simple truth; I'm sorry for you, and bid you good night."

The next morning the carousers were brought before the bench. The assaulted lady and gentleman proved to be a brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Potter. They identified Edwards, but wishing to prevent severity, they interceded on his behalf. The presiding magistrate replied that it was a disgraceful affair, especially in a man like Edwards. He had no wish to be severe, but there had been many brawls of late, and an example must be made. If such a person as Edwards was let off, whom could they punish? Edwards was sent to jail for three weeks.

His wife was well known and respected in the neighbourhood, where indeed she was born and had been brought up. She had, therefore, no difficulty in procuring leave to visit her husband in prison. Every day, with her infant in her arms, she entered the jail, and spent two hours with John. As the period of his detention grew towards a close, the neighbours observed that Fanny seemed more composed At last something of her own happy look again sat on her countenance.

The reason was, that John, she hoped, and almost believed, was at last a reformed man. Certainly he had bitterly deplored his folly and the effects of his folly. The chaplain of the prison had seconded the efforts of Mrs. Edwards, and, by their joint influence, John had given them a solemn promise, that as soon as he was out of prison he would take *the pledge*, and begin to frequent church.

"Oh, my dear John," exclaimed Fanny, as she sat with her husband at tea the afternoon of the day that he quitted the jail; "how happy shall I be, how happy shall we both be, if you only keep sober! All yet will be right. Yes, I do think we shall be happier than ever. Oh I am so glad I married you, because I now see I have some influence over you, and I don't think you'll ever deceive me again."

"Never, Fanny," answered John, in a decided tone. "I'll go and take the pledge this very night."

"Yes, and I'll go with you."

"No, no, Fanny, I shouldn't like that. It will look as if thou wast watching me. Thou shalt see, my lass."

Before nine o'clock the same evening John Edwards was back again in his own home. He showed his wife his card of membership. All was once more well.

"I think," said Mrs. Edwards, as she and her husband went up stairs to bed; "I think, John, you had better not go back to Mr. Potter's. I'm afraid of the jeers of your old companions. Oh, if the temptation should be too strong for you!"

"It will not be too strong. Besides, I will not give up the machine. I must make thee some amends for all thy trouble and grief, and for thy forgiving conduct, and I have no way but the machine; but that's, I fancy, a pretty good way."

John Edwards was at his work in proper time in the morning. Mr. Potter, having been detained by business longer than he expected, had not returned. Day after day John went regularly to his employment, and returned home in good time at night. On the ensuing Sunday he took two sittings in the church. All was fair and promising.

At length, one morning, Edwards, while at work, received a summons into the counting-house. His heart sank within him. The only thing he dreaded had at length come. He must stand face to face with Mr. Potter. "You have deceived me," said his master, "and disgraced yourself, Edwards; but for the machine you should not remain on these premises another hour. That, I hear, is getting on, and so I'll bear with you till it is finished. You may go; I want no words, and your word is worth nothing."

"Hear me, sir, only for a moment."

"Not an instant. Begone."

Edwards withdrew, deeply hurt. This, he thought, was very harsh. Of his change Mr. Potter evidently knew nothing. The

information he wished to give, his master would not deign to hear.

As he crossed the yard, in proceeding to his employment, he was met by Mr. Bowker, who had been warned by Mr. Potter's messenger of what had taken place.

"John," said his evil genius to Edwards; "John, why dost thou look so sour, man? thou'lt outlive this. Potter's a gripe; he wants to get the machine; but don't be driven away. I'll tell thee: there's old Mister Evans will buy the machine out and out, and give thee good wages while thou finish it."

"Potter shall never have it," replied Edwards; I'll never strike another stroke for him. Nor shall he have the machine; I'd rather smash it into a thousand pieces!"

"Come away, then, with me John; I'll take thee to Mister Evans. I have often talked with him about it."

"And shall we leave to Potter all that has been done?" asked Edwards.

"Well," replied Bowker, "without you it won't do him much good."

"No; only that smallest wheel."

"Right, my lad; I had forgotten that. But rely on me; I'll go back to my work, and will secure that. We'll see Mr. Evans to-night."

Edwards left the ground. The moment he was outside, he suddenly came to a stand. Which way could he go? he asked himself. For home he was not disposed. He did not want just then to see his wife He resolved to take a walk into the country. As he proceeded, he overtook one of the two men with whom he had spent the night at "The Plucked Goose." The man had been discharged by Mr. Potter in consequence of the affray which brought him and Edwards into a prison.

"I'm glad to see thee, John," said his old shopmate; "but what makes thee off thy work?"

Edwards reported to him the case.

"Aye, Potter's a tyrant; but he'll rue it yet. I'm just going to meet three or four chaps that are cooking a dish for him. Thou'lt go with me?"

Stung by his master's reproaches, and thirsting for some revenge, Edwards consented. The place of meeting was in a public-house. After a consultation of two hours, a plan was arranged for houghing Mr. Potter's cows. This piece of villainy was chosen because, besides the injury to the cattle, it would disarrange, if not stop, the printing works, for which cow manure was indispensable. While the plot was being discussed, the men drank not a drop. As soon as all was settled, gin and beer were ordered in. Edwards was invited to take his share. He refused. Being taxed with shabbiness, he threw down half-a-crown.

"Not thy money, but thy company, we want," said the leader of the party. "For one, I would have had nothing to do with thee had I known thou wast a teetotaler. Thou'lt just slink away, and tell Potter."

"Drink then, and we'll believe thee, else I'm off. Drink, and you'll be ready to help us."

Edwards yielded.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he reached his home. He found his wife in a very great state of alarm. Afraid to tell her the truth, he said he had been working late on the machine.

Next morning, in an interview with Mr. Evans, he sold to that person all his interest in the machine for twenty pounds, reserving to himself the right of superintending the working of it for five years, with a remuneration of a hundred pounds per annum. Bowker was to work under him, with thirty shillings a week wages.

On his return home Mrs. Edwards remonstrated with him, on what she justly called the injustice done to Mr. Potter. She was encountered by a dogged silence. Her husband was resolved to have his full revenge.

John Edwards transferred himself and his labour to the print-works of Mr. Evans, a man who was not above any meanness that he thonght likely to promote his interest. Edwards and Bowker applied themselves to fit up for their purpose an old machine. But where was the wheel? Bowker had, he said, removed it from Mr. Potter's premises, and would bring it to Edwards. Day after day, however, went on, and it was not brought.

Edwards had worked for Mr. Evans just a week, when, as he was returning home with his wages, on a Saturday afternoon, he was apprehended. On the ensuing Monday he was committed for trial, on a charge of taking part in houghing Mr. Potter's cows. The leader of the party had impeached the rest.

Edwards now lies in prison, awaiting his trial. The machine proceeds under the hands of Bowker, who, however finds difficulties that he had not anticipated, and there is little ground for hope that either the machine or cloth printed by the machine will appear at the Exhibition. Edwards had the ability to accomplish the task, but he wanted the requisite moral qualities.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ESQUIMAUX, THE MEXICANS, AND THE PEOPLE OF GUIANA.

A VARIETY of articles will be observed in the Ethniographical department, at which we have already been looking, from NORTH AMERICA and the COAST of that country. The northern boundaries of Hudson's Bay were fully ascertained by the second expedition of Captain, now Sir Edward, Parry,* to whom the Museum is greatly indebted for many contributions. That expanse is more properly a sea, having a communication, not with the Atlantic only, but with the Arctic Ocean, by the Strait of the Fury and Hecla. The climate is exceedingly rigorous. An unbroken sheet of ice covers the seas, except for three or four months of summer, during which time icy fragments are tossing about, and still encumber the bays and straits. It was from the accumulation of these in the Strait of the Fury and Hecla that the attempts made by Captain Parry were completely baffled.

The country is traversed by impetuous streams and torrents when the spring melts the snows. The fall of the river called the Barrow, about ninety feet perpendicular, amidst finely-broken rocks, is truly magnificent. Yet a rich vegetation covers the ground here and in other parts during the short summer. The fox, the wolf, and the musk-ox are almost the only land animals that can endure the rigour of winter. The deer make their escape into milder regions. Herds of the walrus, often 200 or 300 in number, however crowd the shores. This animal, frequently called the morse, resembles the seal in the general conformation of its limbs and body, but is much larger, and more thick and clumsy in its proportions. It often measures eighteen or twenty feet in length, and ten or twelve in circumference round the chest. Its tusks are sometimes two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. It is gregarious in its habits; and, though far from being ferocious, is dangerous when attacked, not only from its great strength and formidable weapons, but because numbers hasten to succour a companion in distress. It resorts to floating islands of ice, or to the ice-bound shore, both to breed and rest at night; and hence the service which its long tusks perform. They are specially provided by the all-wise Creator for the purpose of enabling the walrus to ascend the slippery and steep acclivities or precipitous ledges of ice—an attempt which would often fail were the walrus not enabled by striking their points into the glassy surface, to secure itself firmly and draw up its unwieldy body.

Captain Cook says, when describing the walruses off the northern coast of America:—"They lie in herds of many hundreds upon the ice, huddling over one another like swine, and roar and bray so very loud that in the night, or in foggy weather, they give us notice of the vicinity of the ice before we could see it. We never found the whole herd asleep, some being always on the watch. These, on the approach of the boat would awake the next to them, and the alarm being thus gradually communicated, the whole herd would be awake presently. But they were seldom in a hurry to get away till after they had been once fired at; they then would tumble over one another into the sea in the utmost confusion; and if we did not at the first discharge kill those we fired at, we generally lost them, though mortally wounded. . . The dam, when wounded, holds the young one between her fore-arms."

Mankind are but scantily found in this part of the globe. Only a few scattered Esquimaux wander along the shore and island, passing often over the ice from one to the other. On the whole they are peaceable and friendly, and display no small degree of industry, and even ingenuity, in providing for their wants, and defending themselves against the rigour of the climate. This will fully appear, as the cases containing articles brought from this people are carefully examined; part of which was originally in the Sloane Collection, while others are gifts by Sir E. Parry, Captain J. Cook, Sir J. Banks, and other distinguished persons. The food of the Esquimaux consists entirely of wild animals which they have snared or

* See "Sailings over the Globe," vol. ii.

taken; and in these acts they display great skill and courage. On laying in a stock of provisions, they eat most voraciously, and bring on themselves the miseries of excess, soon followed by those of famine. Warm clothing is made by the Esquimaux from the skins of captured animals, particularly deer. Of the same materials they form their summer tents, the bones of large animals serving as posts; but snow is the only material of their winter dwellings. Most singular indeed is their construction. The snow, when duly hardened by the first cold of winter, is cut into slabs, which are so skilfully put together as to form structures of a conical shape, that remain till melted by the heat of the succeeding summer. Each apartment has a lamp fed with the blubber of the walrus or the seal, and which yields at once light, heat, and the means of cooking. The inmates sit on a bench round the wall, and are preserved from the cold only by large quantities of clothing.

We pass from the objects brought from these people to others obtained from Mexico, an extensive and noble territory, forming the greater part of that vast tract of land which connects together Northern and Southern America.* It is now a great independent republic; it was formerly the principal of the Spanish viceroyalties, and originally a native empire. Its surface is elevated, comprising part of that vast ridge which runs along the whole continent of America parallel to the Pacific, and which in the south is called the Andes, or Cordilleras, and in the north the Rocky Mountains. In the middle part the chain presents a broad tableland, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet in height, thus equalling Mount St. Bernard, and others of the most remarkable summits of the old continent. Its fertility varies with the elevation; yet a great part of New Spain must rank with the most prolific regions of the earth.

The plan of ancient Mexico—discovered a few years ago by Mr. Bullock, the founder of the celebrated Liverpool Museum in Piccadilly, and afterwards of the rich and valuable collection of natural and artificial curiosities, so long an attraction in the Egyptian Hall of that well-known street—shows the Mexico of ancient times to have been greater than the modern city. This empire also had attained in several respects a considerable height of civilization. The Mexicans had a calendar more accurate than that of the Greeks and Romans. They built large cities, and lofty and regular pyramids. They smelted metals, and cut the hardest stone; and they recorded events by a peculiar kind of paintings, but little inferior to the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

Mexico is divided into warm lands, temperate lands, and cold lands. But the warm lands, though capable of yielding profusely all the productions of the torrid zone, are subject to so deadly a pestilence, that even the natives prefer occupying a poorer soil on the higher grounds, and the Europeans—except the few who are fixed by eagerness for commerce—pass through it tremblingly, as if pursued by death. The cold lands are nearly devoid of vegetation. On the temperate lands, however, the finest plants of the most genial temperate climes are produced, and that in higher perfection than in most other parts of the earth. Provided that the Mexican wheat is supplied, naturally or artificially, with sufficient moisture, it excels that of other countries, both in quality and abundance. Maize, or Indian corn, the proper grain of America, which forms the standing food of the people, is still more generally cultivated.

But the mines are the objects which have associated with the name of Mexico the idea of romantic splendour and unbounded wealth. Peru offers gold in greatest abundance; but since the first discovery of Mexico it has produced more silver than all the rest of the world. There were lately 3,000 mines in Mexico; most of them, however, were unproductive, and even ruinous. Yet the profits which have in a few instances been realized have encouraged adventurers to begin, and to continue their labours till their capital, whatever it might be, was entirely exhausted.

Manufactures still continue in a very rude state. A number of vases, in various styles, and many of ancient date, will be observed in the Museum. There are now,

* See "Sailings over the Globe," vol. i.

however, considerable fabrics made of coarse red earthenware, which are used in all the operations of cookery; and others, of coarse woollens and cottons. Working in gold and silver has, of course, been a favourite occupation, and services of plate have been produced, which may rival the best of the kind in Europe. And as all who can are especially ambitious to have their coach, these vehicles have long been celebrated for their construction and beauty.

Singularly varied are the classes of the people. They are characterized by distinctions more striking than those observable in other countries. Four of them are more distinct and almost more alien to each other than if they were separate peoples, actuated by the strongest sentiments of national rivalry. They are native Spaniards, Spaniards born in America, the mixed castes, and the Indians. The whole population probably amounts to 5,200,000.

Among the articles brought from GUIANA, the blow-pipes, of which there are several specimens, are especially entitled to attention. When a native goes in quest of feathered game, or other birds, he seldom carries his bows and arrows. It is the blow-pipe he then uses,—probably one of the greatest natural curiosities in that country. The reed, of which it is formed, must be of an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and it is throughout of the same diameter. It is of a bright yellow colour, perfectly smooth, both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a joint or knot, throughout the whole extent. The natives call it *ourah*.

Of a species of palm, larger and stronger, and common in Guiana, the Indians make a case, in which to put the *ourah*. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and seems to have joints five or six inches from each other. It is called *samourah;* and the pulp inside is easily extracted by steeping it for a few days in water. Thus the *ourah* and *samourah*, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Guiana. The two ends are defended that so they may not split.

The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt, to make it still harder; and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a-half. This must be just large enough to fit the hollow of the tube, and then taper off to nothing. The cotton is tied on with a thread of the silken grass, to prevent its slipping off the arrow. The blow-pipe will send an arrow 300 feet.

As the Indian finds his game, he takes a poisoned arrow from his quiver, puts it in the blow-pipe, and collects his breath for the fatal puff. Silent and swift the arrow flies, and seldom fails to pierce the object at which it was sent. Should the bird take wing, his flight is of short duration, and the Indian, following the direction he has gone, is sure to find him dead!

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. RATHBONE.

No V.—THE TRIAL OF TRUTH.

"OH, John, John, if you won't consider yourself, just think of *me*. What will a poor lone creature like myself do without you? We two are by ourselves in this weary world, and have neither kith nor kin to care for us; and now you would go and leave your poor old wife, sooner than say the word that would save her heart from breaking. For didn't Mr. Forbes tell us, that, if you pleaded 'Not guilty,' he thought there was not sufficient evidence to condemn you? Oh, John, John, how can you be so cruel, and you an old man now?"

"That's it, wife; I am nigh seventy years of age, and how can I dare to stain my soul with falsehood, when I know I must so soon stand before the great judgment seat, where the truth cannot be hid? When I married you, Dora, a young innocent girl, you would not then have advised me to tell a lie to save myself from shame."

"Oh, John, but Mr. Forbes says it is not considered falsehood to plead 'Not

guilty' in a court of justice; he says"—

"Never mind what he or any of those lawyers tell you. It's right that, in a doubtful case, an accused person should have a person on his side, to plead for him, and see that justice is done him; and such a person, who has, perhaps, only done some slight piece of mischief out of a lot that is laid to his charge, may be right in saying he's *not* guilty. But mine's a clear case, and Dora, you should help me to do my duty, instead of trying to persuade me to do wrong."

"But I don't think it is your duty, John."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the jailer and his attendants, who came to conduct their prisoner to the place of trial. Dora wildly flung her arms round her husband's neck, and with her gray hairs streaming uncovered, as her bonnet fell to the ground, she knelt at his feet, and again and again besought him not to throw away his last chance, and make them both wretched for life. The jailer was at length obliged forcibly to separate her from the prisoner, and to send for a glass of cold water for the old man, whose struggles for composure at the sight of his wife's distress caused him to turn faint. Fortunately for Dora, she lost consciousness when aware that her husband was actually being taken away, and she deprived of her last hope of altering his determination.

A previous trial was not yet completed, and in the interval which ensued Mr. Forbes, John Copeland's counsel, and Mr. Seymour, his landlord, almostoverpowered the poor man's conscientious resolves by their united persuasions, and their joint representations of his wife's misery, while prophesying that, at her time of life, his sentence of transportation would kill her outright. Copeland looked so utterly miserable while they spoke, that both gentlemen trusted they had succeeded, when he was at length summoned to the bar. The indictment, setting forth the burning down of Farmer Hodgson's two largest hay-stacks, and accusing the prisoner of committing this act of incendiarism, was then read, and the awful question put to him, whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty. A momentary pause ensued, while all present regarded the venerable white-haired man with anxious interest, as they awaited his answer, although little doubt was entertained that he would declare his innocence. But Copeland, while his brow flushed, firmly replied, "*Guilty*, my Lord," and a murmur of regret was heard, though far above it arose a piercing scream from a woman, who was immediately removed from the court. Upon being asked if he had anything to say in his defence, the prisoner shortly stated the provocation he had received from Farmer Hodgson, and which had made him commit the act in question, in order to be revenged upon his adversary. He concluded by saying he knew he had merited punishment, and would sooner endure it than tell a falsehood when standing on the brink of the grave.

Mr. Forbes pleaded for mercy in consideration of the injury received, which had induced the commission of the deed; but the Judge, though he said he highly honoured the upright conduct of the prisoner, and felt sorry to condemn him to what, at his age, was equivalent to perpetual banishment from his native country, could have no hesitation as to his own duty; and he accordingly proceeded to pass the sentence of seven years' transportation, after which the prisoner was removed from the bar.

Copeland dreaded seeing his wife again, yet he longed to embrace her, and to ask her pardon for the pain which he had thus been obliged to inflict upon her in her old age. But when he was re-conducted to his cell she was not there to receive him, and he began to fear she must be too ill to come. It was not long, however, before his anxiety on this head was relieved, and then he felt all the more keenly this deprivation of her society during the short interval which elapsed before the convict-ship sailed. Neither did he see her again while in prison, and his heart sank within him at the prospect of quitting England in disgrace, and without a farewell interview with her.

For the last two days before his departure the old man neither ate nor slept, and he scarcely seemed aware of what passed while he was being conveyed with many others to the vessel which was to bear the poor guilty creatures thousands of miles from all they loved. But when the anchor was weighed, Copeland felt himself suddenly enclosed in the kind arms of her who had been his companion for a long half-century, and who, fearing that if he had known of her intentions he would not have permitted her to accompany him, had thus kept her purpose concealed until it was too late to change it.

For three years longer the old couple descended the hill together, and then Dora drooped rapidly, and was soon laid beneath the vines and olives of Van Diemen's Land. Copeland survived the term of his sentence, and lingered another year, but he did not return to England, preferring to lay his bones beside those of his wife.

BEAR ON.

BEAR ON! what though life's tide may be
A current strong opposing thee,
And thou hast but a slender sail
To spread before an adverse gale;
When trials lash the waves in foam,
And thou art far from friends and home,
Yield not thy spirit to despair,
But manfully the billows dare;
High o'er the waters wild and cold,
Fix thou a steadfast eye and bold!
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! the world may jeer and scoff,
And chosen friends may cast thee off:
Stay not to weep, the brittle chain
One stormy wind could break in twain.
If thou hast found that heart untrue,
Which was thy hope, thy idol too,
Sink not in sorrow's depths profound,
Despair will never heal the wound;
Give to the past no vain regret,
The future lies before thee yet.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! does thy repining eye
See worthless man exalted high?
While modest merit sinks forlorn,
In cold neglect and bitter scorn.
Oh, never from the tempted heart,
Let thine integrity depart!
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up.
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honours sure, though slow.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

Bear on! our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labour which shall fit for Heaven.
When duty calls, let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine and the storm.
With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on, bear bravely on!

PROCESS OF CHEESEMAKING IN CHESHIRE.—The process is carried on during the day, the preceding evening's milk being mixed with the morning's milk, so that it may be all "set" and made into cheese by one instead of two operations. It is of much consequence that the milk-house be sweet and cool, as if the evening's milk is in the least sour, the next day's cheese will be sour. In cold weather it is necessary to warm a portion of the evening's milk before mixing it, but in summer the heat of the morning's milk is generally sufficient to bring the whole to the proper temperature for setting. Thermometers are scarcely ever used in a dairy, but the temperature at which the milk is coagulated is believed to range between 75 and 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Before adding the evening's milk a small part of the cream is skimmed off for butter, the froth and bubbles being carefully taken off, as the air they contain is supposed to be injurious. From the morning's milk in the cheese tub the bubbles are also carefully skimmed off and broken. In little more than an hour the curd will be ready for "breaking," which is effected by passing the "curd breaker" very slowly through it. The whey is then carefully taken off, and the curd placed in a basket in which a coarse cheese cloth has been first laid. In this it remains till the whey is sufficiently removed to admit of the curd being salted. The quantity of salt is not very definite, and is regulated by the taste of the dairymaid. The average in a first-rate dairy is 1 lb. of salt for 40 lb. of dried cheese, or about 40 gallons of milk. After the salt has been completely intermixed with the finely-broken curd, the curd is placed in the cheese vat, which is put under a lever press, and iron skewers are stuck through the holes in the vat, in which they remain a few minutes, and are then withdrawn to allow the whey to run off. The cheese is then taken out of the press to be "dried." A strong canvas bandage, about two inches broad, is wound tightly round the cheese to keep it in shape and prevent cracking. In this state it is placed in the drying-house or cheese-room, where it is daily turned and wiped with a cloth. The bandage is kept on the cheese in many dairies till it is sold, being changed and a fresh one put on when it is removed from the dairy to the cheese loft; the cheese varying from 50 lb. to 120 lb. in size, the largest size, if of the same quality, bringing the highest price. Butter is made from the whey-cream, which is skimmed off as the whey is slowly scalded. With this is frequently mixed the portion of cream which has been taken off the evening's milk, and where the management is good the butter so produced is of superior quality, scarcely distinguishable from the best. Besides the cheese, each cow yields from 15 lb. to 20 lb. of butter during the season. The yield of cheese is very various, being dependant on the quality of the stock and the pasture, the supply of winter food, and the skill of the dairyman. It may be stated at 2½ cwt. per cow on the poorest to 4 cwt. on the better description of farms.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS.

By H. B. Staunton.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

For centuries it was a settled maxim in England, that the only sure way to convert a heretic was to put him to death. All dominant sects have been persecutors in their turn. With the advancing light of civilization, the dungeon and the pillory were substituted for the scaffold and the stake, and at length these in turn gave way to pecuniary fines and civil disabilities. Though it is long since the fires of Smithfield were lighted for the punishment of heresy, it is only twenty years since the grosser penalties against the exercise of the rights of conscience were erased from the statute book. The full measure of religious liberty has yet to be achieved. The struggle between right and prerogative, which has agitated the kingdom for the past half-century, has not been confined to civil institutions. The mitre of the archbishop has not been deemed more sacred from scrutiny than the crown of the monarch. The Church as well as the State has been shaken by the earthquake tread of Reform. Prominent among the divines of our time, who have materially contributed to these results, stand Robert Hall, John Angell James, Ralph Wardlaw, Thomas Chalmers, and Baptist W. Noel. But the tree of toleration, whose fruits the people of England are now gathering, was planted long ago by hallowed hands. Distinguished among those who, in the expressive phrase of Burke, early preached and practised "the dissidence of Dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," are Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Howe, Flavel, Henry, Bunyan, Bates, Doddridge, Law, Watts, and Fuller; names illustrious in the annals of Nonconformity, whose writings exerted a wide influence among their contemporaries, and in our day are the text books of the profoundest theologians, and the solace and guide of the most humble and devout of the unlearned classes.

In tracing the origin of recent reforms in the ecclesiastical institutions of England, due credit should be given to the Puritans of the times of Cromwell. In the convulsions of 1642-9, the English Church establishment, the power which had held the national conscience in awe for more than a century, was overthrown, and Puritanism became the prevailing religion of the Commonwealth. The professors of the new faith were distinguished for a strange mixture of austere piety and wild fanaticism—the natural product of the times in which they lived. If they were guilty of excesses, no wonder. The tightest band breaks with the wildest power. Whatever extravagances may be laid to their charge, were the spontaneous out-gush of the soul, when freedom of opinion, suddenly let loose from the thraldom of ages, found itself in a large place. Our Puritan fathers of the seventeenth century, by the recoil of the revolutionary wave, found themselves standing on the *terra firma* of the rights of conscience, high above the reach of the returning surge. They must have been more than mortal, had they not roamed far and wide over the fair country which spread its tempting landscape around them. They were like captives suddenly released from the galling chains and stifling atmosphere of the slave-ship, who tread Elysian fields and inhale the intoxicating air of God's unfettered winds. It is an evidence of their sincerity that they carried their religion into everything, even their fighting and their politics. Bodies of their troops, often dispensing with what they denominated the carnal drum and fife, marched to the harmony of David's Psalms, sung to the tunes of Mear and Old Hundred. Sermons, extending in length to six and eight hours, were preached to the regiments, by chaplains mounted on artillery carriages. The camp of the revolutionists was not more the scene of rigid military drilling than of warm discussions on the five cardinal points of their faith. The Roundheads in Parliament engaged in debates on original sin, and the scriptural mode of baptism, as well as upon laws concerning the civil and military affairs of the State. The very names which figure in the transactions of those times indicate the spirit of the age.

Oliver Cromwell, *the* man of his age, and whose impartial biography is yet unwritten, was the soul of old Puritanism, and the warrior-apostle of religious toleration. He maintained this priceless principle in stormy debate, on the floor of Parliament, against the passive obedience of the Churchman, and the uniformity of the Presbyterian; and defended it amid the blaze and roar of battle against the brilliant gallantry of Rupert and the fiery assaults of Lesley. The "Ironsides" of the revolutionary forces, composed of the Independents of Huntingdonshire, constituting the "imperial guard" of the republican army, were raised and disciplined by Cromwell. Through long

training, in the camp and the conventicle, he had fired them with a hatred of tyranny, which triumphed in after-years on many a field under his leadership. The historic pen of England has done injustice to him and to them. The reason is obvious. That pen has not been held by their friends, but their enemies. For a hundred years succeeding Cromwell's time the English scholar and historian was dependent on the rich and noble for patronage and bread. He must have been a rare man who coveted opprobrium and penury, by writing against civil and ecclesiastical institutions, hoary with age, and venerated by the great mass of his countrymen. And these very institutions Cromwell and his followers had temporarily overthrown. Can we expect the levelled to do justice to the leveller? English historians have written of him and them as the beaten always write of the beaters—as the scattered of the scatterers—the vanquished of the victors. Admitting their extravagances and their austere sectarianism, the impartial pen will record of the Puritans of 1645, that they exhibited many of the fruits of a sincere piety, and fostered the germ of that toleration which blends the dignity of free thought with the humility of Christian charity. Their descendants have exhibited all the heroic virtues of their fathers, tempered with the liberalizing influences of succeeding generations. Eminent for learning and piety, they have been the patrons of all the arts which adorn and purify mankind, and, in the darkest hours of the party of progress and reform, have been true to the good cause. The scion from the parent stock, planted by the pilgrims at Plymouth (New England) in 1620, struck its roots deep into the soil of America, and myriads in all the States of that great confederacy now repose under its overshadowing foliage, and pluck the fruits of civil and religious freedom from its spreading branches.

The power of the Established Church received a blow in the Civil Wars from which it never fully recovered. At the Restoration, under Charles II., advantage was taken of a real or fancied dread of the increase of Popery in the kingdom, to obtain the acquiescence of the Dissenters in the adoption of laws favouring episcopal supremacy, and which were subsequently employed to oppress Protestant Nonconformists. The chief of these were the Corporation and Test Acts, to the enactment, operation, and final repeal of which the reader's attention is invited.

Says the complacent Blackstone—"In order the better to secure the Established Church against perils from Nonconformists of all denominations, Infidels, Turks, Jews, Heretics, Papists, and Sectaries, there are two bulwarks erected, called the Corporation and Test Acts. By the former (enacted in 1661) no person can be legally elected to any office relating to the government of any city or corporation, unless, within a twelvemonth before he has received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of England; and he is also enjoined to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy at the same time that he takes the oath of office; or, in default of either of these requisites, such election shall be void. The other, called the Test Act (enacted in 1683) directs all officers, civil and military, to take the oaths and make the declaration against transubstantiation, in any of the King's courts at Westminster, or at the quarter sessions, within six months after their admission; and also within three months to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the Church of England, in some public church, immediately after divine service and sermon, and to deliver into court a certificate thereof, signed by the minister and churchwardens, and also to prove the same by two credible witnesses, upon forfeiture of £500, and disability to hold the same office." The disabilities operated still further. By subsequent enactments, if any person held office without submitting to the tests, he was not only fined £500, but was for ever incapacitated from prosecuting any action in the courts of law or equity, from being the guardian of a child, or the executor or administrator of a deceased person, or receiving a legacy. By subsequent legislation the same tests, except the sacrament, were exacted of various classes of persons not holding civil or military offices, such as dissenting ministers, practitioners of the law, teachers of schools or pupils, members of colleges who had attained the age of eighteen, &c.

As has been stated, the Corporation and Test Acts were passed when England was alarmed at a threatened invasion of Popery, and their penalties were intended to be aimed chiefly at Papists, though their sweeping provisions included all classes of Nonconformists. The Protestant Dissenters, through fear of the Catholics, consented to be placed under the general anathema, with a sort of understanding that, when the danger was over, they should be relieved from its pressure. They lived long enough to repent of their folly.

These acts were not only a gross violation of the rights of conscience, but were injurious to the public weal in many respects, and beneficial in none. Whilst they never made one Christian, they deprived

the State of the services of many of its best and bravest citizens, drove much of learning and piety from the pulpit, and genius and promise from the university. By making the profession of a particular creed a necessary qualification for office, and the reception of the Lord's Supper according to a prescribed ritual the passport to civil and ecclesiastical advancement, they degraded the holiest rites of religion, brought annually to the communion-table of the Establishment thousands of hypocrites, and placed constantly at its altars hundreds of horse-racing and fox-hunting clergymen. They were a perpetual source of annoyance to Dissenters who would not barter their faith for place and pelf, by subjecting them to prosecutions for refusing to qualify themselves for offices to which they had been maliciously elected, to be followed by ruinous fines or long imprisonments. In a single year (1736) £20,700 were raised from fines imposed on Dissenters who conscientiously refused to serve in the office of sheriff; and for a long time it was the custom of municipal corporations to elect Dissenters to office, and then enrich their coffers from fines levied upon them for refusing to receive the qualifying tests. At length the common oppression drove Protestant and Catholic Dissenters into a formidable union for the restoration of their common rights.

Repeated efforts were made for the repeal of these acts. Protestant Dissenters, having suffered their penalties for nearly a century, grew numerous and influential, when Parliament, instead of boldly meeting the question of repeal, began to temporize, and grudgingly ameliorated a grievance which it had not the grace to wholly abrogate. It commenced the practice of passing, at the close of each session, amnesty bills, exempting Dissenters, who had violated the acts, from the operation of their penalties: and so framing the bills as to cover not only past offences, but all which might be committed before the close of the next session, when another bill would be enacted. This relieved Dissenters from practical oppression under these acts, for some eighty years previous to their final repeal.

But, so intelligent and high-minded a portion of the State were not content to receive rights inherent and immutable, as an annual boon from the Legislature. The struggle for unqualified repeal never ceased till the disgraceful acts were blotted from the statute book. On the 26th of February, 1828, was struck the first successful blow against the religious persecution of ages. Lord John Russell moved that the House resolve itself into a committee to take into consideration the regulations of the Corporation and Test Acts. A stormy debate followed, and at length a division showed 237 for the motion, and 193 against it. In committee, Ministers entreated earnestly for delay, but a resolution was adopted for the instant repeal of the acts. A bill, based on this resolution, was introduced, and passed its second reading. The Bishop of Oxford rent his robes, and Lord Eldon shed many tears—but all in vain. After witnessing the temper of the House, Mr. Peel declared that he was prepared to dismiss from his mind every idea of adhering to the existing laws, and only asked for some slight modifications in the pending bill. His request being complied with, Ministers withdrew from the contest, and speedily the Corporation and Test Acts, the offspring of a grim and bigoted age, ceased to be the law of the realm.

This was the first cardinal measure which the modern Reformers had carried through Parliament (the abolition of the slave trade and the melioration of the criminal code were advocated by the chiefs of both parties) during a conflict of nearly half a century. It was hailed as an era in the contests of the people with absolute power; the harbinger of better days to come; and was the first in a series of still more glorious achievements.

RICHES.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
  That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will
  Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
  And other that hath little asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise:
  For wisdom is most riches; fools, therefore,
They are which fortunes do by vowes devize,
Since each unto himself his life may fortunize.—Spenser.

SKETCHES FROM PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

By T. Hurdus D.

CLIMATOLOGY.

Humboldt says: "The term *climate*, taken in its most general sense, indicates all the changes in the atmosphere which sensibly affect our organs, as temperature, humidity, variations in the barometrical pressure, the calm state of the air, or the action of opposite winds, the amount of electric tension, the purity of the atmosphere, or its admixture with more or less noxious gaseous exhalations, and finally, the degree of ordinary transparency and clearness of the sky, which is not only important with respect to the increased radiation from the earth, the organic development of plants, and the ripening of fruits, but also, with reference to its influence on the feelings and mental condition of man."

The latitude of a country is supposed by a numerous class to point out at a glance the climatic condition of that locality; but upon examination it will be found that, although the temperature of countries becomes colder as we recede from the equator, yet latitude is only one, out of a numerous host of other causes, which tends to modify climates.

We shall first point out variations in the climates of places lying in the same parallels, and then endeavour to account for the apparent anomaly.

Before entering upon an examination of the present prevailing climates, we may notice that geognostical surveys prove that a great change has taken place in the climates of the northern hemisphere. From careful and laborious examinations of the fossil remains found in the older strata, the most eminent philosophers are now convinced that the temperature of the northern regions of the world was formerly much hotter than it is at the present time. Fossil remains of shells are now found to have their species represented by living orders, which, however, only inhabit tropical seas. The fossil coralline formations prove that our seas were once tenanted by animals which are now found only in hotter regions; the remains of the immense mastodon, which are found entombed in ice in Siberia, the fossil relics of immense reptiles of the crocodile nature, now found in abundance in the secondary formations, prove that northern climates must once have been similar to those of the tropical regions of the present day; but the most conclusive evidence on this point is furnished by the coal-fields, or carboniferous deposits: these, as it is well known, consist of vegetable remains; and upon examination it will be found that the flora consisted nearly exclusively of large vascular cryptogamic plants.* According to M. Ad. Brongniart, "There existed at that epoch Equiseta upwards of ten feet high, and from five to six inches in diameter, tree ferns or plants allied to them from forty to fifty feet in height, and aborescent Lycopodiaceæ from sixty to seventy feet high." The present climates of northern lands are not by far hot enough to support such prolific vegetation; and we find vegetables of the above class attain only a very diminutive size in temperate regions, while in the torrid zones similar species are found, which approach in magnitude much more nearly to the plants which are now found to constitute the coal fields. Some have attempted to prove that the masses of vegetation which compose the carboniferous strata have not grown near to the localities where they are now found, but that they are the results of currents of rivers and oceans which have borne them to their present positions: this theory, however, is untenable, for when we consider upon the fact that the impressions of the leaves are to be found, marked with all their pristine beauty, upon the adjoining stratum,† we must confess that such tender substances could never have retained their forms so perfectly had they been exposed to the action of currents; and further, had the plants been long exposed to the action of streams, as must have been the case had they been deposited by water in their present positions, the leaves would have been decomposed. There can, therefore, be no doubt but that the plants have flourished near to the localities where they are now found in the fossil state.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the diminution of the temperature of the northern and arctic regions; it has been stated that the axis of the globe was formerly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, and that throughout the world an equal temperature prevailed, until by a great convulsion the axis lost its perpendicularity and occasioned great variations of climate: astronomical researches have proved that this theory is untenable. Some geologists have supposed that the globe was formerly in a very extremely heated condition, and that the radiation of heat

* Principles of Geology.

† Lindley and Hutton's Fossil Flora.

from the earth's surface has reduced the temperature from an excessively hot state to its present condition. La Place, however, has shown that for the last two thousand years our globe has not contracted in any appreciable degree, which would have been the case had the cooling process been going on sensibly during that time. Astronomers and mathematicians have inquired what effect a variation of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit would have on the climates of the earth. According to Sir J. Herschel, the eccentricity is constantly diminishing; consequently, the amount of solar heat radiated to this globe is decreasing. M. Arago, however, considers the irregularity of the earth's orbit can never considerably alter the amount of heat radiated from the sun. Sir C. Lyell maintains, with great probability, and with such clearness as to entitle his theory to be received as a solution of this phenomena, that the changes of climate have resulted from alterations in the relative position of the sea and land. That these causes can produce these effects will be evident to all who study the works of the above-named geologist, in which it is clearly proved that much of the land of the northern hemisphere has been raised above the level of the sea at a comparatively recent date. Sir Charles says—"There appear grounds for inferring that the eras of the principal alterations in climate, as deduced from fossil remains, were coincident with the periods of the most remarkable changes in the former position of sea and land. A wide expanse of ocean, interspersed with islands, seems to have pervaded the northern hemisphere at the periods when the transition and carboniferous rocks were formed, and the temperature was then hottest and most uniform. Subsequent modifications in climate accompanied the deposition of the secondary formations, when repeated changes were effected in the physical geography of our northern latitudes. Lastly, the refrigeration became most decided, and the climate most nearly assimilated to that now enjoyed, when the lands in Europe and northern Asia had attained their full extension, and the mountain chains their actual height."

We must now leave this interesting field of inquiry, and turn to the consideration of the climatic phenomena of our own times.

It has been remarked that it would be easy to place the masses of existing lands n such a position that an uniform climate should prevail over the whole globe; it is, however, a great blessing granted to humanity that the climates of various countries differ so essentially. It is this circumstance which gives rise to the commercial prosperity of the whole world. If every climate were equally suitable for the production of all the animal and vegetable products required by man, industry and talent would be unstimulated; but as it is, the people of every nation are required to bend all their energies to facilitate and encourage the natural productions of their own lands, in order that they may be enabled to receive in exchange from other countries those things which are become necessary wants of life, but which can only be obtained by giving for them the superabundance of those things which our own climate is capable of rearing. An uniform climate would be a curse to the whole world; to the variations which now exist we owe in a great measure our civilization and refinement; men are now, throughout the world, to a great extent dependent upon each other, and the difference in climates cements the mutual interests of nations.

To Alexander Von Humboldt are we indebted for reducing our knowledge of climatology to somewhat of a system. This distinguished philosopher has supposed an imaginary set of lines to be drawn through those places possessing the same mean temperatures: one set of lines, however, was not sufficient to effect this classification; some districts have the same mean annual temperature, but the summer and winter heat much greater, or less. Humboldt, therefore, established three sets of lines of equal temperatures: the *Isothermal*, or lines of mean *annual*; *Isotheral*, or lines of mean *summer* heat; and the *Isochimenal*, or lines of mean winter heat. Near the equator these lines are parallel, but they gradually deviate from each other as they approach the poles, until, in many cases, the difference is remarkable. The isothermal line, which passes through Canada in latitude 47 degrees, passes through latitude 69 degrees, and then descends through Sweden and Norway, about 65 degrees, — thus showing that places lying as much as 22 degrees of latitude apart have the same mean annual temperature. The line which passes through London also passes below Pekin, in China, 12 degrees further south. The mean annual temperature of Nain, in Labrador, in latitude 57 degrees 10 m., is 25·4 degrees Fahrenheit; while that of New Archangel, in Russian America, is 44·4 degrees,—a difference of temperature of above 19 degrees Fahrenheit.

The mean annual temperature of Western Europe is higher than that of Eastern America, as the following table will prove :—

Latitude.	Europe.	America	Difference
0	81·5	81·5	0·
20	77·9	77 9	0·
30	70·7	67·1	3·6
40	63·5	54·5	9·
50	50·9	38·3	12·6
60	41·0	25 0	16·
70	33·0	0·0	33·

Western Europe, likewise, has a higher mean temperature than Eastern Asia.* The temperature of the antarctic regions is found to be lower than that of the arctic; thus, in Georgia, situate in latitude 54 degrees S., in the same parallel as Yorkshire, the snow line is as low as the level of the sea.† The snow line (or the boundary above which the snow never melts) on the *north* side of the Himalaya, is 16,630 feet above the level of the sea, while on the southern side it is 12,982 feet only above the sea level.‡ This most singular phenomenon is indisputable, though for a long time the fact was controverted both in England and India. The high lands of Thibet cause the snow line on the northern declivity of the mountains to lie higher than on the southern side. Many countries and districts which have the same mean annual temperature, have summer and winter of a very different intensity; consequently, climates having great variations between the mean summer and winter heat are known as excessive; § those in which the seasons are nearly alike are termed insular. Sir Charles Lyell says the northern part of China and the Atlantic region of the United States exhibit excessive climates. We find at New York, says Humboldt, the summer of Rome and the winter of Copenhagen; at Quebec, the summer of Paris and the winter of Petersburg; at Pekin, in China, where the mean temperature of the year is that of the coast of Brittany, the scorching heats of summer are greater than at Cairo, and the winter is as rigorous as at Upsala.

Having thus shown thatlatitude is only one of the causes which tend to produce differences of climates, we will proceed to show how these variations are brought about. It will be readily understood that as certain causes tend to modify climates, so some are instrumental in raising, others in lowering the temperature.

Elevation of land above the level of the sea is one of the causes which lower the temperature of climates; the higher we ascend above the ocean, the colder the surrounding air naturally becomes. From many places in the tropics a journey of a few hours' duration will enable a traveller to pass from a zone of almost insupportable heat to a region where the snow never quits the ground.* On Mount Etna seven distinct botanical zones may be noticed. The Rev. Thomas Milner says: "Seven distinct botanical regions are noticed upon Etna: the *first*, or lowe t, is confined to the elevation of about a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here the palm-tree is met with, the banana, the Indian fig, and the sugar cane, with varieties of minosa and acacia in the gardens, which require a conservatory in the northern parts of Europa. The *second* region presents cotton, maize, the orange, the lemon, and the shaddock, and most of the plants of southern Spain, France, and Italy. Its limit is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the culture of the vine ceases. The *third*, or woody zone, lies between the height of 2,000 and 4,000 feet; here the cork tree flourishes; the oak, the maple, and the chesnut, attain a magnificent size. The *fourth* region occupies a belt on the mountain between the elevation of 4,000 and 6,000 feet, and is characterized chiefly by the birch and Scotch fir. The *fifth* zone, between 6,000 and 7,500 feet is sub-alpine, and produces the barberry, soapwort, and juniper, which are found in the *sixth*, between 7,500 and 9,000 feet, in connection with a few plants peculiar to it. The *seventh* region extends from the preceding two hundred feet higher, which marks the extreme limit of vegetation; it presents only a few lichens, and beyond the height of 9,200 feet utter barrenness prevails." On the peak of Teneriffe five distinct zones of vegetation may be found.† Thus, within the torrid zones, climates may be found which are equally moderate with those of places far removed from the equator. The Valley of Cashmere, Quito, and other places enjoy a beauty of climate surpassed by none, while, on the one hand, they are near to the eternal snow which covers the summits of the mountains, and on the other, in close proximity to regions were the temperature of the atmosphere is almost intolerable. The soil of a country exercises considerable influence on the climate. A barren sandy soil becomes much more intensely heated than a loamy soil. Lands covered with forest have a lower and more humid temperature than cleared and cultivated regions; but countries having no

* Milner—Lyell.
† Principles of Geology. Ibid.
‡ Humboldt's Cosmos. § Buffon,

* The temperature of the air decreases about one degree Fahrenheit for every 310 feet of elevation.
† Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

forests are more liable to excessive climates than those screened by woods.

Winds have a great effect upon climates: thus, European lands exposed to southerly or westerly winds have the temperature raised. On account of this circumstance the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia tend to raise the temperature of Europe; the wind blowing over these intensely-heated plains becomes charged with heat, which it distributes over the Mediterranean Sea, the south of Europe, and the west of Asia. Mountains, which protect districts from winds blowing from colder quarters, and absence of swamps, help to raise the temperature; currents of the ocean operate to warm the polar regions, and to modify the heat of the equatorial zones. To show the action of these streams we will take the celebrated Gulf-stream as an example: this stream commences near to the Cape of Good Hope, and flows through the Carribian Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, thence through the Straits of Florida, when, following a route from S.S.W. to N.N.E., it reaches the shores of Europe. Many specimens of tropical seeds, borne from their homes by this stream, have been thrown on the shores of Ireland, the Hebrides, and Norway. As this stream is from 8 degrees to 12 degrees Fahrenheit, warmer than the oceans through which it flows, it raises the temperature of those lands near whose coasts it approaches. From the genial effects of this current, the mean winter heat of the western coast of England is rendered more tolerable; other streams also act in this way, but on a smaller scale; and others convey cold water into the equatorial seas: one which flows from high south latitudes, along the coast of Chili, has been found by Humboldt to have a temperature of 60 degrees while the surrounding water is from 81 degrees to 83 degrees.

The proximity of the ocean tends to modify all climates. When a cold wind blows over its surface it is deprived of much of its severity, as from the enormous mass of the ocean its temperature is not reduced so low as that of the surrounding land; thus islands have much less severe winters than continent lying in the same parallels. The east wind in England is proverbially considered to be very inclement: this arises from the fact that it traverses the plains of Germany, and the comparative narrowness of the ocean prevents the water exerting the influence which it exercises on currents of air coming over wider surfaces.

In concluding this portion of our inquiries, we may remark, that the laws of climate are as yet not fully investigated, a wide field is still open for research. This interesting science is yet in its infancy; but within the last few years, however, eminent men have promulgated methods by which climatic phenomena may be more accurately observed and systematized; and there can be no doubt but a few more years of observation will make this branch of physical geography more understood, from the facts connected with the question which will, in the interval, have become known to those who are now engaged in investigating the subject.

Something that will Fit Somewhere.—A churchwarden, in allusion to those who go to church to stare about, and then complain that others stare at them, lately said: "When I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he, one day, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to books; the first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell on him. It was not long before I saw him look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was the reply. 'You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught; but I didn't watch for boys again."

Southey's Method of Reading.—With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving at a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of—a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight pencilled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he would transfer to his note book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the author that contained them), and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which had been truly said to be "unequalled."—*Southey's Life, vol. vi.*

ON UTILITY.

That useful knowledge should receive our first and chief care, we mean not to dispute. But in our views of utility we may differ from some who take this position. There are those who confine this term to the necessaries and comforts of life, and to the means of producing them. And is it true that we need no knowledge but that which clothes and feeds us? Is it true that all studies may be dispensed with but such as teach us to act on matter and to turn it to our use? Happily, human nature is too stubborn to yield to this narrow utility. It is interesting to observe how the very mechanical arts, which are especially designed to minister to the necessities and comforts of life, are perpetually passing these limits; how they disdain to stop at mere convenience. A large and increasing proportion of mechanical labour is given to the gratification of an elegant taste. How simple would be the art of building if it limited itself to the construction of a comfortable shelter! How many ships should we dismantle, and how many busy trades put to rest, were dress and furniture reduced to the standard of convenience. This "utility" would work great changes in town and country, would level to the dust the wonders of architecture, would annihilate the fine arts, and blot out innumerable beauties which the hand of taste has spread over the face of the earth. Happily, human nature is too strong for the utilitarian. It cannot satisfy itself with the convenient. No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste; and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego. We are aware that the propensity to which we have referred often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that, when so perverted, it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind, and the relish for true glory. Still it teaches, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of utility.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

Despair has ruined some, but presumption ruins multitudes.

A vain hope flatters the heart of a fool.

Cheap is the service of virtue, and yet how dearly we pay for vice!

Counsels given in wine seldom prosper.

Exercise, by custom, becomes an entertainment.

Equity is the bond of human society.

Pedantry is a vice in all professions.

Speak not highly of yourself, lest it lead to vainglory.

Unseasonable wit is the child of folly.

Yeomen in leathern doublets may be of more worth than lords in velvet robes.

The example of the good is visible philosophy.

The eye that sees all things sees not itself.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.

Speech is the picture of the mind.

Many talk like philosophers and yet live like fools.

Candour intentionally offends no one, but is never servilely complaisant.

Envy cannot see; ignorance cannot judge.

Fortune and futurity are not to be guessed at.

A wise man aims at nothing out of his reach.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.

Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.

Follow the wise few rather than the vulgar many.

Good manners are sure to procure respect.

Pin not your faith to another's sleeve.

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds.

Make not thy tail broader than thy wings.

Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.

Jests, like sweetmeats, have often sour sauce.

Put not off repentance to a future day.

Give your tongue more holidays than your hands or eyes.

Cheerfulness is medicine for the mind.

By good nature half the miseries of human life might be assuaged.

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We return to the subject of lodgings—one of the most pressing importance to the working classes who are contemplating a visit to London, and one upon which little has yet been done. What amount of accommodation of the kind available at present exists in London, and what means are being adopted for the purpose of increasing it, are points upon which we possess no certain information. All parties appear at sea; inquiries and suggestions are the only things we hear of. If any persons take practical steps in preparation for the influx of visitants that will soon crowd our streets—if, for instance, agents of country associations, getting anxious on the subject, begin to look about them to make arrangements on behalf of their clients—they are obliged to go to work without concert amongst themselves, without any general reference to which their questions may be addressed, and without any ascertained data to guide them.

The Commissioners have formally announced that they do not propose to act in the matter; they have issued a circular in which they state that they do not "intend to undertake to find lodgings" or to "interfere with individual enterprise." That they would undertake to find lodgings, we suppose no one for a moment expected at their hands; the idea has, however, prevailed—justified to a great extent by the language of the gentlemen by whom the enterprise was represented in its earlier stages, and by the official announcement, that books were opened for the registration of accommodation—that some active assistance would be afforded in a matter which requires some amount of centralization and some official authority to conduct it to a satisfactory issue. Their decision will no doubt occasion some disappointment and inconvenience; but it appears that there are other considerations which lead them to think that they cannot take the matter up with propriety.

The plan we proposed for their adoption some weeks back—that they should cause domiciliary visits extensively to be paid, and by means of printed forms and personal inspection, collect the materials for a comprehensive register, and that the staff of officers employed in this service should act generally as a committee for reference—thus falls to the ground. Fearing this result, from our knowledge of the circumstances of the case, we took an early opportunity of recommending the working men of London to take the matter into their own hands, conducting a canvass and compiling a register by means of their own agents—reminding them that they were indebted thus much to the brotherhood of labour, from their position of advantage as residents near the scene of the Exhibition. We begin to fear, however, that the necessities of the case are becoming so urgent and imperative as to make it unwise to trust to the chances of the advice we then gave being extensively acted upon, and with a conviction of the importance of something being done promptly and efficiently, which deepens the more consideration we give the subject, we are determined, if we can obtain the sanction and authority necessary to give effect to our plan, to act in the matter at our own risk and responsibility.

We must proceed to explain. The Proprietor of this publication has submitted to the Executive Committee, to be laid by them, if deemed requisite, before her Majesty's Commissioners, a proposal, of which the following is a brief outline:—That a central office be opened, in a convenient part of London, with a sufficient staff of clerks to compile a register of lodgings, keep a continuous account of vacancies, and conduct the necessary correspondence with the agents of provincial clubs, or with private persons, on the subject of accommodation. That the materials for this register be collected by an efficient corps of canvassers who shall pay domiciliary visits in their several neighbourhoods, leaving printed forms at every house to be filled up by the inmates, and gathering as much supplementary information as possible by means of personal inspection. That the lodgings entered on the register be classified according to their character, terms, or otherwise, as the wishes or any peculiarity of circumstance on the part of the person preparing them, may seem to render desirable. A word or two of explanation may not be amiss on this point.

There are families practising the principles of total abstinence, who may be unwilling to receive parties accustomed to drinking usages, although perfectly ready to provide accommodation for those whose customs consort with their own. There are other families again to whose regular habits and pious feelings it would be unwelcome to have their houses occupied by inmates keeping late hours and frequenting theatres and other places of public amusement. It will be exceedingly desirable so to meet the views of all parties, so as to prevent any interference with family arrangements, or discomfort of feeling, either to the visitor or his entertainer; and this can only be effected by means of such a classification as is now proposed.

It is believed that the plan, of which we have described the general features, and every detail of which has been well matured, would answer all the requirements of the case and prove of infinite convenience. The secretary of country clubs, on making application to the central office, would be able at once to ascertain what number of beds was open, and in what locality, at any particular date; or on stating the particulars of the party he wished to make provision for, could be informed at what date a sufficient amount of accommodation of the kind required could be secured. In short, it is as impossible to estimate the amount of service which such an agency would prove to all parties as it is to foresee the confusion and discomfort which must be the inevitable consequences if some steps of the kind are not promptly taken.

This proposal, involving, if carried out, no inconsiderable amount of expenditure, may be taken as an evidence of our wish to serve the interests of the working classes, and our appreciation of the kindly welcome they have given to our labours. The offer has been accompanied with every guarantee that the arrangements promised shall be carried out on a complete and liberal scale. But in a project of such magnitude and difficulty, the sanction and authority of the Commissioners is an essential preliminary—essential to its success, and essential to the prevention of misconception as to our own motives. It must not be supposed that we undertake the thing as a trading speculation. Loss, in a pecuniary sense, would be calculated on, and would be certain; and if any indirect benefit were reaped in exchange for this, it would be only of the kind that all men may hope to realize, by trying to earn the confidence and goodwill of those amongst whom they labour. Seeking, then, not our own profit but others', it is right that we should shield ourselves from improper imputations, that the movement should not bear the appearance of a speculation or adventure, but an undertaking examined, approved, and authorised by the proper authorities. On personal grounds we are persuaded that none will deem this too much for us to ask.

But in another point of view this warrant of the Commissioners is indispensable. Housekeepers will not answer the inquiries and submit to our investigations unless we carry with us some token that we are not impertinent busy-bodies. Though not wholly unknown in connection with movements for the advancement of popular progress, and though we are proud to know that to many a circle in this great city "The Working Man's Friend" would prove our sufficient passport, there *are* yet dwellings and streets in London to which we should need an introduction, and some reason to give unto those who repelled our inquisitiveness, and asked (as would be very natural) to whom they were required to communicate their household arrangements, and what use would be made of the information?

We have sought, therefore, such an official sanction to this measure as may serve to place it truly before the public, and enable us to act without the suspicion of an unwarrantable and unauthorised interference. Reserving the whole of the risk and responsibility to ourselves, we are prepared, if the proper sanction be accorded, to carry out the arrangements we have described.

If the Commissioners feel themselves precluded from undertaking a system of registration themselves, the expectations they have awakened, and the exigencies of the multitudes who are preparing to visit London, must surely make them anxious to render every assistance in their power to such private individuals as may have the spirit and the opportunity to supply this great want.

Interior Arrangements.—The most northern products will occupy the extremities. The productions of the United States are assigned to the eastern division; then come Russia and the northern countries; then France, Germany, Italy, and southern latitudes, down to Egypt, Arabia, China, Persia, and the tropics. The visitor, crossing the transept, will arrive at the contributions from England and her colonies: those of India and Ceylon will be nearest to the transept; Canada occupies the western extremity; and the rest of the space (save that for machinery in motion in the north-west extremity) is reserved for the United Kingdom. The English colonies to which space has been allotted are:—Australian Colonies: New South Wales, New Zealand, South Australia, Van Diemen's Land, West Australia. Bermudas, Canada, Cape of Good Hope and Natal, Cape Coast Castle and Dependencies, Ceylon, Falkland Islands, Gambia, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Hudson's Bay Co.'s Territories, India (including Singapore), Ionian Islands, Labuan, Malta, Mauritius, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, St. Helena, Sierra Leone. West India Colonies: Antigua, Bahamas, Barbadoes, British Guiana, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Christopher's, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Tobago, Tortola and Virgin Islands, Trinidad.

All the three refreshment courts will be at the north side of the building. The Central Court will be placed at the north end of the transept, having the contributions of Turkey and Italy on the east side, and those of the East Indies on the western side. The Eastern Refreshment Court will be in the midst of the products of the Zollverein, Denmark, United States, and Russia. The Western Court will be in the centre of the machinery in motion, located at the north-western extremity.

The Decorations.—The painting on the plan of Mr. Owen Jones is now rapidly progressing, and we are enabled to a certain extent to form an idea of the effect. The general appearance of the transept, as seen from the interior, will be remarkably pleasing. The under side of each of the 24 feet ribs, similar to the square fillets of the iron columns upon which they rest, is painted light blue, the portion of the under side corresponding to the circular part of the column, a deep chrome, or imitation of gold; upon each side of the gold, upon a small portion of the flat broad sides of the "ribs," is a stripe of white, the remainder being painted light blue. Upon the smaller intermediate ribs or "purlins," the "returns" are painted vermillion, the edges deep chrome, and the sides blue. The diagonal "tie-rods" are painted imitation of gold, with gilt centres, the sash-bars white, and the cross bracings blue.

The Question of Extra Space.—If the present capabilities of the building for the accommodation of exhibitors should be deemed insufficient, an accession of available space, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand square feet, might be gained by the erection of a second tier over the galleries which flank the great central avenue. Nearly all the necessary iron-work, including girders and braces, is complete, and ready for the reception of the flooring timbers: but there is a great, if not an insuperable objection to the adoption of the suggestion, in the unsightly appearance which the additional gallery would present when viewed from the central passage. Much light would be also excluded, and the view of the lateral portions of the building would be greatly impeded. Surely nothing should be done likely to damage the aspect of this Great Glass Palace of Industry.

Metal Tacks.—A nailmaker at Bromsgrove has been ordered to make a thousand gold, a thousand silver, and a thousand iron tacks for the Great Exhibition; the whole three thousand not to weigh more than three grains.

Purbeck Marble.—Purbeck marble, worked into a model of Kingston Church, Corfe Castle (says the *Poole Herald)*, will display the different veins of stone contained in the Purbeck beds.

New Paddle-box.—A model of a paddle-box of a steam-frigate, with wheel and paddle-box boat, showing an easier method of shipping and unshipping a boat, is promised by Mr. Mumford, of Deptford, with a gun-carriage for working a gun at a bow, broadside, or stern port.

The Isle of St. Kilda is to forward a specimen of woollen plaid and cloth; the wool was spun into thread with the old-fashioned spindle, and woven in a loom made in the island.

A Monster Saw.—Sheffield is active in contributing articles of its industry for the Crystal Palace. Amongst them is a circular saw made with segment joinings of five feet diameter, to be the centre of well-finished smaller satellites of starry-edged teeth. This will, it is supposed, be the largest circular saw ever manufactured.

Irish Agricultural Implements.—A model of a machine for cutting, turning up, and pulverizing the soil at one operation is to be among the agricultural implements from Cork. Mr. Murphy, the inventor states that, with a locomotive of four-horse

power, and one or two men, the machine would excel the working of four or five ploughs, and would be useful in localities possessing large tracts of land where labour is scarce and expensive.

THE LIVERPOOL MODEL.—There will be no less than 1,600 vessels full-rigged in the model of the Liverpool Docks which is to be transmitted. A collection of the importations of Liverpool will also be displayed. It is, after the Exhibition, to be returned to Liverpool, as a nucleus of a museum of commercial economy.

FINE STOCKINGS.—A manufacturer of Balbriggan has prepared a dozen pair of ladies' stockings, full size, in weight nine ounces, as a perfect and beautiful specimen of Irish manufacture in cotton. The Balbriggan articles in cotton and silk hoisery will challenge comparison, according to the local journals, with those of Nottingham itself.

INGENIOUS TAILORING. — Mr. Wm. Watts, tailor, of Banbury, Oxon, has succeeded in cutting and making a *Complete Dress of Three Garments*—viz., coat, trousers, and gaiters, in *one* piece, all of which are united, without any seam or any kind of joining whatever. It is intended for the forthcoming Exhibition, and will, it is thought, be looked upon as one of the great curiosities of the Crystal Palace.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The Electric Telegraph Company have, with the approval of the Executive Committee, taken measures for laying down wires within the building. These will radiate from the offices of the Executive Committee, who will thus be enabled to give instantaneous directions, and so exercise instantaneous control over all parts of the building. It is at present intended to use the electric agency for "police purposes" only, but its application or extension to other uses in the building will doubtless be suggested before the commencement of the Exhibition.

EDINBURGH FOLDING MACHINE —A very ingenious piece of mechanism has just been finished by Mr. Black, smith, Potter-row, for the Great Industrial Exhibition, in the shape of a machine for folding sheets of books, periodicals, or, indeed, papers of any kind, and, of course, greatly facilitating an operation now done by the hand. This useful invention is constructed in the style of a box, on the top of which the sheet is fixed by means of points. Three turns of a handle draws the paper through an aperture in the top, and immediately afterwards throws it out on the other side neatly folded. Three sheets may be put through the process at once; for while the first and second sheets are being put into shape by folders inside the machine, a third can be placed upon the top and acted upon by the outside folder. The whole operation is performed with amusing rapidity, and the machine is in every respect most efficient. It reflects great credit on the ingenuity of the inventor, and will certainly not be without its interest to practical-minded visitors to the Great Exhibition.

POLYGLOT TICKETS FOR ARTICLES EXHIBITED.—A correspondent writes with reference to our article upon the Acquisition of Languages by the working classes:—"I have read with pleasure your leading article for the present week, but I fear that it will not get practically carried out to any great extent. You say 'where there is a will there is a way,' but the adage is not always true; there will be many who would willingly learn had they the opportunity, but they will neither have time nor opportunity between now and 'July.' Would it not, therefore, be very desirable to place upon each article its use, &c., in both English, French, German, and Italian? The expense would not be much, and the advantage very great to all parties. I see, with you, it is very important we should understand, as far as possible, the use, &c., of every article, and, besides this, the foreigner would think himself and his articles slighted, providing some steps are not taken to enable us to understand his language"

HAMBURG.—Among the articles intended to be sent from this city to the Exhibition, is the work of a sculptor named Engelhard. The sketch is taken from the northern mythology, and represents the life, struggle, and fall of the Asen (northern god) and the Einheriar (defunct heroes), as related in the "Edda." A part of the freize which contains these figures is executed in plaster; the remainder is drawn on paper.

PRUSSIA.—The railway companies have agreed with the Minister of Commerce to convey all Prussian workmen visiting the Great Exhibition, in second-class carriages, at third-class fares. The continental second-class carriages, it may be remembered, are nearly as comfortably fitted as our first-class carriages.

VIENNA.—Some very beautiful articles of furniture are intended to be sent from Vienna to the Exhibition. The beauty of the carving and general finishing surpass anything ever seen of the kind. Among other objects is a revolving hand bookcase and secretaire, which was ordered by the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose intention is to present it to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

AMATEUR.—There are thousands of foreigners about London, driven there by political and other causes, who will be glad of the opportunity of employment afforded them by the want of interpreters, and whose services will naturally be preferred by their countrymen to those of Englishmen. For persons of limited acquaintance with foreign languages, such as you seem to have, we do not think there is any prospect of engagements in this capacity. The occupation of interpreter is one regularly followed by a large number of individuals in London. A meeting has been held for the purpose of organizing a regular system of registration for interpreters and guides, and a committee has been appointed for that purpose. We are not aware of the name of the secretary, but the movement was under the auspices of Mr. C. Cochrane, who may be addressed "Leicester-square, London."

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT (Milnthrope.)—As our correspondent's case is similar to many others, and as one general answer may serve for innumerable inquiries that continue to reach us, we give an extract from his letter:—"I perceive from your publication, THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, that there will be a want of servants of nearly all descriptions at the forthcoming Exhibition. I am thinking of coming up to the Metropolis in May, and should like to meet with a situation, if possible. I am twenty-two years of age, and have been employed most of my time as groom and gardener, porter, &c. I have been three years with the gentleman I am now living with. I should like to get an office in the railway station, or in the Post-office; but I am afraid I am not a good writer enough, as you may see, but I might improve before then with practice. I think I could soon learn French, as I once got hold of an old French grammar, and I soon learned part of it. If I undertake to learn French or German, which would be the most instructive work I should get, as I would not be able to attend any school? I should like to see the Exhibition, and at the same time I might meet with a situation. An answer through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, as in what capacity I might be most useful, and what works you would recommend for learning the above languages, will oblige."—In reply, we refer, in the first place, to our notice to "Amateur." We cannot recommend any persons to begin to learn French or German with the idea of obtaining situations during the Exhibition where a knowledge of those languages is a requisite. It may be possible to obtain such a smattering as will enable them to read a little, to understand inscriptions, &c.; but to obtain, within so limited a time, such a mastery of the tongue as will qualify to converse freely or act as an interpreter, is altogether out of the question. With respect to the other class of situations mentioned —offices in the Post-office or at railway stations—there may be some additional hands required; but, such will be the rush of applicants, that many hundreds will inevitably be disappointed, the preference being of course given to those who have the highest qualifications, and have served in similar situations before and possess interest. From the nature of the offices "A Subscriber" has filled, there would be little chance of his being preferred for such an engagement as he seeks. London is always a precarious place for young men to come to upon speculation. Besides, why forsake a certainty in possession?

E. J. T.—The best guarantees are given that the Exhibition will be opened at the time originally specified, the 1st of May. If any misapprehension on this point prevails, it possibly arose out of the announcement made by the Executive Committee of an extension of the time allowed for the reception of perishable articles.

EDWARD MURRAY.—You must not place any reliance whatever upon statements contained in documents referring to the business of the Exhibition which may be published and circulated without the express authority of the Royal Commissioners. Circulars have been recently brought under the notice of the Executive Committee, which emanate from speculative individuals, in whom they do not feel themselves justified in placing any confidence. In making their arrangements, therefore, both the exhibitors and visitors must be careful to act with prudence.

HENRY HARDER.—The £5 prize offered by the president of the Bolton Mechanics' Institution, for the best essay on the Advantages of the Exhibition to the Working Classes, has lately been awarded to a young hand-loom weaver, member of the above institution, and entirely self-educated.

H. H. H.—The chromatic, or many-coloured, plan of Mr. Owen Jones has, we understand, been finally determined on.

R. WREN (Stepney).—The gale did not displace a single sheet of glass, and the whole building was unaffected in any way by the violence of the wind.

EPHRAIM.—It was on the 26th of July last that the building committee decided finally on the details of Mr. Paxton's plan, and as late as six o'clock in the evening came to the resolution that Mr. Paxton's original plan should be adopted, with the addition of transepts and a barrel roof for these transepts alone.

S. B. (Leicester.) — The catalogues will be printed in three forms, at various prices, the lowest one being, we hope, within the means of working men. It will be much the better plan, if you can afford it, to procure a tolerably full and complete catalogue, as it will be of permanent value as a record of the state of manufacturing enterprise at the commencement of the present half-century.

SUGGESTER.—The plan has been acted on to some extent, but there are difficulties in the way of its being fully carried out. We believe that the Midland Railway Company are making the necessary arrangements, through their agent, not only for the conveyance of artisan visitors to the Exhibition, but also for their lodging and accommodation during their sojourn in the Metropolis,

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

APPEL'LANT *s.* one who appeals or challenges.

APPEN'DIX, *s* an addition made; a supplement.

APPRAI'SEMENT *s.* the act of valuing articles.

APPREN'TICE, *s.* (from the French *apprendre*, to learn) a person bound by indenture to serve a master for a certain term, receiving, in return for his services, instruction in his master's profession, art, or occupation.

APPROPRIA'TION, *s.* in *law*, the disposal of tithes which do not belong to the beneficed clergyman, but are devoted to the support of a college or a bishopric. If a layman hold them, the holding is called an *impropriation.*

A PRIO'RI, literally, *from a thing before.* In *logic*, the conclusion drawn from previous arguments, which renders it unnecessary to examine the particulars of the case in point.

AQUA-FOR'TIS, *s.* (Latin, *strong water)* nitric acid diluted with water—a corrosive liquor which acts powerfully on copper and steel; the agent employed by engravers for the purpose of "*biting in.*"

AQUA-RE'GIA, *s.* an acid for dissolving gold; nitro muriatic acid.

AQUA'RIUS, *s.* the eleventh sign of the Zodiac.

AQUAT'IC, *a.* that which lives and grows in or on the water.

AQUATINT'A, *s.* a species of engraving, imitating the effect of a drawing in Indian ink or sepia. The copper plate is covered with a sort of varnish composed of resin dissolved in spirits of wine. When this is poured over the plate, the spirit evaporates, and leaves a fine porous grain, which is wrought upon according to art, and the work is bitten in with aqua-fortis.

AQUA-VITÆ, *s.* spirits of wine; brandy.

AQ'UEDUCT, *s.* a construction formed above the surface of the ground, for the purpose of conveying streams of water from one comparatively high point to another.

AQ'UILINE, *a.* resembling an eagle; a term applied to the human nose, when it is curved or crooked like an eagle's beak.

AR'ABESQUE, *s.* literally, *in the Arabian manner.* The term describes the fanciful and grotesque ornaments with which the Arabs were accustomed to adorn the walls, floors, and ceilings of their buildings, with fruits, flowers, and mathematical figures; they being forbidden by their prophet to describe the forms of men or animals.

AR'ABLE, *a.* land fit for tillage or ploughing.

ARACH'NIDA, *s. pl.* from *arachne*, a spider; a class of animals including spiders, mites, and scorpions.

ARACH'NOID, *s.* a thin membrane, or fibrous web, spread over the brain; also, a kind of fossil.

AR'BITER, AR'BITRATOR, *s.* an umpire; a judge; one called in to settle a dispute between two or more persons.

AR'BORARY, ARBO'REOUS, *a.* belonging to trees.

ARBORES'CENCE, *s.* the resemblance to a tree in minerals, &c.

AR'BORIST, *s.* a naturalist who studies trees.

AR'BOUR, *s.* a seat shaded with trees; a bower.

ARC, ARCH, *s.* part of a circle; the sky.

ARCA'DE, *s.* a series of arches on detached piers, forming a screen, and also the space enclosed by such; a *colonnade.*

ARCA'DIAN, *a.* pertaining to Arcadia, a mountainous district in Greece. The term is often applied to mountain scenery.

ARCA'NUM, *s.* a secret.

ARCH, *s.* this term is applied to any solid work, whether of masonry or otherwise, of which the lower part is formed into an arc of a curve supported at the two extremities.

ARCHAIO'LOGY, *s.* the study of antiquity, or ancient things; or a discourse upon them.

ARCHBISH'OP, *s.* the principal, or chief, of the bishops.

ARCHDEA'CON, *s.* a bishop's deputy.

ARCH-DUKE, *s.* a sovereign prince, or grand duke.

AR'CHER, *s.* one who uses, or fights with, a bow.

ARCH'ES-COURT, *s.* the chief consistory, or spiritual court, that belongs to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

AR'CHETYPE, *s.* the original, pattern, or first model of any work.

ARCHIEPIS'COPAL, *a.* belonging to an archbishop.

AR'CHIL, *s.* a kind of moss which yields a rich purple colour.

ARCHIPEL'AGO, *s.* any sea which abounds with small islands. The group generally known by this name, contains those islands which lie between the shores of Greece and Asia Minor.

AR'CHITECT, *s.* a professor of building.

AR'CHITECTURE, *s.* the art or science of designing or erecting buildings. Architecture contains five Orders,—called the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

AR'CHITRAVE, *s.* the principal beam in a building; that part of a column immediately over the capital.

AR'CHIVES, *s.* records; a place where records are deposited.

ARC'TIC, *a.* northern; toward the north. The *Arctic Circle* is that circle at which the northern frigid zone commences, being rather more than twenty-three degrees from the North Pole.

ARE'A, *s.* an open surface, or space; in modern-built houses, the portion of the site which is not built upon is commonly called the *area.*

A'REFY *v. a.* to dry, to exhale moisture.

ARE'NA, *s.* the space for combatants in a theatre; the term is often used metaphorically for the occasion, or field, of dispute.

AREOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument to measure the density of any liquid.

AREOP'AGUS, *s.* the highest court at Athens.

AR'GAL, *s.* lees adhering to wine vessels.

AR'GENT, *a.* silvery; white, shining like silver.

AR'GENTINE, *s.* (in mineralogy) a subspecies of carbonate of lime, nearly pure.

AR'GIL, *s.* potter's clay; fat, soft earth.

ARGILLA'CEOUS, *a.* partaking of the nature of clay.

AR'GONAUTS, *s.* the companions of Jason, in the ship Argo, on the voyage to Colchis, as related in a mythological tale, supposed, however, to be founded upon some truths.

AR'GOSY, *s.* a large merchant ship.

AR'GUMENT, *s.* a controversy; the subject of any discourse or writing; a reasoning.

A'RID, *a.* dry, parched up, ploughed up.

A'RIES, *s.* (Latin, *the ram)* the first sign of the Zodiac.

ARIOLA'TION, *s.* soothsaying; divination.

ARISTOC'RACY, *s.* the nobility of any country; a form of government where the supreme power is vested jointly in the rincipal persons of the State.

ARISTOTE'LIAN, *a.* founded on the opinion of the philosopher Aristotle.

ARITH'METIC, *s.* the art of numbering, or reckoning; the science of the expression of numbers by symbols.

ARMA'DA, AR'MAMENT, *s.* a large fleet of armed ships; a naval force.

AR MIGER, *s.* an esquire; a knight's companion.

AR MISTICE, *s.* a short cessation of hostilities.

ARM'LET, *s.* a bracelet; a small arm of the sea.

ARMO'RIAL, *a.* belonging to the arms, or heraldic bearings of a family.

AR MORY, *s.* a place in which warlike arms are deposited for use.

ARO'MA, *s.* the supposed principle of odour in plants, residing, generally, in the essential oil.

AROMAT'IC, *a.* yielding a fragrant smell; imparting a warm taste. Aromatics are agents obtained from the vegetable kingdom, possessed of more or less fragrance, most usually obtained from an essential or volatile oil.

ARRA'IGN, *v.a.* to indict, to charge, to accuse.

ARRAIGN'MENT, *s.* (in law) the calling of a person to the bar of a court to answer an indictment.

AR'RAS, *s.* a rich tapestry, or hanging.

ARRE'AR, ARREA'RAGE, *s.* that part of an account which remains unpaid, though due.

ARREST', *v.a.* to seize upon; to obstruct; *s.* (in law) a caption or seizure of the person, in order to place him in custody.

AR'SENAL, *s.* a magazine or place for military stores.

AR'SENIC, *s.* a brittle, whitish metal, strongly poisonous. It is obtained from several minerals.

AR'SON, *s.* (from *ardeo*, to burn) in law, the act of voluntarily and feloniously setting fire to property.

ART, *s.* skill; dexterity; cunning; as applicable to what are called *the fine arts*, such as designing, painting, sculpture, &c. it includes invention, ingenuity, and a due application of science.

AR'TERY, *s.* a canal, or tube, which conveys blood from the heart to the different parts of the body.

ARTE'RIAL, *a.* that which relates to the arteries.

ARTES'IAN WELLS, *s.* borings into the ground, through which water rises from various depths, above the surface of the soil, producing a constant flow or stream.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 58.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.]

THE UNIVERSE A CRYSTAL PALACE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE UNIVERSE may be said to be one grand "School of Design" for the education of mankind generally, and with this advantage, that it is open for all. Here the mechanic, the peasant, the clown, may study, free of expense; for Nature's education is gratuitous, and yet it is most liberal. Charity schools are, for the most part, very contracted in the information they give. Some time ago there was an awful outcry against the Poor Law Commissioners, because they proposed to teach pauper children grammar, geography, mathematics, &c. It was said to be a crime against society to bring up the sons and daughters of poverty and misfortune in a rational manner. As their parents had ruined them, or circumstances over which the little creatures had no control, were against them, it was stoutly maintained by the wealthy, the learned, and the pious, that the State ought to complete their calamities by robbing their souls of a sound education. Such has been no small portion of the philosophy and philanthropy which within the last few years we have been doomed to witness. But our CREATOR is not thus unkind. Man's bitterest foe is his brother man; and earth would have been in a forlorn state indeed, if our Heavenly Father had not placed at our disposal the riches of his goodness and mercy. He has unlocked to us creation and providence as a vast seminary of art, science, taste, and philosophy, into which, without a fee, we may all enter, and study, and improve our minds. The world is a *university*, indeed, open to the poor as well as the rich.

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE" is the wonder of the age and of the world: yet poor human nature could not allow this temple of truth, of genius, of human skill and brotherhood, to be erected without uttering a howl of indignation, a shriek of alarm, or an anathema of bigotry. "O Albert, spare that tree!" was the exclamation of some, showing that in their estimation an elm was better than a man, just as pampered steeds and starving paupers demonstrate that, in the creed of many, horses are better than human beings. The rich were frightened lest this school of wisdom should abridge their drives, or offend their eyes with the sight of plebeian crowds thronging to its portals for the improvement of their minds and the rejoicing of their hearts; and the timid and intolerant, whose Christianity and piety burnt out in bonfires, went off in crackers, flew to heaven in sky-rockets, or perambulated the streets in Guy Fawkes and sham popes, predicted that the whole thing was a second popish plot, and that the Exhibition of 1851 would be the downfall of Christianity. What a glorious eminence among the alarmists and the prophets some of our leading journals have wrought out, or rather written out, for themselves, in opposing this undertaking! Surely a niche for these gentlemen editors ought to be secured in some prominent part of the building, as forming the greatest curiosities of the day. At any rate, we trust that their portraits will be given.

We were led to these remarks by the thought that GOD intended the universe to be a boundless "Crystal Palace," in which humanity at large might study the infinite number of specimens of *Divine art;* and thus school itself for every work of mechanism, science, or intellectual progress. What a magnificent roof to this glorious temple are the heavens above us, with all their moving machinery! The

stars and constellations encircling the pole, and visiting every point of the compass; the moon and the planets regularly and majestically traversing the zodiac form a roof of science and beauty above our heads, which alike protects us, instructs us, and delights and blesses us at the same time. We do not wonder that at the festivals of antiquity the minstrels regaled the audience while they sung the "Wanderings of the Moon," "The Labours of the Sun," and the gyrations of "Arcturus, the Hyades, and the Twins;" or that the royal Hebrew seer, as he looked at the sky, became inspired, and tuned his harp and sung:—

> "The heavens declare the glory of God,
> And the firmament showeth his handy work;
> Day unto day uttereth speech,
> And night unto night showeth knowledge."

The floor and foundation of this temple are not less fraught with wisdom and wonder. Every stone is a miracle of celestial art; every flower a prodigy of taste and beauty; every landscape a painting; every tree and animal a living machine, in which the various forms of mechanical and mathematical skill and calculation are exemplified; so that as soon as we are born, and wherever we are born, we enter the temple of truth,—the gorgeous University and Palace of the King of Kings.

As we have said, this school is open *to all*, and its grand design was to inform our minds and cultivate our taste. Here the ETERNAL is our teacher, and he instructs by facts and models rather than by words. Earth is one vast volume of hieroglyphics, or museum of natural curiosities, in which we see the Invisible. Were it possible to render wisdom, power, and love material, and give them a bodily form, so as to make them tangible and visible, they would not be more perceptible by the mind than they are now. All the eloquence of earth or of heaven would be insufficient to persuade either a clown or a philosopher that a watch made itself, or was constructed by an idiot, a horse, or an elephant. It may be that we know not the maker—we never saw, and perhaps never shall put our eyes upon him; and yet we no more question his power, his skill, and his art, than we do our own existence. The work proclaims the man and his mental powers, and so the universe proclaims the Deity. Whether we glance at the surface, or dissect or analyze the interior of what he has created, the same indelible proofs of his being and perfections are manifest. But further, these facts are set not before us merely to remind us of the benevolent Personage "who is over all, above all, and through all:" they are intended to instruct us in all wisdom and mechanical arts, and to give us lessons in the beautiful and sublime.

On the face of nature everything is adapted to improve our taste. Ugly and clumsy things are called unsightly, because the eye loathes to look upon them, while what is beautiful commands the attention of all. The vision is no sooner exercised than it should be educated in what is lovely; and God's world is full of objects calculated to refine, enliven, and delight its sensibilities, and teach us, as far as possible, to copy these models of infinite wisdom. We have reason to believe that a time is to come when there shall not be a single rude or unhandy utensil or instrument even in general use—when the commonest vessel, dish, or spoon, shall be a model of beauty and a specimen of art. It is probable that two hundred years hence the museums will be crowded with the clumsy and unsightly implements which we now employ. Our children will pay us the compliment of exhibiting them as examples of our vicious and barbarian taste, and in contrast

with the elegant, convenient, and handsome articles of clothing and furniture which taste and science will have placed at their disposal. We fear that in this particular we cannot "boast of to-morrow;" our posthumous fame will be our infamy. Our mechanics and labourers will gather lessons from nature, and in art, as well as in morals, will exert every effort to imitate the Deity. A clumsy, ignorant, and unscientific operative of either sex will then be unknown.

We have already made a few steps in advance. Our cups and saucers, and tea-kettles and saucepans, have generally some ornamental work about them, and are constructed with a degree of elegance of form, showing that we are beginning to improve, and that Nature has not spoken altogether in vain. It is true we are slow scholars, seeing we have had such endless lessons in beauty and loveliness. There is not a flake of snow nor an icicle but is crystallized with the utmost art; even the common fungi, that swell out of corruption and decay, surpass the power of the sculptor to imitate, or the painter to depict. There is gracefulness both about the structure and the movements of a worm. Creatures that spring up in a night, and perish in a night, are as perfectly finished as those which have to exist for a hundred or a thousand years. What artists are the birds and the bees, and what lovely specimens of skill and beauty are their bodies, and the implements with which they work! Even the sting and its sheath and poison-bag are finished with infinite care. Volumes might be written on the forms and colours of feathers. How exquisite are the leaves and branches, the buds, the cups, the pistils, and stamens of flowers! Hence botany, ornithology, entomology, icthyology, conchology, and the thousand other studies of nature, give us the most refined lessons in what is tasteful and elegant.

Here, then, as we said, we have in nature a vast museum, infinitely surpassing anything that will be displayed in the Crystal Palace; and this temple of science is open *to all.* Many of our operatives, both men and women, will not be able to visit the Metropolis during the coming year: this will certainly be a loss, but still not altogether irreparable; for there is, after all, more art, and skill, and elegance in the backbone of a herring, than in all the examples of human invention or taste that the Exhibition will contain. There is a pearly transparency in an oyster, there is beauty in a cockle-shell, there is symmetry and proportion in every bone that comes to our table; and even when shut out from all the world beside, our own hands, and feet, and bodies, and senses, if we would only examine them, suggest to us volumes of thought, calculated to educate us in the highest branches of mechanics. The human eye and human hand afford specimens of beauty which the artist labours in vain to portray. Hence we maintain that we ought to have no clumsy mechanics or mechanism, no unsightly furniture to disgrace our houses, nor ill-contrived clothes to disfigure our bodies, nor unhandy tools to work with.

We write for working men and working women, because we feel that, without their aid, the refined age which is to bless the world cannot come. We must have their art and skill and taste called forth before we can give elegance to the abodes of the middle and higher classes; and we must also have their co-operation before their own homes can be improved. We want London and all our large towns purified. We hope that soon the cellars will be left to the rats, the attics to the pigeons, and the filthy back lanes and alleys to be turned into gardens. We long for the day when all old rags shall be turned into manure to grow corn, or into paper on which history, science, and religion shall tell their tales of caution, philosophy, morality, and love. But to bring about this millennium the working

classes must be the chief agents in their own regeneration. The pipe must be broken, the cigar abandoned, the snuff-box thrown to the fire, the cup of the drunkard dashed from the lips for ever, and men and women must resolve to purify their own homes. We have had "*working men's demonstrations*" in favour of temperance, and others are to follow. We shall by-and-by have "working men's demonstrations" to put down thieving; to put away filth; to advance education; to improve their dwellings; to perfect the arts and sciences; to spread liberty; to terminate war, and propagate the religion of love; and then the mental and moral world will approximate the physical in beauty, order, and loveliness.

It may be said that the masses must wait for the gentry and the clergy to take up their cause; but, alas! if they do, they will wait long. Hundreds of years have rolled away, while everything has been left in the hands of the wealthy and learned, and how little has been done! What a mass of filth, and ignorance, and crime is a large portion of London, Manchester, and Liverpool at the present day! Yes, and will continue to be so, until the masses resolve to help themselves. The name of a lord or a bishop attached to a philanthropic society is often of little worth. One mechanic is worth ten of them, in the temperance or any other humane society. God never intended that we should trust in coronets or mitres. The Almighty helps them who help themselves. Nature, providence, and religion strive hard with us to induce us to arise, to exert our powers, to cultivate our talents, to improve our tastes, to better our homes, and brighten our prospects for time and eternity. The great Crystal Palace of the Universe is ours as a school of art and design; and it is only for the masses to enter its open portals, to study its resources, to imitate its arts, to learn its lessons of wisdom, truth, taste, and harmony, and to reduce its suggestions to practice, and then art will be perfected, mind refined, and the cottage will be a palace in comfort, a school in tuition, and a temple in religion. In the words of Milton we conclude:—

"AWAKE! ARISE! OR BE FOR EVER FALLEN!"

EFFECTS OF SNOW ON VEGETATION.—It appears at first somewhat singular that the Alpine plants, such as auriculas, some saxafrages, &c., should be of difficult culture in our climate, and are not unfrequently destroyed by our winters, whilst they flourish in their native snows; but it should be observed that in the Alps, where, growing wild, they are throughout the winter covered with a complete coating of snow—which, from not being a rapid conductor of heat, is instrumental in the earth's not parting quickly with its warmth, in the same manner as a woollen garment prevents the escape of heat from the body—this protects them through the cold season; whereas, in our climate these plants are exposed ultimately to the severe influence of frost, unprotected by the snow, and to long-continued rains. The frost injuring the structure of the leaves, they become readily rolled by the wet; and although the plants are not often entirely killed, they are too much injured to insure a good show of bloom. It is necessary, for the cultivation of the finer sorts of auriculas, &c., to imitate, as far as possible, their native climate, by protecting them, in a frame or shed, both from the severe frosts and wet. It is, however, to be remarked that our climate opposes another and a serious objection to the easy cultivation of this class of plants, arising from the great variation of temperature. Even during the winter months the plants frequently commence growing before the spring arrives, and thus are rendered more obnoxious to the succeeding frosts; and, in addition, the strength of the plants (which should be reserved for the great effort to be made in the spring) is exhausted before its due season; whilst in the Alps they lie entirely dormant until the sun at once melts the snow, and calls them into life and blossom. To prevent the plant growing out of its season, it is found best to place the pots in a part of the garden exposed to a northern or western aspect.

HEROISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

No. VI.—THE CHALLENGE.

It was very early in one of those glowing radiant mornings, whose exquisite beauty in the tropical regions can only be fully appreciated by those who have themselves endured the parching rigours of the excessive heat in the torrid zone during the day time. It seemed an hour meet only for holy thoughts and righteous deeds; yet such were neither the feelings nor the purpose with which three or four naval officers landed at sunrise in the Bay of Calcutta, accompanied only by the sailors who had manned the long boat of the Arrow, then lying at anchor in the harbour. Another party in a smaller boat soon followed, and took a different path to the first crew, but one which evidently led in the same direction. The steersman of the second party, instead of remaining with his companions, who quietly rested on their oars, then hastened after the two young men whom they had just landed, and, overtaking one of them who was walking in advance of his brother officer, begged to speak to him.

"Well, Roberts," said Lieutenant Sancroft, "what do you want? Be quick, for I am in a hurry."

"Ah, sir, and I'm afeard I shall offend you, but I can't see the son of my brave old master, Admiral Sancroft, now dead and gone, going to commit such a foolish, wicked act as that which I guess has brought your honour here this morning, without putting in a word."

"Roberts, if this is all you have to say, I can't spare time to listen to you. You don't understand the laws of honour among gentlemen, or you would not talk so absurdly; so be off, my good fellow. I have not forgotten you, as you will find if I fall; and to you, Roberts, I look for delivering my last love and duty to my mother."

"Lieutenant Sancroft, I couldn't do it: it would go against my conscience to tell madam you had met with your death in such a disgraceful manner. It's true I don't understand what your honour means by honour obliging you to commit murder, as it may be, in cold blood; but I do know that the Bible tells us to forgive our enemies unto seventy times seven. And oh, sir, should you kill Mr. Collinson, will not you go about the earth like Cain ever afterwards? and how will the laws of honour console you then for not having had the courage to brave the sneers of the young silly officers who knew no better, or the frankness to confess you have been in the wrong?"

Lieutenant Sancroft coloured deeply; it was not the first time that the same train of reasoning had been suggested to him, but he had done his utmost to silence the pleadings of conscience and his own convictions of the wicked absurdity of taking away life, in order to settle some foolish dispute. The taunt about his courage struck the most deeply home, and his step became more irresolute; which the honest tar perceiving, he immediately resumed his pleading, by picturing the widowed mother's anguish should she either have to receive a murderer into her house, or else to mourn the loss of her only son in a manner so disgraceful to a brave man and a Christian. Again, he expatiated on the superior magnanimity of making an apology if the lieutenant had been the one in error, and upon the miserable satisfaction it would be to him, supposing Mr. Collinson was the most to blame, in becoming his executioner for an offence so comparatively trifling. He also reminded his young master of the admiral's opinions on duelling, and the contempt he had ever expressed for so barbarous a practice. "And, O Lieutenant Sancroft, would you cast shame on him that's dead and gone—on the brave old admiral that was an example to the whole navy, and helped to win the battle of Trafalgar under Nelson himself?"

We cannot detail all that passed on this occasion: suffice it to state that the young man's best feelings were awakened, and his principles roused into a strength of determination, which enabled him to fulfil the painful task of refusing to fight, and of returning to the ship, amidst the silent contempt and covert sneers of his fellow officers. He had to pass through a bitter trial; for even those who respected him in their hearts had not courage to differ from the little world around them, and he was treated with such marked coldness by all the officers as to render his position on board irksome in the extreme. They even refused to take wine with him at the captain's table, and he lived alone in the midst of numbers, since he was in effect completely sent to Coventry.

For two months this state of things continued, while the Arrow was cruising in the Eastern Archipelago, at the end of which time she again cast anchor at Cal-

cutta, and a round of gaiety commenced, which Lieutenant Sancroft usually enjoyed the most of any of his companions, so social and entertaining was he in taste and manners. Now, to his surprise and indignation, he found the tables turned, and, though the exact circumstances which had led to the coolness between himself and his brother officers were never divulged, things got abroad to his disadvantage. He was treated with studied neglect by the ladies, and with frigid politeness by the gentlemen. For this there could exist no redress, and accordingly he spent his time in rambling about the country alone, or on board the Arrow in reading and writing. His appearance became greatly altered, and the excessive depression of his spirits re-acted upon his health, until fever attacked him, and, but for the unremitting care of Roberts, would soon have carried him off. Willingly would he have died; and it was all his faithful servant could do, by representing that his life had been preserved for some good purpose, to persuade him to adopt the proper measures to ensure his recovery. When he was at length able to walk on deck, the Arrow was sailing up the western coast of Asia, and a violent storm soon afterwards drove her far out to sea. This was followed by a long calm, that prevented the crew from making land, which had become an imperative necessity, in order to procure fresh water, which they had been just on the point of accomplishing when first driven out to sea. Every day the little store diminished, and the sufferings of all on board grew intense, while the Arrow violently drifted towards some of those savage islands which are still tenanted by so fierce a race that few care to land on their shores. Lieutenant Sancroft was the first to diminish his miserable pittance of water to the bare spoonful, which sufficed to preserve life, and none endured the consequent suffering so firmly, or did so much to cheer and help the crew. He persuaded the men to wring their clothes in the salt water, and then to put them on while wet, in order to supply some degree of moisture to their parched frames; and his presence ever seemed to animate them to fresh exertions, and to encourage their spirits.

At last the danger of death by thirst became so imminent that the captain summoned his officers to a general council, and, saying something must be done, he proposed manning a boat at night-time, and, effecting a landing, to fill their water-casks by main force, if necessary. A pause ensued. Many were present who would joyfully have accepted an offer to lead the way in a breach, or to head an attack in open warfare; but the landing on these rocky coasts was in itself no light task, and there was something so appalling in the darkness when engaging in such a service as obtaining water amidst a race of fierce cannibals, who might steal on them unawares, that her Majesty's officers evidently shrunk from being cooked for a supper to savages. But Sancroft only hesitated to see if others were going to offer themselves, and when none spoke, he instantly stepped forward, and, with sparkling eyes, claimed the honour of commanding the party. A cheer rose from the sailors and marines, while the midshipmen and their superior officers bent their looks on the ground in shame. In a quarter of an hour the boats were manned by volunteers eager to prove their attachment to Sancroft. Two of the middies accompanied him, ashamed to remain behind; and Roberts once more acted as steersman to the long-boat, his heart full of honest pride and exultation at this unexpected indication of his master's honour.

With the greatest prudence and with consummate ability Sancroft made his arrangements, and after being twice very nearly swamped, the dangerous landing was accomplished, and a few minutes' rapid walking brought the vanguard of the party to a running stream. As quickly as possible they plied their task, but had not proceeded far when a wild shout of triumph close at hand showed them they had been watched. A sharp skirmish took place, while a retreat, in obedience to Sancroft's orders, was kept up at the same time. So well ordered had the plan been, that the boats were reached with three casks well filled, after the loss of only two men, though several others were badly wounded. The sailors cheered lustily as they pulled swiftly out of reach of the shots; and amidst loud praises of Sancroft, and eager discussions of the conflict, the following dialogue was unheard:—

"I am done for, Roberts; I shall die before we reach the ship; but I don't regret it, and you will not refuse to carry my dying greeting to my poor mother now, I think."

"No, no, your honour; it shall be my first business when we land on the shores of Old England, to see madam, and tell her her son died worthy of his noble father. And won't your honour give thanks to Heaven that you did not fall that morning at Calcutta, but have lived to die the death of a brave man?"

"Yes, Roberts, I thank you with all my heart for your advice that day, which saved me from committing so great a sin,

nd I thank God with all my soul that he as permitted me so to end my days."

The last words were spoken very faintly, nd in another moment the honest veteran ung over the lifeless body of his dear oung master in speechless grief; from hich he was only roused by the cry of elcome which burst from the ship's crew s the boats ran alongside. The sight of he casks caused general joy, and the capain, as the men came on board, asked who ad fallen.

"Thomas Dean and Peter Bolton," was he reply.

"And how is Lieutenant Sancroft?"

"He is dead, sir," said Roberts, proudly, as he looked with triumph at the horror-struck countenance of the remorse-stricken officer.

The captain alone of his superiors had approved of the conduct of Sancroft in refusing to fight; and he pronounced a brief but emphatic eulogium on the true hero, who early the next day was consigned to his watery grave. And the tears of the rough sailors, the praise of his captain, and the mournful silence of the assembled officers, formed the requiem of THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

BEAUTIFUL PROVISIONS OF NATURE.

LORD BACON was right when he represented real knowledge, "not as a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; nor a tower of state for a proud intellect to raise itself upon; neither a fort nor commanding-ground for strife and contention; nor a shop for profit and sale; but a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate." We but require to study nature to see that all its provisions are indicative of the highest and the richest beneficence—that everything is so formed, and disposed, and governed, as to yield the largest amount of enjoyment. We never meet with any arrangement whose object or end is to produce misery. Pain and suffering there may be in connection with the most beautiful and perfect structure, but these evils entered not into the design of that structure. What a beautiful arrangement and provision are the human teeth!—but no one will say that toothache is a necessary element in that provision. Happiness is the object or end of the whole economy of Nature; pain and suffering are but accidents—something which might or might not be. In proportion, therefore, as we rightly conceive of this entire economy, will be our estimate of the divine goodness; and the more our hearts are impressed with the love and the bounty of the great Father of all, the deeper will be our homage and our gratitude.

We are in the midst of WINTER, when, according to some people's notions of the old-fashioned seasons, the earth should be covered with frost and snow. It is believed that the seasons have changed; but how to account for this phenomenon both the learned and the ignorant are equally at a loss. Some far-seeing folks think that it is a sure sign that the world is coming to an end! We leave these dreamers to enjoy their reverie. The Book tells us that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, will be continued till the last great fire shall burn up the earth and all that is therein. It is true that at present there is neither ice to tempt us to get our skates in readiness, nor snow to offer us a game at balls; but it does not follow that water is never again to congeal and become solid. Now, with winter there are connected some interesting and instructive phenomena, and not the least remarkable of these is this conversion of water from the liquid to the solid state. If we except water, which expands when cooled below a certain degree, it is a fact in chemistry that all bodies contract when cooled, and expand when heated; and these effects are produced without in any way affecting the quantity of matter which these bodies contain. Any one may put this to the test by a simple experiment. Take a bar and a plate of iron; cut a hole in the centre of the plate which will exactly gauge the bar, or allow the end of it just to pass through. Place the bar in a mixture of finely-powdered ice, or of snow, and common salt, for about five minutes; remove it and wipe it dry with a cloth, and on applying it to the gauge, it will pass through with ease, and be comparatively loose. In a very little time

it will regain its former heat, and, consequently, its former dimensions. Then take the same bar, and put it for five minutes over a clear bright fire, till it receive a certain degree of heat, and you will find it impossible to force it through the gauge till it has cooled down to its original temperature. The experiment for the contraction or expansion of a liquid is equally simple. Fill a Florence flask, within half an inch of its neck, with spirit of wine, and place it in the mixture just named, and you will find, as the spirit cools, it contracts in bulk. This done, dry the flask, place it upon a ring so as to stand upright, and as it gradually gains warmth from the surrounding air, the spirit will expand till it rise to its former height. Now plunge it into hot water, and the spirit will so expand as to rise above its original point, and will only get down to that point by being withdrawn from the hot water.

To this general law of contraction by cold and expansion by heat, water is an exception, as may be proved by pouring that liquid at a temperature of 80 degrees into a Florence flask with a neck capable of admitting a delicate mercurial thermometer whose bulb may drop below the surface of the water, and whose scale may rest upon the mouth of the flask. Plunge it into the mixture of ice and salt sufficiently deep to surround the bulb. As the water cools, it will contract and fall till its temperature be reduced one-half. At 40 degrees, instead of continuing to contract, it will slowly expand and rise, until the thermometer indicates a cold of 32 degrees, at which point the water will congeal and freeze. Now mark the beauty and the goodness of this provision. If water, like other liquids, continued to contract in bulk, or cool down to its freezing point, then, on the first approach of winter, it would congeal into one entire and solid mass of ice, and no longer be fit for sustaining that life with which the great Creator has peopled it. Every living thing which it contains would inevitably perish. By an all-wise and infinitely beneficent arrangement, there is one immutable degree of cold at which water, instead of contracting, is found to expand. Let the intensity of cold be what it may; let the superficial ice be however solid; the water beneath remains at 40 degrees, and by its immutable temperature is conservative of every form and variety of aquatic life.

But how is this effected? The heat is withdrawn from the surface of the water by convective currents of air, till its temperature throughout has attained to forty degrees. The cold breeze may still blow over it, but instead of causing the water to contract or become heavier, it actually causes it to expand and become lighter. This colder and lighter water floats upon the warmer water beneath, but has no power of sinking through it—no power of communicating its lower temperature to the warmer water, and hence it remains floating on the warmer till cooled by the air to thirty-two degrees, at which it has parted with so much heat that it congeals and becomes a solid sheet of ice. It is well known that tides and currents interfere materially with the cooling influence of the atmosphere, and hence rivers and streams never congeal so easily or so rapidly as lakes and pools. The presence of saline matter in water will prevent it from congealing even at the low temperature of thirty-two degrees. The following experiment will prove this. To half-a-pint of water add as much common salt as it will hold in solution. To render it clear, let the liquor pass through a piece of fine linen or muslin, put it in a bottle, while into another bottle you pour an equal measure of fresh water—place them both in the mixture of snow and salt. At thirty-two degrees, the water will be found congealed or frozen, but the solution in its original liquid state.

That water in the act of congealing undergoes great expansion, is proved by the fact that not only are bottles broken in which water has frozen, but even iron pipes burst and are rent asunder. Hence nothing is more common during a severe frost than to surround a water-pipe with thick bands of hay or straw, so as to prevent, by the exclusion of the colder air, the freezing of the water. Hence, too, masons and bricklayers always cover their new work with thick layers of straw to prevent the water in the cement or mortar from freezing, otherwise the labour of many days might be destroyed in a few hours. And yet this expansive force of freezing water is not without the most beneficent designs. "During spring, summer, and

autumn, fertile soils by capillary attraction absorb and retain water for the support of their produce; during winter, a portion of this water at the surface of the soil freezes, and by its expansive force thrusts the individual particles apart, and so holds them apparently as solid clods of earth; but as the warmth of spring returns, the icy cement dissolves from its interstices, the clods crumble down so minutely divided, as materially to lessen the labour of the husbandman in preparing the soil for seed." Nor is this all. The law which confines the cold to the surface of the earth is not more to be admired than it is beneficent. "The ice binds up the soil, and being a slow conductor, prevents the severity of the season from injuriously affecting the fibres and roots of the plants, which nature has in general buried to a sufficient depth for their preservation. Even when the ice reaches and envelopes the roots, it seldom materially injures them, because it does not easily descend below the freezing point, which is much higher than the usual temperature of the air in northern winters."

Nor is the fact to be overlooked that ice has the remarkable power of preserving animal matter from decomposition or putrefaction. It is a common practice to send salmon from Scotland to the London market packed in ice; and ice is largely employed by the fishmonger for the preservation of his stock during the heat of summer. In Russia it is stored up in immense blocks and employed in the preservation of all kinds of animal food. In 1803, on the banks of the river Lena in Siberia, there was found the body of a mammoth encased in ice, whose flesh was in such excellent preservation that it was cut up by the inhabitants as food for their dogs. It was believed that it was so encased and preserved from the time of the deluge. Ice is largely used by confectioners for the making of ice-creams and other luxuries of the table. It is of great service also in certain surgical and medical cases. Its application will sometimes reduce a simple hernia, and in fever it is often found most grateful and refreshing. A very good method of preserving ice is to wrap it up in several yards of flannel, which is possessed of great non-conductive power.

In the case of a fish-pond which is so completely frozen over as wholly to exclude the air from the water beneath, it becomes a question of deep interest how the fish continue to live. The human being could not long survive if he were shut up in a close room, the air of which was every moment becoming more vitiated and more deleterious by his own respiration, and into which no fresh air was admitted. To continue to breathe such an atmosphere would be inevitable death. So it would be with the fish in the pond. But it is wisely ordained that seldom, if ever, can we find a large sheet of ice in which there are not some very thin and transparent patches, and in some instances little circles here and there of perfectly liquid water; and by repairing to these, the living creatures beneath meet with a freer and a purer air. Where this provision does not exist, and there is a desire to preserve the fish, openings must be made in the ice that the impure air may escape, and the fish come to the surface to breathe. Or it may happen that the earth, whose springs are now sealed, may attract to itself a portion of the water from beneath the ice, and so the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere makes the ice crack and break, and through the smallest crevice the air will force and find its way.

A sheet of ice is ever the scene of happiest amusement. Covered with a group of schoolboys, it is one of the most animated and interesting spectacles which we can witness. Every countenance is lit up with joy. Every heart bounds. Every motion, every accent, every look is expressive of gladness. There may be seen the little urchin sliding—the youth skating—the man curling—childhood and manhood mingling in one scene of enjoyment. Nor is there any difficulty in discovering the reason why the heart of either the child or the man is filled with joyous glee, when the first flakes of snow descend, or when the first sheet of ice it seen. "The explanation is, that God who formed the laws of nature, formed also the human heart; and has so adapted the one to the other, as to promote, in every variety of mode, the enjoyment of the beings he has made."

There are other beautiful arrangements in the great economy which we must leave for future articles. Those which have just passed under review set forth

the rich and inexhaustible benevolence of the Creator in the most pleasing and impressive light. Such arrangements and such provisions must be resolved into infinite wisdom and immense goodness. So are they represented in the Sacred Book—"By the breath of God frost is given, and the breadth of the waters is straightened or compressed. Out of whose womb came the ice?—and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? The waters are hid as with a stone; and the face of the deep is frozen." These are phenomena too grand and mighty to be resolved into human agency or created power. Hence exclaims the inspired Oracle —"He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who can stand before his cold? He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work." Locked up as nature may seem to us during the dark cold months of winter, the fact is yet incontrovertible, that God is ever travelling forth among all the works of his hand, filling them with the cheering intimacy of his presence, and rendering them all subservient to his will. In the great laboratory of nature, he is ever conducting the most beautiful experiments and perfecting the most hidden processes: and for what end—on whose behalf? It is true that his own glory is the final end of all his beings, but that is ever inseparable from the happiness of his creatures. Man shares largely and specially in his bounty. On him he lavishes his goodness, and if man would but enter into God's plans and purposes, and act in conformity with God's will, he could not but be happy.

SHORT HOMILIES, BY PARSON FRANK.

This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

WORDSWORTH.

It is for EDUCATION that the poet is pleading in the above lines. The Education of Man—taking the term in its full and comprehensive meaning—is the most momentous of all interests, and deserves the warmest of all pleadings, and ennobles the most enthusiastic of all devotions. Man is capable of so much that is glorious and great; he is a "potentiality" of undefined extent: an *un*educated man is what Carlyle calls a "foiled potentiality." The great and glorious was latent within him; he *was*, potentially, or by capacity and tendency, great and glorious; but this capacity was not *educed*, or brought out,—this potentiality was neglected, untended, and consequently foiled. Education stands "on the basis of everlasting duty, as a prime necessity of man." Without it, his movements are not up to the angels, but down to the brutes. There is therefore great power and pathos in the lament (in *Sartor Resartus*) over popular ignorance:—"It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor ..... but what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but, only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated? Alas, was this, too, a Breath of GOD bestowed in Heaven, *but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.*" All these are victims to the tyranny of circumstances; and their poor dumb mouths are eloquent enough in proving that a great breach exists between Nature and Society, between God and

Man, so long as these hecatombs of human sacrifices are offered up year by year continually.

I venture to say that every one who reads these words knows of at least one family among his poor acquaintance, over whom the gloomy, boding spirit of Ignorance, dark and demon-like, broods with outspread wings. Now, assuming this, you, reader, have it in your power to *attempt* (at least) a diminution of the evil. You can use your influence, direct and indirect, by illustration and expostulation and demonstration, to get the ignorant members of that one family put in the way of rescue from their ignorance. You can do your best to set them going in the high-road to knowledge and virtue. To do this for them is like giving them souls. While ignorant and imbruted and motionless, their souls are dead; and hence to do this for them is, as it were, to save their souls alive. The work is a momentous work, a noble work, a remunerative work, whether viewed intellectually or morally, in its influence on their heads or on their hearts—on their knowledge or on their will—on their reason or on their conscience. Every great man we can name, and every good man. Would they have been what they were without education in some of its varied degrees? "Mute inglorious Miltons" have lived, and died unknown—because what was Miltonic in them was never educed, educated. Had William Shakspeare been allowed to shirk the alphabet, he might have attained no other notoriety than that conferred by deer-stealing and Justice Shallow, and have been content to fritter away his great soul in bestial dissipation. His genius might have found its loftiest exercise, not in creating Hamlets and Imogens, and storing the world with tears and laughter for all time, but in overreaching the game of Charlcote, and outwitting the keepers of Sir Thomas Lucy. Deprive them of education, in its comprehensive sense, and Wolsey might have been at the best a fat slaughterer of fat oxen, and Ben Jonson a fussy bricklayer. Burns and Bloomfield, seemingly stolid ploughmen, and all our Chancellors, and Premiers, and Statesmen, mere unregarded atomies, never heard of half a mile from home, and at death causing a sensation only to their own little circle and the family undertaker. And, as the great might have been little, so might the little have been great. And, as the good might have been bad, so the bad might have been good. Luther might have been Loyola, and Loyola Luther. John Hampden might have been a Laud or Strafford. Charles the Second might have been the "Father of his Country" instead of evaporating into a "Merry Monarch." John Howard's philanthropy might have taken the strange form of a French reign of terror, whilst Robespierre's might have found vent in relieving prison destitution and abating jail-fevers. Many a prosecuting counsel and ermined judge might change places with the prisoner at the bar, and the rule of contraries be expanded into universal application.

The possibilities of the future, so vague, so mysterious, so manifold, give an awful and really unfathomable emphasis to the precept, "Train up a child in the way that he should go." It is, says Richter, "a touching and a mighty thought that now, before their educator, the great spirits and teachers of our immediate prosperity creep, as the sucklings of his milk-store; that he guides future sons like little wandering stars in his leading-strings. And it is all the more important because he can neither know whether he has before him, to unfold for good or evil, a hell-god for humanity, or a protecting and life-giving angel; nor can foresee at what dangerous moment of futurity the magician, who, transformed into a little child, now plays before him, will rise up a giant." Life, this admirable writer, as hearty as he is eccentric, elsewhere reminds us—"life—especially moral life—has a flight, then a leap, then a step, then a halt; each year renders a man less easy to convert, and a missionary can effect less on a wicked old man of threescore than an *auto-da-fé* of the Inquisition."

Think of these things, fathers! mothers! while it is yet time, and before bitter experience brands the awful truth of them on your souls for evermore. "I speak as unto wise men; judge he what I say."

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

RABBITS.

THERE is no domestic employment more interesting than the care of these animals, which man has subjugated as serviceable to his interests, and necessary to his comforts. Neither is there any other more profitable, or which tends more immediately to the increase of independence in cottage homes. And yet, strange to say, it is one very generally neglected, outhouses being suffered to lie waste and go to ruin, when rabbits, poultry, and pigs, if not cows, might be profitably reared in them, and our friends often sitting down to an indifferent meal, when, by a little care of the least expensive of these animals, they might daily enjoy what are regarded as luxuries even by the rich. Let us take rabbits as the first instance. What mechanic—what labourer—in a word, what cottage-dweller is there who could not keep a hutch for three of them? and thus ensure for himself and family one nice dinner every week for the whole year round. A few shillings, and a strict observance of the following simple directions, are all that will be found necessary, and if the head of the family cannot spare time to attend to the rabbits himself, the children will gladly supply his place, and thus will he enjoy, with his increased comforts, the gratification of seeing them become acquainted, in a pleasant form, with the valuable results of habits of carefulness, regularity, and cleanliness.

THE RABBIT-HUTCH.

The first thing which it is necessary to procure is a hutch from two and a-half to three feet high, and from five to seven feet long, divided into four rooms, one for the buck, and one for each of the females, with a common feeding-room between the two latter, into which they may be admitted by means of sliding doors. The hutch should rest on wooden legs of a foot in height, having the front ones half an inch longer than those behind, in order that it may slope backwards a little, and allow of all wet running off, as nothing is more injurious to the health of rabbits than damp, or impurity of any kind. The hutch should be placed where it is free from damp, from rain and all heavy or unwholesome vapours, and have plenty of clear fresh air and light. Indeed rabbits cannot have too much air in summer; but when the weather is at all cold or very windy, their hutch should be sheltered and the doors closed, as chilling blasts make them ill. When the hutch is ready, the next care of the cottager is to provide inhabitants for it and that these may be worthy of the attention which he proposes to bestow on them let the following simple rule be observed in selecting them:—

RABBITS.

When procuring rabbits for stock, choose the black or wild colour, having short legs and width and substance of loin. In rearing such there will be no trouble: they are always hardy, fatten readily, and bear fur of so excellent a quality, that their skins are nearly as valuable as those of the white and pied varieties.

FOOD.

The next thing to be attended to is the food; and as the weight of the animals and the quality of the flesh depend upon the description and quantity given them, we think it important that our friends should give particular attention to this point. The whole art of feeding profitably consists in giving them one plentiful meal of dry, substantial food every morning, and two of good succulent vegetables in the course of the day. Some persons only feed rabbits twice a day, and each time throw more into the troughs than they can consume; but this is a wasteful plan, as the animals scratch out of the troughs and trample on all they cannot eat, and then reject it after it is soiled. The best and most economical plan is to give them in the morning a sufficiency, and no more, of oats, peas ground into flour, wheat, buck-wheat, hard hay, ground malt, or scraps of old bread; and to supply them in the afternoon with boiled or baked potatoes, cabbage-stalks free from rain or wet, the leaves or roots of carrots, parsley, celery, or grass. The flesh of rabbits is naturally dry, and therefore good vegetable food renders it juicy, and delicate in flavour; but weeds and refuse vegetables cause it to become soft and flabby, and often induce diseases which make the animals worthless either as stock or for food.

BREEDING.

At six months rabbits begin to breed, and go with young thirty days, during which time plenty of nourishing food should be given. If frightened or harassed during this period, the doe will cast her young. A few days before she litters she begins to make preparations for the event by cleaning out every corner of the hutch, and then tearing the fur from her breast to form a nest with. As soon as she is perceived to

lo this, hay should be given her, with which she will run about, taking a few stalks at a time in her mouth until she has shortened and reduced it all. She will then make a snug bed in a corner, and line it neatly with the flue. Her litter will generally consist of from six to ten, and of these not more than five of the most healthy should be left her to nurse. After six weeks let these be removed to a hutch by themselves, containing but one room, and be fattened upon corn and hay, good succulent vegetables, and grass. In two months the heaviest may be killed, and will be found fat and well-flavoured; and each one afterwards, as week after week it comes into the cook's hands, will be larger and finer than the last. About thirty days after the first family have been removed, the mother will have another litter, and so on throughout the whole year, and her female companion the same. However, it is better that they should have rest during the winter months, as the young of that season are rarely strong, and it is difficult to preserve them from the effects of cold and damp. Even by allowing the does this time to recruit, they will still have five litters each, and, by leaving them every time six young ones to rear, the cottager will have sixty rabbits for his table.

Suppose, however, the owner of a stock such as we have described, too poor to keep all the young for his own use;—why then let him sell half of every litter when three months old, and the sum which he will receive will more than pay for the expenses of keeping the remainder; and thus without cost, and for a little trouble, he will have thirty nice dinners in a year.

Some rabbits eat their own progeny; but this unnatural act is of rare occurrence, and is generally owing to the circumstance of their being intruded on too soon, or seeing their young handled by strangers. Another cause assigned is want of milk, which never occurs if they are given a sufficiency of food while with young, and at the time of littering are provided with warm milk, or gruel, or a warm malt mash.

HEALTH.

Rabbits are by no means difficult to rear if their hutch is at all times kept *perfectly clean*, and in a *dry*, *airy* situation. The diseases, however, to which they are liable are incurable—these are the rot, the dropsy, and the liver complaint. While their dung is not moist they are in good health. From three to six months old they are in perfection for the table: when younger they are soft and tasteless, when older they are hard and dry.

SKINS.

Those skins of which the fur is close and fine bring the highest price. Hatters buy readily the skins of common brown and black; furriers like the large white, and the white and yellow best; and general merchants are always glad to have those of the "Lincolnshire rabbits," which bear a gray fur mixed with longer hairs tipped with white, as they form one of our articles of commerce with Russia and China.

Many of our friends who would gladly rear rabbits are room-keepers, and are therefore for the present excluded from that comfort; but those who are the owners of even the smallest yards, provided they are open to good fresh air, may enjoy it, and derive profit as well as pleasure. We have seen a rabbit-hutch in a yard ten feet square, and the animals kept in it were as merry and as healthy and as fat as it is possible to imagine. The owner of them had a very little garden also, and therefore he had put fresh litter into the hutch every morning, first carefully removing what he had placed there the previous day, and cleaning out the rooms thoroughly. By this means he made valuable additions to the manure heap necessary to the growth of his vegetables. However, where there is no garden, and the rabbit-owners desire to sell the dung, no litter should be put in the hutch.

IMPORTATION OF IVORY—Few persons have an idea of the value or extent of the importations of ivory into Southampton, principally from Alexandria, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. The demand has greatly increased during the last few years; and, although the supply has been considerably augmented, it is not equal to the demand. The tusks and pieces (nearly 3,000 in all) brought here by the Ripon on her last voyage, were recently sold by public auction in London, and readily realized from 18s. to 25s. per lb., the whole producing nearly £25,000, the greater portion of which was paid down immediately, a discount of 2½ per cent. being allowed for cash, but no payment is extended beyond one month from the day of sale. It appears that the large quantities of tusks which have been from time to time shed by wild elephants are found buried in the deserts of Arabia; these are bought up principally on account of the Pasha of Egypt, and then transmitted to England for sale. Some of the teeth imported in the Ripon were of this class, and in an advanced state of decay, such as it must have taken centuries to produce.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ISLANDERS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

South America, from which many articles in the Ethnographical department have been brought, is a peninsular of a triangular form. It covers an area of 6,500,000 English miles, about three-fourths of which lies between the tropics, and the other fourth in the Temperate Zone. The low country is of great extent; some portions of it are barren, while others are covered with a strong growth of weeds and tall grass, which feeds prodigious herds of horses and cattle, and affords shelter to a few wild animals. The high country of Brazil presents alternate ridges and valleys, thickly covered with wood on the side next the Atlantic, and opening into steppes, or pastures, in the interior.

The Andes skirt the shores of the Pacific Ocean, like a vast rampart opposed to its encroachments, to a great extent along the whole line of the western coast. Their name is derived from *Anti*, a Peruvian word, signifying copper. Though often described as a single chain, they generally consist of a succession of ridges, divided by high and narrow valleys; but these ridges, instead of running in parallel lines, generally ramify from central points in all directions, and thus have the appearance of a confused assemblage of small chains. In one part of their course they spread out their base to an extent of 300 miles, and if the smaller subordinate chains are taken in, much further. In the intervals between the ridges are situated many lakes.

The distribution and elevation of mountains, though they may appear capricious, yet afford, on the grandest scale, striking proofs of benevolent design, and of adaptation to the wants of civilized men. Many chains, for instance, enter within the regions of eternal frost with one or more of their summits; but there is not a single great chain in any of the fruitful and habitable parts of the globe, which so far transcends this limit as to present an unbroken line of snow along its whole length. The height of the curve of cargilation is precisely what it should be, and diminishes as the pole is approached. Were there not a corresponding diminution in the elevation of the mountains, or were the principal chains in the different habitable zones raised a little higher, they would sever the nations living on their opposite sides as a wall of brass reaching above the clouds. Here, then, is one of the many beneficent arrangements which it becomes us to observe and remember.

The indigenous population of America presents man under many aspects, and society in various stages, from the regular but limited civilisation of Mexico and Peru, to savage life in its extremest abasement. At one extremity of the country we find the pigmy Esquimaux, of four feet and a-half in height, and at the other the Patagonian giants, of seven feet. So great is the variety of complexion, that it may be said to embrace almost every hue known elsewhere on the face of the earth, except the pitchy black of the negro. Dr. Pritchard thinks that the mutual resemblance among the American natives has been exaggerated by some writers; yet it is certain that there is more of a common family character in their organisation, than in that of the indigenous population of Africa or Asia.

"The Indians of New Spain," says Humboldt, "bear a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. We have the same swarthy and copper colour, straight and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye, with the corner directed upwards towards the temples, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, and expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly contrasted with a gloomy and severe look. Over a million and a-half of square leagues, from Cape Horn to the River St. Lawrence and Behring's Straits, we are struck, at the first glance, with the general resemblance in the features of its inhabitants. We think we perceive them to be descended from the same stock, notwithstanding the prodigious diversity of their languages. The same style of features exists in both Americas."*

* See "Footprints of Travellers," Vol. II.

In the forests, and on the plains, live nations of different races and different degrees of civilization. Some of them, separated from each other by language, are a wandering people, entirely strangers to agriculture, who live on ants, gum, and earth, and are, in short, the very outcasts of the human species. It is strange, yet still true, that some of them are accustomed to eat earth which is fat and unctuous; it is a genuine potter's clay, of a greyish yellow tint. They select it with a great deal of care, and procure it from particular beds on the Oronoko and the Meta. They knead this earth into balls of four or six inches in diameter, and roast them before a slow fire, until their surface begins to turn red. When they are desirous of eating one of these balls, they wet it again. They live on fish, lizards, and fern roots, when they are to be procured; but they are so particularly fond of clay, that they daily eat a little after their food, during the seasons when they have other aliments at their disposal.

Other tribes have fixed habitations, and live on the fruits which they cultivate; they possess intelligence and sociable manners. The prevailing nations along the coast, from Surinam to Cape la Vela, was formerly that of the Caribeans, or Caribs, now almost exterminated by the Europeans. Of all the Indian nations, the Caribeans are most distinguished by their activity and courage; they inhabit villages, governed by an elective chief. When they proceed to battle, they assemble at the sound of the conch, or sea-shell. The Caribeans, next to the Patagonians, are perhaps the most robust nations with which we are acquainted. Their language, one of the most soft and sonorous in the world, contains nearly thirty dialects. Judging from the names of some of the tribes, it even appears to be poetical. One of them is called "the *Daughter* of the Palm-tree;" another, "the *Sister* of the Bear."

Of the Patagonians we have had many exaggerated accounts. Still they are, doubtless, a very remarkable race of people. "The Commodore having landed, with a few of his men," says the celebrated Admiral Byron, "made the savages sit down near him; he distributed some toys among them, and observed that, notwithstanding their being seated, they were taller than himself when he stood upright." M. Duclos measured the least man that he saw amongst them, and his neight was more than five feet eleven inches; the rest were much taller. They were stout and well-proportioned, and for that reason did not, at first sight, appear very tall. Their caps were covered with feathers, and their clothes consisted of guanaco's skins. They sang and danced, like the islanders of the South Sea, and their hospitality was of that rude sort which distinguishes the savage. They ate voraciously, and drank whatever was offered them; among other things, three pints of seal oil.

We can only further notice that in this same room of the British Museum there is a series of articles from those islands of the vast Pacific, known as Navigators, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Feejee Islands, &c. Many of these were sent to her Majesty, who ordered them to be transferred to the Museum. They came from those portions of Polynesia which, with the exception of the Navigator's Islands, have had but little intercourse with the inhabitants of Europe. Not a few of them, therefore, exhibit specimens of purely native skill; while those articles—such as the tortoise-shell bonnet, made by a woman of Errormanga—which are copied from European models show how capable some of the most degraded of the human species are of mental and social improvement.

Though the native rolls of cloth show a greater proficiency than any of the other articles, they were brought from the Feejee islands, which are inhabited by a race far inferior to the more easterly nations. This cloth is not woven, it is made from bark; the finer sorts from that of the paper mulberry; the courser from the bark of the bread-fruit tree; in which case the outer or green rind is scraped off with a shell. It is then slightly beaten, and allowed to ferment, or is macerated in water. A stout piece of wood, resembling a beam, twenty or thirty feet long, and from six to nine inches square, with a groove cut in the under side, is fixed in the ground, across this the bark is laid, and beaten with a long and heavy mallet of iron-wood, the sides of which are grooved, one side being very coarse and large, the opposite

side exceedingly fine. A third side is cut in chequers, the fourth is plain, or ribbed. The cloth placed across the long beam, is beaten first with the coarse, then with the finer, face of this mallet. The resinous matter of the bark, being very adhesive, causes its fibres to be interwoven by the beating process, the finer grooves of the mallet giving the cloth, at last, all the appearance of having been woven.

It is surprising that the natives should be able, by so simple a process, to produce cloth of sufficient length and breadth to make those rolls exhibited in the Museum. Yet whole bales, some of them containing two hundred yards of cloth, four yards wide, are occasionally made, the whole in one single piece! The strips of bark used are seldom above four feet long, and, when uncurled or spread open, not more than an inch and a-half broad; and are joined together simply by beating them, while in a wet state, with the mallet, to cause the partial solution of the resinous matter. When sufficiently bleached and dried, the fabric is folded along the whole length, rolled up into a bale, and covered with a piece of matting. The wealth of a chief is sometimes estimated by the number of these covered bales which he possesses. The finest and most valuable kinds of Polynesian cloth are made from the bark of the paper mulberry. Sometimes two or more pieces of cloth are placed upon one another and beaten till they adhere together; and thus almost any thickness may be obtained to make shawls or counterpanes.

The variety of colours which the rolls present show that these islanders are expert in the art of dyeing. The Society Islanders display considerable tact in this respect. The dyes are procured from vegetables, and applied to the cloth with great taste. In their more finished works, nature, and not fancy, supplies the patterns. Some of the most beautiful ferns, or the hibiscus flowers, are generally selected. The colours having been carefully laid upon them, they are fixed—the leaflets, or petals, having been first correctly adjusted—upon the cloth, and pressed gradually and regularly down. On removing the leaf or flower, a beautiful and clear impression often remains. Thus the Society Islanders are not wholly unacquainted with the art of printing. The angular and zig-zag patterns bear a striking resemblance to the early works of the Egyptians, Etruscans, and Normans.

The manufacture of all sorts of cloth (and the Polynesian Islanders have a great variety, even glazed cloths, resembling the upper side of English oil-cloth table-covers) is carried on by women, who congregate in large parties, in open temporary houses erected on purpose. Mr. Ellis saw sixteen or twenty females thus employed at Eimeo. The queen sat in the midst, surrounded by several chief women, each with a mallet in her hand, beating the bark that was spread before her.

The native tools and arms are manufactured with strength, and in some cases high finish, especially the axes of green jade, with wooden handles. The spear-heads are composed of iron or hard wood, sharply pointed. The weapon is projected by means of a loop, and is thrown with great precision. The bows and arrows are of the most simple construction. Most of their vases, combs, files, pipes, nets, and fishing tackle, are of native invention, manufactured without the smallest knowledge of European improvements; they bespeak perseverance, ingenuity, and all those qualities which, if improved upon and properly directed, would lead to a high state of civilization—a result which has indeed actually taken place amongst the Malayan races of Polynesia.

Mr. Ellis, in his "Polynesian Researches," relates, that when the first missionaries arrived on the island of Tahiti, the natives expressed the greatest delight at the proficiency of their visitors in the mechanical arts. "This was strikingly evinced," says he, "on several occasions when they beheld them use their carpenters' tools—cut with a saw a number of boards out of a tree, which they had never thought it possible to split into more than two, and make with these chests and articles of furniture;" but the Tahitians were most surprised at the blacksmiths' operations. "When the heated iron was hammered on the anvil, and the sparks flew among them, they fancied it was spitting at them, and were frightened, as they also were by the hissing occasioned by immersing it in water; yet they were delighted to see the facility with which a bar of iron was thus converted into

hatchets, adjes, fish spears, and fish hooks, &c. Pomare (the king), entering one day when the blacksmith was employed, after gazing a few minutes at the work, was so transported with what he saw, that he caught up the smith in his arms, and, unmindful of the dirt and perspiration inseparable from his occupation, most cordially embraced him, and saluted him according to the custom of the country, by touching noses."

With the statements of this and preceding articles, we must now leave the ethnographical department of the British Museum, and proceed to survey objects of a different kind.

JUVENILE CABINET.

DISCONTENTED CHILDREN.

They are always unhappy, always troublesome, and never satisfied. There are some children in the world that nothing exactly suits. Their food is overdone or underdone; their clothes are too long or too small; their school is too strict or too disorderly; the weather or their food is too hot or too cold—too wet or too dry; and so it is all the day long, and all the year round. They are never suited—always grumbling, pouting, or whining. We have seen such children. They remind us of cows that are turned into a field where the clover is up to their eyes, and after trampling all over it and satisfying themselves with the rich food, they turn their staring eyes to the next field as if they would like to serve that in the same way. So the discontented child looks this way and that way in search of some fancied good, while the real cause of his discontent is within. Let him break up his idle habits, go to his books or some useful employment, be industrious, do good, strive to make others happy, with a determination to make the best of everything, and there will be some sunlight in the darkest fog, and a streak of light upon the darkest cloud.

EXAMPLE AT HOME.

It is of great importance that elder brothers and sisters should set a good example to the younger ones, for all who have observed the ways of little children must have seen the quickness with which they learn to imitate the words and actions of those around them. No wonder that little Mary Adams is so passionate and quarrelsome, or that Kate Stephens stops to play in the streets when she should be hastening to school. They are only following the examples of Jane and Betsy, their elder sisters, who have been over and over again reproved for the same faults. How different is the conduct of Lucy Gray and her sister Sarah, only five years old! Lucy obeys her mother in a moment, and so does little Sarah. Lucy seldom loses an opportunity of doing a kindness, and Sarah gave a proof of the same disposition the other day when she ran to pick up the poor blind man's hat which had fallen from his hand. Reader, if you are an elder sister, or brother, just consider for a moment what is likely to be the effect of your behaviour at home! Think seriously upon the subject, and take heed that the faults which you see and sometimes reprove in others, are not the consequences of your own misconduct and bad example.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Success in life! It's no blind thing. It's bound up in no secret, un-get-at-able deep. It's before every one that will see, feel, think, act. Who and what are the men about us,—our friends, neighbours, most noted for success in life?—Why, they are shrewd, working, rousing, hopeful, confident, stout-hearted folk.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

The mother is happy when her sweet babe is born, and when the helpless little thing lies on her bosom.

She is happy when it begins to take notice and return her smiles.

She is happy when it totters over the floor and utters its first syllable.

She is happy when the boy trips along by her side, and when the girl sews or reads at her knee.

Happier still is that mother when she listens to the prayers of her beloved one.

Oh how happy when the youth becomes a child of grace!

But happiest of all will she be when she meets all her children at the right hand of Christ.

RIGHT KIND OF REVENGE.

Many interesting anecdotes are told of William and Charles Grant, brothers, who were prosperous and wealthy men of business in England a few years ago. The following is an example of the kind of revenge we would advise all our young readers to seek when they are injured. Many years

ago a warehouse-man published an exceedingly scurrilous pamphlet against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the elder partner to ridicule as "Billy Button." William was informed by some "kind friends" of the existence and nature of the pamphlet, and his observation was, that the man would live to repent of its publication. "Oh!" said the libeller, when informed of this remark, "he thinks that some time or other I shall be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. It turned out that the libeller shortly after became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had now an opportunity of revenging themselves upon the libeller, for he could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without that he could not again commence business.

But it seemed to the bankrupt to be a hopeless case to expect that they would give their signature—they whom he had so wantonly held up to public ridicule. The claims of a wife and children, however, at last forced him to make the application. He presented himself at the counting-house door, and found that "Billy Button" was in. He entered, and William Grant, who was alone, rather sternly bid him "Shut the door, sir!" The libeller trembled before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once," exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; instead of which Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the supplicant, who expected to find written upon it "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," instead of which there was written only the signature of the firm, completing the bankrupt's certificate. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else."

The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" continued Mr. Grant, "my saying was true; I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repent that you had tried to injure us; I see you repent it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man, "I do, indeed, bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now."

FOR LITTLE READERS.

Don't be eye-servants. Never slight or slacken your hand because the eye of your parent or teacher is not upon you—but strive to be more studious, more orderly, more persevering, more dutiful and obedient. Remember the eye of God is upon you—the Searcher of all hearts, who will bring every secret, thought, word, and action into judgment. Some children are loose, idle, slack, play truant, act the hypocrite, slight their work, or neglect it entirely, unless they are watched, drilled, and driven: *driven* into measures? shameful! Do such children honour their parents? Are they happy? Is not God angry with them every day? Children, God says, "Obey your parents in all things;" yes, "in *all* things, for this is well pleasing in the sight of the Lord."

Never tease. When your parents or teachers say "*nay*," be still; say "*Amen*, all right, father knows best, I must submit cheerfully, without a scowl or murmur." A spirit of teasing is a spirit of selfishness and rebellion. It is as much as to say, "Father, I'll have my way; I know best. Mother, I know better than you; let me do as I please."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Candid and curious, how they seek
All truth to know and scan;
And e'er the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study man!
Confiding sweetness colours all they say,
And angels listen while they try to pray.

More playful than the birds of spring,
Ingenious, warm, sincere,
Like meadow bees upon the wing,
They roam without a fear;
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
As light sheds beams, and flowers their perfume give.

DO SOMETHING.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing. For besides the furtherance of our estate, the mind doth both delight and better itself with exercise. There is but this difference then betwixt labour and idleness, that labour is a profitable and pleasant trouble; idleness, a trouble both unprofitable and comfortless. I will be ever doing something; that either God when he cometh or Satan when he tempteth, may find me busied. And yet, since—as the old proverb is—better it is to be idle than effect nothing, I will not more hate doing nothing, than doing something to no purpose. I shall do good but a while; let me strive to do it while I may.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE MAGIC OF MECHANICS.

It is a curious feat to balance three penknives on the point of a needle. But it is readily effected if they are fastened together, so that one shall be at top, having its point stuck into another at right angles, while into its end is stuck the point of a third, which hangs parallel with the latter, and a needle is placed at the centre of gravity in the first. The three knives being thus arranged, and placed in equilibrio on the point of a needle held in the hand, they cannot fall, because their common centre of gravity is far below the point of the needle, which is above the point of support.

The young, in trying to balance different things, find some more difficult to keep upright than others, but they do not commonly ask to what this is attributable. And yet the question is worthy of being proposed and solved. Take, for example, a stick, having at one end a mass of lead: when the lead is uppermost, the stick can be far more easily balanced than when the lead is in the hand, and the point of the stick is in the air. It is true that the higher the weight is placed beyond the point of support, the greater is the tendency of the body to fall; but then the balancer will the more readily restore it to the equilibrium. It is a principle worthy of remembrance, that the greater the circle which a body describes in falling, the less will be its tendency to fall. Persons may therefore more readily walk on high stilts than on low ones, and balance long poles than short ones: how small the circle made in the one instance, and how large it is in the other, will be at once perceived.

A large family of birds have a structure which illustrates this principle. Theirs are not the woods, or the mountains, or the verdant plains; nor is theirs the surface of the far-stretching river, or the mighty lake, where multitudes of birds find a congenial element at a great distance from the shore. Theirs is a peculiar domain, formed of the morasses, and the low oozy lands which border the sea, and its petty creeks and inlets. Here they banquet on aquatic plants, insects, the

shell-covered creatures called mollusks, and the smaller fishes. For the capture of their prey they are therefore specially adapted. Not only is the beak varied

according to the particular nature of the food to be obtained, so that in many it is long-pointed and powerful, in others it is broad and rounded, and in others it is soft and pulpy at the tip, that it may act as a delicately-sensitive feeler; not only is the neck long—and, where it is not so, the length is generally made up by that of the beak—but the legs are of great length, the thighs bare of feathers for a considerable distance above the joint, and the toes either long and spreading or partially webbed. Hence these birds are called by naturalists *Grallatores*, a word which means literally *stilt-walkers*. One of them, the long-legged plover, is expressly called the Stilt-Bird. Thus these birds are constructed by the great Author of nature for the circumstances to which they are destined, and for which, were their structure different, they would be ill-prepared, and therefore uneasy and wretched.

Were the reader required to construct a figure, which, without any counterpoise, should always raise itself upright, and keep in that position, or regain it however it might be disturbed, he might not be able to determine how this task should be accomplished; and yet a few directions will show that it is easily practicable. The figure of a man should be formed of any exceedingly light substance, such as the pith of the elder, which is soft, and can easily be made to receive any form that is desired. The half of a leaden bullet, made very smooth on the convex surface, may then be taken to serve as a base for the figure. If now the figure have its feet fastened to the plane part of this half-bullet, so as to stand upright upon it, then the work required will be done. For in whatever position the figure may be placed, it will stand erect as soon as it is left to itself, because the centre of gravity of its base being in the axis, tends to approach the horizontal plane as much as possible; and this can never be the case till the axis becomes perpendicular to the horizon, for the little figure above scarcely deranges it from its place, on account of the disproportion between its weight and that of the base.

On this principle screens have been invented, which, when they happen to be pressed down, always rise up again; and the people of Paris some years ago constructed figures called Prussians, not a few of which have been brought to this country. They were made exactly like the figure which has now been described; they were formed into battalions, and, being made to fall down by drawing a rod over them, they started up again as soon as the rod was removed.

Other figures were prepared in a somewhat different way. The peculiarity here was in having the lower or convex side of the base, which was made of glass, ground into a number of little divisions, like some of the beautiful hanging drops to lustres and chandeliers. If a figure thus constructed were put on any smooth surface, as a plate, and the plate were held at a slight inclination, the shape given to the lower part of the base enabled it so to change its position from point to point as to acquire a vertical motion, and to traverse the inclined part of the smooth surface. The writer has never seen more than one of these; it was brought from Edinburgh or Glasgow; he presumes it was made there; but however this may have been, he has oftentimes been amused, as this figure of a Heighlander, duly attired in his tartan and red-striped stockings, has journeyed over a plate which he has held in his hand, and always maintained, also, its erect position, from the cause which has been previously described.

A body balanced for a time may, as is well known, not continue to be kept in equilibrium, and falls, in consequence, to the ground. No doubt the stilt-walker of the Landes could tell of many a tumble as a child, before he acquired the expertness which is necessary. And were he asked how he came to fall, he would answer, as the generality of people would in similar circumstances, that he fell from his own *weight*.

But here is an error, which we shall do well, if it be entertained, to correct. Weight is not a property existing in bodies independently of their connection with other bodies. It is true that the quill with which we write is not so heavy as the inkstand into which we dip it, and the inkstand is not so heavy as the desk at which we sit, and the desk is not so heavy as the table on which the desk is placed. Yet still weight is not a cause, but an effect—an effect of the power of attraction,

without which neither the quill, nor the inkstand, nor the desk, nor the table would have any weight whatever. All bodies have a tendency to fall, in consequence of the attraction of gravitation; but if they be supported and prevented from approaching the earth, either by the hand, or any other means, this tendency will be felt, and is called *weight*.

Accordingly, were there but one body existing in universal space, it would have no weight. Attraction would exist, for this would be possessed by each of the particles of which the body was composed, but they could exert it only among themselves. The whole mass would, however, have no weight, because it would have nothing to attract, or by which it might be attracted.

Weight may, therefore, be described as the manifestation or the measure of gravity. It is one of the means whereby this universal principle is rendered palpable. If we had a cubical vessel, capable of containing a cubic foot of water, we should say that it weighed about 1,000 ounces, by which is meant that the body of water gravitates or presses downwards with a power of 1,000 ounces. But this relates only to the effect which is observable at the surface of the earth. For gravity decreases in power as we recede from the centre of the earth, so that on the top of a mountain four miles high the bulk of water would actually weigh less—that is, would press downwards with less force than at the earth's surface.

It is true that in practice we should not observe diminution, since the scales or other instrument of measurement would pass through a similar change. But although we might not be able to determine it, the fact would be, as already stated, the cube of water would really gravitate, or press downwards, or weigh less than before.

It is also a fact not less singular, that the cube of water would weigh less at the equator than at the pole; because at the equator the whirling motion arising from the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis gives a centrifugal power—a power of flying off from the centre—which tends to counteract, in some degree, the force of gravitation. Gravity tends to draw the cube towards the centre of the earth; the centrifugal force gives a tendency at right angles to that direction; and the latter partially neutralizes the former, whereby the weight is practically lessened.

Nor is this the only disturbing force; for the earth, and all that is on it, is enveloped in air—a fluid very light and subtle, but still capable of exerting considerable pressure. Were the cube of water suspended at some distance from the surface of the earth, and then let fall, it would encounter a certain degree of resistance from the air beneath it—a resistance sufficient to influence, in some degree, the velocity of the descent. But if the cube were *in vacuo*—that is, in a space deprived of air—no such impediment would exist. Here is the *rationale* of "the guinea and feather" experiment, so often performed by scientific lecturers, to show that all bodies fall to the earth when there is nothing to oppose their descent. In practice we know that a guinea, or any other hard body, if let fall from a given height, would reach the ground sooner than a feather, or other light body, let fall from an equal height; but when the lecturer makes an arrangement by which a guinea and a feather are let fall from the same height in an exhausted receiver, they alight on the base which sustains the receiver at precisely the same time.

MATTHEW MARVELL.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat!—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hanging and curtains: it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments: it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace far out-vieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

CHESTER.

Chester is one of the most ancient cities in England. It was known by the name of *Caer Lleon;* or, "Camp of the Legion," among the Britons, after the occupation of our country by the Romans. Its name, more fully, is said to have been *Caer Leon Vaur ar ddyfr Dwy*, which is translated, "The Camp of the great Legion on the Dee," the city being the head-quarters of the legion so called. Chester was a place of great importance during the period of the Roman dominion in Britain. It was the termination of the celebrated *Watling-street*, or great military road, which the conquerors carried from Dover, across the island; and the name of which is still retained by a street in the city of London. The name Chester is derived from the Latin *Castrum*, signifying a camp.

MINE OF QUICKSILVER.

Idria is a town of Carniola, a province of Austria, not far from the upper part of the Adriatic, or Gulf of Venice. A quicksilver mine was not known there till 1497, when the mode of its discovery was rather curious. A few coopers inhabited that part of the country, for the convenience of being near the woods. One day, having made a new tub, and being desirous to prove its soundness, a cooper placed it where the water, dripping from the rock, would fall into it. In the morning it seemed to stick to the ground, and at first, he, in his superstition, thought it was bewitched; however, examining it more closely, he found something fluid, but shining, and very heavy, at the bottom of the water, in his tub. Not knowing what it was, he took some of it to a neighbouring apothecary, who shrewdly gave the man a trifle, and bade him bring all he could find of "that odd stuff." The story, however, soon became public; and a company was formed for searching the mountain, and working the mine. It proved to be very considerable.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine includes within its banks sublimity and beauty, softness and amenity. In gliding down the stream the eye embraces all these at one glance, and riots in endless variety; the rugged and fantastic forms displayed by naked mountain tops, vieing in picturesque effect with some ancient and ruined castle; the overhanging forest; the sombre crag, mingled with the verdant vine; the neatly-cultivated plain; the clustered town, with its turreted towers and spires the sequestered village and the lonely cottage; the beautiful island, and the constant succession of new objects, and a new disposition of them;—these are the features, ever varied, that constitute the beauties, and afford that delight which travellers rarely fail to derive from an excursion on, or along, the banks of the Rhine.

MONK'S HOOD; OR, WOLF'S BANE.

Owing to its common cultivation, this species of aconite often produces ill effects in children, who, incautiously, chew its flowers and leaves. Every part of the plant, when fresh, is strongly poisonous, but the root is more particularly so. This plant has been called "Wolf's Bane," from the fatal effects of its root on many of the lower animals, particularly the wolf and all the dog-tribe.

THE FIRST BRIDGE.

The earliest mention of a bridge is made by Herodotus, called "the father of history," who states that the first was built by a queen Nitocris, across the Euphrates at Babylon, to connect the two portions of the city, lying on either shore. According to that historian, this work consisted of squared beams laid along the tops of a series of stone piers, which were built in the bed of the river, the waters having been diverted for a time from their natural channel, to admit of this being done. Some of the beams composing the road-way were removed every evening, to prevent the inhabitants of the two banks from robbing one another.

MIGNIONETTE.

It is not yet an age since this sweet-smelling weed of Egypt first perfumed the gardens of Europe; yet it has become so far naturalized as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the palace of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager. Perhaps the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant among the wild flowers of our hedge-row.

EAR OF THE FOX.

Unlike the ear of the hare or the polecat is that of the fox, whose organ of hearing, instead of being a long tube, is an almost circular aperture, expanding principally from behind, and in a forward direction. The opening is well adapted for receiving sounds from above, especially when the head is thrown laterally and upwards, as is the habit of the fox, when listening under a tree where his unconscious victims are perched.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Her Majesty's Commissioners have had to perform a task of great responsibility and embarrassment. The conduct of an enterprise so vast, and amongst us so unprecedented in its nature, has involved innumerable points of difficulty. And it is meet that the public should receive the arrangements made in a moderate and candid spirit. We have uniformly observed this rule. Sometimes constrained to remonstrate, and really disapproving much more frequently than we have censured, we have given credit, in all cases, for the best intentions. Numerous proofs might be cited from our pages that not only have we cultivated this temper of mind in ourselves, but have so framed our notice of various complaints, which have reached us from time to time, as to foster the same disposition in our readers. Discontent seemed to us so inauspicious an omen that we did our utmost to subdue it in ourselves, and to discourage it in others.

Yet little disposed as we have thus proved ourselves to utter the language of dissatisfaction, we think the time has at length come when we are imperatively required to say that, in our judgment, the working classes of this country have great and reasonable causes of complaint. The Exhibition has always been represented as an occasion for their especial rejoicing and enjoyment; they were led to anticipate that great things would be done for their entertainment, and particular provision made for their accommodation; and the result is that they are left to shift for themselves, the Executive Committee declining either to do anything for their convenience on their own part, or to afford any sanction or encouragement to the operations of more spirited and enterprising men than themselves.

To begin with the contract made with the various railway companies, we think that the terms obtained for the working classes are highly objectionable. The restrictions as to time, the large number of passengers required to constitute an excursion party, the absolute want of all guarantees for the employment of safe and comfortable carriages, and for a reasonable speed in travelling, leave the passengers entirely at the mercy of the directors; and we cannot expect much from their spirit of liberality, after the tariff of charges upon which they insisted. The rates of fare in their own summer excursion trains—which, cheap as they are, are found as a speculation to yield abundant profit—are very far below those they have consented to adopt at the instance of Her Majesty's Commissioners. On the whole we are of opinion that the directors have made a good thing of it; and although, in their negotiations with the Exhibition authorities, we are aware that they had the advantage of position, at the same time we cannot but think that, had the latter—backed as they were by the highest personages in the realm, and powerfully supported by public opinion—brought their great influence properly to bear on behalf of working men, they might have succeeded in gaining far more favourable and liberal terms.

But leaving this topic, let us revert to the subject of town accommodation. At an early period of the enterprise agents travelled the country, explaining the various steps which the Commissioners intended to adopt. At a later period an announcement was published to the effect that an official registration of lodgings was to be opened. The hopes and expectations excited amounted in fact to this: that a complete register would be kept of all houses where lodgings might be procured, that a fixed tariff of expenses would be prepared, and that guides would be provided at a small charge (we believe 3d. a day for each person) to conduct the various batches of visitors to the sights of London. Committees and sub-committees were appointed, or to be appointed, to preside over these different departments; and, in short, it was supposed that the people would have their preservation from imposition and their general comfort and interests efficiently cared for.

The idea was a mistake. These hopes have not been realized. The Executive Committee have abandoned all intention of fulfilling their original designs, or, in fact, of doing anything at all in that direction; the registers, the district plans, the popular guides, the committee of reference and correspondence, &c. &c., are heard of no longer; and whatever plans may ultimately be carried out for the prevention

of the inconvenience of visitors pouring into the streets of London in thousands, without concert or pre-arrangement, must be accomplished by individual and private efforts, labouring under rather more discouragement than assistance from the authorities.

Finding that the Commissioners had declined troubling themselves with the matter, and having a deep conviction of its importance, we at length determined to undertake the enterprise ourselves at our personal expense and responsibility, rather than it should fall to the ground. In our last number we furnished the general outlines of a proposal we had submitted, accompanied by every necessary guarantee for its being carried into effect on a comprehensive and liberal scale. The plan was, in fact, that of Registration, to be based on data collected by a general canvass of London, conducted by a staff of efficient visitors; the opening of a central office for conducting correspondence, and all arrangements on the subject of lodgings, &c. &c. Such a scheme would have been of equal advantage to the housekeeper, who had a bed or beds at his disposal, and to the visitor who required accommodation; securing to the former a constant succession of lodgers, and furnishing the latter, without delay or trouble, with a card, and, if required, directing him where preparations had been made for his entertainment. The general effect would have been to prevent too great an influx of visitors at one time, so distributing them over the period that the Exhibition will be open as to prevent undue and unequal pressure.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that in making this offer our motives were wholly disinterested. Our present engagements are too numerous and burdensome to make us desirous of adding to our responsibilities. We saw a public want, and we were anxious, if other means failed, to supply it. We saw that if some great precautions were not taken the consequences would be fearful confusion; the ordinary boarding-houses and lodging-houses being filled for the most part with the middle and upper classes, and with foreigners, thousands of artisans would be daily pouring forth from the railway stations, running here and there seeking where they could rest their heads for the night, and at last glad to put up with any accommodation, however inconvenient, and submit to every exaction, however exorbitant. And it was to avoid this evil that we expressed our readiness to undertake what the Commissioners had abandoned.

But, for the reasons we fully and candidly explained in our last number we did not choose to enter upon such a gigantic project without full and formal authoritative sanction. Unarmed with this, our efforts to collect the necessary information would inevitably have failed; and unprotected by this our motives would have been liable to a thousand misconstructions. The plan was therefore submitted for approval; and the official intimation conveyed to us was, that whilst it was acknowledged to be likely to prove useful and efficient, neither the Executive Committee nor the Commissioners could consent to mix themselves up in any way with such an undertaking conducted by private hands.

We record this fact without further comment. But thus baffled in our larger designs, we shall still in other ways (though we can scarcely hope so effectually) endeavour to supply the want we have indicated. It is our intention immediately to nominate a gentleman to devote himself exclusively to the duty of superintending this matter—collecting and registering all the information that may be within his reach for the service of such of our friends as may communicate with us. Further particulars will be given in our next number. We may take this opportunity of announcing that it is our intention also to publish plans and engravings, illustrative of the provision made for the accommodation of visitors. We are already making arrangements to present our friends with some pictorial illustrations of the "Mechanic's Home" at Brompton, which will appear immediately the extensive preparations going on in that establishment have assumed something like definite shape.

FREE ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION. Mr. Paxton has addressed a letter to Lord J. Russell on this subject, the principal passage of which we subjoin. We shall have something to say on the proposal next week: 'Several foreign Governments have voted considerable sums to aid their people in the object of the Exhibition; and I know that already in France and Germany the idea of payment (for foreigners are especially accustomed to gratuitous entry into all national buildings) has been canvassed in a spirit which, as an Englishman, I feel to be a reproach to my country. It is this reproach, my lord, that I beg of you, by the consent of Parliament, to put away from us. But not alone for the stranger do I ask for free admission. I ask it for the large body of our own working classes—for those men whose skill, whose industry, will, I doubt not, be triumphantly represented at the forthcoming congress of labour. Thousands of these men—the sinews of the land—are at this hour depriving themselves of many little household comforts to enable them to visit London, and the inevitable cost of such a visit should not be increased by a further tax. Therefore, I ask for the working men of England a free entry into the structure dedicated to the world's industry—free as the light that pervades it. Again, such will be the magnitude of the Exhibition, that no one, two, or three visits will suffice to the knowledge of its manifold objects. This will be made sufficiently obvious when it is known that to make merely the circuit of the tables will be to make a journey of no less than twenty miles. Hence, with paid admission, the visitor will be tempted to spend a day, when otherwise he would at various visits occupy but a few hours. There would, in the gratuitous admission, be a flowing stream of people, if I may use the figure; whereas, with exacted payment, visitors will become fixtures from morning till night."

CHESS TOURNAMENT.—During the Great Exhibition in London a grand Chess Tournament will take place at the Polytechnic Institution; a prize of five hundred pounds to subscribers of five pounds each will be contended for by players of all nations, and amateurs are already announced as coming from India, America, Russia, Germany, France, and Italy. A second prize of one hundred pounds will be offered to British provincial players, on subscribing one guinea each, with the privilege of not only the entrée of St. George's Chess-rooms, but the range of the Polytechnic for the whole season. Minor prizes of fifty and twenty-five pounds are also under the consideration of the committee.

IRELAND.—Among the many individuals who have offered premiums to tempt manufacturers to compete in various departments we may include Mr. Allen, of Dublin, who has offered the following:—"Being thoroughly convinced from experience of the capabilities to manufacture in this country (Ireland), I wish to do my part in promoting this deeply important object, and accordingly offer the following premiums, viz.: ten guineas for the two best pieces of tweed for trouserings, made in Connaught or Munster; ten guineas for the two best, handsomest, and newest style of tweed, made in Leinster; ten guineas for the two best pieces of Irish frieze—newness of colouring, make, and price, will be considered by the adjudicators; ten guineas for the three best wove designs in flax, applicable for vestings; five guineas for the three best samples of new style tabinet vestings; five guineas for the three best designs for embroided vests. It must be distinctly understood that these goods must be supplied at a marketable price, so as to compete with English or Scotch goods; that style, quality, and price, will be taken into consideration; and that premiums will be withheld if there is not sufficient merit in every case. Also, that before offering them for sale elsewhere the parties are to supply me with such further quantities of each as I may require. The samples should, if possible, be delivered before the end of the present year. The adjudication will be vested in competent persons, whowill be satisfactory to all parties."

ARRANGEMENT FOR THE ARTISANS OF LONDON.—Among the artisans and mechanics of the Metropolis, the question as to the best mode to be adopted in order to enable them to visit the Exhibition is one which has received consideration. Among other plans which have been discussed by them is, that, by working overtime every other day, they may be enabled to leave work upon Saturdays at twelve instead of at four or five o'clock, as is the case at present. They conceive that by such an arrangement, they would be enabled to visit the Exhibition on Saturdays, without entailing any loss upon their employers, or being called upon to make any unnecessary sacrifice on their own part. We understand that at a meeting of the foremen of one of our largest building firms, held a few days since, resolutions to this effect were unanimously agreed to, subject, of course, to the consent of the employers. The proposition is to be laid before the principals, who will no doubt endeavour, as far as practicable to meet the wishes of their workpeople.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM R.—We apprehend there is little fear of the building being taken down after the Exhibition. Such a step would be all but unanimously protested against. The general opinion is, that it would be desirable to establish, and, if possible, to perpetuate, it as a winter garden. As the temperature would be equable, the verdure must be perpetual, affording to the inhabitants of this ungenial clime a biding spring. Such a place of resort would not only supersede others now in use, but would be crowded at seasons when the "hard inhabitant" should otherwise keep his chamber. According to the *Builder*, if visitors were admitted at only 2d. each, 5,000 daily would yield a sum sufficient, not only to pay a staff of gardeners, but to stock the grounds under shelter with all the richest products of the earth.

B. K. C.—Our correspondent apprehends a variety of evils arising from the Great Exhibition. He fears that foreign manufactures should surpass our English goods, and that those who visit us in May should take our traffic from us, and on our downfall establish their own. Has our correspondent never heard that the only way for individuals, or for nations, to prosper lies in the mutual helps which one can afford to another? Every nation is peculiar in its trade and commerce, and in the meeting of nation with nation, people with people, in the Crystal Palace, we shall have the truest evangelical alliance.

W. B.—We understand that various specimens of organs from London builders will be exhibited. The organ designed by Col. P. Thompson, M.P., is called an "enharmonic," the object of which is, by minute subdivision of the scale, to attain a perfect intonation.

A GRUMBLER.—The following is a copy of the circular we referred to, and which is signed on behalf of the Executive Committee by Mr. Digby Wyatt:—"In answer to your letter on the subject of lodgings in London for artisans during the period of the Exhibition, I am directed by the Executive Committee to inform you that the Royal Commissioners do not intend to undertake to find lodgings for persons visiting the Exhibition, or to interfere with individual enterprise. The Executive Committee recommend that you should employ some London agent to secure for you the lodgings you require, and the Committee will be ready to afford your agent every information in their power."

JAMES COCKTON.—The grand object of the Executive is to devise a plan by which money may be obtained in abundance, and in a short period. A large sum will be required to defray the cost of the building, and the necessary disbursements up to the 1st of May. The current expenses will then commence, and a small army of officials will drain the Treasury week by week. The pay of the police for the season will alone amount to some thousands of pounds, and incidental expenses will probably arise which can hardly be foreseen. We must not, therefore, expect that a very low rate of admission will be fixed.

AN EXHIBITOR.—The arrangements for the prevention of fire are as complete as they can well be made. The Chelsea Water Works have laid a 9-inch main, charged constantly with a 70 feet column of water, from which 6-inch pipes run all round the building, and from these 16 branches run into the edifice: so that, in fact, the whole building is controlled by a single hose without any fire-engine. The Chelsea Water Works have been at the expense of putting up a special engine to keep up this water supply, which they undertake shall be 300,000 gallons per day.

A. X. (Hull.)—There is almost a direct road of about a mile in length from the "Home" to the Exhibition. The Queen's residence, St. James's-park, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Whitehall, the Horse Guards, and the Government offices, are also within about the same distance. The vicinity of the river gives facilities to the cheap transit of passengers near to the principal objects of interest in the Metropolis.

AN INVENTOR.—The proprietor of any original design, the shape of which has reference to any purpose of utility, may have his property secured to him for a fee of 10s.

PROJECTOR.—The arrangement you speak of has already been made. If the plan were adopted of dividing the floor into paths, each pathway two feet and a-half or three feet in breadth, which would give ample room for three persons to pass along together, and the next path were raised about four inches above the first, and so on to the centre of the space, when the paths should slope down to the other side, not less than four times as many people might pass through as on the level floor, in a given time, and with no inconvenience whatever from the crowd.

H. (Salisbury.)—The cost of illumination and of an increased staff, which would probably be required, would be enormous, and will prove, we fear, an insuperable difficulty to opening the building during the evening. The contractors have received directions to lay down a capacious gas main round the building for the purpose of lighting the exterior.

JAMES FERGUSON.—The whole building covers about eighteen acres of ground, and was originally intended to have had a uniform appearance throughout; but, in order to give it additional strength, and at the same time prevent the necessity of cutting down the magnificent elms opposite the Prince's-gate, on the spot designed for the erection, the transept was added, and now forms one of the most attractive features of the building.

THOMAS sees no beauty in the Crystal Palace. Go and look at it; if you see nothing to admire, go again, again, again, for be assured there's beauty there.

A CORNISH MAN.—The block of granite lately raised by the Cheesewring Granite Company is more than twenty feet long, and of the finest quality and colour.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

ARTHRIT'IC, *a.* relating to the joints; gouty.

AR'TICLE, *s.* in *grammar*, one of the parts of speech; in *law*, a condition of a covenant, or agreement; a stipulation.

ARTIC'ULAR, *a.* belonging to the joints.

ARTIC'ULATE, *v. a.* to utter words distinctly; *a.* distinct, plain, divided.

ARTIF'ICER, *s.* an artist or manufacturer.

ARTIL'LERY, *s.* weapons of war, cannon.

AR'TISAN, *s.* one who exercises the mechanical arts.

AR'TIST, *s.* one who exercises the fine arts. The term is sometimes applied to poets, musicians, &c.; but, properly, it is limited to what are termed the plastic arts, as sculpture, painting, and architecture.

ARTIS'TICALLY, *a.* with art, taken in the sense of particular ability, address, intelligence of the artist or artisan.

ASAFŒT'IDA, *s.* a resinous gum obtained from a plant which is a native of Persia, of an offensive smell, but useful in medicine.

ASBES'TOS, *s.* a kind of fossil, or mineral, which may be split into fine threads, and which resists the action of fire. It is abundant in Corsica.

ASCAR'IDES, *s.* worms that infest the intestines of animals.

ASCEND'ANT, *s.* height, elevation. In *astrology*, the part of the heaven about to rise at any particular period is called the *ascendant.*

ASCET'IC, *s.* a hermit; one devoted to severe exercises of self-denial.

ASCIT'IC, *a.* dropsical.

A'SIARCH, *s.* a chief priest, or pontiff, in Asia.

ASPHAL'TUM, *s.* a mineral pitch, one of the varieties of bitumen, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter. It is found in large quantities in the island of Trinidad.

ASPHIX'Y, *s.* a swooning or fainting.

AS'PIRATE, *s.* a name given to one of the divisions of consonants, which are pronounced fully, or strong.

ASSAYING, *s.* the process of testing the purity of precious metals, by which the quantity of any one contained in them is determined.

ASSESS'OR, *s.* one who is appointed to ascertain and fix the value of anything.

ASSET'S, *s. pl.* (in law) goods or money sufficient to satisfy a legal demand.

ASSIGNEE', *s.* one deputed to act for others.

ASSIGN'MENT, *s.* a transfer; in *law*, transferring the interest which a man has in anything to another person.

ASSIZ'E, *s.* the sitting of judges to determine causes; in *commerce*, an order respecting the price, weight, &c., of certain commodities.

ASSO'CIATE, *s.* a partner, a confederate; the term is used to describe persons who are allowed most of the privileges of members of particular institutions, before they are fully admitted as members.

AS'SONANCE, *s.* resemblance of sounds.

AS'SUETUDE, *s.* use, custom, habit.

ASSUMP'SIT *s.* (in law) a voluntary promise, by which a man assumes, or takes upon himself, to perform or pay anything to another.

ASSU'RANCE, INSU'RANCE, *s.* exemption from loss by casualties, as fire, flood, &c., obtained by payment of a certain sum.

ASTE'RIAS, *s.* the name given to a genus of animals widely diffused over the seas, commonly called "starfish," from the Latin *aster*, a star.

AS'TERISK, *s.* a mark like a star (*), serving as a reference to a note.

ASTERN', *ad.* a sea term, signifying behind.

AS'TEROIDS, *s.* the planets discovered by Herschel, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

AS'THMA, *s.* a disease of the lungs, causing painful, difficult, and laborious breathing, with a hissing cough.

ASTHENOL'OGY, *s.* the doctrine of diseases arising from debility.

AS'TRAGAL, *s.* an ornamental moulding.

AS'TRAL, *a.* relating to the stars; bright.

ASTRIN'GENT, *a.* binding, contracting; *s.* a medicine that binds or restrains discharges.

AS'TROLABE, *s.* an instrument for taking the height of the sun or stars at sea.

ASTROL'OGY, *s.* the impudent pretence of an ability to foretel future events by the stars, planets, &c. This is generally termed

judicial astrology, to distinguish it from the literal meaning of the word, which is simply the science of the stars.

ASTRON'OMY, *s.*; this word signifies the laws of the stars, and is applied generally to the science of the celestial bodies; explaining their magnitude, motion, distances, periods, eclipses, and order.

AS'TROSCOPE, *s.* an astronomical instrument on which the constellations are delineated or drawn.

AS'TRO-THEOL'OGY, *s.* religious science, founded on the observation of the celestial bodies.

ASTU'TE, *a.* cunning, crafty, penetrating.

ASY'LUM, *s.* a refuge; a place of protection.

AT'ELIER, *s.* a term derived from the French, and applied specially to the work-rooms of sculptors and painters, which are also called *studios*.

ATHENÆ'UM, *s.* an ancient place for public teaching; the name is often given to literary and scientific institutions.

ATHLE'TÆ, *s. pl.* the wrestlers, pugilists, &c., of ancient Greece and Rome, who made trial of their bodily strength in gymnastic games, striving to gain the victory over their rivals, and to obtain the prize of success.

ATHLET'E, *a.* active, vigorous.

ATLAN'TES, *s.* (in architecture) large male statues used as supporters of parts of buildings; the term is applied also to figures of beasts employed for the same purpose.

ATLAN'TIC, ATLAN'TIC OCEAN, *s.* the name given to that part of the ocean which divides Europe from America, washing the eastern shores of the Americas, and the western shores of Europe and Africa.

AT'LAS, *s.* a collection of maps in a volume or volumes.

ATMOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument to measure vaporous exhalations.

AT'MOSPHERE, *s.* the air that encompasses the solid earth on all sides.

AT'OM, *s.* a particle of matter so very minute as to admit of no further division.

ATOM'IC THEORY, *s.* (in *chemistry)* the doctrine of definite proportions.

ATRABILA'RIAN, *a.* melancholy.

AT'ROPHY. *s.* a disease in which what is taken for food cannot act as nourishment.

ATTACH'MENT, *s.* adherence, regard; (in *law*) a process for taking the person or goods by a writ in a civil action, and securing either till the issue is known.

ATTAIN'DER, *s.* a consequence which the law of England has attached to the passing of sentence of death upon a criminal. He loses all power over his property, and is incapable of performing any of the duties, or enjoying any of the privileges, of a freeman.

ATTAINT'URE, *s.* legal censure; imputation.

ATTEN'UANT, s. a medicine which thins the humours.

ATTENUA'TION, *s.* state of being made thin or slender.

ATTESTA'TION, *s.* (in *law)* the giving testimony or evidence of the truth of anything, especially in writing.

ATT'IC, *a.* pertaining to Attica in Greece, or to its chief city, Athens; thus, by *attic* wit, &c., is meant pointed, delicate wit, such as that for which the Athenians were famous.

ATT'IC, *s.* the upper room or rooms of a house.

ATTOR'NEY, *s.* one who is deputed to act for another; a legal agent; one who is qualified to take out any process in a court of law. An *Attorney-General* is a ministerial officer of the Crown. He is, in principle, nothing more than the attorney for the Queen, and stands in precisely the same relation to her that every other attorney does to his employer.

ATTRAC'TION, *s.* literally, a *drawing towards*. The tendencies which bodies have to approach each other. This the learned have divided into *mathematical* attraction, *physical* attraction, and *mathematico physical* attraction.

AT'TRIBUTE, *s.* literally, an inherent quality. In *art* the term *attributes* means subordinate natural beings, or products of human workmanship, which serve to denote the character and action of the principal figures. *Symbols* and *accessories* are of the same class.

ATTRI'TION, *s.* such a motion of bodies against one another as strikes off some superficial particles. The grinding and polishing of bodies are performed by attrition.

AUC'TION, *s.* a public sale of goods, for which persons bid various sums, and which are "knocked down," or sold, to him who bids the most.

AUCTIONEER', *s.* a person whose profession or business it is to conduct sales by auction.

AU'DIT, *v.* to take a final account; to examine; to scrutinize.

AU'DITOR, *s.* an officer or agent appointed to examine accounts.

AU'GER, *s.* a carpenter's tool to bore holes with.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
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ARISTOCRATICAL AIRS AMONG WORKING MEN AND WORKING WOMEN.

The word Aristocracy comes from a Greek word, which signifies *the "best,"* and hence it is applied to those who are supposed to belong to the highest rank in society. In its original signification it means the "*best*" of anything or in any respect; but our readers have not lived twenty or thirty years in the world without perceiving that the term in our day refers chiefly to the sons of wealth. To make lords, or aristocrats, is one of the prerogatives of the Crown, and the Queen may create as many peers as she pleases, and from whatever rank she likes; but she never elevates poor hard-working people to the peerage. We knew a servant girl who married a baronet, and therefore was a lady of title; and after the death of her knight she was united to a mechanic, but did not wear her dignity because she was poor. People laugh at titles if they are not accompanied by the more substantial accident of wealth. "A *poor lord*, or baronet," is a kind of nondescript in the social purgatory, whom no one owns, and at whom almost every one simpers. The poor do not like to call him brother, because he has the misfortune to have a title; and the rich cannot own him, because he has no money. We have known the cards of the nobility left at the house of a rich man whose father was a very poor plebeian, and yet all these coroneted personages drove past the doors of the men and women of their own order, whose acres had diminished, and whose purse was low. These facts show us what an unhealthy state society is in, and what a deal of work there is for moral reformers to do before we shall have the minds of men so manly and noble that they will deem titles a useless badge to those who are truly good, and a disgrace to those who are foolish, wicked, and depraved.

And not merely does poverty prove a barrier to the peerage, but there is nothing else that will be accepted as a substitute for wealth. You may have the science and intelligence of a Newton, and the piety and benevolence of an archangel; but yet, if you have not a large fortune, you will never be created a peer. What *charity* is in the Christian system, that *money* is in our civil and political circles. "Though you speak with the tongues of men and angels," and "though you have all faith and knowledge," yet, if you have no wealth, you are "*nothing.*" Hence there is as much caste in England as in India, and even among the working classes themselves. It is amazing how soon some persons, if they obtain an extra shilling a week in wages, or a new bonnet with a few ribbons on, begin to play the lord and the lady over those who have not such good pay or smart clothes as themselves. The best of the jest is, that some of these folks who are so monstrously haughty because of their dress are wearing robes which are *not paid for!* You will sometimes find a number of petty tyrants in the kitchen, the field, or the factory. These jacks in office are mere lickspittles to their foremen and masters, but perfect despots to those who are under their authority. Some of them have positively two kinds of language, although their vocabulary is not very copious. They talk "*fine*" when they address their employers, and use the lowest scurrility and abuse when speaking to their supposed inferiors. We knew a man who always called his daughter his "*daftur*" when he spoke to a lady or gentleman, but converted her into a "*daugh-tur*" when talking to his companions; and the rest of his language was just of the same character, and varied in pronunciation

according to the rank of his audience. It is ludicrous to hear these learned people mince their mother tongue, and put Richard for Robert and Robert for Richard when they wish to appear large and respectable, and above every one else.

Now we cannot say that we like this, because, in the first place, to make such superfine blunders causes a man or woman to appear horribly ignorant; and then there is so much of the "*I would if I could*," that you are obliged to laugh at the pride and the poverty which are thus blended. But further, it shows that the working classes do not respect one another, and therefore cannot be respected by those above them;—for, whatever folks may say on this point, you may be sure that people who treat one another with contempt, who slander and backbite each other, who try to supplant one another, who will do little dirty tricks either to please a master, or to oppress and rob a shopmate, will never be esteemed by any one, or even by themselves. The fellow who has done a mean action, stolen sixpenny-worth of his master's goods, or told a lie, may be little in the eyes of other people, but will be ten thousand times more despicable in his own. It is impossible to have great souls without justice, honesty, honour, truth, morality, candour, generosity, and benevolence; but these graces and virtues have never been possessed by despots. All tyrants have little souls, whether they sit on thrones, are domineering masters, or the slave-drivers of an American sugar plantation, of an English factory, or of the tenant serfs of a modern lord and landowner.

"Respect one another, and you shall be respected by everybody," is advice which, if followed, would gloriously revolutionize the world. It is an old saying, "Reform, like charity, should begin at home." The operative who bows to the earth before a lord or lady, but treats his own shopmates with contempt, is more fit for Turkey than England, and is a disgrace to his fatherland. All men and women are objects of esteem as mere human beings, and if real value to the country be a matter of importance, then the humblest operative or labourer who ministers to the wants of mankind, and increases their comforts, happiness, and wealth, is a far more venerable being than all the idle nobility and gentry in the world. Jane Taylor, in her "Philosopher's Scales," sings:—

> "A lord and a lady went up in full sail,
> When a *bee* chanced to light on the opposite scale."

And if an insect which only makes a luxury is so much more valuable than an inactive peer or peeress, who can estimate the worth of an operative or peasant who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked? The Queen can make lords, but she cannot create artisans and mechanics; and one great difference between the two is, that the former drain, and the latter replenish, her treasury. You may search the globe around, but you cannot find a more useful personage than the individual who labours with his head and hands to multiply the necessaries and pleasures of life.

Why, then, complain of the aristocrat in the mansion, or at Westminster, and yet be guilty of the same folly and wickedness in the workshop or the kitchen? Yonder lacquey in livery was the other day the ragged son of a pauper, and by charity and obsequiousness has risen to his present position; and yet how insultingly he plays the tyrant over those who fill any station below him! How cringingly he speaks and bows to his mistress, and how roughly and consequentially he addresses all other persons! What a glorious aristocrat this man would make if raised to the peerage! Perhaps already he has begun to investigate his pedigree, and to discover that the blood in his veins is not of the vulgar sort, but is largely dashed

with patrician mixtures. What merriment for *Punch*, and what mirth for demons, the aristocratical airs of the workshop and the factory must be! Here you have the ambition of your Napoleons and Wellingtons thrown into the shade. The housemaid is above the scullion, the cook above the housemaid, the lady's-maid above the cook, the butler above the footman, and the housekeeper above them all. Here then are men and women who are as much baptized with the spirit of caste as the rankest Orientals. Then the trades, too, have also their degrees of respectability. The mantua-maker crows over the mill-girl, and the schoolmistress over the milliner; while Mrs. Nobody, who rides in her donkey-carriage, looks down from her lofty seat with prodigious contempt on the people who are obliged to walk, and hopes soon to catch a glance and even a nod from the squire's lady. The scavenger, watchman, chimney-sweeper, timber and rag man, have always been deemed very low personages. All those who have trades, of course, are several degrees above the wretches that have none. Hence the tailor and shoemaker swell with pride as they look at the hedger and ditcher, the cowherd or the carter; the carpenter thinks his trade more reputable than that of the cobbler, and calls himself a builder, or perhaps an architect; the draper and grocer, too, are far higher in their own estimation than those vulgar mechanics; and the stationer and clerk in the lawyer's office stand so near the professions that they already imagine themselves members of those dignified orders. Did you never see how the corporal struts about, and with what a dignified air he looks down on the common soldier? Poor fellow, his stock is so tight and his chin so stiff that he moves body and head together. He is so near to a machine, and stoops and turns with such difficulty, that you might imagine him made of cast-iron. In fact, there is far more ease in the motion of many of our engines. Drilling almost spoiled him, but the one stripe on his arm so thoroughly metamorphosed him into an aristocrat, that there is hardly any particle of his humanity left. And yet this mass of living affectation—this tightly-buttoned and buckled carcass—this moving caricature of our race—is beaten hollow by the sergeant. A red sash, another stripe, and a little elegant switch, have been too much for his brain, and so increased the organ which phrenologists call number *ten*, that the man is perfectly unmanned, and to all below him in rank he is a lord or a duke. Only see what a desolating thing this aristocratical principle is, and what hosts of the children of men have been ruined by it. As soon as it enters the soul of a patrician or plebeian, you may then say: "Farewell to humanity, to reason, to justice, to benevolence, to brotherhood, to religion, to Christianity—aye, even to nature and natural affections!"

Nor can we have this evil spirit layed until we drive it out of the kitchen, the mill, and the workshop. Yonder squire, who assumes so many aristocratical airs, that he is laughed at by the dons, derided by his workpeople, and contemptible in the eyes of all, was educated in the factory. He was taught all this affectation by the *caste* of the penniless operatives by whom he was brought up. These petty tyrants trained him in despotism. How they used to beat, and cuff, and hector, and swear at everybody that was an inch below them! There was *Tom Pickthank*, who, as soon as his wages were raised a shilling a week, began to wear his cap and his hat on one side, and oiled his hair till it almost dripped, and smelt most outrageously, and washed his face with so much soap that his skin seemed to be varnished with French polish. His lips began to curl, his nose to turn up, his eyes lost all expression except that of hardness and pride, and his mother tongue degenerated into aristocratical gibberish. He wears wellingtons, sports a guard,

carries a cane on Sunday, and as he walks swaggers and looks at his boots. Amid a variety of these mechanical apes the squire was educated, and acquired all those airs which his workpeople now so bitterly anathematize.

We have seen some odd things also among *the girls*, and could trace the history of not a few female despots to the same source as that of yonder know-nothing squire. How many a woman has had her head addled by a few extra ribbons! There was in the cranium so little of the ballast of common sense, that as soon as these sails were hoisted, and a stiff petticoat could be bought, the skip was driven on shore, and almost every vestige of that gentle Eve which God created was wrecked. A few extra shillings and a little increase of power in the mill did all this mischief. We are very apt to talk about Lucifer and the crime of our mother, who so earnestly grasped at the hope of being a goddess; but the old game is every day played over again by hundreds of her daughters, who are determined to gain no instruction or wisdom from their parent's folly and ruin.

We offer these remarks because, as we have often said, we have no faith in any reforms that do not commence *at the root*. We would not spare a single evil principle or practice in the rich or the poor. Until there is a thorough reform in our workshops, we are persuaded that if all the civil and political aristocracies of the world were swept from the earth to-morrow, not a day would elapse before a worse would scourge society. Let mechanics and operatives, as well as others, recognise the great doctrine that we are all brethren and sisters, and allow that to melt us into one universal brotherhood of love, justice, kindness, esteem, and humanity, and then all necessary civil, commercial, political, and religious reforms will follow. Let us banish all aristocratical pride and tyranny from the factory and the field, remembering that all despots have either lately or remotely sprung from the masses. Let us crucify our own pride; and, while we all strive to rise, bear our honours with humility, and use them to raise others, and the age of reason and love will soon be here.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A POOR SCHOOLMASTER.

Dec. 18th.—These holidays are very welcome to me. Mind as well as body needs refreshment. The frost is still severe, but the sun shone this morning with the splendour of a May-day, and the slight covering of snow, which in these country places does not become sullied as in towns, gave unusual beauty to the whole landscape. The peculiar character of trees is much more perceptible in winter than summer, when the tracery of their branches is hidden by the leaves. I was struck by this to-day as I walked down the lane adjoining the grounds of the Hall. The trees here are of great size: the oak, the maple, the horse and Spanish chesnuts, the birch, the ash, and even elm, grow finely grouped together in a comparatively small space. Here and there a black evergreen, the Scotch and Weymouth pine, add still greater diversity. Bare trees shooting up and spreading out their branches into the keen bracing air, have always had to my fancy a fine effect. They seem hard and gray, as if made of iron: each has its own peculiar and characteristic twist and turn and angle; each individual twig of the same tree differs from the rest—yet all have the same general character; and that in all lands, and from all time unchanged! This is wonderful! God's works are wonderful as they are manifold.

Instead of pursuing the lane forward to the meadows, I crossed the stile to the left, and went down to the old ponds below the hall, which being now hardly frozen over are a great attraction to the boys. If I had wanted my whole school, I should have found them assembled here, with red and white comforters round their necks and worsted gloves on. I have an instinctive knowledge of, as well as liking for, boys. I know all in the village, even the Sunday scholars. I soon discovered, therefore, that

among the sliders was one who was a stranger. He might be ten or twelve; looked poor, and was scantily clothed, and neither had he any skill on the ice. He kept near the edge, apart from the others, and was making little essays with more perseverance than success. I watched him for some time. Among the sliders yonder were boys not half his age, who slid fearlessly twenty or thirty yards at once. I thought him one of those *mal adroit* beings who do everything in a clumsy, left-handed way, and felt compassion for him. To such, whether boys or men, the easiest things are hard; good intention avails little—their work is without completeness; they blunder rather than go through life; their very existence seems a blunder. While I stood thus thinking, he fell; it was an awkward fall, and I feared he was hurt. I stepped upon the ice, therefore, to help him up, but he sprang nimbly to his feet, and received my expressions of pity with a face crimson with mortification or anger.

"I am not hurt," said he, with almost a defiant air.

The lad was handsome at that moment, and I seemed to recognise his countenance: I thought he was one of the Welds of Kirkton, and said so.

"Kirkton," said he; "where's that?"

"You must know Kirkton," said I. "The next village."

"No," returned he; "I never was at Kirkton."

This was very strange. "If you don't know Kirkton," said I, "then where did you come from?"

"Manchester," replied he.

Manchester! that was upwards of a hundred miles off. I understood now why he could not slide. He had lived all his days in a close town where there was no ice to slide on. "And what brought you from Manchester to this country place?" I asked. "Have you friends here?"

"I don't think I have," was his somewhat singular reply.

"Did you expect to find friends here?"

"I don't know," said he shortly.

I was at once convinced that he had something to conceal, and suspicion, unfavourable to him, entered my mind. Perhaps he was a thief.

"How came you to leave your friends in Manchester?" I asked.

"I had business here," said he in the cool tone of one who seems determined to be incommunicative. My suspicions were the more confirmed. I looked keenly at the boy, and he met my glance with that proud defiant look which I had before noticed, and which gave to the whole countenance a singularly striking expression.

"Business here, have you?" remarked I, not without a feeling of the absurd pretension of the boy, and yet as if not wishing to pry into his concerns; "and you are disappointed in not finding some acquaintance here—that's it, is it not?"

"I never said anything about acquaintance," said he; "I have no acquaintance."

"But friends, then," said I, thinking that he merely quibbled about the word.

"I don't know," returned he shortly, and, stepping from the ice to the bank, seemed disposed to leave both me and the water-side. But I was not going to let him so escape. I followed him, and we walked together along the field towards the lane. By dint of close inquiry I found he had been but a few days in the village; that he had walked most of the way from Manchester, getting only occasional lifts in carts or wagons on the road. He did not beg, he said, proudly; he should never beg. He wanted to get work in the village. He lodged at Widow Marshall's, and she had promised to get him some winding to do.

The boy is a riddle to me. I shall make inquiries from Widow Marshall respecting him.

19th.—Went down to Widow Marshall's this morning; found her busy in her frame as usual; she is an industrious woman. Fell into talk with her about old times; when she mentioned that this was her birthday. She is sixty-five, the age of my mother the day she died. The poor cannot keep birthdays, nor do they often receive birthday presents, but for my beloved parent's sake I sent her a hundred-weight of coals, a loaf of bread, two ounces of tea, and half a pound of sugar. This little act made me happier than if I had kept my own birthday twice over.

Widow Marshall could not tell me much about the strange boy. She takes in well-recommended travellers to lodge in her house, and somebody, she imagines, must have sent the boy to her, but she cannot make out who, for he seems of a very reserved disposition. She had nothing to say against him, however; and she is a woman with a keen insight into character, and not disposed to think too well of the class of people she has to deal with. He had thirteenpence-halfpenny in his pocket when he came to her. He told her that he wanted to get work, but she could not imagine what made him leave a thriving place like Manchester, where everybody had plenty to do, for a poor out-of-the-way place like Moreton, unless it was that he was a lad of roving disposition, and no place came amiss to him. This is likely enough to be the case. She said she had got some winding for him to do that morning, but he had now set off

to Kirkton, and why he would go there she could not tell. She said he came back last night full of Kirkton and the old Hall there; and when she told him that it belonged to Squire Jellico, as well as Moreton-hall, though he did not live there any more than at Moreton, and that it was an old tumble-down place, he seemed quite excited about it, and said he should set off and have a look at it. So off he went that morning, without a bit of breakfast, and she couldn't think what he could be after. Begging it couldn't be, nor picking and stealing, for there was nothing to be got in a poor place like Kirkton. However, when he came back there was the winding for him to do, if he liked, and if not, he must look out for other quarters, as he had come to the end of his money last Saturday night, and she couldn't afford to keep him for nothing. He was a queer sort of chap, she said; there was something very deep about him—she couldn't make him out. Sometimes she thought he'd been used to bettermost sort of people, and then again he seemed almost soft. He was desperately taken with the ice, and yet he couldn't slide a bit; and, for her part, she should have thought Manchester lads must be used to ice. She shouldn't wonder but that he was gone again to the ponds, and that going to Kirkton was all a pretence. I walked down to the ponds on this suggestion of Mrs. Marshall's; the boys of the village were sliding, but our stranger (Widow Marshall did not know his name further than that it was Charley) was not there.

The wind has changed to day, and there is every appearance of the frost going. It has lasted already fifteen days. I warned my boys to keep out of danger, and then walked on to Kirkton; but I saw nothing of the strange boy. I did not make inquiries from the old woman at the hall, as the dog there is very fierce, and I did not think it likely the boy would venture in.

Called on my friend Mr. Garner, and, though it was early in the afternoon, drank a dish of tea with him, which he obligingly ordered on my account. Have not seen him since the death of Mr. Jellico's son, who was boarded with him. The poor child was just turned of ten when he died. He was a boy of but small capacity, though of most promising disposition, and his death seems to have been a great trial to my friend. He had a fine salary with him, the effects of which are evident in his library. His collection of philological works is now very valuable. He showed me a present he received from Squire Jellico—the works of Jeremy Taylor, in eight volumes, finely printed, and bound in Russia, and which were sent to him as a compliment after the boy's death. I grieve to hear that the unhappiness between the Squire and his lady still continues. A divorce is now spoken of, but I hope it will not proceed so far; and yet no quarrels are so hard to make up as those between married people when they have once become public. There are fine points in the Squire's character, and many good things are told of his lady; yet a fatal *something*, nobody rightly knows what, though there are many surmises, seems to have sundered them for ever. This led us to speak of an unhappy event which occurred just before I came to Moreton, and which was, in fact, the cause of my coming at all, and, as I have not alluded to it hitherto in these pages, I may as well mention it now.

My predecessor at Moreton Grammar-school was one Mr. Nathaniel Day; he came from somewhere in the north, and was, it was said, originally a Dissenting preacher. He was, however, only known at Moreton as a Churchman, and was a favourite of the Rector and Squire—it was the old Squire, then: he was therefore nominated to the Grammer-school, on which occasion the salary was raised from thirty to fifty pounds a year, and two additional rooms built to the school-house, which made it much more comfortable. He was no great hand at teaching however, as the last generation, I think, proves; but he cultivated flowers with much success, and played both on the violoncello and harpsicord, and was consequently made church-organist, for he had a great turn for music. Not many years after he came to Moreton his wife died, leaving him one child—a daughter. As the father was so much favoured by the squire, the little girl—Alice was her name—was taken great notice of by old Miss Gadsby, who lived at Kirkton-hall, for the old Squire married the elder Miss Gadsby, who with her sister was co-heirship of Kirkton, and who inhabited the Hall till the time of her death, some eight or nine years ago when it came into the hands of the presen Squire Jellico. Well, little Alice Day, as I said, being motherless, was much noticed by old Miss Gadsby, and received through her means a better education than wa suited to her station; and when she grew up to be about seventeen or eighteen wa reckoned one of the greatest beauties in al the country. The old man, her father, wa prodigiously proud of her, and when th young Squire, then about three or four and twenty, came home from college, he unfor tunately set admiring eyes on her. He use to spend a deal of time at Kirkton; but hi father who had become, as it were, stupi with free living, and the old lady who wa

nearly blind, suspected nothing. It soon became the talk both of Kirkton and Moreton, and Mr. Day—poor man—who flattered himself that he should one of these days see his daughter mistress of the Hall, shut his eyes willingly to all that went forward, and every evening after school hours went up to the Hall to play at cards with the old gentleman, and help the butler to get him to bed, for he was mostly drunk by that time. From one of these drunken slumbers he never woke, and things now took such a turn with poor Mr. Day as he never looked for. He thought all impediment removed out of the way; but others on which he had never calculated had arisen. Alice Day was the last woman young Squire Jellico now thought of marrying, whatever his promises had once been, and though in true justice she ought to have been the first. When this sad knowledge came to her father, his rage was terrible, not only against the betrayer of his daughter, but against her; while old Miss Gadsby, whose blind eyes were now doubly blinded, regarded the young and deceived victim alone as the guilty one. Poor Mr. Day had carried it with a high hand in the village, when he thought fortune would favour him, and this was not forgotten by the villagers. He was a man whom no one liked, because so many had envied him, and he had no friends. He had been very proud, and now this downfall and humiliation cut him up, as one may say, to the very roots. In a few weeks' time, so much did he take it to heart, that no one would have known him. From a strong, fleshy man, he wasted away to a mere shadow, and died literally of a broken heart. His few things were sold up, and his daughter, then near her confinement, left the village.

I had some little interest in the parish, and as the young Squire gave it out that he should continue the fifty pounds a-year salary, my brother, who was then living on a farm at Kirkton, sent for me out of Suffolk, and I was fortunate enough to be nominated against fourteen other candidates. I came the very day that poor Alice was last seen in the village. Her father had been buried the evening before; and a melancholy funeral it was. With some help of the Squire, as was supposed, she went off to a distance, nobody knew where, but, as most people thought, among her own relations up in the north, where I pray God, at this distant period—for it is twelve years since, next May—she met with friends who would compassionate her hard fate. Within twelve months of the old Squire's death, the young Squire married the only daughter of Sir Leonard Harcourt, with whom he had a large fortune; but the marriage, as is well known, is not a happy one, and is now childless, which, as people say, is a great grief to Squire Jellico; for, in case of his leaving no heir male, all the property will go to his second cousin, Jukes Jellico, of Kent, with whom he is not on good terms. Very unfortunate is it for Moreton and Kirkton that this unhappy breach exists between those who are the true exemplars of a large population which naturally looks up to them as its head.

There is to be a great Christmas held at the Hall this year. Squire Jellico comes down, with many of his London friends, and great preparations are making for their reception. I noticed an unusual sight as I walked within view of the Hall — viz., smoke coming out of eight different chimneys. The gamekeepers are all alive in the preserves, and a butler and other servants from London are come down for the occasion. It is said that Mrs. Jellico is gone to Italy, and that the Squire makes these rejoicings in consequence. Hopes are entertained of his returning to live at the Hall, at least for part of the year, there being a rumour to that effect. It makes a great difference in a poor place like Moreton whether a large household is at the Hall or not, for money is sorely wanted here.

Returned home late in the afternoon. The wind is still in the south, and the roads are beginning to be soft. I warned the boys off the ponds as I passed them. I saw nothing of the strange boy on my way back, nor could the lads give me any information, as he had not been seen by them that day. It is singular that I feel so strong an interest in him. But there is something uncommon in his look and behaviour. Openness and candour are so truly the attributes of childhood, that we are startled by reserve and circumspection; yet he has not a depraved or cunning look, but a something singularly grave and penetrating in his eye, with that occasionally proud and defiant look which seems to resist and repel inquiry. I could imagine that he has had experience not suited to his years; there is a something about him, to use the homely adage, which reminds me of "the old head on the young shoulders." I may be deceiving myself—may be converting a poor common crow into a phœnix—but I confess to a sentiment towards him approaching to affection. I should like to attach such a being to me; my heart has unoccupied room which yearns for a tenant, for early sorrow and disappointment do not close every heart against affection and human trust.

21st.—Must have taken cold in my walk from Kirkton, as the roads were damp and my shoes not of the best. Have been con-

fined to the house these two days. In the afternoon walked down to Widow Marshall's. Found her in some anxiety, as the strange boy has not returned. He owed her eighteen pence for three nights' lodgings and victuals. I gave her the money, and thus settled his little score. We shall, perhaps, not see him again.

22nd. Sunday.—Better of my cold. Attended morning service. As I sat in church I was well pleased to observe our young friend. He came not with the widow Marshall, but he looked clean and decent. He sat in the aisle on the free benches, and conducted himself well during the service. The Sunday scholars came in in an orderly manner, with their teachers at their head, and marched up the aisle past him. If he remains in the parish I must have something done for him.

The sermon, this day, was from the text, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Luke v. 31. I hope some unction of the holy word may reach the heart of our strange lamb!

The church was pretty full, principally because the Squire and his friends were expected to be there. But the great pew was empty, although the new stove which has been put up had been lighted the day before, and all duly aired. Some of the servants, however, were in the church. After service it was found that the Squire did not arrive last night, nor is expected till Tuesday, the 24th, when both he and his friends are looked for. Seven-and-twenty beds are made up, so that a large party is expected.

In the afternoon I walked towards the ponds. The wind changed to north last night, and the ice is again firm, and, though it was Sunday, the boys were sliding. Query, can this be called breaking the Sabbath? I had a discussion on the subject with Aaron Beak, the Methodist. He declares it to be so, and will not allow any of his Sunday scholars to play on that day. I saw my little friend again on the ice; he was still by himself, but had ventured out much further, and was sliding pretty well. He is not *mal adroit*, as I imagined. I watched him for some time, meaning to beckon him to me; but as soon as he saw me he came forward of his own accord, and thanked me for having paid his little debt to Widow Marshall. "But," said he, with his proud manner, "I was not going to cheat her; I meant to pay her, and I shall repay you."

Without contesting this subject with him, I asked him to walk home with me, and I would give him a cup of tea. I doubted not but that I should overcome his reserve; for kindness has great power. I did not, however, make much out, as I reserved my questions for the fire-side, when I thought Becky's good tea and some seed-cake, which Mrs. Garnet had given me, would open his heart. When I reached home, however, I found Mr. Garnet and a friend of his come to drink tea and spend the evening with me, so that I was reluctantly obliged to send my little friend into the kitchen, where, Becky not being in a good humour, I am afraid he was not well entertained, for he left before tea was well over. On my way home, however, I learned that he had been, as he said, to Kirkton; had been not only in but over the Hall, and had been allowed to sleep in an outhouse. The old woman had given him some victuals, and had shown him the family pictures, and he had been in the church and seen the tombs there. He may probably be an embryo antiquarian, whose name may become renowned in some future day; for such tastes are rare in boys of his age and class. I asked him what made him take so great an interest in these old things. Again he put on that strange look, and, turning on me his large grey eyes, said coolly, but with a flushed countenance, that seemed to belie his words, that he didn't know. I counselled him to get some work to do; and in reply he inquired if he could be employed at the Hall. I laughed; I said I supposed he wanted to see the old rooms and the family pictures there. "Yes," said he, in a much more frank tone than was common to him. I promised, therefore, to ask Mrs. Julip, the housekeeper, to let him go through the Hall some day; but, as the condition of this, made him promise to be a good boy, and get some work to do, and go to the Sunday-school, to which I undertook to get him admitted.

24th.—It is strange how my interest in this boy grows; it is no common feeling of idle curiosity, or mere pity, that I have for him.

I walked to-day through the town. It has been all astir. The Squire arrived at eight this morning, having travelled post all night. Several parties arrived in the course of the day, and the "White Lion" was thronged with postilions and post-horses They were decorating the church with holly as I passed; the door was open, and I walked in. To my surprise I found my young friend in the chancel: he was reading the inscriptions on the tombs of the Jellicos. He can read well. I made him read several of them to me, and explained the Latin to him. I made him also read the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. But he knows these by heart. I asked him who had taught him. He said his mother. "And how

came he to leave his mother?" I inquired. He turned hastily away and wept. The boy has known sorrow, and the wound is yet fresh.

O Lord, if it be thy blessed will, let me fathom the depths of this young heart, the secrets of which are known to thee. Let me bring him as a lamb to thy fold! Amen.

25th. Christmas-day.—This has been a day of strange tribulation. A sudden thaw came on yesterday, and continued through the night. After morning service, the boys, as usual, went to the ponds, but few ventured on the ice, as it was giving way. The poor stranger lad, for whom, as I have before said, these waters seemed to have a strange fascination, went down, leapt thoughtlessly from the bank across the water which had already severed the ice from the land, and began sliding at some distance. He was now a tolerable proficient, and very daring; but, from his reserved manners, his evident poverty, and his being a stranger, he had no acquaintance among the village lads. Nevertheless, some of them warned him of his danger. Before long, the ice on which another lad was sliding gave way, and he must have sunk had not the stranger rushed to the spot and pulled him out. But this brave act was only performed at his own sacrifice; the ice broke in with him, and while the boy he had rescued was received on the bank by his comrades, our little hero sank. He made desperate efforts to save himself; but the ice all round was rotten, and soon gave way. His danger was instantly perceived by the boys on the water's edge, and a loud cry was raised. Several ran for help; and two, with noble courage, sprang upon the ice in the hope of saving him; but a short time proved this to be impossible. He was apparently left alone to perish. Presently, however, some of the boys who had run to the village returned with men, bringing a rope; this was flung to him, but, unfortunately it was too short to reach him. By this time he was becoming exhausted. But a new anxiety seemed to possess him; this was to save something, which appeared to be a small packet of papers, which for some time he held between his teeth, as if to preserve them from the water. After struggling for a long time, and making wonderful efforts to save himself, he sank to rise no more. I knew not when any event of late years has so much distressed me. I did not hear of it till an hour afterwards, when Widow Marshall brought me word, she having been down to the ponds to see if nothing could be done to save him; for, as she lives at that end of the village, her house was one of the first the boys ran to in their dismay. Why did they not instantly come to me? I ran down to the ponds, although I had no hope of life being restored, even if the body were found. A great crowd was on the banks, and two men with a boat and drags were on the water, the ice having been broken for that purpose; but the poor body must have been floated away, for it could not be found. As I stood on the edge of the water thinking of the poor friendless lad who had just lost his life, I turned my eyes in the direction of the Hall, which from this point is wholly visible. It was becoming dusk, and the large mansion was lighted up as if for a great festivity. There is a grand Christmas entertainment there to-night; for though Mrs. Jellico is absent, the Dean of Windsor, who is a relative of the Squire's, is there, with his lady, and a large family party, and all the gentry of the neighbourhood—nay, of half the county, are invited. What a contrast was this to the cold, dreary night, the desolate water, the drowned but unfound body of the fatherless, motherless, and homeless boy! Life is full of strange contrasts!

I feel as if I had sustained a great loss—as if life had been deprived of something of worth. What might not that boy have been to me! What undeveloped powers lay not within him—what a wealth of feeling and affection!

O Lord, thy ways are mysterious; life and death are in thy hands! This poor lamb has not perished without thy knowledge. What he has been thou knowest, and it is of thy wisdom, which takes cognisance of the falling sparrow, that his span of life has been cut thus short. Amen.

Locomotive Faculty of Plants.—If a wet sponge be placed near a cucumber which is growing in a particular direction, it will change this direction and grow towards the sponge. A plane-tree, growing on the top of a wall, directed its roots down the side till it reached the ground, a distance of ten feet, in order to obtain the requisite nourishment of which it was deprived in its elevated situation. Thus plants appear, like wise and intelligent agents, to move towards their good, and to turn aside from those soils that are injurious, or afford but a scanty nutriment.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SHEEP AND GOATS.

The races of goats and sheep, which are now of such importance wherever man claims for himself the title of civilized, have been cultivated for his use, and by his care, from the earliest times. Among the first of mankind, keeping sheep and tilling the ground were the most common occupations; and that very circumstance of their early domestication, and their subjection to such varied circumstances, has made many changes and modifications in their forms, which now render the original stock of the various races of the utmost difficulty to determine.

A large portion of the flocks in Southern Europe, and more particularly in Asia and Egypt, resemble those of the primeval ages. Figures of goats of a large and strong race, but not very nearly approaching to the wild animals from whom they are conjectured to have sprung, have been handed down on monuments of an ancient date, They are now used for their flesh and skins, and hair, or wool. In this country the former is little esteemed, though a kid forms no despicable repast. Gloves of a fine kind are made from the skin subjected to maceration, and its coats separated from each other; it is from goat-skins that the morocco leather is manufactured, being supposed to take the dye better than those of sheep.

The appellation of "goat" and "sheep" is applied, in common language, to very different-looking animals. The one clothed in a fine thick covering, familiarly known as wool, with the horns, if any, bending laterally, and generally spirally; the other covered with shaggy hair, having a long beard, and the horns directed with a gradual bend upwards or backwards. When, however the different animals are brought together, their generic distinction is not so easily perceived, and the exact point of their separation is not easily determined.

We will select some remarkable specimens of each of these classes of animals, on which the visitor to the British Museum may gaze with special interest.

The general appearance of the Chamois is that of a slenderly-formed goat, with only less shaggy hair, and marked by peculiarly-turned horns. Inhabiting the alpine districts of Europe and Asia, and holding an intermediate station between the elevated glaciers and the wild but more covered country below them, it makes incursions into both, and exhibits amazing agility amidst the precipices of those fearful regions. Of the chamois there are two varieties. It is a gregarious animal, living in herds of fifteen or twenty. The alpine pastures on which it feeds give a richness and flavour to its flesh, which is much esteemed as venison; and for the sake of this, as well as of the skins, the hunters ply their often perilous occupation. In pursuit of their prey they go to places of the wildest and most precipitous description, exposing themselves to the terrors of an avalanche, or the treachery of some chasm, concealed, but slightly covered.

The chamois has been seen leaping down a precipice, sliding first the fore-legs down the steep, while, with the spurlike hoofs of the hind-feet, it held the edge of the rock firmly, till the centre of gravity was covered as far as possible; then bounding forward by a jerk of the body during descent, turning the croup under, and alighting on the hind-feet first, with such apparent ease that the fore-feet dropped close to the hinder, and all expression of effort disappeared. The chamois will not hesitate to leap down twenty, or even thirty feet.

The Ibex, of which a fine specimen may be observed, is known to inhabit sparingly, the Pyrenees, the Alps of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and some of the Spanish mountains. It stands from about two feet to nearly three feet in height. It loves to frequent the most exalted ranges, near the limits of perpetual snow, and seems in some localities to climb even higher than the chamois. It closely resembles that animal in being extremely watchful, and difficult of approach from the delicacy of its senses of hearing and smell. The ibex is hunted chiefly for its skin, and the chase is reckoned more arduous than that of the chamois; for not only is the pursuit of the animal difficult and dangerous, but it would some-

times turn on the hunter, butt him with its powerful horns, and drive him over tremendous precipices.

The Jemlah goat is nearly equal to the ibex in size. The eyes are rather small, the ears short, narrow, and rounded at the tips. The horns stand obliquely on the frontals; they are broad at the root, incline outwards, and then suddenly taper to a point, which turns inwards, so as to nearly meet over the neck. The colour is a pale ashy buff. The tail is very short. It has no true beard, and the limbs are remarkably robust.

The Cashmere goat is subject to many varieties, differing both in colour and in the quality of the wool, or rather the fine hair, of which the fleece is composed. The wool is spun by women, and afterwards coloured. The persons employed to make the celebrated Cashmere shawls sit on a bench at the frame. Sometimes there are four people at each, but if the shawl is a plain one there are only two. A fine shawl, with a pattern all over it, takes nearly a year in making. The borders are worked with wooden needles, having a separate needle for each colour. The rough part of the shawl is uppermost while it is manufactured. A headsman superintends and distributes the pattern. When a shawl is complete it is carried to the Custom-house and stamped, and a duty is paid according to its texture and value.

From very early times two breeds of sheep have inhabited the countries over which the patriarchal shepherds roamed, and have spread themselves through the neighbouring districts. One has, as its principal characteristic, a lengthened tail, with an accumulation of fat around the superior part of it. These sheep have been found in Arabia and Syria, but are most numerous in the interior, and in the southern part of Africa, constituting the only native breed of these latter regions. The others have an accumulation of fat commencing at the posterior part of the loins, swelling gradually into a considerable mass towards the rump, and presenting behind two enlargements of a more or less globular form. This kind of sheep is scarcely known in Africa, but it covers both the north and the south of Asia; it prevails far more than the other in Palestine; it reaches even to the interior, and the northern part of Russia; and it is the kind of sheep of which the flocks of the Kalmucks and the Turcomans, and indeed of almost all the wandering hordes of shepherds, are to this day composed.

In Persia there are many of the fat-tailed sheep. The shepherds still follow the wandering life of their ancestors 3,000 years ago. When the pastures are bare, they shift to some other spot. The march of one of these parties is a striking spectacle. The main body is generally preceded by an advance guard of stout young men, well armed, as if to clear the way; then follow large flocks of domestic animals, covering the country far and wide, and driven by the lads of the community. The asses, which are numerous, and the rough, stout, but small horses are loaded with goods, tents, clothes, pots, and boilers, and every sort of utensil, bound confusedly together. On the top of some of these burdens may be seen mounted the elder children, who act the part of drivers; and on others the lesser urchins, not able to speak, yet quite at their ease, neither seeking nor receiving attention, but holding on manfully with feet and hands. A third class of animals bear the superannuated of the tribe, bent double with age, and hardly distinguishable from the mass of rags that forms their seat. The young men and women bustle about, preventing, with the assistance of their huge dogs, the cattle from straying too far. The mothers, carrying the younger infants, patiently trudge on foot, watching the progress of their domestic equipage. The men, with sober, thoughtful demeanour, armed to the teeth, walk steadily on the flanks and rear of the grotesque column, guarding and controlling its slow and regular movement.

The Argali lives amidst the highest mountains of Central Asia. He is one of the few remaining wild sheep. This animal is usually found in some barren but not very lofty rock, where it can bask itself in the rays of the sun, and see the possible approach of danger on every side. It does not, however, occupy the highest parts of the mountain on which it grazes; the ibex ranges far above it. The argali is about the size of the fallow deer, but is very differently formed. The legs and

neck are shorter, and the muscles of its limbs are stouter; it has more bulk than the deer, and promises more strength than speed. The head is that of a ram, but the ears are small. The horns are of enormous size, nearly four feet in length; and so considerable is the hollow, that young foxes occasionally conceal themselves in those that have been accidentally shed. They differ, however, materially in different animals. The summer coat of these animals consists of short hair, smooth, and resembling that of a deer. The winter coat has a longer external coat of hair, but concealing a thick and soft layer of wool. The colour is of a reddish brown in summer, changing to a brownish gray in winter, and the inner coat of wool is always white.

The argalis are generally found in flocks of eight or ten in number. From the commencement of spring to the approach of winter they pasture in the little secluded valleys among the mountains, and become very fat and in high request. As winter approaches they descend lower, and there, from scarcity of food and constant fear and alarm, they lose all their condition; and when the time arrives for their return to the mountains, they are, except for the sake of their skins, comparatively worthless.

LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A LITTLE girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took.
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "Little children must love each other."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, "Little children love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought:
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full—he could not speak—
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose "Little children loved each other."

MINIATURES ON MARBLE.—Thin polished plates of white marble are now strongly recommended by French artists as a substitute for ivory. The slices are cemented down upon a sheet of board paper to prevent danger of fracture, and are said to take the colour with great freedom, and to hold it with tenacity. It is incapable of change by time or the effects of heat or damp. Ivory, it is well known, becomes yellow, and in hot climates both splits and warps.

IMITATIONS OF LIFE.

Under the head just given it is proposed to furnish a brief account of some automaton figures. An automaton is a self-moving machine, or a machine so constructed that, by means of internal springs and weights, or by some other contrivance, it may move for a considerable time, as if it were endowed with life. The word thus employed is of Greek origin, and accords with the explanation now given. It is manifestly very comprehensive, for clocks and watches are classed by this definition among automata. On these important machines we have given articles in our last volume ; we propose, therefore, at present principally to confine ourselves to mechanical imitations of living animals.

So long ago as four hundred years before the Christian era, Archytas, a Pythagorean philosopher, a native of Tarentum, is said to have made a wooden dove that would fly, but which, having once alighted, was unable to resume its course. It is said by one writer to have been suspended by balancing, and animated by a concealed aura, or spirit—by which he meant, most probably, nothing more than the imitation of life to which machinery is equal. It was argued by the late Mr. Walker (says the Rev. H. Christmas) that a bird was propelled in its course by the unequal pressure of the air from beneath upon various parts of the wings and body, or rather, to the unequal pressure they made to it; the bird striking the air with the wing, the front of which presented a firm bony ridge, the air passed along under it, and then upwards over the thin yielding edge presented by the hinder front, and the bird was thus driven along. Mr. W. (he continues) exhibited models made on this principle, which by one stroke were propelled across a large room, coming gradually to the ground. It would seem, therefore, from the success of these experiments, and from the terms used in speaking of the dove of Archytas, that a similar mode of aerostation was then carried into effect.

John Muller, of Nuremburg, commonly styled after the manner of the time, Regiomontanus, is said to have produced various automata. Among them is described an iron fly, which, at a feast to which Muller had invited his more particular friends, flew forth from his hand, and, taking a round, returned again to it, to the great astonishment of the spectators. If this feat was really performed, it has been supposed by some to have been effected by magnetism.

M. Vaucanson attained great celebrity for contrivances of remarkable ingenuity. Among these was a machine resembling a duck: its wings were anatomically exact in every part, and every bone had its particular representative. Every peculiarity of form was precisely imitated, and every part of the duck had its proper movements. It swallowed its food with avidity, exhibited those quick motions of the head and throat which are peculiar to the living animal, and muddled the water which it drank with its bill, exactly like its prototype. It was able to emit the sound *quack, quack, quack;* and, which was, perhaps, the most surprising of all, the food that it swallowed was evacuated in a digested state. M. Vaucanson did not indeed pretend to imitate the process of real digestion, but an alteration was produced on the duck's food by chemical solution. M. Montucla, who detected some of the means employed by M. Vaucanson in his machines, acknowledged that the duck baffled all his penetration.

A magician, it is said, was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and particularly so, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made therefore a magical horse of wood, which perfectly answered his purpose, by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! The wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kicks.

M. Camus constructed a much more extraordinary piece of mechanism for the amusement of Louis XIV. when a child. It consisted of a small coach drawn by two horses, having the figure of a lady in the carriage, and others of a footman and page behind. The coach being placed at the extremity of a table of a certain size, the coachman smacked his whip, and the horses immediately set off, moving their legs in a natural manner. When the carriage reached the edge of

the table, it turned at a right angle, and proceeded along the edge. When it arrived opposite to the place where the king was seated, it stopped, and the page getting down, opened the door; on which the lady alighted, having in her hand a petition, which she presented with a curtsey. After waiting for some time she again curtsied, and re-entered the carriage; the page then resumed his place, the coachman whipped his horses, which began to move, and the footman, running after the carriage, jumped up behind it. M. Montluca remarks justly, that it is to be regretted that M. Camus, instead of confining himself to a general account of the mechanism which he employed in producing these effects, did not enter into a more minute description of them.

Leonardi de Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, constructed a lion which ran before the French Monarch dropping *fleurs-de-lis* from its shaggy breast.

The figure of a swan as large as life has been described, which gracefully curved its neck or turned its head round, as if to dress the plumage of its wings or body. Having done this it bent down its head, and taking a metal fish in its bill, swallowed it. Another was that of a peacock, which could erect or depress its crest, and unfold its tail; it could likewise lift a piece of money in its bill, while performing all the motions peculiar to an animated original.

The writer has seen a beautiful specimen of this kind, constructed by the very ingenious and skilful M. Mailcardet. It was an oval box about three inches in length: the lid flew up, and a bird of beautiful plumage, not larger than a small humming-bird, started up from its nest. Its wings fluttered, and its bill opening with the tremulous vibration peculiar to singing-birds, it began to warble. After a series of notes, which would fill a large apartment, it darted down into its nest, and the lid closed of itself.

The machinery was here contained in a very narrow compass; it could produce four different kinds of warbling, and was put in motion by springs, which continued in action for four minutes. All the notes, numerous and diversified as they were, were produced from one tube, the variety of which was shortened or lengthened by a piston working inside; and thus producing sounds graver or more acute, according as the machinery acted upon it.

Other surprising arrangements of the same eminent artist the writer has witnessed;—as a spider, wholly fashioned of steel; the mechanism effecting its motions being contained in the body, and by means of various springs, pinions, and levers, the legs were successively raised, and the automaton advanced. It ran on the surface of a table during three minutes. An automatical caterpillar, or lizard, and a mouse, strictly imitated also the motions of nature. A serpent, too, crawled about in every direction, opening its mouth, hissing, and darting forth its tongue. The source of motion in this instance, like that of the others, consisted in springs, which continued in motion for seven minutes.

A valuable collection of works of art was got up by command of George IV., when Prince of Wales, and was designed to have been sent out as a present to the Emperor of China, with Lord Macartney, but was not, it is said, finished in time. This forms part of an exhibition now open to the inhabitants and visitors of London, at the establishment adjoining the Adelaide Gallery, in the Strand. The following are among the remarkable objects which the writer has seen, and may be classed with those we are now considering:—

An elephant, made of real bronze, and richly dressed, which moves its trunk, tail, and eyes. If the visitor examines the eyes, one will be observed having on it the day of the month, and the other the hour of the day. On the back of the elephant, and in a rich gilt car, is seated an automaton figure, the size of life and gaily dressed. It is provided with ten silver bells, on which it is said to ring five hundred changes, while it moves its arms, legs, eyes, and teeth.

Another work of art is called the Mechanical Pearl-eaters. Inside of the bottom base, there is an inclined plane of wire-work studded with leaves, from which descend balls of gold that are swallowed by an alligator; on the top is a gilt stand, supported by pillars richly decorated with gilt leaves, and ornamented by wreaths of jewellery set in silver. On the top of the pedestal is a splendid urn, richly

studded with gems, which supports a beautiful mechanical tree. The jewelled flowers mechanically open and shut, while two birds flutter their wings, and feed each other with pearls.

There are also some other objects to which we must now allude, as a large bronze palm-tree, which two gilt serpents ascend and descend, as if in chase of each other; an ormolu bird-cage, with four musical singing-birds the size of life, which open their beaks and flutter their wings; and a cage of pure gold, richly set with real pearls, in the form of a temple, in which sits a mechanical humming-bird, that flutters its wings, opens its beak, and sings melodiously. This beautiful piece of art was made by Merlin, denominated "the Enchanter," not because he actually possessed any supernatural power, but because he combined an extraordinary amount of knowledge with marvellous practical skill.

MATTHEW MARVEL.

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

POULTRY.

As well as those little animals of which we made mention in a former number, poultry also may be kept, even in a crowded town like London, with advantage, and with but very little trouble or expense, provided, as in the former case, they have cleanliness, fresh air, light, and warmth. They certainly require more room to move about in than rabbits; but still they will live and thrive even in a very small yard, having but small hen-house, provided the following directions are carefully observed. The yard must be kept free from damp, be swept every morning, and have the ashes from the kitchen fire sifted in one corner of it. The next day this must be cleared away, with all other litter, and fresh given. In another corner, as far removed as possible from that containing the ashes, there should be a large wooden bowl of fresh water, which ought to be replenished at least twice a day; and in a third it is necessary to have a small heap of old mortar, which may be readily obtained from any of the numerous dilapidated buildings to be met with in all towns. From this the fowls will scratch the pebbles requisite for the purpose of digesting their food; and as it becomes hard from the action of the weather, and requires only to have any litter removed from it daily with a broom, it is needless to change it oftener than once a year.

FOWL-HOUSE.

A fowl-house, as we have already stated, may be small, but it must not be damp, dark, cold, or open at the roof; and it should be well secured from the mischievous visits of weasels and rats, and the depredations of cats and foxes. About a foot from the ground, and two feet apart, the laying chambers, or nests, should be arranged all round; and these may be formed either of wooden boxes, with an entrance sufficiently large to admit the hen, or of coarse wicker baskets, laid on brackets, or supported on stones. They must, in either case, be perfectly steady, and be deep enough to conceal the hens, whom instinct teaches to seek privacy when laying or sitting. Wheaten, rye, or oaten straw should be laid in each basket, which the hens will form into a snug nest; but hay should never be used, as it is much too heating, and favourable besides to the increase of vermin. An artificial egg, made of chalk, or of empty shells pressed one into the other, ought to be placed in each nest, as hens do not like to sit in an empty one, but squat themselves down readily and cheerfully when they find an egg or its resemblance. The perches for them to roost on should never be placed one above another, and must be of a thickness sufficient for the birds to clasp firmly. If one stick is long enough for all the fowl, so much the better, as they delight in being huddled together, especially in winter; but if not, let a second be placed on the same level, at a convenient distance, and let both be perfectly horizontal. Having said so much relative to the management of the yard and fowl-house, we proceed to give to our readers some information relative to the choice of the birds, and the treatment proper for them.

VARIETIES OF FOWL.

In a small enclosure such as has been described, only the most hardy species

should be kept; for instance, the "Dunghill Fowl," the "Spanish Fowl," the "Bantam Fowl," and the "Siberian Fowl." The first-named is a mongrel breed; and if, when selecting a few for stock, the dark-coloured, of a middling size, and having white legs, are made choice of, they will be found excellent layers and hatchers, and their young will be esteemed for the delicate flavour of their flesh, particularly the chicks of a light colour. Dark-plumaged fowl of any breed rarely have tender flesh. The Spanish fowl resembles the dunghill bird in shape, but is characterized by having a small comb and a densely-tufted crest, which always differs in colour from the plumage of the body; thus, a white fowl bears a black crest, and a black a white crest. The legs, however, of all are of a lead-colour, and the soles of the feet are of a bright yellow. The eggs of Spanish fowl are in general very large, but are not so delicately flavoured as those of the dunghill species.

The Bantam is a much-admired variety, and sufficiently profitable, if its tiny eggs are taken to the market, where, from the well-known delicacy of the taste, they carry a good price. A full-bred Bantam cock weighs not more than one pound, has a rose comb, and holds himself so proudly that his head and tail feathers frequently meet. Of this breed the greatest favourites are the nankeen-coloured, having the wings barred with purple, and the tail feathers black; and the pure black without an admixture of any other colour. Of this breed there are two varieties—one is game, and is characterized by having clean white legs without any vestige of feathers; the other is feathered to the very toes.

The Siberian fowl is the most prolific bird with which we are acquainted, laying on an average, if properly tended, one hundred and fifty eggs in the course of a year. It is remarkable for having considerable tufts of brown or dark loose feathers springing from each jaw, which children call "whiskers," and some long soft ones hanging from underneath the bill, and resembling a Jew's beard. One variety has white feathers, with the ends of a glossy black, and the legs covered with down; the other is a fine tawny orange, spotted with black, like the plumage of the game fowl.

FOOD.

Fowls, no matter how hardy, will not thrive without a sufficiency of proper food; and therefore a few words on this particular are necessary. Of grain six kinds are given to them: oats, barley (either whole or in meal), wheat, maize, rye, and millet; and of vegetables, all varieties are good for them, but particularly potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, radish-tops, carrots, and parsnips. They will also eat animal flesh, raw or cooked, blood, fish, insects of every description, bread-crumbs, bits of pie-crust, biscuit-dust, and the raspings of bakers' shops. Of all these kinds they like rye the least, and therefore should get least of it; and of the other kinds of grain the best are always the cheapest; they eat less of it, and lay more frequently than when fed on an inferior description. Good barley and good wheat they eat less of boiled than raw, and it is by some supposed to be doubly nutritious in the former state. Potatoes should be given to them warm, and crushed a little between the hands; carrots and parsnips ought to be rasped, or cut into small pieces, and mixed with scalded bran and meal. Crumbs, or stale bread, should be scalded in pot-liquor or broth, the fatter the better, and given to them warm. Fowls ought to have three good meals every day, and, as they never care to eat any food that has been trampled on, it is better to give them each time not more than they can consume; however, as they are fond of pecking, cabbage heads or leaves may be suspended from the wall of their yard, or in their house, at a sufficient height above their heads to allow of their pulling and picking at them. When green food is thrown on the floor or ground, it quickly becomes a mass of damp, dirty litter, and does more harm to the fowl than even hunger would.

And now for the present we shall close this subject. Next time we shall have under consideration the storing of eggs for winter use, selecting them for hatching, care of chicks, &c. &c.

IDLENESS.—There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness; no better cure than business, as Rhasis holds; and howbeit to be busied in toys is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca—"Better do to no end than do nothing."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

By H. B. Staunton.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Before especially considering Catholic Emancipation, I will notice two or three persons who participated in the long struggle which prepared the way for this great measure of religious toleration. The act of emancipation extended to Catholics alike in all parts of the United Kingdom. But, as the large majority of the professors of that faith dwelt in Ireland, and as they composed nearly seven-eighths of its people, and as it was there that the long and fierce conflict was waged which ultimately compelled English Protestants to yield to their Catholic fellow-subjects the rights of toleration which themselves enjoyed, this was regarded as emphatically an Irish reform.

Ireland! What a throng of associated ideas start to life at the mention of that name! How varied their aspect—how contradictory their character—how antagonistic the emotions they kindle, the sentiments they inspire. Ireland, the land of genius and degradation, of vast resources and pinching poverty, of noble deeds and revolting crimes. Ireland, the land of splendid orators, charming poets, and brave soldiers; the land of ignorance, abjectness, and beggary; measureless in its capacities, stinted in its products, a strange anomaly, a complication of contradictions.

Prominent among the early champions of Catholic emancipation, stood Mr. Grattan. To prove, for nearly a century past, Ireland has constantly exhibited on the floor of the British Commons some of the most eloquent men who have swayed the councils of the United Kingdom, I only need mention the names of Burke, Flood, Sheridan, Grattan, Plunkett, O'Connell, and Shiel. Perhaps Canning may be included in the list. Both his parents were pure-Irish, and he was, as it were, accidentally born in England. In this galaxy, Grattan shone unrivalled, except by Burke and Canning. He was the equal of the latter in many respects—his superior in some. As a practical parliamentarian, he ranks scarcely below the former. And he stands at the head of all of his countrymen who have been strictly *Irish* members, representing Irish constituencies.

Graduating at Dublin, and entering the Middle Temple, London, in 1767, when just turned twenty-one, Grattan was an eager observer, from the galleries of the Lords and Commons, of the fierce struggle of North, Grenville, Chatham, and Burke, then in the zenith of their fame. Throwing Coke and Plowden on the dusty-shelf, he employed his leisure hours in writing sketches of these "Battles of the Giants," for the perusal of his Irish friends. He became enamoured of politics, and resolved to shine in the Parliament of his native island. Some of his sketches found their way into the Dublin newspapers, and their point and power gave plausibility to the charge at one time made, that he was the author of Junius. In answer to a direct application to him, in 1805, to know if he were the famous author, he laconically replied:

"Sir,—I am not 'Junius,' but your good wisher and obedient servant,

"Henry Grattan."

On his permanent return to Ireland, he immediately connected himself with the opposition to the Vice-Regal Government, opening the attack by a series of newspaper articles in vindication of Irish rights, which attracted much attention, and came near subjecting him to a royal prosecution. From that moment he gave his whole mind and soul to public affairs; and, during the subsequent fifty years, every page of Irish history records his name, associated with some measure for the amelioration of Irish wrongs. He is the author of what is miscalled "Irish Independence." On the accession of George III. to the throne the government of Ireland was then, as it is now, the chief difficulty of Ministers. During the American revolutionary war intestine commotions, from the incendiary proceedings of the "Whiteboys" (a rabble band which fired the houses of the landlords, and now and then put to death a non-complying tenant), and the danger of invasion from France, impelled the middle classes to petition Government for succour and protection. They were frankly told that no aid could be afforded them, and they must take care of themselves. Acting on this licence, a volunteer militia was enrolled in all parts of the island, the Government furnishing the arms, which swelled till it numbered 100,000 men, of the bone and sinew of Ireland. The "Whiteboys" shrunk into the caves, the threatened invasion was abandoned, and the popular leaders, who had been active in mustering the volunteers, took advantage of their strong position to demand the removal of onerous restrictions on Irish commerce, and the amelioration of the Catholic penal code. The British Government had essentially modified the

commercial regulations between the two countries; though some of the darker features of the code were relaxed, it still remained a disgrace to civilization. The supremacy of the British Parliament over Irish affairs was in full force. Emboldened by success, an attempt was made to procure its repeal. Flood, the rival of Grattan, demanded a distinct disavowal by the British Parliament of the right to govern Ireland. Grattan, who had the hearts of his countrymen in his hand, avowed that he would be satisfied if Britain would repeal all existing laws interfering with Irish rights. The measure was adopted, and the Irish Parliament became the supreme legislature of Ireland, subject to the supervision of the King in Council. Hibernia was intoxicated with joy; and, in the fervour of their gratitude, the countrymen of Grattan voted him £50,000. Thus in 1782 was *quasi* legislative independence granted to Ireland. But British gold and intrigue were ever able to seduce the integrity and distract the counsels of its legislators, till, eighteen years afterward, all was obliterated in the Act of Union. It was in allusion to the rise and fall of legislative independence that Grattan, years subsequently, so beautifully said: "I watched its cradle; I followed its bier." During these eighteen years he did all that great talents and vigilant patriotism could do to secure the prosperity and save the honour of his native land. The leader of the Liberals in the Irish Parliament, he resisted oppressions, and spurned bribes, and appealed to Hibernia to be true to herself, and to maintain her national identity. After the rebellion of 1798-9, the scaffold ran blood, and the cheek of Ireland turned pale. In 1799 Pitt proposed the Union. Undaunted by the defection around him, Grattan, in the Irish Commons, resisted it with such vehement eloquence that it was postponed till the next year. But the influence of the British Government prevailed; and in 1800, after a last effort to rally the drooping spirits of his countrymen, Grattan followed the bier of Hibernian Independence to its resting-place in St. Stephen's Chapel.

Grattan entered the British Parliament in 1805, where he remained till his death, in 1820. Ever in the front rank of Reformers, he was the special champion of Catholic emancipation, divided the House almost every year, and frequently two or three times in a session, on various propositions looking to ultimate emancipation, but without success; and in his last effort was defeated by only two majority—an earnest that the "good time" was coming. He met with the common misfortune of displeasing the ultras of both parties. He asked too little to please the extreme Catholics—too much to win the favour of the extreme Protestants. He asked for a part, and got nothing. At a later day, O'Connell demanded the whole, and got the greater part. History is philosophy teaching by examples.

Grattan was a model orator. His style had the genius, the enthusiasm, the brilliancy, the pathos, which mark Hibernian eloquence, and was divested of many of those peculiarities which often mar the forensic display of a country where, as an accomplished Irishman says, "you may kick an orator out of every bush." If he was fertile in illustrations, he was redundant in principles—if his speech was replete with epigram, it abounded in terse reasoning—if it sparkled with wit, it was luminous in its calmer statements—if it blighted with its sarcasm, it mellowed with its pathos—if it was charged with the lightning of invective, it was freighted with the most ponderous argument—if it could wither a grovelling enemy with its scorn, it could persuade a manly opponent with its logic. Nor did he overlay the solid parts of his oratory with the lighter graces of declamation, nor smother them under a redundancy of poetical illustration. He was a master of the compressed, nervous, rapid, racy style of argumentation—the very perfection of the art.

On the death of this great man, the cause of Catholic emancipation fell under the guidance of Mr. Plunkett, who, next to him, was the ablest Irish representative in the Commons. Sir James Mackintosh sketches him, in one of his dashing conversational profiles, thus: "If Plunkett had come earlier into Parliament, so as to have learned the trade, he would probably have excelled all our orators. He and Counsellor Phillips (or O'Garish, as he is nicknamed here) are at the opposite points of the scale. O'Garish's style is pitiful to the last degree. He ought, by common consent to be driven from the bar." Plunkett brought to his work a true Irish heart, talents of the first class, eloquence cast in a rare mould, and a reputation unsurpassed at the Dublin bar. He bore a conspicuous part in all those violent throes, in and out of Parliament, in regard to Catholic emancipation, which convulsed the country from 1820 to 1829, and drove Ireland to the borders of rebellion. He won several partial triumphs over Ministers, preliminary to the granting of the great boon in the latter year, when the kingdom held its breath while O'Connell, the dreaded "agitator," appeared at the bar of the Commons, to demand his seat for the county of Clare. When the Whigs rose to power, in 1830,

Mr. Plunkett was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Even this meagre notice of the early friends of Catholic emancipation would be incomplete without the name of Sydney Smith, the founder of the "Edinburgh Review." Of all English Protestants, out of Parliament, he rendered the most effective aid to that cause. In six or eight articles in that influential periodical, in an equal number of speeches and sermons, and as many pamphlets, he pressed the Catholic claims upon public attention during twenty-five years, in a style which no mortal man but Sydney Smith could do. He did not so much argue the claims of the Catholics as ridicule the fears of their opponents. And never were wit, drollery, humour, irony, and sarcasm, rained down upon a bad cause in greater variety or rarer quality. He fairly drowned the High Church party in their own absurdities. His ten letters, signed Peter Plymley, addressed to "My Brother Abraham who lives in the country," are the very effervescence of ridicule. They will be read when test acts are to be remembered only to be execrated. They will preserve them from the rottenness of oblivion. They are inimitable—capable of driving the blues from the cloister of an archbishop. In the preface to his works, Mr. Smith says:—"I have printed in this collection the letters of Peter Plymley. The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author. All that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or other it came to be conjectured that I was that author. I have always denied it. But finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be well to include the letters in this collection. They had an immense circulation at the time, and I think about 20,000 copies were sold." This is cool. But the letters were *cooler*. They gibbetted the absurd opposition which his episcopal brethren made to emancipation, "without benefit of clergy."

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

Woman's Will.—Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

Dogs and Logic.—A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighbourhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on the trial by the wag:—"1. By testimony of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a *calf*. 2. He is blind and cannot see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.—4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth.—5. My dog died six weeks ago."

Peruvian Bark.—A lady was travelling in a stage coach with a troublesome dog. A gentleman complained of the annoyance. "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed the lady, "I wonder you complain of my dog—everybody admires it—it is a real Peruvian."—"I don't complain of your Peruvian dog," said the gentleman, "but I wish he would give us less of his Peruvian *bark*."

A Lord Chancellor's Opinion.—Captain Parry was once asked, at a dinner party where Lord Erskine was present, what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen on the Polar Sea? Parry said they had lived upon the seals. "And very good living too," exclaimed the veteran joker, "if you keep them long enough!"

A Lesson to Lispers.—A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative, is an infallible cure for lisping:—"Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. 'This is,' says Nobbs, 'the worst of Hobbs' jobs,' and Snobbs sobs."

Three Fish for Dinner.—"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" asked a gentleman after dining in an American eating-house. "Let me see, sir; what have you had, sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up *two*, I think, sir." "No, *three;* I had two mackerel, and *one smelt*."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

In the picture we have drawn of the crowded state of London during the Exhibition months, as rendering an extensive system of registration with reference to lodgings absolutely necessary to prevent the most deplorable confusion, we have been far from using exaggerated language; on the contrary, we were greatly within the limits to which truth would have allowed us to go. Few persons perhaps have given this subject sufficient thought to realize to their own minds the actual aspect of our public streets, and the disappointment and inconvenience which must be the inevitable result, unless timely measures of precaution are taken.

The present population of London nearly approaches *two millions and a-half.* No other city in the world approximates to it in populousness. Several of the largest capitals of Europe might be united without equalling it in point of size. Nay, there are sovereign states whose inhabitants are fewer in numbers than those of the great Metropolis. The kingdom of Hanover is scarcely equal to it. It exceeds the population of the kingdom of Westphalia by 450,000; and it would take considerably more than twice the inhabitants of all Greece to make up one London.

It will be confessed by every one familiar with the circumstances of this modern Babylon that its homes and its streets are already sufficiently crowded. Supposing its inhabitants to be equally distributed over its whole area, which may be moderately reckoned at nineteen square miles, there are 130,000 human beings pursuing all the functions of life on every square mile; but there is not this equal distribution. The districts occupied by the squares and palatial residences of the rich are, comparatively speaking, thinly peopled; and the districts inhabited by the middle classes and the poor, and devoted to the pursuits of traffic—the districts through which the great business thoroughfares run, and in which alone accommodation will have to be sought by all but the very highest class of visitors, are in the same proportion crowded more densely than the average we have stated.

No one who has not traversed Holborn, the Strand, Ludgate-hill, and Cheapside, can form any idea of the huge mass of many-featured life to be found in the British capital. In addition to the facts we have already mentioned, we may make use of some curious illustrations of the street traffic of London, which have been furnished by the officers of police.

The Commissioner of the City of London force, having had his attention called to this subject, caused a series of calculations to be entered upon, and the following is the result, so far as the same can be ascertained:—The number of vehicles which pass daily Bow Church, Cheapside, is not less than 13,796, which contain not fewer than 52,092 persons; and within the same period of time there are not fewer than 67,510 foot passengers. Of this number of carriages it may be considered that the greatest number in one hour is about 1,103, and of foot passengers in the same space of time about 5,750, giving a total number of persons who pass Bow Church, Cheapside, in and with vehicles and on foot, about 119,602 persons per day. The following statement has reference to Aldgate and the Minories:—The number of vehicles which pass daily is 9,332, containing not fewer than 20,804 persons, and that during the same period the number of foot passengers is 58,430. Of the carriages the greatest number in one hour may be computed at 795, of foot passengers in the same period 4,600; the total number of persons, therefore, who pass through Aldgate by the Minories is 79,234 per day. There are periods when these numbers would be considerably greater. From returns made at the instance of the Commissioner, it would appear that in the month of May, the anniversary of the religious societies, the number of persons who enter the City (that is, not London popularly so-called, but the square mile which constitutes the *City* of London) daily on foot and in carriages is little short of 400,000.

Crowded as we are thus habitually, we are yet living in the expectation of an immense addition to our numbers; a mighty host of pilgrims to the shrine of industry from all the provinces of our country and from every civilized land under heaven, who will go in and out amongst us, eating, drinking, sleeping, and sight-

seeing from the first of May till we know not when. We are used to crowds. Londoners are familiar with jostlings. Life "in town" is a constant scene of bustle; but our good friends who come up from the more staid and decorous provinces—it may be from some of the quiet nooks of Old England which to the Cockney seems so dull and dreamy—how will they feel, not only in a crowd, but *strangers there!*

Some say there will be an influx into London of two millions; some say of six. Indeed, Mr. Miller, of Edinburgh, in calculations which he considers based upon reasonable data, gives as the result of his investigations:—"Foreign and colonial visitors, 2,000,000; English, Welsh, Highlanders, and Irish, 5,000,000; making a total of seven millions of strangers in London in the course of five months." Of these many will come for a few days and then go. Many others will stay for weeks, or months, or the season through. It is considered a very moderate calculation that, from beginning to end of the Exhibition, we shall have a *floating* addition of a million persons, making the population of the Metropolis nearly *three millions and a-half;* incalculably a vaster multitude than have ever met before in the long history of the world. And to every one of this host, sleep and food will be a matter of necessity. Of the latter we have no reason to fear a limited supply. Of the former we cannot speak so comfortably. At any rate, no man who has been accustomed to a clean and wholesome bed at home will act a wise or prudent part if he neglect to secure accommodation before he sets out on his journey. Let him take care that he has a place to go to, direct from the railway-station, where he may lay his head for the night, and as many nights as he may stay in town. We are persuaded that our readers will thank us for this advice, *if they follow it*, and wish they had been wiser *if they do not.*

But how can the thing be done?—that's the question. We will try our best to answer it. We have already stated the steps which, in our opinion, her Majesty's Commissioners ought to have taken on this subject, and which their position and great influence qualified them to take with far more effect than any one else could. We have said, that on their failure to fulfil the just expectation of the working classes, we were willing, and offered to undertake the task on our own responsibility and risk, if they had granted the official sanction, which we conceived to be necessary to give effect to our designs. And now that our proposal has been met with coolness, and the larger scheme that we had thus devised been thwarted, our solicitude on this matter is so great, that we have determined still to do what we can. The following announcement will explain what that is:—

REGISTRATION OF LODGINGS.

As the Royal Commission for conducting the Great Exhibition have abandoned the idea of effecting a systematic registration of houses, where the working classes visiting the Metropolis might be accommodated with lodgings, we have determined, in connection with THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, to secure the services of a Committee of gentlemen, for the purpose of accomplishing, as far as possible, so desirable an end. The following is the plan upon which this Committee will act.

One *hundred thousand printed* forms will be immediately issued to as many householders in the course of a canvass conducted by an efficient body of agents. All persons who find they can make such domestic arrangements as will enable them to provide accommodation for one or more strangers, will be requested to fill these forms up, and either deliver them back to the visitor, or return them to the Registration-office. The particulars upon which information will be required are—the number of beds available, and whether any of them are adapted for married couples, or otherwise for double occupation, the correct address, &c. &c.

In the General Registry based upon these data, a uniform tariff of charges will be enforced—viz., for single bed per night, including boot-cleaning, 1s. 3d.; double bed, including boot-cleaning, 2s.; breakfast, consisting of tea or coffee, and bread and butter, 8d.; if with meat, 1s. Arrangements, with reference to other meals, will be left to the discretion of the parties themselves.

Any person possessing superior accommodation to that indicated by the above rates will be at liberty to name his own terms; but in such cases a registration fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged, 1s. 6d. of which sum will have to be paid to the Board of Inland Revenue as an advertisement duty. The whole of the particulars thus furnished will be published in a Register or General Catalogue of Houses, and forwarded for distribution to every part of the United Kingdom.

The following may be given as a specimen of the entries:—

Mrs. THOMAS, 8, Pendennis-street, Pimlico: sitting-room and two bedrooms. Terms: 30s. a week, including attendance.

The Catalogue of Lodgings of this class will be sent post-free on the receipt of six postage-stamps. In this document, which will be carefully edited, and corrected weekly, so as to bring down the information to the latest point, dates will be given in all cases in which they are supplied in time, of the periods for which the accommodation is engaged; so that every party consulting the catalogue will be guided as to time in making his arrangements and application.

With respect to the Register of Lodgings for working men, in which a uniform tariff will be enforced, it will be necessary to observe the following conditions:— Every householder entering his name in the list must agree to provide clean and wholesome accommodation to the extent registered; to furnish provisions sufficient in quantity and good in quality; and not to let the lodgings specified, independently of the arrangements of the office, without forwarding notice of the same immediately, to prevent their being allotted to other parties. All parties being provided with accommodation through the instrumentality of this Committee, will be charged a fee of 9d. before coming up, towards meeting the large expenses that will be incurred; upon the receipt of which a card will be at once forwarded, stating the street and number of the house in which the accommodation provided is situated, and the direction in which the traveller must proceed towards it from the railway station, and simultaneously with the transmission of such card, notice will be sent to the lodging-house to prepare for the reception of the guest. In this way trouble, anxiety, delay, and disappointment will be avoided on both sides.

The members and secretaries of provincial clubs are informed that the Committee will act on their behalf on the above terms, and endeavour as far as practicable to secure lodgings for each excursion party in the same district.

In all cases letters must be pre-paid, and a stamped envelope enclosed for an answer. But as much as possible to save the expense of postage, THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will publish weekly the number of beds registered, and the numbers engaged and vacant respectively. The circulation of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, however, being so large as to render it absolutely necessary to commence going to press at least nine days before the date of publication, and then to print from duplicate plates, all information that is wished to appear, must be forwarded not later than that day, to the office.

To carry out the above plan, which will necessarily involve a great expense, the Committee are about to employ a competent staff of clerks, registrars, and inspectors. The delivery of one hundred thousand forms for the collection of the particulars needed will be forthwith proceeded with.

We take this opportunity of announcing to our readers that it is our intention to publish immediately a new and popular "Guide" to all the remarkable sights, public amusements, boarding-houses, &c., of London, with a map of the Metropolis, showing the locality of every spot and institution worthy a visit; a description of the routes by which they may be reached; directions how to spend four days in town, with every information as to expense of living and sight-seeing, &c. This new CONDUCTOR over LONDON will be issued by the 1st of April, in a cheap and popular form, and will be adapted in every way to form a hand-book to the stranger in town.

LONDON DURING THE EXHIBITION.—The following lively sketch of the aspect presented by our streets, and the diversified character of our visitors during the spring and summer, may be amusing to our readers. It is from the pages of "Bentley's Miscellany," and may serve to remind us of the courteous toleration and forbearance with which we shall have to treat customs and sentiments strange, and, in many respects, uncongenial to us:—"As the time for the Industrial Exhibition approaches, London will become thronged with strangers. The Croat from the banks of the Drave and the Unna, fierce and exclusive in his religious sentiments; the Fleming from Brabant, and the Walloon from Luxembourg and Hainault, practically tolerant at home, but acutely sensitive to assaults upon their creed; the Prussian from Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces, where bigotry abounds, but proselytism and controversy are prohibited; the Austrian from a hundred regions, where Protestantism is barely permitted, stripped of all outward signs of vitality; the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Gaul, inflamed with zeal, and confident of spiritual power—men from every climate and from all parts of the compass, who have never visited us before, and who know us only by the reputation of our freedom, of our conquests by sea and land, and our world-wide possessions upon which the sun never sets, will crowd our streets by day and night, filling our theatres and exhibitions, our bazaars, and manufactories, and establishing in our thoroughfares for many months an open congress of all the civilized nations of the earth. Already upwards of twenty thousand berths have been taken in the American passenger vessels, and such is the expected pressure from the United States, that arrangements are said to have been made for running a packet daily from New York."

ACCOMMODATION FOR FOREIGNERS.—For foreign visitors a scheme on a gigantic scale is being matured under the title of the "Foreigners' Purvey and Registry." From Germany, France, and Belgium, it is proposed to bring over 100,000 visitors per month, to locate them, board them, and send them back to their homes for a given sum. The preparations for this undertaking are now being made. We hear of conferences for the fitting up of a large mansion in Pall-mall to dine three thousand daily; of houses being fitted up to hold five hundred beds; of gigantic arrangements with railway and steamboat companies, and other movements which betoken something like a working system for the accommodation of foreigners. The exhibitors of France are about to form themselves into *comités* of the various manufacturing interests they represent: thus the clockmakers will come over in a body, and lodge and eat together. However, the comparatively advanced state in which the preparations for the reception of foreign visitors are, should only warn people that some comprehensive and well-matured plan is necessary for the proper accommodation of native visitors. It appears to us, moreover, that the Commissioners will be compelled in the end to check charlatans by giving their official countenance to legitimate speculators and purveyors.

A "LOST FRIENDS' DEPARTMENT" AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Considering the great number of persons from the provinces totally unacquainted with London that will visit the Great Exhibition; considering that a great proportion will be accompanied by relatives or intimate friends; considering that many of these will be young persons not quite capable of taking care of themselves; considering the frequent liability of parties to get parted in the throng of sight-seers by momentary lingerings at attractive objects; considering that the pleasure of the day would, in most such cases be disagreeably interfered with; considering the advantage found to accrue from the "Lost Luggage Department" of railways;—would not a "Lost Friends' Department" be a desideratum at the Great Exhibition—*e.g.* a conveniently-situated space, slightly elevated and railed off, so as to present the "lost ones" in a well-defined row or two, "until called for?"

A GREAT FALL OF LETTERS.—On Friday, the 31st ult., the Executive Committee received, in the course of the forenoon, no less than four bushels of letters. For some time past their correspondence has been accumulating with fearful rapidity, but the Post-office delivery of that day is the largest they have yet had. It was caused by intending exhibitors sending in, as required, specifications of what they intend to show for the catalogue.

MR. PAXTON'S LETTER.—The Norwich Committee have forwarded a formal notice to the Executive Committee, expressive of their condemnation of Mr. Paxton's suggestion, contained in his late letter to Lord John Russell. This notice was agreed to at a meeting of the Norwich Committee held on Saturday last.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

JOHN BULL.—The heavy expense of transport in the case of large and ponderous articles will no doubt interfere to some extent with the display of some of those things in which English skill and excellence of workmanship are most conspicuous. Manufacturers of light and elegant productions will in this respect have an advantage. Steam-engines, and the like, cannot be conveyed long distances with the same facility and inexpensiveness as laces, silks, and carpets. There is, however, another fact to be considered, which will probably have a counteracting effect. The immense superiority of British manufacture in machinery and engineering works is so universally acknowledged, that there is little disposition on the part of other nations to compete with us in this particular line.

T. K.—The report that the Board of Health had perfected regulations for the protection of the health of London during the forthcoming summer proves to be without foundation. The board, some time ago, offered their services to the Royal Commissioners for the purpose of inspecting the lodging-houses that might be registered for the reception of visitors to the Exhibition. In reply, the Commissioners expressed their readiness to avail themselves of the services of sanitary officers, but stated that the number of houses then registered was not large enough to render it necessary to make any provision for their inspection at that time.

AJAX.—The subject may be considered as finally and most satisfactorily disposed of. The concrete foundations were subject to a test of thirty tons per superficial foot without sinking. The breaking weight of the gallery girders, every single one of which was placed in the hydraulic press, was proved to be thirty tons; whilst the utmost weight of the greatest crowd that could ever, were there no tables or goods, be packed in the galleries, would not equal five tons and a half. So much for the girders themselves. As to the snugs, they, too, have been proved to a weight equivalent to the breaking weight of the girders. As far as storms are concerned, there never yet blew one in London with more force than that of 22 lbs. per superficial foot, whilst the force of wind to destroy the building must be not less than 90 lbs. per superficial foot. But on this point there is no need for any abstract argument. In a recent gale, Colonel Reid, in such matters the very highest authority, found the pressure on the building to be 19½ lbs. per superficial foot; and, although the diagonal bracing gallery, trussing, and flooring, were not then complete, and all of which tend to give the building additional rigidity, this gale, which blew for several hours, was entirely without effect.

W. J. F.—This season the Society of Arts do not intend to hold any further exhibition, in order that their rooms may be free to aid the purposes of the Great Exhibition, and to hold *conversazioni* and meetings during the period distinguished strangers and foreigners are assembled in London.

R. F. JAMES.—Col. Reid, Executive Committee Exhibition Building, Hyde-park.

W. W.—Yes; there will be no greater triumph of mechanical skill, mathematical exactness, and prompt, indomitable industry, than the Great Exhibition *itself*. A glass house for foreign plants—a glass hive for human bees. Sagacious architects with limited practice shake their heads, but the building, with completeness and elegance, springs up, fairy-like, before their wondering eyes. Despite every obstruction, the grand idea is perfected at last.

CANDIDATE.—The duty will be performed by sappers and miners, a large number of whom have arrived in London, and are to be quartered at Kensington-palace. They will have to take charge of different sections of the articles to be exhibited in the Palace of Industry. Two hundred of the corps are engaged, who receive from the Commissioners two shillings a day each.

JAMES SIMPSON.—No.

ROBERT S. W.—Yes. The fund thus formed now amounts to a very handsome sum. A portion will go as a donation to St. George's Hospital, where all the workmen who have met with injuries have been sent for medical advice. A portion has been absorbed as a sick and accident fund, and the remainder will be divided among the most deserving of the hands employed during the process of the undertaking.

INQUIRER.—A building is about to be erected, chiefly of wood, iron, and glass, in the centre of Leicester-square, for the reception of Mr. Wyld's extraordinary globe, described in an early number of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

EXHIBITOR.—Every exhibitor should fill up the description of every article, or series of articles, he exhibits, on printed forms, which may be had of all local committees, &c. The sheets or forms must be written on one side only. Should the description extend beyond one page, each separate sheet or form must be marked with the exhibitor's name, and numbered consecutively. To prevent errors in compilation and printing, it is desirable the handwriting should be very clear, especial care being taken with all names and technical terms. It is indispensable that each exhibitor should furnish the following particulars, and in the exact order prescribed:—Exhibitor's surname, Christian name, country, address (stating the nearest post town), capacity in which the exhibitor appears (whether as producer, importer, manufacturer, designer, inventor, or proprietor), and the name and description of every article of importance or class of articles exhibited.

PETER P.—We understand that the outside of the building is to be painted blue and white, the wood panelling of the ground story being stained with Ibbotson's oak stain, dark outside and light inside, and varnished.

JOHN GREEN.—We think much more can be said against the proposal than for it. There is probably no chance of its being carried out.

S. S.—The 1st of May.

HOW TO ACQUIRE FRENCH.

INCE we represented to our readers the great advantages which every one of them ight now derive from a knowledge of the French language, we have been overhelmed with applications from working men to refer them to the best books for hat purpose. We had no idea whatever of the extent to which the desire existed mong this class of our fellow-workmen (for we, too, are workmen, in our own way, nd an apprenticeship of years is necessary before we can thus set to work at all)—e had, we say, no idea to what an extent the desire—the honourable and manly esire—existed among our fellow-workmen to acquire for themselves, by indeendent study, this useful and important, as well as pleasant, knowledge. The esponse to our suggestions has taken the shape of a perfect inundation and deluge f letters, asking us to point out the quickest and best means of mastering so esirable an attainment.

Now, there are, no doubt, a great number of books which are destined to serve his end; but there are three things to be said:—1st. Generally speaking, it vould be found necessary to study more than one of these books; there is hardly ne which alone would furnish the desired information. 2ndly. Most of them ave been intended as instruments to be employed in schools or by tutors. 3rdly. Such of these books as are expressly composed with a view to be used by themelves, are written nevertheless on the supposition that the reader is thoroughly ersed in, and familiar with, certain fundamental principles, which many of the persons whom we are now answering may have yet to learn.

What follows from all this? Simply that we fear there is no one work which vould meet the wishes or answer the purposes of our correspondents. Do we then ell them to give up their praiseworthy and prudent desire and ambition of adding he most widely understood and most useful of continental languages to their intelectual store? Certainly not. And since we cannot call to mind any book that vould furnish them the peculiar advantages requisite, we will ourselves, with right earnest good-will, endeavour to supply the want.

Accordingly, we hope, next week, to give in these columns the first of a series of "LESSONS IN FRENCH," to be continued weekly, until a complete course of practical, plain, and available French instruction shall have been placed within reach of every one who chooses to pay one penny in seven days for that and the other information collected in our journal.

The able German Emperor, Charles the Fifth, used to say that a man had as many intellects as he understood languages. And, as each people or nation look at the same truth from (to use an artistic expression) a different "point of sight," it does certainly seem in reason to follow that the man who, by knowing many languages, can examine the same truth from many "points of sight"—which is but like going round a polygon, and examining its different faces in succession—must have an advantage over the man who can see it only from one situation. Since, then, the addition of a new language to one's store is a great thing in itself, it must be a still more important advantage when the language happens to be one of the most universal and the most highly finished of all foreign tongues. *That* the French is. Besides this, the speakers of this tongue are our nearest neighbours, as well as the most enlightened and powerful people on the Continent: and neigh-

bourhood means something now-a-days, when travel has become so rapid an communication so instantaneous, and all at so little cost.

We need add nothing on the subject of the approaching Exhibition, or of th vast crowds of foreigners who will soon be collected on our soil. Nearly all o them, though not French, understand more or less of the French language. Ou neighbours, moreover, who do everything gregariously (or in flocks), will expec that even the artisans and operatives of England will pay them—on the cheap excursion principle of our times—return-visits to Paris, where even a partia knowledge of the language will greatly conduce to comfort and convenience, an greatly heighten every enjoyment and advantage.

We may conclude by remarking, that he who learns French, learns more than mere language by which he can communicate with its speakers; he is introduced to a literature most valuable, under certain reservations, and full of thought, o beauty, and of utility.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

Beware of a too sanguine dependance upon future expectations.

Consanguinity should be the bond of concord.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.

He doubles his gift who gives in time.

Great geniuses look down with contempt on difficulties.

He who loves money more than honour, will rate it above honesty.

Many have suffered by talking, but few by silence.

Loose conversation is a proof of a weak mind.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.

Party faction is the bane of society.

Sloth is the mother of poverty.

Security begets danger, and prosperity is the mother of pride.

Underhand practices fail in the end.

The clock of the tongue should be set by the dial of the heart.

Unseasonable love is often as irksome to bear as hate.

Little things attract light minds.

Poverty craves many things, but avarice more.

Reason wrapped up in few words is generally of the greatest weight.

Those who object to wit are envious of it.

Unanimity is the bond of friendship.

Modesty is the handmaid of virtue.

Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

Toleration should spring from charity, not from indifference.

Men, like watches, should be valued according to their correct goings.

Liberality and thankfulness are the bonds of concord.

Business whets the appetite and gives a relish to pleasure.

Correct judgment is the mind's most resplendent ornament.

Do not undertake rashly, nor perform with a cold indifference.

Do nothing to-day that you are likely to repent of to-morrow.

Experience without reason is the delusion of fancy.

Excessive boasting is a sign of ignorance and cowardice.

He who spends all he gets is on the high road to beggary.

If we do not aspire to admiration we shall fall into contempt.

Jests should never be suffered to intrude on good manners.

Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it.

Create not imaginary wants lest you fail to satisfy them.

Everything that conveys useful information is a fit subject for liberal curiosity.

Unchecked desires often meet irresistible misfortunes.

He who masters his passions conquers his greatest enemy.

Be good betimes lest repentance come too late.

Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

Afflictions teach much, but they are happy who learn without.

An empty purse and a new house often make a wise man too late.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

AU'GUR, *s.* a soothsayer, one who assumes the power of foretelling events by signs and omens.

AU'LIC, *a.* belonging to a court; royal.

AURE'LIA, *s.* the first change of a maggot before it becomes a fly; a chrysalis.

AURE'OLA, *s.* the circle of rays round the head of a figure in painting or drawing, called a *glory.*

AUR'ICLES, *s.pl.* muscular appendages of the heart, covering its own ventricles; also the external ear.

AURIC'ULAR, *a.* within hearing; told in secret; in this latter sense the term is applied to the mode of confessing practised by the members of the Roman Catholic Church, which is called *auricular confession.*

AURIGRAPH'Y, *s.* writing with gold.

AUR'IST, *s.* one who professes to cure disorders of the ear.

AURO'RA, *s.* in *poetry,* the morning twilight.

AURO'RA BOREA'LIS, *s.* commonly called "*The Northern Lights,*" a luminous meteor occasionally visible in the northern hemisphere. It affords a very brilliant and beautifully-coloured light, supposed to result from the movement of electricity through the air.

AUSCULTA'TION, *s.* the art of discovering the nature of diseases by internal sounds proceeding from the region of the breast.

AUS TRAL, *a.* tending to the south; hence the countries *south* of *Asia* are termed *Australasia.*

AU'TO-BIOG'RAPHY, *s.* the history of a person written by himself.

AU'TOCRAT, *s.* a despotic prince.

AU'TOGRAPH, *s.* an original manuscript; the handwriting of any person.

AUTOM'ATON, *s.* a figure to which motion is given by means of wheels, springs, and weights.

AV'ALANCHE, *s.* an increasing mass of snow which, failing of due support, is pushed down a declivity by its own weight, and precipitated into the valleys beneath, where it often destroys forests and villages, buries men and cattle, and sometimes fills up the rivers and stops their courses.

AVA'TAR, *s.* a change; the term used by the Hindoos to express an incarnate descent of the supposed god *Vishnu* upon earth, nine of which descents are held to be already made, while the tenth is yet to come.

AV'ERAGE, *s.* the results from an equal division of several sums added together; in *commerce,* a duty paid by merchants.

AVER'MENT, *s.* establishment by evidence.

AVER'NIAN, *a.* pertaining to the lake Avernus, in Italy, the water of which is poisonous; the word is used *figuratively* in reference to the receiving, or "drinking in," dangerous sentiments and opinions.

A'VIARY, *s.* a place enclosed for the purpose of keeping and feeding birds.

AVOIRDUPOIS, or AVERDUPOIS', *s.* the weight most commonly in use, containing sixteen ounces to the pound.

AWL, *s.* a sharp instrument to make holes.

AWN'ING, *s.* a covering spread to keep off heat or wet.

AX'IOM, *s.* a self-evident truth; that which cannot be made plainer by demonstration.

AX'IFORM, *a.* in the form of an axis.

AX'IS, *s.* a line passing directly through the centre of anything that revolves on it. The word used by itself generally means either axis of *Rotation,* or axis of *Symmetry.* An axis of rotation, or revolution, is the line about which a body turns; an axis of symmetry is a line on both sides of which the parts of the body are disposed in the same manner, so that whatever distance it extends in one direction from the axis, it extends as far in the direction exactly opposite.

AZ'IMUTH, *s.* the azimuth of the sun, or any star, is an arch between the meridian of the place and any given vertical line. This is also the name of an astronomical instrument.

AZO'TE, *s.* called also *Nitrogen,* is one of the substances, or gases, of which the atmospheric air is composed. It is destructive of life, and will extinguish flame.

AZ'URE, *a.* of a bright blue colour; sky-coloured.

B.

BACCHANA'LIAN, *s.* a devotee to Bacchus, the god of wine; a drunken reveller.

BAC'CHIC, *a.* drunken, mad with strong drink.

BACH'ELOR, *s.* an unmarried man; one who takes his first degree at a University.

BACK'STAYS, *s.* ropes which keep the masts of vessels from pitching forwards.

BAIL, *s.* sureties who undertake to produce, at a certain time and place, a person charged with an offence.

BAIL IFF, *s.* an officer who puts in force an arrest; a keeper, steward, or superintendent.

BAIL'IWICK, *s.* the jurisdiction, or district, of a bailiff.

BALŒ'NA, *s.* the scientific name for the whale tribe.

BAL'CONY, *s.* a small gallery of wood or stone on the outside of a house.

BALD'ERDASH, *s.* anything jumbled together without judgment.

BAL DRIC, *s.* a girdle; a belt; a band; the zodiac.

BALEA'RIC, *a.* pertaining to the islands of Majorca and Minorca (the Balearic isles).

BALK, *s.* (in *building)* a beam or rafter.

BAL'LAD, *s.* a common or trifling song; in *music*, a short air.

BAL'LAST, *s.* any heavy material placed in a ship's hold, with the object of sinking her deeper in the water, and of thereby rendering her capable of carrying sail without danger of being overset.

BAL'LET, *s.* a theatrical representation, in which a story is told by signs and gestures, accompanied by suitable music, dancing, scenery, and other accessories.

BALLIS'TICS, *s.* the science of throwing missive weapons by means of an engine.

BALLOO'N, *s.* a globe made of silk or other material, rendered air-tight by a varnish, and filled with hydrogen or other gas, which being specifically lighter than the atmosphere, causes it to float in the air. To this ball a car is attached, in which those who dare trust themselves to a voyage in the air sometimes rise to a considerable height.

BAL'LOT, *s.* a little ball. The word is used to describe a mode of voting employed upon occasions where it is considered desirable to preserve secrecy in regard to the opinion of each voter.

BAL'NEARY, *s.* a bathing-room, a bath.

BALSAM'IC, *a.* mitigating, softening, healing; *s.* a warm, oily, soothing medicine.

BAL'TIC, *s.* relating to the sea so called.

BAL'USTER, *s.* a small pillar or column; the wooden rails on the stairs of a house (miscalled *Banisters).*

BALUSTRA'DE, *s.* a row of small pillars.

BAMBOO', *s.* an Indian cane, or large reed.

BAN, *s.* a public notice; a curse, an interdiction.

BANA'NA, *s.* a kind of plantain tree.

BAND, *s.* in Architecture, a flat moulding, with a vertical face, slightly projecting beyond the curved face of any moulding or part of edifice to which it is attached.

BANDAN'A, *s.* a species of silk handkerchief.

BAND'ELET, *s.* a flat moulding; a little band, or fillet.

BANK'RUPT, *s* (from *bancus*, the table or counter of a tradesman, and *ruptus*, broken), literally, a broken tradesman; a merchant or trader whose property and effects, on his becoming insolvent, are administered and distributed for the benefit of all his creditors, under the regulations of the statutes called "Bankrupt Laws."

BAN'NER, *s.* a piece of drapery attached to the upper part of a pole or staff. It is used as a standard, or flag, and is in some way indicative of dignity, rank, or command, whether used in the field in time of war, or in processions, &c., in time of peace, in connection with civil or religious affairs.

BAN'NERET, *s.* an English name of dignity, now nearly extinct.

BAN'NOCK, *s.* a loaf or cake of oatmeal.

BAR, *s.* (in *Music)* a perpendicular line drawn through the staff, dividing a piece of music into certain equal portions or measures, in order to render its execution more easy. *Double Bars* mark a conclusion.

BAR'BACAN, or BAR BICAN, *s.* in ancient fortification, was usually a small round tower, for the station of an advanced guard, placed just before the outward gate of the castle yard. In cities or towns the barbacan was a watch-tower placed on some important point of the line of defence. The term was likewise used for a narrow opening in the wall of a city or castle, through which arrows and darts were cast out.

BARBAR'IC, *a.* foreign, rude, uncivilized; after the manner of barbarians.

BARD'IC, *a.* relating to the bards or poets.

BARIL'LA, *s.* an alkaline substance obtained from the ash of sea weed, and formerly much employed in the manufacture of soap and glass; but common rock salt has now nearly superseded its use.

BARM, *s.* yeast, used to cause bread to rise, beer to ferment, &c.

BAROM'ETER, *s.* (from the Greek words signifying the *measurer of weight)*, an instrument for measuring the weight or pressure of the atmosphere. Sometimes called a *weather-glass.* The air presses on a column of mercury, which is an elastic substance, and indicates, by its rising or falling, any change which the atmosphere undergoes

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 60.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.]

TAXES AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

We lately directed the thoughts of our readers to the *Tax on Paper* as a tax on industry and knowledge, and one bearing very heavily upon the working classes. There will doubtless be a very great effort to have it removed. But there are *other* taxes also which press with great weight upon the country, and each individual, or body of individuals, will strive to be released from the burden which is most felt by the parties making a move. It is just possible, too, that the Government may have its agents to urge on these conflicting claims, that it may escape from the duty of reducing the revenue except in some paltry way. We once heard of a magician who boasted that he could make any kind of weather. He could send rain, or sunshine, or frost, or snow, or refreshing zephyrs. Such at least was his boast; and you may be sure that he had plenty of applications from every quarter. One wanted a fine day to sow his seed or take a pleasure trip; while another had sown his field a few days ago, and was very importunate that there might be sent immediately some fertilizing showers that vegetation might proceed. The sickly, and especially the rheumatic folks, were a great torment to him. For one was put on the rack with the cold and the other with the heat, and therefore could of course never be reconciled. This man blamed his stars that he was not born at the North Pole, and the other thought that the only paradise on earth must lie somewhere between the tropics. The weather-maker, who was a great hypocrite and deceiver, released himself from the dangerous experiment of having his skill tested by addressing his numerous applicants, and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, as soon as you can *all* agree as to the kind of weather you would wish to have, I am your humble servant to grant your request." The suppliants met, and met, and met again, but could never come to any agreement—the selfish, the pleasure-takers, the sickly, and the rheumatic could not be reconciled; and therefore the sorcerer maintained his reputation as a very benevolent and powerful being, who would most cheerfully have gratified his votaries, if there had been any possibility of pleasing them all. It has been hinted that he had a good many agents, who shared in the plunder of his legerdemain, and that he paid these well to use every effort to prevent the applicants from ever coming to any harmonious conclusion.

Now we have at present in our House of Commons a host of political magicians, with the Premier at their head. They are the most obliging gentlemen in the world. Oh, how they long to accommodate the country with a reduction of taxation! They almost weep over our fiscal burdens, and especially feel for those oppressed mortals, the working classes! and would gladly relieve us all if we would but agree. "There, alas! is the rub." We are so divided already, and the Government is so perfectly and exquisitely impartial, that to please all it is compelled to please none; or perhaps, better than all, to reduce the taxes which chiefly press upon the nobility and gentry; many of whom have generally made it one supreme object of their existence to pay as few taxes as possible, and at the same time to draw very largely from the national exchequer for the support of themselves, their sons, sons-in-law, nephews, and cousins. Taxation among us has always been a trade. Numbers of men go to Parliament for the sole purpose of making money. It is as much a pecuniary affair as manufacturing shoes, hats, broad cloth, or calico. It is true

the gentlemen who engage in this national plunder are said to be "*gentlemen*," "honourables, and right honourables," who for the most part are said to have retired from business. They are often such independent souls, that they will promise nothing to their constituents. They have, forsooth, no principles, and they therefore pledge themselves to none. We beg pardon—they have ONE principle, which is to attend to "NUMBER ONE," and to that they adhere with the utmost consistency. Now, as high taxation to these gentlemen is a matter of great importance, it is possible, we say, that efforts will be made to sow discord among the people, that the Government may escape by doing as little as possible.

It is well known that in past years many of the disturbances which occurred were greatly promoted by Government agents. This was the case with the "Calthorpe-street Conspiracy," and with many others; and it came out on the late Chartist trials, that one of the wretches who appeared as a witness had been secretly paid his two pounds a week to drive the poor fellows whom he betrayed to rebellion. So, in the present instance, it is just possible that needy men may seek to obtain a living by haranguing audiences in favour of the reduction of this or that particular tax—some of them, comparatively, of trifling inconvenience—and so prevent the people from making one grand, united, simultaneous effort for the repeal of those imposts which press most unjustly and most sorely on the masses. In addition to this, it is most likely that advantage will be taken of the outcry against the recent "Papal Aggression" to distract the attention of the public, and to divert their minds from those topics which are of paramount importance, and which bear immediately and directly upon their social comforts and their true elevation.

But what, it may be asked, are we to do in the midst of this Babel of opinions, and these swarms of harpies which beset us on all sides? Not to sit down and be inactive, you may be sure. Truth and right can always supply us with principles which are perfectly impregnable; and this is especially the case with respect to our national revenues. *Taxes to be just and equitable must be* DIRECT. Taxation is political insurance; and it is a perfect moral rule that every one should pay in proportion to the amount of property insured. You would think it a strange thing that a man who insures a house worth only £100 should pay the same as the person who insures one worth £1,000 or £10,000. And you would deem it still far more reprehensible if there was a sliding-scale of premiums and the price was *raised* in proportion to the *poverty* of an individual, and *decreased* in proportion to his *wealth*! Of course, the man who has property worth a thousand a year can much better afford to pay his insurance than the one who is worth only £100. But the taxation of our country is so regulated that those who can afford to pay the least shall pay the largest per centage from their incomes. And this arises from the iniquitous custom of *indirect* taxation. Of many taxed articles the poor man consumes as much as the rich, and has therefore to pay the same amount of duty, although his means are so much smaller. This sum, remember, that the poor labourer pays, he pays for the protection of his person and property; and the rich man pays for the same. Let us suppose that we put a value upon men's bodies and souls here, as the Americans do upon their slaves, and that the rich man's body and soul are of the same value as those of the working man: say, for example, that each person, if about to be sold, would fetch in the market £100; but that the squire has property to the amount of £10,000 a year, and that the poor labourer is worth only £25 a year. You will then have to insure, on the one hand, £100 + £10,000;

nd, on the other £100+£25—that is, you have £10,100 against £125. Now, ve ask whether it is not too bad that the £125 should pay in the same proportion or its protection as the £10,100.

But there is another point here deserving of particular notice. It is said that in England our taxes amount on an average to about £2 10s. a head per annum; and o pay his proportion of the public revenue the poor man is taxed an immense percentage, whilst the rich man, with his £10,000 a year, pays a *comparatively* trifling um. Is there a human being upon the face of the earth but would cry shame at this ystem of injustice and cruelty? And yet this oppressive inequality must continue o long as our present mode of "*Indirect Taxation*" remains. Justice and humanity lemand that every person should pay according to the amount of wealth that he as at stake, and, therefore, that the rich should be taxed in proportion to their ubstance. And, further, it shows a great want of moral principle that these gentlemen of property do not come forward and offer voluntarily and cheerfully to bear heir just proportion of the taxes of the country, especially as they have so much vealth to be protected. It has long been argued that the Property Qualification s necessary to insure respectable and equitable members of Parliament, but our ystem of taxation shows that these gentlemen have carried on for ages a constant plan of spoliation, which has crippled the resources of the country, and especially oppressed the mechanic and the peasant.

That our present mode of levying taxes injures, to an enormous degree, the industry and resources of the country must be evident to every one who will look at our tariff of duties. We have already shown that the tax on paper, directly or indirectly, affects the interests of thousands of the working classes. The same is the ase with advertisements. There is no doubt that advertisements would be trebled f this impolitic tax were abolished; and, as a consequence, newspapers would be greatly multiplied; and thus labour in this department would be vastly increased. And further, articles more extensively announced would have a larger sale; and, as a result, there would be an immense impetus given to trade. Were the duty on soap removed, more soap would be used; and here, again, the country would be benefited, and especially the working classes, by an increased manufacture, and a greater demand for hands. Had we space and time, it would be possible to show that there is scarcely "an *Indirect Tax*," but in some way or other is an injury to the country, and particularly to the labour, the wages, and the rights of the working classes. Had a Government risen up with the intention of burdening its operatives with heavy customs and duties, and, at the same time, with a fixed resolution to limit, as far as possible, their ability to raise them, it could hardly have succeeded better than by adopting our system of taxation.

And it must be remembered, that all this has been done by the Commons—our professed representatives. Neither the Monarch nor the Lords imposes our taxes. The Commons are, therefore, the causes of this national injustice. Government spies and agitators may endeavour to lead the people to cast the blame upon the sovereign or the nobility, that they may tempt reformers to use treasonable language and involve themselves in state prosecutions. But the masses must no longer be misled. They must engrave this deeply upon their heart of hearts, that *the Commons* are the originators and perpetrators of our burdens and oppressions. They impose, collect, and spend, or waste, the taxes. They make taxation unequal, they cripple our trade, and hinder the nation from enjoying almost boundless prosperity. There should, therefore, be an instant demand for

"Direct Taxation" and "Parliamentary Reform." And in this effort every working man and woman should cordially unite. Let our senatorial despots be sent home to their gambling and hunting. Let Paper Duties, Window Taxes, Assessed Taxes, Soap Duties, and all Excise or Custom-house Duties be swept away; and instead of these let the property of the country pay all the expenses necessary to insure its protection; and then the energies of our national industry, no longer bound by state fetters, shall attain all that vigour and prosperity which it is so eminently adapted to enjoy.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A POOR SCHOOLMASTER.

December 26th.—The body has not been found. I did not hear until to-day of the papers which the poor boy appeared so anxious to save. They say that he was heard to exclaim with a despairing voice, "I have lost them!" just before he sunk. He held them between his teeth, probably in the vain hope of keeping them dry. What could they be? My curiosity suggests many ideas. Perhaps some last letter of his mother's; perhaps a little money. God only knows! In the idea that it might be money, some of the men were additionally eager in their search. I confess to a desire to know myself.

27th.—Had a strange dream or vision last night. It seemed to me to be the daybreak as of a summer's morning. A sunny mist of an opal colour appeared to fill my chamber, gathering around my bed, at the foot of which lay a brightness as of noon-day, and amid this gradually revealed themselves, as if fashioned of light, two figures, the strange boy and a woman of resplendent beauty. The boy had the same countenance, but beautiful exceedingly; and the woman held him by the hand. They looked at me with an expression of divine love; and I seemed to hear, although not by outward speech, these words: "These are mother and son; she was the schoolmaster's daughter, of whom thou hast heard." The knowledge thus conveyed brought with it no astonishment, but a calm certainty, as of eternal truth.

"Yes," I seemed to myself to say, "thou art the daughter of Nathaniel Day, and this is thy son; and it is now well with you."

"It is well," she replied. With that all disappeared, and I awoke. It was pitch-dark in my room. I sat up in bed, and looked round, for the impression of my dream was still as strong on my mind as reality itself; but there was nothing.

Perhaps this singular dream or vision was but the effect of my excited feelings, for the loss of the boy has troubled me much. Perhaps supernatural appearances, so called, are the deepest of truths, and I have been privileged to have the secrets of the grave laid open before me, to behold the dead, or, more correctly speaking, the really living. I know not. I dare not disbelieve, nor yet wholly believe.

It may be so. This boy may be the child of poor Alice Day, and the papers which he was so anxious to save might contain proofs of this fact. And I must confess that the expression of proud reserve which struck me so much in his countenance, is not unlike that of the Jellicos. What would have been the consequence had he lived and asserted his claim of parentage on the Squire? God only knows! But he needs no earthly father now. The Great Father of all has taken him home—has provided for him among the angels. The subject can matter to no one now. I therefore shall not speak of my dream, for there are many Sadducees even in a poor, ignorant place like Moreton. In these pages and in the faithful chronicle of my memory let it alone remain.

30th.—This day the body was found. A boy who was on his way to Kirkton this morning ran back to the village with the news that he could see the poor drowned lad's shoes near the bank under the ice. He was taken out and carried to the Nag's Head, near Widow Marshall's. I went down to see him; he was laid on a board in the great club-room, and the coroner's inquest was held about three in the afternoon. The body was as fresh and the countenance as undisfigured as if he were lying in a deep and placid sleep. This was astonishing to all, and Mr. Hatheral, the coroner, who has lately lost a son, a fine lad of twelve, was so much affected at the sight, as to be unable to speak for some time. As for myself it was more than I could bear. I stayed but a short time in the room, and, cutting off a lock of his dark hair, returned home, when I spent some time in Scripture-reading, which I always find consolatory to my spirits.

31st.—The last day of the year. This eing the alternate Sunday when there was o afternoon service, the poor lad's funeral as ordered for three o'clock. It was a arish funeral of course; but what did that atter? I, who had been privileged to see ie spirit in its blessedness, could not iourn that his poor perishable remains ere unattended to their last resting-place y worldly pomp. Nevertheless, I paid alf-a-crown to Mr. Coates, the undertaker, r the use of a pall, and I and the Widow Iarshall agreed to see the poor body laid ecently in the earth. The funeral was omewhat later than was intended, owing a farmer's funeral from Heathlands, hich was to take place first, being after me. The Sunday scholars, therefore, were l out, and thronged about the Nag's Head oor to see it move off. I went out to iem and spoke a few words about the poor d who had come a stranger among them, ily, as it were, to give proof of a noble eart and noble self-sacrifice, and then to e. Some of the children, the girls espeally, seemed much affected; I marshalled iem, therefore, in a little order, for the offin just then came out, and they followed twos and twos, Mrs. Marshall and I inging up the rear. I had on my best ack suit, and she wore mourning, which ie had borrowed, so that it was a respectble funeral.

Just as we got out of Nag's Head-lane ito the main street the Squire's carriage ove up; he was going out, and two genemen were with him. Our little funeral proession stopped the way, and his coachman ulled up. The Squire seemed in a very ierry humour, and putting his head out of ie window asked Tim Stevens, the barber, hat sort of a funeral that was? Tim relied that it was only a poor lad whom obody knew, that had been drowned in the ond—that was all! The Squire drove on, nd I pondered seriously on the singular ysteries of life. There father and son ict; where would their next meeting be?

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April 12th.—The swallows are come. The oys brought me word that one and another ad seen them singly, or in twos and irees. The spring this year is steady nd genial, and full of amenities. Worked i my garden, this being half-holiday. The rimroses which I set under the nut hedge re very beautiful, and the wild red variety hich I brought out of the fields last spring ourishes well. I will plant many more f these roots, as well as of the oxslip, hich likes my garden greatly. It is not very wild flower that can bear cultivation; ie whole tribe of orchises, for instance, eems to resist human endeavours, while the primrose and oxslip, and a few others, take all in a kindly spirit, and make gracious returns. I have mentioned to the boys my wish for these flowers.

16th.—My desire to have some roots of the red primrose has led to a singular discovery. Surely we are only agents in the hand of a mighty Power, and our lightest wishes tend to purposes, and are linked with effects, of which we ourselves have not the remotest idea.

I worked in my garden as usual this Saturday afternoon, and when I considered my day's work about done, and was summoned by Becky to tea, the true interest of the day only just began. Tim Stevens and Jack Bartlett, to whom every close and dingle in the parish are known, brought me a basket full of red primrose and oxslip roots, which I immediately planted. They had taken with them an old basket for that purpose, in the bottom of which, it being full of holes, they had laid some old written paper to keep the soil from falling through. There has ever been a great fascination to me in written paper. Having set my roots, therefore, with which I was well pleased, I took out the damp and crumpled paper, which having carefully freed from mould, I laid on the hearth to dry while I drank my tea. It is a folio sheet of paper, closely written over in a woman's hand, and appears to be a letter or narrative, but without either beginning or end, and portions of it, from apparent exposure to weather or other rough usage, are quite illegible. Beginning at once with the first word, the middle of a sentence, I write down as follows:—

"nor can be convinced but that I am your wedded wife, although I am an outcast, and have been suffered to perish in want. In this belief I die. My heart is broken; but that cannot signify to him who has allowed things to go on as they have done. O Charles! let me recall the past"—(here many lines are illegible)—"and known only to God, for to none have my sorrows and sufferings been revealed. I was assured of a legal marriage, and then, in my extremest need, I received from you an asseverated declaration that I had been deceived, and that I could make no legal claim on you, but must live a dishonoured woman, and that my child must bear the stigma of illegitimacy. Had I then no cause of complaint? You blamed me for not submitting to dishonour, for not remaining to be your mistress when I knew myself no longer your wife. I would not receive your visits on these terms, and therefore the barest means of subsistence for me and my child were refused." (Again a considerable portion which I cannot decypher.) "my applications on his behalf

were scorned. I received no answers to my letters, and at length came one from your wife! God in Heaven! why did I not become mad? I know not. Mad I must have become, or I should have committed suicide, but that I had yet a tie to life; and that was my child—*your* child!

"I loved you in the young, wonderfully bright years which now appear to me ages ago, as if a portion of some former existence; loved you with that adoring, confiding love which the young, humbly-born girl gives to her wealthy lover. But still I was virtuous. It was necessary for you to practise the cruellest, the basest deception for you to delude me into the belief that I was your wife before I became yours. I saw reason why our marriage should be concealed. Alas! I should as soon have doubted in heaven as in you. But when the true time for acknowledgment came, when no outward impediment stood longer in the way, and you were master of your own actions, what was the acknowledgment as regarded me and my unborn child?—that we were disgraced; that we had no legal hold." (Here, again, many lines are effaced). "I did not ask aid from them, for I and my poor babe were worse than heathens in their eyes. We were literally without friends—alone in the wide world. I had a little school, and I endeavoured conscientiously before God to do my duty. But my health failed. For some time I had the hope of a permanent situation as teacher of a large national school, in which I should have been well provided for; but at the very moment when I thought all settled—after months of anxious waiting—it was whispered that my child was not born in wedlock. God forgive me! I had represented myself as a widow; and a widow, indeed, I was. I was called before the committee without the slighest intimation of wherefore, and was desired by a grave and reverend gentlemen, in the presence of twelve others, to produce my marriage certificate. Prevarication was now hopeless. The closest scrutiny was commenced. I dared not deny the truth, and with many tears, though I never spoke my betrayer's name, stated how I had been deceived by a sham marriage. But my candour availed nothing. I was now a sinner in two ways. I was a mother, though not a wife, and I had lied to the committee; I had wilfully endeavoured to deceive them, and to bring disgrace on their philanthropy. I stood humbled and confounded before them, like the woman taken in sin; but there was no Christ Jesus there to silence them with his reproof of love. Every hand flung a stone at me. I was crushed and overwhelmed; and I went from their presence like a detected thief. I had now no only no friends, but many enemies.

"My boy was now seven. The Saviour' words seemed spoken in reference to him when he said of little children: 'For such is the kingdom of Heaven.' If it ha pleased the Divine Justice to visit my shor comings and back-slidings with the ster condemnation of suffering, he had mingle mercy in my bitter cup in this child. Beau tiful was he in person, and of a divin spirit." (Here follows another portio which is illegible; and let me now bear te timony against myself. I no longer rea this letter with closed eyes. It was writte by Alice Day—she who appeared to me i that wonderful dream. I have, of a truth been singularly mixed up in this affai This, then, is the very paper which the poo lad made such efforts to save. Perish i could not. God, in his inscrutable provi dence, has saved it from the drownin waters, and sent it to my hand. I mus transcribe the rest, though the poor write meant it for other eyes than mine; and must learn from the boys in the mornin where this was found, and if there yet re mains more. I now proceed.)

"My health was wholly gone. The frien who had shown me such kindness in th hospital did not desert me when we bot came out. We took a room together, an worked for the ready-made linen shops. I order that no after-discoveries might b prejudicial to me with her, I told her th truth. She loved me only the more for i We divided our little earnings between us and my boy was a child to us both. Sh was a much better workwoman than I, bu she was frequently laid up with sickness I was her nurse, and then worked doubl time. Our life was a slow death. For thre years we thus struggled on together, an then she fell ill with opthalmia. She wa removed to the Opthalmic Hospital, and i three days she was carried off suddenly b an acute disease of which the doctors ha not been aware. Her death was a grea blow. I had thought of late years that was grown callous to suffering, but he death proved it not to be so.

"Another trial came. One of the goo district visitors, to whom my poverty an my willing industry were known, recom mended me as the female superintender of a benevolent institution which was jus established. My few long-disused acquir ments fitted me for it, but my marriag certificate was again demanded. I mad this time no pretence of widowhood, an told the truth, only, as before, carefull concealing your name. But the trut testified against me. The good distri

itor shook his head mournfully, and my me was not even proposed.

"Eighteen months now succeed, which e but a fierce and hopeless battle against e cruellest ills of life—sickness and solute want. Downward and ever downard is the career of poverty, if not in ime, at least in misery. I who had in rmer years prided myself on beauty, and whom beauty had been a snare, was now ematurely old; my joints racked with eumatism, and my fingers incapable of olding the needle which had once been the eans of bread. I should have died in the ion workhouse, but that to go there I ould be severed from my child. He it as now who worked. For eighteen months ave we lived on his earnings He knows l, for he is not merely a child. The hard alities of life have given to him the isdom of maturer years.

"I write this with death before me. It the only legacy I have to leave him. I ave told him all the love which filled my oul for his father. I meant, perhaps, to waken abhorrence in his heart, but, like e prophet of the Old Testament, I who ame to curse remained to bless. We have oth of us received only evil at your hand, et we love you! Close not, then, your eart against your child!

"I hear that God has been pleased to reove your lawful heir by death. My child an never fill his place in the eye of the law; ut oh! I beseech you, with my dying reath, give him a place in your heart, and et him not, with all his noble gifts, and is generous, self-forgetting impulses, be n outcast in the world! My last prayer o God is, that he will incline your neart to our child, and make him a blessing to you —a blessing beyond worldly" ——

Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly, nd, as it does not conclude the sheet, I magine that she died, and left the sentence nfinished. The beginning, then, only is vanting, and that I must endeavour to btain if possible.

It is now long past midnight. I am too nuch agitated for sleep. I must, therefore, urn to my Bible before I seek my pillow.

17th. Easter Sunday.—Rose early after sleepless night, and went in search of the wo boys. I asked them where they had ound the paper which was under the lower-roots; and Stevens, who is a readyalker—perhaps because he is the son of a barber, who are proverbially nimble-tongued —soon gave me the information. He said he was looking among the old edges by the ower pond for reed sparrow's nests, as they were on their way to Crab-tree Dingle for he primroses, when Jack Bartlett, who carried the basket, suddenly exclaimed that he had forgotten to get a bit of paper to put in the bottom to keep the soil from tumbling through, and just at that moment he saw some paper lying among the dry-edge roots, so he picked it up and laid it in the basket —that was all. I did not wish to excite curiosity, therefore, after some further talk on casual subjects, I got them to describe the exact spot, and then set off by myself to find what further waif and stray might be cast up by the waters of the pond. My search was more successful than I expected. I found also among the dry roots of the edge a little old pocket-book, covered with dry mud, and which having been saturated with water, was now dried by the sun and wind.

I opened it with a peculiar sentiment of awe and interest. The hands which last closed it were cold in the grave, and it was itself evidence of events and feelings which had been mysteriously laid open before me. The flap of the pocket-book was torn, and thus the letter had fallen out; but the rest of the contents seemed safe. It is one of those "Ladies' Memorandum Books" which are published every year, and this bears date fourteen years ago, and contained occasional notings down, mostly rendered illegible by the wet. One or two, however, I can make out thus:—"May 6. At Kirkton Miss G. gave me a new gingham dress. It is pink, and very pretty. June 12. Miss G. angry because I trod on Fan's tail. Have finished the mits. Miss G. likes them. My father fetched me home. 26. Back again at Kirkton. I do love this old house, and all its old pictures and furniture. Miss G. cannot do without me. She is very good to-day. Have brought my father's shirts here to finish." These are a specimen of the entries contained in the book. Evidences they of a simple, innocent, childlike life. She knew not love. The serpent had not then entered her Eden.

The larger packet contained various short but passionate declarations of love, bearing date a year later, and signed C. J. (Charles Jellico), and two others of a still later date, evidently written after she had illegally become his wife.

I am tossed and tempested in mind. Perhaps I have done wrong in reading them. I think not; for how otherwise could I know their nature, and I shall make no unworthy use of them. But one thing, however, is clear to me. The unfinished letter was designed for Mr. Jellico's reading, and to him it shall go. The pocket-book, perhaps, was meant only for the boy. I know not; but it also shall go to the Squire—to the writer of those delusive letters—to the destroyer of that inno-

cent heart which has left its child-like impress on those pages.

God has mysteriously put these things into my hands, and I pray for His guidance, and that I may not run in my own strength. I was too late for morning service; and though I am ever unwilling to set an example of absence from church, yet at this moment, when my hand needed His guidance, and my heart the consolation of his love, I felt the great outward temple which he has opened all around us for his worship as the fittest place for me. I sate, therefore, in the quietness of the sunshiny meadows, within sight of the boy's death-place and the father's home, and laid the whole before God, humbly beseeching his guidance.

In the afternoon I attended service. The text was, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it quickly," which I applied to myself. I will do quickly the work which is laid upon me.

This is Easter Sunday.—"Christ is not here—he is risen," were the words spoken by the angels to the weeping women who were early at the sepulchre of our Lord. The dead also have arisen. Have I not had a blessed evidence of this? They who on this earth have resembled our Lord in humiliation and sorrow have like him arisen to glory.

O Lord, I thank thee for thy mercies—for the vision of bliss which thou didst vouchsafe unto me! and that I was counted worthy to know thy secret dealings with those who on earth were thy weeping children! Amen.

Easter Monday.—This being holiday, I put on my Sunday suit, and walked up to the Hall. I felt considerably agitated, as my errand was so strange and altogether unprecedented, and the Squire, though well-disposed towards me, is not a man of easy access, or one who relishes the familiar approach of inferiors. I found him, however, more affable than usual. He had just finished breakfast, and conducted me into the library, where, he said, he preferred transacting business. He seated himself in a large leathern chair, and, pointing to me to take another, turned to me with a laugh, saying—

"Well, Mr. Goodman, what trouble have you now in hand? Is the school house burned down, or have the children the smallpox?"

"Sir," I said, "it is not a trifle which brings me to you, neither is it a laughing matter."

I here related, as briefly as possible, the history of the boy's sojourn amongst us, recalling to his mind the funeral which had stopped his carriage on the last evening of the old year. Without exciting his susp cions as to what my communication tend to, I then added, that, strange as it migh appear, the papers about which the la living thoughts of the boy had been occ pied, and which had come into my hand appeared to have reference to himself; ar that I considered it right, therefore, th they should pass direct from my hands in his own.

The Squire looked somewhat grave; bu he assumed a careless air, and, puttin forth his hand to receive the packet, said-

"Very good. You can leave them wit me, and when I have leisure I will atten to them."

With this I took my leave.

19th.—No message from the Squire. feel anxious and perturbed. I desire t know the effect produced on this hard ma of the world by that affecting chronicle suffering caused by himself.

23rd. Saturday.—The Squire came to m house to-day. I had just finished tea whe Becky rushed in, all excitement, saying th he was walking in the garden and desire to speak with me. I went out, well knowin that this visit could have reference only t one subject. Before going out, howeve I bade my servant Becky go and inquir after Joseph Pudsey, who, though an ol man, is ill of hooping-cough—a very rar case,—for I wished her out of the way be fore I brought the Squire into the house having reason to suspect her of listening.

The first words the Squire put to m were, whether I had read the papers whic I had put into his hand.

I replied that I had done so; and, more over, I again related to him how they ha fallen into my hands, for though I ha already told him this he seemed to hav forgotten it.

He said I had done very wrong, as the ought to have been given at once into hi hand, seeing they were on private business and that of a serious nature. I showed him in return, how impossible it would have bee for me to know for whom they were de signed unless they had been first read, say ing, furthermore, that it was well that the fell into my hands instead of others', wh might not have respected their contents a I had done. He could not but confes the truth of my words; and then, restin his head upon his hand, sunk in dee thought for sometime, his countenanc wearing an air of deep dejection.

I respected his feelings too much t break the silence, and waited for him t speak. At length he said in a low an tremulous voice, "You are a man o honour, Mr. Goodman, and I believe tha any confidence reposed in you will be in

violate. In your eyes I appear at this moment as a villain; few, however, are so bad but that something may be said in their estimation. I will now, as regards this most unhappy affair, relate to you some facts which have never before passed my lips, and these, though they may not excuse me, will prove at least that I am not wholly hardened, and that I have not been without my own share of suffering."

For half an hour he spoke, and I listened without interrupting him, satisfied that not only are the wages of sin death, but that the greater the violation of principle and the sin against knowledge, the severer the penalty inflicted by an accusing conscience. I pitied the man whom I thus saw agonised by self-condemnation; but I will not reveal, will not commit even to this sacred transcript of my life and my feelings—the agony of another, who, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, perhaps, laid bare before me the secrets of his own soul.

Father of love and mercy! I bless thee that thou leavest none, not even the hardest and proudest sinner, without a witness for thee, which sooner or later will make itself heard, and bring back the wanderer to thee through the redeeming love of our Saviour, CHRIST.

24th.—I am in a singular position with regard to the Squire. I know too much regarding him either for his peace or my own. I regret the confidence which he has placed in me; he will soon regret it himself, if he have not done so already. It will be galling to a proud spirit like his, and he will probably seek to remove me from this place.

26th.—Becky brings me word that the Squire has suddenly left the Hall. He set off for London last night, travelling fast as usual. Some think this has reference to his lady, who is now in Rome. More probably, I think, it is owing to his communication to me. He has, perhaps, left this neighbourhood for ever.

30th.—Letter from the Squire in London. He offers me his interest in obtaining the situation of master of a grammar-school in Yorkshire, the income of which is one hundred pounds per annum. I am taken by surprise. I know not whether this is meant by him as a punishment or a reward. I do not of my own free will incline to leave this place, to the rising generation of which I am become greatly attached. Yorkshire is a land of strangers to me, and I feel as one about to be disinherited—yet so full of contradictory impulses is the human heart, that I do not feel free to decline it. I am in a sore perplexity.

O LORD! I am in thy hands: do thou guide me, and all will then be well!

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.—The way in which sleep is shown in the vegetable kingdom is infinitely more variable than among animals. Man throws himself prostrate; some kinds of monkeys lie down on their sides; the camel places its head between the fore-legs; and birds roost their heads beneath the wing. Beyond these there are few remarkable differences. But in plants there is no end to the curious and beautiful diversity which rewards the seeker after Nature's mysteries. Some plants droop their leaves at night, the flat part becoming flaccid and pendulous. Others, of the kind called "compound," as clover and vetches, close their leaflets together in pairs, and occasionally the whole leaf droops at the same time. The three leaflets of clover bring their faces to the outside, and so form a little triangular pyramid, whose apex is the point of union between the leaflets and their stalks. Lupines, which have leaves resembling a seven-fingered hand without a palm, fold them together like a lady's half-closed parasol. Chickweed raises its leaves so as to embrace the stem; and some species of lotus, besides many of its elegant family, the Lugiminosæ, bring them together in such a way as to protect the young flower buds and immature seed-vessels from the chill air of night. These are only a few out of the many cases which could be instanced of change of position in leaves, whilst in flowers there seems to be no limit to variation. The greater part shut the petals at night, the stalks declining on one side; but there are some which roll their petals back, and curl them up like miniature volutes. The sleep of such plants is probably unaccompanied by any external change. The same may be said of Campanulus, and other bell-shaped flowers. The four-petaled flowers of Cruciferæ, it should have been observed, are remarkably careless of repose. Their sleep never appears sound, or even constant, for many successive nights; they seem restless, and in the morning always look dozy and uncomfortable. When flowers are over-blown, or the plant, if an annual, is near its decay, the phenomena of sleep are very considerably diminished. In fact, they are only seen in perfection when the growing powers of the plant are in their full energy. Deciduous trees—that is, such as cast their leaves in autumn—are in a sort of trance in the winter months. Flowers, too, lose their sensibility altogether when the period of fertilization is passed, as may be readily seen by inspecting a field of daisies early in the morning, before the dew is off the grass. The over-blown ones will be found wide open; those in the younger stages all "crimson-tipped," and sound asleep.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ANTELOPES.

We now enter on an examination of the Zoological collections of the British Museum; and first we look at the *Central Saloon*. Here is found a great variety of *Antelopes*. In their general character they have the deer-like form. Some of them, however, resemble in appearance the succeeding groups of the sheep and goats, while a few indicate other peculiarities. The hair of the antelopes is like that of the deer. The tail is generally somewhat lengthened. The horns are not confined to the males only, though in the other sex they are generally less developed. The greatest part of the antelopes are gregarious.

These creatures form one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the African Desert. They are easily alarmed, and dart suddenly off on observing the cause of their distrust; but, possessing a great share of curiosity, they make sudden wheels, and stop to inspect the intruders, without, however, allowing them to approach within reach of harm. In India the antelopes hold various stations in the mythology of the Hindoos, and in the superstition of other sects; but their flesh is generally eaten, that of many of them being much esteemed.

The Prong-horn antelope, which may here be inspected, is found in the north-west territory of the United States. It has a graceful form, a slender head, large eyes, and delicate limbs. The horns are black, and rise directly upwards and outwards, and curve sharply in towards each other at their tips. Sometimes a solitary animal, it is found at others in herds of ten or twelve. Its sight and sense of smell are acute, and its speed is greater than that of any other inhabitant of the plains, although, when there is a little snow on the ground, it may, with some little management, be run down by a high-bred horse. The Indian hunters have no difficulty in bringing an antelope within gun-shot by various stratagems—such as lying down on their backs and kicking their heels in the air, holding up a white rag, or clothing themselves in a white shirt, and showing themselves only at intervals. The curiosity of the herd is so much roused by these movements, that they wheel round the object of their attention, and at length approach near enough to enable the hunter to make sure of his mark.

The Gazelle, with its graceful figure and beaming eye, has always been a favourite with the poets of the East, from whose writings it has been copied into the pages of our northern bards. It is about two feet in height; its skin is of a beautiful light fawn on the back, passing into a brown band along the sides, which forms an abrupt border to the white of the under surface. Its lyre-shaped horns have twelve or fourteen rings; they occur in both sexes, and by their form distinguish the group of antelopes to which this species belongs, a group taking from them the name of the Gazelles.

The Springbok is another beautiful animal of the same group. Of it and others Pringle has said:—

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the *buffalo's* glen;
By valleys remote, where the *cribis* plays,
Where the *gnu*, the *gazelle*, and the *hartbeest* graze,
And the *gemsbok* and *eland*, unhunted, recline,
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browzes at peace in the wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the v'ley * where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

* V'ley, marsh, in the language of the colonists.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the *springbok's* fawns sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
As he scours with his troop o'er the desolate plain;
And the timorous gudyha's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste,
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Flying away to the house of his rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderers' view,
In the pathless wilds of the parched karroo."

To return now to the springbok: it is remarkable for its occasional migrations from the interior of Africa to the cultivated districts of the colonial settlements of the Cape. South of the Orange River is an immense desert tract destitute of permanent springs, and therefore uninhabited by man, but still interspersed with pools of brackish water, replenished by the periodical rains, which satisfy the wild beasts of this almost uninvaded realm. Here, with others of their race, myriads of springboks dwell in peaceful security; but when a season of drought comes, when every green thing withers, and one scene of barrenness and desolation extends around, there is a striking change. Countless swarms of these creatures, driven by necessity, inundate the surrounding regions, seeking plains that are fertile and springs that are flowing. They have been seen literally whitening the face of the country. They do not, however, approach the precincts of man with impunity, for they are harassed on every side, and thousands are destroyed for food. The survivors of these attacks pursue their course; but only let the rains return, and instinct warn them that vegetation has recommenced in the desert, and that the pools are filling, and they rapidly retrace their steps; and though before they may spread over the far-stretching plains as far as the eye can reach, in a few days not a springbok is to be seen.

The Chiru antelope is a native of Thibet, and, like all the animals of that country, possesses an under fleece of fine and soft wool. The colour of the animal is fawn, red above, and white on the under parts; but every hair at a little distance from the top loses the red, and assumes a bluish gray. It is extremely wild and unapproachable by man, from whom it escapes by its wariness and speed; but, if overtaken, it meets danger boldly.

The chiru is greatly addicted to the use of salt. In the summer months vast herds of these creatures are often seen at some of the rock salt-beds, which abound so much in Thibet. They are said to advance under the conduct of a leader, and to post sentinels around the bed before they attempt to feed.

The Oryx, a native of South Africa, is one of the most splendid of antelopes. Its colour is dull gray, tinged here and there with a reddish hue, and becoming white below. It is as large as an heifer, and its horns often measure three feet in length.

Allied to the oryx, and probably a mere variety, is the Algazel, which is found from Nubia to Senegal. The colour of this creature is whitish, tinged more or less with yellow or reddish; a streak of yellowish brown extends before the root of the horns, and also down the forehead. The horns are slightly curved, long, slender, and ringed.

It has often been remarked that no race of animals is so isolated as not to present links uniting it, at certain points, to other races. We find, therefore, the antelopes united to others. Among them the Gnu has its place generally assigned. The height of this creature is equal to that of a small pony; its general contour is very muscular, but compact, and exhibits great energy. The head is large, the eyes are fiery, and the horns are ponderous. The neck is short and thick; it has a fine, full, upright mane, the hairs of which are whitish at the base, and black at the tip. The limbs, like those of the antelope generally, are sinewy and active; the colour of the body and limbs is a deep brown verging upon black.

The gnu is chiefly restricted to the hilly districts of Southern Africa. It roams on these heights either singly or in small herds. Like the buffalo and ox, it is enraged by the sight of scarlet. It has been one of the amusements of travellers to hoist a red handkerchief on a pole, and observe them capering about, lashing their flanks with their long tails, and tearing up the ground with their hoofs, as if they were violently excited, and ready to rush down upon their antagonists; and then all at once, when the travellers have been about to fire, the gnus have bounded away and gone, prancing round them at a safer distance.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

By H. B. Staunton.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION *(Continued)*.

The subject-matter of this chapter will be, the Catholic Penal Code, and its repeal by act of Parliament in 1829.

The antiquity and power of the Roman hierarchy, and the sway it now holds over 150,000,000 of people, diffused through all quarters of the globe, is one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the Christian era; and amongst the adherents to the Papal faith, none have shown a steadier attachment to it, through all vicissitudes, than the Catholics of Ireland. For centuries it has been the dominant, and at times almost exclusive, religion of that country. Persecution has not abated the zeal and tenacity with which the Irish have practised and clung to their hereditary creed. The battle of the Boyne, in 1690, was followed by the treaty of Limerick, by which William of Orange guaranteed religious toleration to his Irish Catholic subjects. The treaty was to be binding upon him, his heirs, and successors. But a fear of the return of the banished Catholic princes of the house of Stuart, and a zeal to convert Ireland to the doctrines of the Reformation, induced England to disregard the stipulations of the treaty of Limerick. Partly by the direct legislation of the British Parliament, and partly through the medium of the Pale, a *quasi* legislature of Ireland, the Catholic penal code was introduced into that country. It was a piece of patchwork, the contribution of many reigns. It received its worst features within twenty years after the treaty of Limerick. Its effects were to subject the profession of Catholicism to loss of property and station, and to innumerable civil disabilities. Upon a review of its provisions, we cannot wonder that the mild William Penn was aroused to denounce it as inhuman, when pleading before the House of Commons for toleration to the Quakers. Well might the sagacious Montesquieu characterize it as cold-blooded tyranny. Well might the philosophic Burke describe it "as a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, noted for its vicious perfection; and as admirably fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Even Blackstone, who usually selected his choicest eulogies for the darkest features of the English law, was forced to say of this code: "These laws are seldom exerted to their utmost rigour; and, indeed, if they were, it would be very difficult to excuse them." Yes, though in the times when the "No-Popery" cry was at its height, these laws were rigorously enforced, yet, as the mellowing light of civilization increased, the more cruel lay a dead letter on the statute-book. But the whole hung over the head of the Catholic, like the sword of Damocles, ready to drop at the breath of any persecuting zealot or malicious informer.

This code was essentially ameliorated in 1779, and again in 1793. Among other concessions, the elective franchise was extended to Catholics, though they were still excluded from Parliament. But he who would bring himself within the pale of these ameliorations, must submit to many degrading and annoying requisitions, in the form of registrations, oaths, subscriptions, declarations, &c. In a word, down to 1829, when it was finally repealed, many of the worst features of the code remained, making it an offence for seven-eighths of the people of Ireland to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences; subjecting them to degrading tests or heavy penalties for exercising precious civil and social rights; goading them with a thousand petty and provoking annoyances, till they had come to be regarded as heathens while bowing at Christian altars, and aliens to a Government under which they were born, and to whose support they were compelled to contribute their blood in war, and their money in peace. To all this one may enter

his protest, while holding at arm's length the Catholic ritual. To worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without human molestation or earthly fear, is the divine right of every man, whether he be Irish Catholic or English Protestant.

Notwithstanding the important amendment made in the Catholic Code in 1779 and 1793, its remaining disabilities and penalties hung over Ireland like a dark cloud, shutting out the sun of civil and religious freedom. In the latter year an association was organized in Dublin to agitate and petition for Repeal. Though ultimately rent in pieces by internal commotions, it was the germ of all subsequent organizations for the same objects. During the succeeding thirty years this question frequently convulsed Parliament and the country, until at length the year 1823 saw a bright star of promise arise on the dark and troubled horizon of Hibernia. The exigencies of the times had healed the feuds of hostile factions among the Emancipationists, and they closed hands in defence of their common liberties. In May of that year, Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Shiel, who had been estranged from each other, accidentally met among the mountains of Wicklow, at the house of a friend. A reconciliation took place, and they resolved to form a league for the deliverance of their Catholic countrymen. The same month they organized the "Catholic Association," in Dublin, on the plan of admitting all persons, of whatever sect or party, who approved its objects. It early enrolled some of the first minds in the island, who commenced an agitation which was soon felt in the farthest corner of the kingdom, nor stopped till it brought back responses from France, Germany, the United States, Canada, the East Indies, and other distant countries. It made the realm vocal with its orators, crowded Parliament with its petitions, and scattered its tracts over the Continent. O'Connell and Shiel were the life and soul of the association; the former being its chief manager, the latter its most brilliant advocate.

Undoubtedly some of the transactions of his body were of an inflammatory character. But it gave concentration and rational aim and, by the efforts of the oppressed Irish, drew from exciting the hope of relief, with-acts of violence them the temptation to illegal and the coope. The justice of its object, from Parliamention its petitions received standard the w ultimately rallied to its influential portion of the Catholics and testants of Ireland. the dissenting Pro-the session of March, 18 med at its power, after a stormy debate, passed an act terminating its existence. Immediately after the adjournment of Parliament, the association was reorganized, with a constitution which did not come within the law. At the session of 1826, finding that the agitation could not be silenced, various efforts were made to ameliorate the condition of Ireland. After spending five months in vehement discussion, Parliament abandoned the country to the rage of party spirit, and it was left for the well-directed labours of the association to prevent it from plunging into anarchy and revolution.

At the general election in the summer of 1826, the friends of emancipation took the field, and achieved some signal triumphs in returning members to Parliament. The Irish tenantry, who had generally been supple instruments in the hands of the Protestant landlord, to perpetuate his domination and their chains, had, by the labours of the association, been converted into an engine to overthrow the oppressors.

Canning rose to power in 1827. His professed regard for Catholic relief induced Ireland to wait and see what would come from his Ministry. His early death quenched all hope of succour from his Administration. After the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, the next year, a struggle for partial relief to the Catholics, which resulted successfully in the Commons, but was defeated in the Lords, only stimulated the friends of emancipation to take a bolder step. The hour to strike the decisive blow had come, and it brought with it the man.

In 1828, Mr. Fitzgerald, the member for Clare, received a place in the Cabinet, thus vacating his seat in the Commons. The Catholic Association requested Mr. O'Connell to become a candidate for the vacancy, and in his own person seek to establish the right of Catholics to sit in Parliament. He immediately issued an address to the electors of Clare, in which, among other things, he said: "Fellow-countrymen, your county wants a representative. I respectfully solicit your suffrages, to raise me to that station. * * * You will be told I am not qualified to be elected. The assertion is untrue. I am qualified to be elected, and to be your representative. It is true, that as a Catholic, I cannot, and of course never will, take the oath at present prescribed to members of Parliament. But the authority which created those oaths can abrogate them. And I entertain a confident hope that, if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing from the chosen representative of the people an obstacle which would prevent him from doing his duty to his king and to his country."

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

HEALTH CONDITIONED BY THE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

If all organized or animated structure has its origin in a primary germ with its appropriate cell, it cannot but be interesting to inquire into this rudimental formation in the human being. If this solid earth, which we walk with so firm a step, be but an aggregation of particles or atoms, held together by the one great law of attraction, our bodies are nothing more than a mere combination and union of elements under the law of organization. Nor is it difficult to become in some degree acquainted with these elementary or component parts, with their physical, chemical, and vital properties. Since the growth of the cell is dependant on its absorbing certain particles of matter from the fluid which surrounds it,—in this nutrient fluid, in the process of organization, or before the process begins, we must look for the components of the animal structure, with their essential or peculiar properties.

We open a vein, and take from the body a portion of blood. If we allow it to remain at rest for ten or fifteen minutes, it begins to congeal and take on a more solid form, like that of a soft jelly. The fluid has become a solid, and this is the only change which is yet palpable to our senses. After a few hours we find that the clot has a greater degree of consistence, and, as the effect of this contraction, is surrounded with a transparent yellow fluid, which is named serum. Now what is there in this blood to produce this coagulation? Why does it not remain in a fluid state, as when first drawn from the vein? There must be some peculiar law to account for this change. In itself, and as it is seen flowing in the veins of a living creature, it appears a colourless fluid, with minute red particles which give the blood its beautiful scarlet hue; and so long as it is in a fluid state it holds in solution a particular substance called fibrine, which, in its ultimate composition, differs little or nothing from albumen, or the white of an egg. This substance is distributed through the whole body, but is found chiefly in the blood, because the blood, in its course and flow, supplies to every individual part of the complex structure the materials of its growth and development. Take the blood from the living structure, and the fibrine remains no longer in solution. Instead of being diffused, it coagulates and contracts, till it has pressed out the serum by the mutual attraction of its own particles. Now if we look at this clot or congealed blood through a microscope, we shall find that it presents a peculiar arrangement. It is not a mere aggregation or promiscuous accumulation of particles, but a beautiful disposition of fibres crossing one another in every direction. This arrangement may be seen in the common egg-shell, which is nothing more than so many layers of fibrous tissue enveloping the albumen, and forming that thin membrane which comes between the outer shell and the inner substance.

The theory is, that these fibres constitute the first and simplest forms of animal tissue. The food received into the stomach having been elaborated into lymph and chyle, these may be regarded as the blood in its rudimental state. The blood-cells draw from the fluid in which they float certain particles of albumen, which, after a curious process of elaboration, are given back in the form of fibrine, to supply the constant drain and waste of that substance. The building up of every part of the body is dependant on the substances derived from the blood; and the blood can contribute to growth and health only as it exists in a pure and healthy condition. If this precious vital fluid be itself diseased, it cannot fail to communicate the disease to the various parts or organs which it has to supply with their appropriate nutriment. If a fit of passion may suddenly immediately occasion such a change in the milk of a nurse as to render it a rank poison to the little dependant, there is nothing to contradict the theory, that the blood itself may undergo such changes as to convert it from a wholesome nutriment and stimulus to action, into a most violent poison, fatal even to life itself. In the same proportion as the blood yields its material for the maintenance and repair of the solid tissues, and for secretions, so must new materials be supplied to it in the lymph and chyle, and

the assimilation between these materials and the blood be perfect. It is of the last moment, therefore, that the materials to be assimilated should contain nothing prejudicial, nothing deleterious. In other words, since the chyle is but the product of perfected digestion, and digestion but the change to which the food in the stomach is subjected, we cannot be too careful as to the character and quality of what we eat and drink. The nutrition of every tissue is dependant on the blood, and the condition of the blood is easily affected. For example, in vaccination, a surgeon introduces into the arm of a child a very minute portion of virus, which, in some way or other, not well known, affects and alters the whole of the blood; and this morbid state of the blood continues for a length of time. Or suppose a student in the course of dissection should prick his finger, the putrid matter thus introduced may so effectually get into his system as to poison the blood and occasion death itself. It follows that a man may wilfully and knowingly induce disease, and injure his system. A drunkard is never a healthy man. Some men may better and for a longer period resist the effects of intemperance than others; but that the free use of ardent spirits is prejudicial to health is a truth which all the facts of physiology but too clearly demonstrate. An intemperate man does everything to contravene nature. He is working against God, and against the most beneficent laws of his universe. The Great Creator has introduced into the blood all those elements which are adapted to preserve it pure and uncorrupt. What other end can we conceive to be involved in the fact, that in the blood is to be found a certain portion of saline matter? The presence of such an agent in the circulating fluid must be regarded as a beautiful and beneficent provision to prevent its decomposition. Were the blood to decompose in the body, it would cease to possess any vital property; and, deprived of its vitality, it could no longer minister to the nutriment and growth of a single structure.

The blood being thus formed, and being designed to convey nutriment to every tissue of the body, we naturally look for an apparatus to convey this precious fluid through the whole of the economy. The theory of the circulation is full of interest. The heart is the great organ or agent for the impulsion of the blood through the whole system. In the course of its circulation, the blood is found to be in two entirely different conditions—it is partly arterial, and partly venous. The former alone is capable of affording nourishment, and of supporting life. What then becomes of the venous blood? The venous blood having arrived at the right auricle of the heart, this auricle contracts and propels the blood into the right ventricle;* this again is stimulated to contraction, and the blood is propelled into the pulmonary artery. This contracts, and the blood is forced into the smaller branches of the artery, and these bring it into contact with the inspired air in the lungs. The blood arrives at the lungs of a dark red, approaching to purple, and leaves them of a bright fluid colour, approaching to scarlet. This change is due to the elimination or discharge of carbonic acid gas, and the imbibing of oxygen. It is not yet known in what part of the body the carbonic acid is formed. This much can be said—that its separation from the blood is necessary to enable that fluid to act as the efficient stimulus to all the functions of the frame, and to minister to its growth and nourishment. The suspension of respiration for a few minutes is fatal to life, and the circulation of blood not purified by respiration exercises an influence positively injurious to all the organs of the body. The blood having thus lost its superfluous carbon, and having its capacity much increased for receiving and entering into combination with the caloric generated in the lungs, is conveyed back by the pulmonary veins to the left auricle of the heart, which being stimulated to contraction, propels the blood into the left ventricle, which in its turn also contracts, and forces the blood into a great artery or blood-vessel called the aorta, which subdivides in its course, and ultimately terminates in myriads of very minute ramifications closely interwoven with the texture of every living part. These smaller arteries open into equally minute

* The auricles are interior muscular bags, situated at the base of the heart; the ventricles are two cavities out of which the blood is propelled into the arteries.

ramifications of the veins, which in their turn gradually coalesce and form still larger trunks, till they at last terminate in two large veins, by which the whole current of the venous blood is brought back in a direction contrary to that of the arterial blood, again passes into the lungs to undergo the same purifying process as before, and is again conveyed to the left side of the heart to be put in circulation. The time occupied in the circulation is from forty to eighty seconds.

It is clear that the blood is not more dependant on the character of the food which we eat, than on the purity of the air which we breathe. The heart, from which the blood issues in a condition to nourish the body, is situated between the right and the left lung, and with the lungs fills up the whole cavity of the chest. Each lung is made up of a countless number of cells or vesicles, which are always full of air derived by inspirations from the atmosphere which surrounds us. These cells communicate freely the one with the other; and it is in these air-cells of the lungs that the dark venous blood, by coming into contact with the oxygen, is converted into arterial. Impure air, therefore, cannot but be prejudicial to the quality of the blood; and in the degree in which the blood is affected, must the body, with all its peculiar functions, be more or less disordered. No one should sleep in a room into which air has no admission, for it is possible that during the night he may exhaust the whole of the vital air necessary for respiration contained in the apartment, and the consequence must be suffocation. Nor should we leave our sleeping-room in the morning without throwing open the window and allowing a free current to pass through it. Not only is it important to eat food which is wholesome and easy of digestion, but to breathe the freest and the purest air. No one should choose a house in a crowded, confined, and thickly-peopled neighbourhood. The atmosphere of such a neighbourhood is always more or less impure. Every inspiration which we take, or every breath which we draw, we take a portion of this air into the lungs, and the blood in its passage through the lungs so filled, must to a certain extent become tainted, and may set up disease in the system. Hence the importance of daily exercise in the open air. The farther we can get away from the smoke, and dust, and surcharged atmosphere of large and crowded towns the better. God made the country, and no one can ramble for a single day amid its fields and woods—its hills and vales—without feeling the stream of life bounding through his system with a freer, fresher, mightier, and more living force.

We trust that the present effort to abolish the window tax will be successful. Light has its vital properties no less than air. Take a plant and shut it out from all light, and it will soon droop, and decay, and die. And why should man be deprived of the light of heaven in his dwelling, however humble and unadorned, simply because his fellow-man, in his folly and impiety, dared to tax that light to replenish an exchequer which had been drained and exhausted by a destructive war? A tax on God's free light! What an insult to Heaven!—what a cruelty to man! God says: Go and breathe my pure air, and bask in my bright light! A number of mere war-hounds rise up to contravene his beneficient plan, and, by the force and pressure of taxation, compel man to take up his abode in the more crowded, and, consequently, in the impurer and darker neighbourhoods of our towns and cities, and tell him—thou shalt not breathe that fresh air, nor bask in that bright sun. God says—live; they say—thou shalt not live. To cover the expenditure connected with the destruction of lives in the field, they impose a tax whose workings are fatal to the functions of health and life in the cottage and the house of the poorer man. We live in an age of development and progress. The wrongs and the evils under which humanity has long been left to suffer must give way before the onward march of public opinion. Among the signs of the times are the efforts now being employed to promote the public health, and thus to prolong life. Life without health is a burden. Now, what is health?

"Health is that which makes your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant, else Nature's injunction of eating and drinking were a hard task, and slavish custom.

"Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that

revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day; 'tis that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcass, and makes your body plump and comely; 'tis that which dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours.

"'Tis that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty.

"'Tis that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind, and preserves them long from decay; makes your wit acute, and your memory retentive.

"'Tis that which supports the fragility of a corruptible body, and preserves the verdure, vigour, and beauty of youth.

"'Tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion, sporting herself at the casements of your eyes.

"'Tis that which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and delights delightful, without which you can solace yourself in nothing of terrene felicities or enjoyments."

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

EGGS.

We promised in the last paper to write about the storing and hatching of eggs. Before, however, we can do either, we must have a supply of them, and in order to obtain this, it is necessary to keep only young fowl. Birds, if well fed, will lay good eggs until three years old, but not afterwards. Those hatched in early spring will produce their first egg the December following, just about Christmas, when eggs are very valuable, and then it is necessary to give them nourishing food;—barley scalded in broth or pot-liquor, warm potatoes, and cabbage chopped up with any or every other kind of succulent vegetable, will be found the most wholesome and nutritious. It is also indispensable to throw at this time into their yard as many egg-shells as possible, nature prompting them to devour such eagerly, as they materially assist in the formation of new shells; and, above all, they must be kept from cold and damp, and have a liberal supply of fresh water. By following these simple directions there will be no lack of eggs even in winter, to store for sale, to consume, or to procure young chicks from.

STORING EGGS.

There are many very economical ways of preserving eggs, of which we shall mention a few of those most easily tested. If they are required for home consumption, let them be dipped as soon after being laid as possible into boiling water. Half a minute is sufficient to keep them immersed, and when taken out they should be set by in a cool dark place. By this method they may be preserved for many months; but, as it causes a small portion of the white close to the shell to coagulate, they cannot be offered for sale.

A Second Method.—Dip them in oil, or any greasy substance, and pack them in bran.

A Third Method.—Half fill a wooden vessel with soft water, pour in slack lime to the proportion of a pint to a gallon, stir it frequently during three or four days, and then drop in the eggs. Preserved in this way, they are excellent for puddings.

A Fourth Method.—Lay them in single rows on a cold floor, cover them with bran, and every third or fourth day turn them. Never use straw or saw-dust in covering or packing eggs, as it gives them a disagreeable musty flavour.

CHOOSING EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Select the largest eggs, but never those that are thick at both ends, as they generally contain two yolks, and are seldom hatched. When you have made choice of a sufficient number from eggs of *not* more than a month old, let each one be held separately between the eye and a candle, and a clear spot—the air bag—will be observed at the blunt end. If this appears exactly in the centre, the egg will produce a cock; but if it leans a little to one side, it will produce a hen.

When a hen desires to sit she flutters about, droops her wings, and utters the same note which she would employ in calling her chicks together. Should these symptoms continue many days, a nest should be prepared for her in a warm, retired, dark spot, where she will not be liable to intrusion; and food and water be given to her regularly. The number of eggs may vary according to the size of the hen, from eleven to fifteen, and once they are placed, they should never be moved or interfered with. In about twenty-one days

the chicks will begin to break the shell, and, as they sometimes require assistance, the nest must be watched. In about six hours a strong chick will have disengaged itself from the shell; but some take twenty-four, and others would never succeed without help, which is best given by very gently enlarging the opening made by the little prisoner, and tearing the membrane with the point of a needle. A French naturalist, named Réaumur, describes the egress of the little animals so interestingly, that we cannot do better than transcribe his words:—

"When the chick is entirely or almost out of the shell, it draws its head from under its wing, where it has hitherto been placed, stretches out its neck, directing it forwards, but for several minutes is unable to raise it. On seeing for the first time a chick in this condition we are led to infer that its strength is exhausted, and that it is ready to expire; but in most cases it recruits rapidly, its organs acquire strength, and in a very short time it appears quite another creature. After having dragged itself on its legs a little while, it becomes capable of standing on them, and of lifting up its neck, and bending it in various directions, and at length of holding up its head. At this period the feathers are merely fine down, but as they are wet with the fluid of the egg the chick appears almost naked. From the multitude of their branchlets, these down feathers resemble minute shrubs; when, however, these branchlets are wet and sticking to each other, they take up very little room; as they dry they become disintangled and separated. The branchlets, plumules, or beards of each feather are at first enclosed in a membraneous tube, by which they are pressed and kept close together; but as soon as this dries it splits asunder, an effect assisted by the elasticity of the plumules themselves, which causes them to recede and spread themselves out. This being accomplished, each down feather extends over a considerable space, and when they all become dry and straight the chick appears completely clothed in a warm vestment of soft down."

As soon as a chick is freed from the shell it is partially wrapped up in cotton or wool, and removed to the neighbourhood of the kitchen fire until all have come forth, and the hen is ready to take her whole brood under her wings. Within twenty-four hours the young ones begin to pick, and should be supplied with the crumbled yolk of an egg boiled hard, or grits soaked in warm milk. Sometimes they are given a little fresh meat, chopped up into very small morsels, or bread crumbs scalded in mild broth. Very clear water must be set for them in a shallow vessel, as they are apt to fall in while drinking, and, of course, if it is deep they will be drowned. For five days, at the least, they must not be allowed into the yard, and if there are fields convenient, the hen should not be suffered to lead them to them until they are three weeks old.

Some hens are so stupid and careless that it is often necessary to take their broods from them and place them with kinder nursing mothers, which are always distinguished by a very full breast, and great compass of wing; and it may also be remarked here, that this shape are the worst layers. The fearlessness and self-devotion of a hen in defence of her brood are well known, and she continues her affectionate care of them until they are able to provide for themselves, when she beats them off and begins again to lay.

In the next paper we hope to give simple directions for the rearing of the young brood– fattening some for the table, and preserving others to replace the old stock; at present space compels us to conclude.

NOTIONS ABOUT NODS.—There is much meaning in a nod. There is the nod friendly and the nod supercilious, the nod familiar and the nod dubious, the nod courteous and the curt. In addition to these, there is the nod reprehensive and the nod forgiving, the nod menacing and the nod complimentary, the nod indifferent and the nod jocular. Nor are these all. There is the nod near-sighted and the nod invisible, the nod premature and the dilatory, the nod by mistake and the nod too late. There is no end to the variety of nods. The nods are as various as the nodders. They abound equally in character. They are practised at all angles, at every hour of every day. Let not any man quarrel, however, with the number of his nodding acquaintances. It is a woeful index of fortune when that number diminishes. The press meddles little with private conduct, and friendship is often tongue-tied. Our nodding acquaintances indicate the precise estimation in which we are held. Their nods are eloquent of the truth. We can wish our friends, indeed, no surer evidence of a well-directed and prosperous career than a continual and progressive increase in the number of their nodding acquaintances.

FAMILIAR OBJECTS.

A GARDEN.

There are few objects more familiar than cottage gardens, and there are none other whose origin is so high. The first garden that ever adorned the earth was planted by God himself "eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed to dress it and to keep it." Thus, then, we learn that a garden was the first division of land ever made, that it was laid out by Him who created the heavens and the earth, and that the first employment assigned to man was to preserve it in order and beauty. How perfect must not this garden have been which uprose into life and loveliness at a word, with every plant matured and containing seed within itself! To no one family of the vegetable kingdom was this magnificent enclosure confined; it contained every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and "every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," and "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." Thus were there mingled flowers, vegetables, and fruits—the beautiful and the useful—that man might find in his occupation both pleasure and profit. It would be impossible for any human being now to imagine how great was the perfection of that spot, or how varied, how fresh, how resplendent, the garden in which God placed the man whom he made in his own image and likeness. Sin, alas! soon visited it, and defaced by its baneful influence both the outward beauty of the earth and the inward purity of man. "Thorns and thistles" sprang up by thousands where nothing had before existed that was not "pleasant to the sight;" and man, instead of dwelling in a garden, the cultivation of which was but a pleasurable exertion, was driven forth to till the ground from whence he had been taken, and in the sweat of his face to eat bread.

It is probable that after Adam and his wife went out from the presence of the Lord, they endeavoured to surround their new home with something which should bear a resemblance to that beauteous place in which each had first become a living soul, and it is probable that this same desire was felt by their children, and by their descendants from age to age down to the present day, rendering the love of horticultural pursuits one of the most universal of which the human heart is susceptible.

The most accomplished and most exalted monarch that ever lived was Solomon, and he loved and cultivated a taste for gardening. God gave him "a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like him before him, neither after him did any arise like unto him," and yet this man studied the arts of horticulture, floriculture, and agriculture, and "spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The gardens of Babylon were counted amongst the "wonders of the world;" they were raised on terraces supported by pillars, one above another, and were on that account termed the "hanging gardens." The ancient Persians styled their gardens "Paradises," not because they were tasteful enclosures filled with fragrant flowers and graceful shrubs, but because they were lovely and extensive natural bowers, where fruit-trees and flowers grew spontaneously, where the vine clustered over the fig-tree, and the clematis entwined itself amongst the branches of the magnificent palm. The public gardens of the Greeks were like well laid-out orchards and vineyards, but those which surrounded their country houses were stored with culinary herbs, fruits, and flowers, and contained shady walks, fountains, and statues.

The ancient Romans valued flowers lightly, their chief desire being to find in their gardens protection against the heat, and to see them elaborately ornamented with figures in box. At a later period they exhibited more taste, but to this day their gardens are formally laid out, nor are the figures in box wholly out of favour.

In France the fashion of cutting and clipping the beautiful trees and shrubs into the forms of haystacks and beehives, and torturing flower-beds into fancied resemblances of coronets, hussar-caps, the letters of the alphabet, &c., was introduced by Andrew Senotre about a century ago. This man was son to the superintendent of the gardens of the Tuilleries, and from a child expressed his wish to become a gardener, but his father, being desirous that he should be an artist, sent him away from the Tuilleries, and placed him as a pupil to Vouet the painter. His ruling taste, however, prevented his applying himself properly to the fine arts, further than he considered them connected with his peculiar ideas of beauty in ornamental gardening, and after some time he was allowed to return home and re-model the pleasure-grounds of all the royal palaces, receiving as a reward from Louis XIV. letters of nobility and the cross of the order of St. Michael.

The Dutch and English copied the style

of Senotre, but we are happy to add that in this country it can now be rarely traced, except in the dusty street-side gardens of our towns and cities, or along the hedge-rows of our farmers' stack-yards.

In forming a garden, the means and the objects must be nicely calculated, otherwise no true beauty can exist, though the enclosure should be rich in the loveliest plants and flowers. There must be a just proportion between the size of the ornaments and the place ornamented—between the character of the beauties introduced and the locality in which we place them. It would be impossible, therefore, to give any particular rule for laying out a garden; the circumstances connected with size and situation will be the best guide.

ALL THINGS SPEAK OF GOD.

I gazed upon the mountain, hid
High in eternal snow,
And at the sweetly blooming flowers
Upon its base below;
And mount sublime, and lowly flower,
Alike revealed Almighty Power.

I heard the ocean's rolling waves
Peal forth their awful bass,
And heard the gentle rivulet
Pursue its murmuring race;
And rivulet and ocean told
Of God their Maker as they rolled.

I questioned of the glowing sun,
In midday splendour bright;
I asked the thousand thousand stars
That gem the sky at night;
And sun and stars this lesson taught—
From God, from God, our light was caught.

I saw the worm its grovelling course
Pursue in dirt and slime,
And dowered man before high Heaven
Erect his front sublime;
Yet man and worm the impress wear,
God bade them at Creation bear.

I probed the feelings of the heart,
The yearnings of the soul,
And sought in trustfulness from these
An answer to the whole.
In awful accents answers flow,
From God we come, to God we go!

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD

SERPENT CHARMERS.—Every traveller in the Orient has seen the skill and fearlessness with which jugglers play with, and even torment, serpents of the most venomous description. A controversy has long existed whether the fangs of these poisonous reptiles are extracted or not, the recent testimony of a veteran in the art—one who is considered the most efficient in his profession—conclusively settles the dispute. He states that the only serpent used in these exhibitions is the *Cobra*, all other descriptions wanting the liveliness requisite for the display. The process of training the snake is as follows:—"The *Cobra* being caught, is held at arm's length by the tail, and as often as it attempts to strike it is beaten off with a thick staff,—the skill and agility of the juggler increasing with the ferocity and rage of the snake. When the serpent has become sufficiently excited, it is seized by the head, thrown on the ground, and its fangs dexterously extracted by knocking them out with a hammer; at the same time its poison-bag is squeezed dry. The Cobra, thus deprived of its noxious power, is harmless. But still retaining its pugnacious qualities, it is always easily excited; and hence the rage of the reptile as displayed at the exhibitions of the serpent-charmers. It is a popular error that venomous snakes poison with the tongue. Artists frequently represent the reptile with a forked membrane; but the mouth of a poisonous serpent differs in no respect from that of a harmless one, except in being furnished with two fangs, which lie generally close at the roof of the mouth, almost concealed by the skin, and only erected when the serpent becomes enraged. Two poison-bags correspond to these teeth, and when the serpent bites, the venom is injected with great force through the orifice in the fangs, deep into the wound. The fangs once extracted and the poison-bags destroyed, the reptile loses its power to harm, consequently, the serpent-charmers, though apparently in such peril, run no risk whatever of serious injury."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Since the announcement of our plan of registration, we have been actively engaged in carrying it into effect. We have taken for the purpose of a central office, commodious premises at No. 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand; and an efficient staff of gentlemen are at work making arrangements and collecting the necessary information for the Exhibition Lodging-house Register.

We have already explained the reasons which rendered us desirous of divesting this undertaking of all appearance of a private speculation. It would have been injudicious as it was unnecessary for the proprietor of this publication so to compromise his position; and accordingly, when it was ascertained that Her Majesty's Commissioners did not feel themselves at liberty to allow the plan to be carried out under their auspices, it was at once determined to seek the services of a committee of gentlemen well-known to the public, and possessing in the highest degree the confidence of the people. The readiness expressed by several distinguished Members of Parliament and others to give their assistance, and the flattering terms in which their consent was conveyed, were gratifying to us not more on personal grounds than because of the anxiety thus displayed to aid in promoting the convenience and comfort of the working classes. However, the plan of procedure thus fixed upon, circumstances have since induced us to alter. It was found that, without imparting to the plan somewhat of a commercial character, it could not have been effectually and successfully carried out beyond a certain extent; and such being the case, we immediately felt that it would not be right and honourable to conduct it as the proceeding of a committee of public men. The gentlemen to whom we refer were willing to act as such, but we deemed it more consonant with correct principle and good taste to avail ourselves of their names as patrons of the undertaking; and they have kindly consented to adopt this means of investing it with their entire approval and sanction. Amongst the gentlemen whose names we are thus privileged to make use of are—

Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for conducting the Exhibition;
The Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P.;
Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M.P.;
William Schofield, Esq., M.P.;
Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P.;
Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P.;
John Williams, Esq., M.P.;
James Wyld, Esq., M.P.;
The Rev. James Sherman;
Thomas Spalding, Esq.

For the purpose of more fully explaining the measures we are about to adopt, we annex a copy of the "General Notice" we have issued, and of the forms left with housekeepers for filling up. It is necessary for us to explain that a small fee will be charged in each case where lodgings are secured through the instrumentality of the office. We need not say that an undertaking so vast cannot be prosecuted without a very large expenditure. In addition to the central office, with its staff of clerks, there are our canvassers, and district inspectors, whose duty it is to collect information and report on all matters involved in the inquiry, &c. &c. And it is the fairest of all principles that these expenses should be distributed as nearly as possible amongst those by whom the benefits are to be reaped. As far as we can at present estimate we shall require a fee of ninepence for conducting the necessary arrangements for accommodation; but if we find, when the plan is in active operation, that a smaller sum than this will suffice, we shall act accordingly.

[*Copy of Notice.*]

REGISTRATION OF HOUSES DURING THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

In consequence of Her Majesty's Commissioners finding themselves unable to carry out their contemplated system of Registration of Houses, in which persons could be accommodated with lodging, board, &c., JOHN CASSELL, the proprietor of "The Working Man's Friend,"—a publication which penetrates into almost every factory and workshop in the kingdom, and is, besides, extensively read by all classes of the community,—has determined that an object so desirable, both to persons who are able to provide accommodation, as well as to intending visitors, shall be fully carried out. The plan was laid before the above-named Members of Parliament, and other gentlemen to whom John Cassell is personally known, who have all testified their high approval of it, and have therefore given him their names as PATRONS, as a means of publicly expressing their sanction.

Every house from which a form filled up is received will be entered on the books, together with the date for which any lodging may be engaged. On notice being sent to the Office that any given lodging is desired, a notification will immediately be forwarded to the owner of the same, with the name of the intending lodger, the town from which he comes, and the period for which the lodging is taken.

It must be clearly understood that all John Cassell proposes is to effect a Registration. The Office cannot hold itself responsible for every irregularity, either on the part of those registering their lodgings or of those taking them. At the same time, every precaution will be taken to prevent any house from being placed on the Register that is not respectable. Each district will be under the supervision of an inspector, and should there be any just ground of complaint, either as to want of cleanliness, or suitable accommodation, such house will be immediately removed from the Register.

Upon the form which will be sent to every intending lodger, the *terms* mentioned on the other side will be specified, and the amount is to be paid to the householder *daily*—that is, for a separate bed, including boot-cleaning, 1s. 3d. per night; double bed, 2s. per night; breakfast, 8d. each person; if with meat, 1s. The Register Office will have nothing to do with receiving money for lodgings, &c.; each individual must pay as just stated, the object of the office being simply to render facilities for the letting and taking of lodgings.

Should any lodging be let at any time after the entry has been made at the office, immediate notice must be sent to the secretary, that no disappointment may ensue, to the following effect:—"Sir,—My lodgings are taken from ———— to ————;" with the date, the name, and address.

All letters must be post paid, and if an answer is required, a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Personal application may be made at the office, 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand.

CONFIDENCE IN THE STABILITY OF THE BUILDING.—In unequivocal terms, all who have visited the Crystal Palace have expressed their admiration and astonishment at its marvellous details. They have traversed its galleries, stood under the transept, and minutely inspected the provisions for securing its rigidity and strength. They have heard scientific men discuss its safety, and they have even witnessed the action of the hydraulic press in testing its girders. Some may have left sceptical, but the vast majority confidently rely upon the safety of the structure, and anticipate with natural emotions of pride the splendour of an Industrial Exhibition enshrined in such a fairy temple, and the astonishment of foreigners at the magnificence with which the British people have inaugurated their first great festival in honour of the results of human labour.

AT A MEETING of the Sheffield Exhibition Visitors' Committee, the mayor in the chair, it was resolved that the secretary should be empowered to write to the railway companies to ascertain correct information respecting the fare—some alterations having been alleged to have been made by the Midland — the times of running, the days allowed, and the number of passengers, with other requisite information; also to Mr. John Cassell, relative to the provision making for board and lodging. Similar sentiments to those expressed in the "Working man's Friend," against the high rate of the fare, were also made.

[*Copy of Form for filling up.*]

REGISTRATION OF HOUSES FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF ARTIZANS DURING THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

CENTRAL OFFICE, No. 8, EXETER-CHANGE, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

If the accompanying form be filled up, and forwarded without delay to the Registration Office, the particulars will be entered in a Register, and serve as a guide in making arrangements for the accommodation of visitors. As this office will be in constant communication with the Members and Secretaries of Artizan Clubs, and others contemplating a visit to town, the following advantages, amongst others, will follow to persons having lodgings to dispose of:—

1. The cost and trouble of advertising lodgings, and of looking out for lodgers, will be wholly avoided.
2. Every house will probably receive a constant succession of inmates, instead of being sometimes crowded and sometimes empty, as would necessarily be the case, without some such plan to regulate the influx of visitors and secure their equal distribution.

Housekeepers availing themselves of this system of registration must undertake to observe the following conditions:—

1. To provide clean and comfortable accommodation at a rate not exceeding 1s. 3d. per night for a single bed (including boot-cleaning), and 2s. per night for a double bed.
2. To provide sufficient breakfast of good quality, consisting of tea or coffee and bread and butter, at a charge not exceeding 8d. for each person, or 1s. each with meat included.
3. Not to let the registered lodgings independent of the Registration Office, without sending timely notice to the Office, so as to prevent the possibility of disappointment to other persons.

All letters addressed to the Office must be pre-paid, and in every case in which an answer is required a stamped envelope must be enclosed.

Registration Office, No. 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand.

J. W. GREEN, Secretary.

FORM FOR FILLING UP.

Name of Householder.	Name of Street and Number.	Name of Parish or District.
Number of Beds which can be made available.	How many of these are adapted for the use of married couples, or of two single men.	State if accommodation can be provided for Breakfast, and for any other meal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

☞ DECISION OF THE COMMISSIONERS UPON THE PRICES OF ADMISSION.—The Commissioners have decided upon the following plan of admission:—First, the issue of "season tickets," the price of which will be, for a gentleman, £3 3s., and for a lady, £2 2s. These tickets are not transferable. On Thursday, the 1st of May, being the first day of the Exhibition, season tickets only will be available, and no money will be received at the entrance doors. On the second and third days, Friday and Saturday, the price will be upon each day, for one admission only, £1. On Monday, the 5th of May, and the fourth day of the Exhibition, the admission will be reduced to 5s., and the same price continued for the succeeding seventeen days. On and after Monday, the 26th of May, or the twenty-second day of the Exhibition, the charges for admission will be on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays in each week, 1s; on Fridays, 2s. 6d.; and upon Saturdays, 5s.

X. (Gloucester.)—We understand that space has been granted to the Bible Society to exhibit specimens of their Bibles in no less than one hundred and fifty languages.

INQUIRER.—It has been determined that no one—excepting, of course, the labourers who will be required to execute the various works—shall be admitted within the building who does not establish a claim to the privilege. All claims for admission must be forwarded to the secretary, who will decide on their validity.

E. SMITH (Helstone).—The Executive Committee having been applied to by various parties proposing to be exhibitors for permission to have servants present during the time of the Exhibition, have issued the following circular:—"I am directed by the Executive Committee to say that they cannot entertain any application for the attendance of servants to explain the goods during the Exhibition till such goods have been brought into the building.—I am, sir, &c., M. DIGBY WYATT, Secretary."

P. P. P.—The statement is very probable. The French Government has written to the English Committee of the London Exhibition to cause the French contributions to the Exhibition to be insured for the sum of £800,000.

HENRY Z.—A police court will, it is said, be established in or very near the Crystal Palace during the continuance of the Exhibition.

AN APPREHENSIVE ONE.—It would be difficult to exercise the kind of surveillance you name, but every precaution consistent with propriety will no doubt be taken by the authorities.

WILLIAM S. I.—The office is specified in the present number, and your communications may be forwarded at once.

J. T. (Sheffield.)—Thank you. We saw by the papers that our project had been taken up favourably by the good folks in your town, and that the strictures we made upon the arrangements with the railway companies met with sympathy. Dissatisfaction has long been felt in many quarters, but there was a natural and commendable indisposition to mar the harmony of the enterprize by complaints. At last, however, it appeared to us that the time was come to speak out, and we trust that the subject having thus been broached, some new arrangements may yet be effected. If the scale of charges remains unaltered, the directors may still be made to feel themselves amenable to public opinion with reference to the kind of carriage employed, the rate of travelling, &c. We are much obliged by the flattering terms in which you speak of our labours.

AN EXHIBITOR.—The importance of what you say has not been forgotten by the commissioners. Amongst the regulations announced are the following:—"Every person is forbidden to touch goods not his own. For every person who is not properly authorised, who shall be apprehended in the act of handling, conveying, or removing any package or article from one part of the building to another, a reward will be given on conviction of the offender."

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. I.

We must begin at the beginning—and that happens to be a point which we can convey with less completeness in these written instructions than a personal teacher may afterwards do by a few inflections of his voice. We speak of the sound of the letters in the French alphabet, as well singly as in combination; and, though we shall give the means of learning how to read, to understand, and to write French, it will be necessary, for the purpose of learning to converse in that pleasant language, either to pay the most rigorous attention to the rules of pronunciation we shall now, once for all, lay down, and to add to that attention a good deal of reading aloud; or else, at the end of our instructions, to attend some of those classes which are now frequent in connection with Mechanics' Institutions. There, in a very short time, some one, by word of mouth, may supply the last remaining desideratum. Meantime, if no sound comes from the words we write on this page, yet we can furnish a method of approaching towards the required tones.

The French alphabet contains exactly one letter less, the *w*, than our own. The rest are all written as we write them, but are differently pronounced. The shortest way to explain this is to say at once that, to our ears, they sound as if they were written thus :—

a	*b*	*c*	*d*	*e*	*f*	*g*	*h*	*i*	*j*	*k*	*l*	*m*	*n*	*o*	*p*	*q*	*r*
ah	bay	say	day	eh	eff	zhay	ashe	ee	zhee	kah	ell	emm	enn	o	pay	ku	err

s	*t*	*u*	*v*	*x*	*y*	*z.*
ess	tay	ue	vay	ix	eegrek	zed.

The French *g* we have represented by *zhay*, but the *z* melts into the *h*, just as an *s* would. So with the *j*. The reader will perceive that the only letter which is pronounced in two syllables is the *y*—*eegrek*, which, in French, means "Greek i." They call their *y* the "Greek i." To an Englishman by far the most difficult French sound is that of the *u*, which we have endeavoured to make intelligible by spelling it *ue*. The fact is it is a sound between *oo* and *ee*. The best rule we can give is to pronounce *u* as if you were going to whistle. Alfieri, the great Italian dramatist, said the attempt to pronounce the French *u* always made him feel as if he were sea-sick; and indeed it is very different from the *oo* of his own countrymen and of the Germans. But it is well not to be too timid or scrupulous. *Execution*, whether in music or in languages, is to be acquired only by fearless confidence. Take two men: one of them is afraid to speak till he can speak without an error; the other is determined to endeavour to express himself, even though he should make several blunders. The latter is certainly the one who will make the quicker progress.

Well, we have read the alphabet; now for the sound of the letters *in words*. And here we must remark that any more highly educated persons into whose hands these lessons may fall, should bear in mind that our instructions are designed for those who, in a life of toil, may not have had time to acquire the principles of grammar, even in connection with their mother tongue. We start with the very supposition that even the most elementary points must be made clear by us, as we go on. Let not, then, our more leisure-blessed readers despise that simplicity which is the only thing that could render our attempt practical. To *them* we would say, in reminder, "*Non omnia, nimirum, omnibus Dii dedere.*"

Now for the sounds of the letters *in words*. *A* has generally the tone of our *a*, in *bar*. *E* is not heard at all, unless marked with an accent, at the end of words of two syllables and upwards. When pronounced it has three sounds—1st, if not marked with an accent, it is like our *u* in *fur*; 2nd, with the sharp or acute accent (´), it is like our *a* in *day*; 3rd, with the grave accent (`), it is like our *e* in *set*.

The *i* has generally the sound of *ee*. The *o* is pronounced like ours in *go*. The *u* is, as we have already described, the same, except before an *n* or *m*, out of the alphabet as in it, and remains the grand touchstone by which Frenchmen can detect even the accomplished foreign speakers of their language. Their *y* is like their *i*. All the other letters are consonants, and, in words, sound like our own, excepting the *g*, the *j*, and the *t*. Unlike us, they make the *g* soft before *e* and *i*. See below, the word *général*, in our examples. Their *j* is as we have explained when talking of the alphabet. And, finally, their *t* has this peculiarity, that when followed by two vowels, the first being an *i*, it has the sound of our *s*: as *action*, pronounced "aksee-on(g)." One general rule is necessary to be mentioned: no consonant ending a word is sounded at all, except *c*, *f*, *l*, and *r*, and, in a very subdued manner, the consonant *g*: as *loup*, pronounced "loo." The exception to this rule is, where the word ending with the consonant be followed by a word commencing with a vowel, or with an *h* mute: as *fait-il*, pronounced "fate-eel." And again, the exception to this exception is in the French word *et*, (meaning "and"); the *t* is *never* sounded in that word, which is always pronounced "eh." Many persons in teaching French omit this necessary caution. All the other letters in French have their natural sounds, and not those variations and arbitrary irregularities with which English letters puzzle foreigners.

Now for the diphthongs, or double vowels. *Ai* and *oe* and *ei* sound like our *a* in *day*; *eu*, like our *i* in *sir*, only longer; *oi*, like what *oo-awe* would be in English; *au*, like our *o* in *go*; and *ou*, like our *oo* in *fool*.

The double consonants are pronounced;—*th* as if there was no *h*; *gn* is like *nie* in conve*nie*nt; *ch* like *sh*; *ng*, like the English *ng* at the end of a word, but much softer, as if you had stopped half-way in pronouncing the final *g*. With regard to *ll*, some French teachers are content with the slovenly remark that *ll*, when preceded by an *i*, sound like *y* in English; and the example is given of *mouillé*, which, no doubt, is pronounced "moo-yai." But in the word *fille* (daughter), *ll* is preceded by an *i*, and yet the word is pronounced "feel." So with *mille* (a thousand), *Lille* (the town of Lille), and an infinity of other examples, in which the pronunciation is "meel," "Leel," &c. &c. The rule should be expressed thus: *ll*, when preceded by *i*, *and when followed by a vowel accented, or not mute*, has the sound of our *y*.

When *n* or *m* ends a word, and the second last letter is a vowel, you must sound the *n* or the *m* as if there was a very faint *g* indeed superadded, with a sort of aspirate or breathing. For instance, the word *bon* (good) is pronounced "bōhn(g)"—the two last letters with extreme softness. Bearing this carefully in mind, it only remains to add that, when preceding *n* or *m*, the vowels *a* and *e* have the sound of our *o* in *not*; while *o* itself has, in the same case, the sound of our *o* in *go*; *i* that of our *a* in *hat*; and *u* a sound similar to what *eu* ought to have in English. An approach, but only an approach, to this tone is found in the *e* of our word *her*.

Now, if the reader will apply our rules (from where we discuss the effect of the letters *when combined in words*), he will be able to pronounce correctly the following examples, which may serve as the practice or exercise of this first and elementary lesson:—

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
la	the	*lah*
le	the	like the first three letters of the word *lea (rning)*
thé	tea	*tay*
père	father	*pare*
si	if—yes	*sea*
lof	luff (a naval term)	*loaf*
vous	you	*voo*
style	style—manner	*steel*
général	general	*zheneral*—the "z" running into the "h" as an "s" would.
gibier	game, wild birds, &c.	*zhee-be-yai*
fraction	fraction	*frak see-on (g)*
chat	cat	*shah*
lait	milk	*lay*
roi	king	*roo-awe*
leur	their	like the first four letters in *learning*
faux	false	*fo*
vrai	true	*vray*
c'est	it is	*say*
ce n'est pas	it is not	*sun-ay-paā*
comment vous portez vous?	how do you do?	*kum-mon (g) voo poartay voo*
comment ça va?	how goes it?	*kum-mon (g) sah vah*
donnez moi	give me	*dunnay moo-awe*
du pain	some bread	*dew paën (g)*
du sel	some salt	*dew sell*
du jambon	some ham	*dew zhamboan (g)*
du café	some coffee	*dew kaffay*
des pommes-de-terre	some potatoes	*day pumm-dut-tare*
très bien	very well	*tray bian (g)*
mal	badly	*mal*
mauvais	bad	*movay*
vîte	quickly	*veet*
depèchez vous	make haste	*dep-pesh-ay voo*
excellent	excellent	*ex-sellon (g)*
quand	when?	*kon (g)*

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

BAR'OLITE, *s.* a mineral, carbonate of aryte.

BAR'ONET, *s.* the lowest title that is hereitary, next in rank to a baron.

BARO'NIAL, *a.* relating to a baron or arony.

BAROUC'HE, *s.* a kind of open coach.

BAR'RACAN, *s.* a strong, thick kind of amlet or coarse cloth.

BAR'RACK, *s.* a building in which soldiers re lodged.

BAR'RATRY, *s.* foul practice in law; a raud committed by seamen on merchants' oods entrusted to their care.

BARRICA'DE, BARRICA'DO, *s.* a fortification, an obstruction; a bar to prevent admission or progress.

BAR'RISTER, *s.* a pleader at the bar; an dvocate.

BAR'ROW, *s.* in British antiquities, ıeans a mound of earth raised as a sepulhral monument over the bodies of deeased warriors and others.

BAR'TER, *s.* the art or practice of trafficıg in the way of exchange.

BARY'TES, or BARY'TA, *s.* a heavy alkaine earth, formed of oxygen gas and a ıetal called barium. The sulphate of aryies is extensively employed to adulteate white lead.

BAR'YTONE, *s.* a male voice, the tone of vhich is between the bass and the tenor.

BASALT', BASALT'ES, *s.* heavy, hard, ark-coloured stones, supposed to be rocks vhich have undergone the action of fire, as hey are very frequently found in the neighıourhood of volcanoes, both spent and acive. One peculiarity is, that they are rarely, f ever, found in layers, but in columns of n upright form. When basalt is found in ıorizontal tabular masses, the columns are enerally perpendicular. The most beauiful and picturesque specimens are those alled "The Cave of Fingal," in the Isle f Staffa, and the "Giant's Causeway," in reland.

BASE, BA'SIS, *s.* the foundation of anyhing; the pedestal of a statue.

BASE'MENT, *s.* a continued base or foundaion.

BAS'IL, *s.* a kind of leather; prepared heepskin.

BAS'ILIC, *s.* a large hall, or church.

BASIL'ICON, *s.* a resinous ointment in ommon use.

BAS'ILISK, *s.* a kind of reptile or serpent; a cockatrice.

BA'SIN, *s.* a small vessel; a dock in which ships float in safety; a small pond.

BASSOON', *s.* a musical wind instrument.

BASS-RELIE'F, or BASSO-RELIE'VO, *s.* low relief; a style of sculpture in which the figures project very slightly from the ground.

BASS-VI'OL, *s.* a musical instrument with strings.

BASTI'LE, *s.* a prison, a dungeon, a jail.

BAS'TIMENT, *s.* a rampart, or wall round fortified places.

BASTINA'DO, *s.* act of beating with a cudgel; punishment inflicted by beating the offender on the soles of the feet.

BAS'TION, *s.* a species of tower which constitutes the principal member of the fortifications immediately surrounding a town, or position to be defended; the term is applied, also, to a mass of earth standing from a rampart.

BATCH, *s.* a quantity of anything made or baked at one time.

BA'THOS, *s.* the art of sinking in poetry.

BATO'N, BATOO'N, *s.* a staff, or truncheon; a symbol of authority.

BATTALI'ON, *s.* a body of foot-soldiers, from 500 to 800 men; a division of an army.

BAT'TON, *s.* a narrow board, a scantling.

BAT'TERING-RAM, *s.* a military engine, formerly used to beat down walls.

BAT'TERY, *s.* a raised work on which cannons are mounted; *in law*, a violent assault.

BAT'TLEMENT, *s.* a parapet wall, indented; commonly employed in fortified or castellated buildings, or ecclesiastical edifices of the kind distinguished by the general name of Gothic.

BAV'IN, *s.* a bundle of small wood, a faggot.

BAY, *s.* a portion of the sea, of such a form as that ships may anchor in it in safety.

BAY'ONET, *s.* a sort of dagger fixed to the end of a musket.

BAYS, *s.* an honorary crown, or garland, formed of the leaves of natural or artificial bay.

BAY'-SALT, *s.* salt obtained by exposing sea-water to the sun in shallow pits; so named because of its brownish colour.

BAY-WIN'DOW, *s.* a window jutting outwards.

BAZAAR', or BAZAR, *s.* an open market; an assemblage of shops or stalls, under cover.

BDEL'LIUM, *s.* an aromatic resinous gum.

BEACH, *s.* the sea-shore, the strand, the coast; shingle.

BEA'CON, *s.* a sign or token, generally raised upon some foreland or high ground as a sea-mark. The word is also used for a fire signal, set up to alarm the interior of the country upon the approach of a foreign enemy, or as a signal for various tribes or parties to collect together.

BEATIFICA'TION, *s.* a state of blessedness; an act by which the Pope declares persons who died in good repute to be in heaven, and to be worshipped, or to have their statues placed on or near the altar.

BEAT'ITUDE, *s.* blessedness, happiness, felicity.

BEAU-MOND'E, *s.* *(French)* the gay and fashionable world.

BEAU'TY, *s.* that quality in visible objects in consequence of which their colours and forms are agreeable to the human mind. By an easy and almost insensible transition the word beauty has been extended to objects perceptible by the hearing, to agreeable tastes or odours, and to the results of some intellectual processes, and even mechanical contrivances.

BED'LAM, *s.* an hospital for lunatics. The word is a corruption of *Bethlehem*, the name of an ancient religious house in London, which was converted into an hospital for insane persons.

BEEFEA'TER, *s.* a yeoman of the royal guard. The word is a corruption of the French word *buffetier*, a valet who attended the sideboards.

BELAY', *v. a.* with *seamen*, to make fast a rope.

BELLES-LET'TRES, *s. pl.* *(French)* polite literature; especially those branches which are the produce of the imagination and taste.

BELLI'GERENT, *s.* a state carrying on war.

BELVEDE'RE, *s.* an Italian compound signifying *a fine view;* in architecture it means a small building constructed at the top of a house or palace, and open to the air, for the purpose of enjoying fresh breezes, and of commanding an extensive prospect.

BENCHER, *s.* a senior in the inns of court.

BEN'EFICE, *s.* a church living.

BENEFI'CIARY, *s.* one who holds a benefice or church living.

BEN'ISON, *s.* a blessing, a benediction.

BENZOIN', *s.* a medicinal kind of resin, vulgarly called *gum benjamin.*

BERG'MOTE, *s.* a court held to determine matters relative to mines and miners.

BERTH, *s.* *(maritime)* an office or station on board a ship; a ship's station when at anchor.

BER'YL, *s.* a precious stone of a greenish cast.

BES'OM, *s.* a broom.

BEV'EL, *s.* a kind of square rule; an obtuse or acute angle.

BEV'Y, *s.* a flock of birds, a company.

BEZ'ANT, *s.* a round flat piece of bullion.

BIB'LICAL. *a.* relating to the Bible, or sacred literature.

BIBLIOG'RAPHER, *s.* a person well-acquainted with books.

BIBLIOG'RAPHY, *s.* a knowledge of books, including their authorship, editions, history, and other things connected with them.

BIBLIOM'ANCY, *s.* a kind of divination, as to persons or events, by selecting passages from the Bible at hazard; a process which, in less enlightened periods, has wrought much mischief.

BIBLIOMA'NIA, *s.* literally, *book-madness;* an eagerness to possess curious books.

BIBLIOTHE'CA, *s.* *(Greek)* a library.

BIB'ULOUS, *a.* spungy: a person or thing that drinks up moisture.

BICAR'BONATE, *s.* carbonic acid doubly strong.

BICIP'ITAL, *a.* having two heads.

BI'CORN, *a.* having two horns.

BIDEN'TAL, *a.* having two teeth.

BIEN'NIAL, *a.* continuing for two years.

BIER, *s.* a frame used for carrying the dead upon.

BI'FORM, *a.* having a double form.

BIG'AMY, *s.* the having two wives at once.

BIGHT, *s.* a creek; a small bay.

BIL'BOES, *s. pl.* stocks, or shackles for the feet, for punishing offenders at sea.

BILI'DUCT, *s.* a vessel or canal for the bile.

BIL'GEWATER, *s.* water which enters a ship by a leak, and lies on her bilge, or bottom.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. V.—No. 61.—SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851.]

CRITIQUE ON THE LITERATURE OF WORKING MEN.*

HAVING gone through the supplementary volume just published critically and carefully, we have great pleasure in thus spontaneously and without solicitation embodying our opinion of the work. That the WORKING MEN of England should have produced such a volume—the fruit of their own reading and mental application—is a thing unknown in the history of literature. That the various articles are *bona-fide* the productions of the class to whom they are ascribed, there is no ground to dispute. They may embody nothing very original or very erudite; but, whether we consider the variety of subjects which the volume embraces, or the manner in which these subjects are treated, the production must be held as something altogether unique. There is a depth and strength of thought which indicates no common mental power, and this force of intellect is combined with a true idea of the beautiful. Poetry, music, painting, and sculpture, are as familiar to some of their minds as the simplest and most rudimental fact in natural philosophy. Every topic, whether in science or literature, is so handled as to indicate such an acquaintance with facts, such a correctness of taste, and such a knowledge of language, as could scarcely have been looked for. As a whole, the volume is, indeed, "one of the most glorious achievements of modern times," and furnishes "a most striking demonstration of the moral and intellectual capabilities of the working classes."

A false estimate has been made of the education and intelligence of these classes. Though their early advantages may have been but few—though their course of instruction may have been narrow and confined—though they may never have been enclosed in any classic bower, and never have walked in any academic grove—though their shadow may never have lingered at the threshold of our higher schools, nor flitted in the ancient walls of our great national universities—though they may never have scanned a single line of Homer's epic, or of Virgil's pastorals—though they may never have grappled with the subtleties of Aristotle or the problems of Euclid—though they may never have graduated in letters or been received into the circle of the learned, they are not to be looked upon as uneducated men. It is at neither school nor university that a man receives his education. He only learns or acquires those habits of mental application which qualify him for the prosecution of knowledge. He but lays the foundation on which the whole intellectual superstructure is to be built. His studies properly begin after he has finished at school; and hence every man is, more or less, self-educated. He is intellectually what he makes himself. If he cannot determine the circumstances of his physical birth and early life, he has it in his power to be born as he pleases in the second and nobler birth of genius. Of all the great spirits who have gone before, he may ally himself with the mightiest and the most renowned. In communion with those spirits, he may come to inherit their accumulated wealth of thought and knowledge. Alive to this fact, the working classes are giving themselves to reading.

* The Editors of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND have great pleasure in inserting this critique, from the pen of the respected author of the "New and Popular History of England."

They are familiar with some of our first writers. With nothing more than the limited and imperfect education given in a common parochial school, not a few of them have, with eagerness, seized every spare moment to make up for the want of early training. They have not only disciplined their intellect by the study of authors pre-eminent for their profounder and more rigid modes of thought—they have with equal diligence and with equal success devoted themselves to the education of their emotional nature, by imbibing the inspirations of the purest poetry, and cultivating a deeper acquaintance with works of taste. They have proved that the study even of Æsthetics is within their reach. If there be such a thing as inspired painting, with "its profound yet expressive symbolism, and exquisite spiritual loveliness," they know how to appreciate it. If painting is not to be identified with sculpture; if sculpture more successfully embodies "the ever-springing life—the inexhaustible strength of Nature—or gives the simplest imitation of material forms," they are not insensible to such "pure simple forms of actual material beauty." Poetry enters intrinsically into the genius of both painting and sculpture, and forms their connecting link; and if true poetry be the utterance of "that feeling which, alike in uncultivated or highly-civilised nations, has everywhere breathed itself forth in song," and, in the expression of which, we find the blending of an "originally wild and gigantic power, with the softer and sweeter impulses" of our humanity, they need not to be told what value to put upon such compositions. If romance be made up of "chivalry, enchantments, and love," it is something with which they are already familiar in the older and nobler songs of our country. If music be the harmony of the inner man—the language of the soul—and "concentrate in herself the power of arousing every deeper feeling," they understand such language—they are conscious of such harmony. If evidence were needed to confirm these assertions, it is abundantly supplied in the volume before us. To use their own words:—

"The supplementary numbers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" show what a dignity of feeling pervades the soul of the educated artisan; what lofty and noble aspirations may be breathed from the cobbler's stall, or the dingy smithy; what a fulness of benevolent sympathy glows in the beaming eye of the tailor as he contemplates the condition of his fellow-man. And, if we may take what has already appeared as a specimen, what mines of untold wealth remain to be unfolded in the millions who wield the hammer or the axe, who ply the loom, or till the grateful soil! When mind shall rise to the degree of intelligence which its Creator originally designed, when ignorance shall be felt to be 'the curse of GOD,' when the material shall give place to the spiritual and the pure, and darkness vainsh before the radient light of truth, we shall indeed realise the golden age which has been the theme alike of the prophet and the bard. *

Of the pleasures connected with the cultivation of the mind and the study of letters, they begin to be every day more conscious. If, as Cicero says, "the study of letters is the nourishment of our youth, and the joy of our old age;"—if such studies "throw an additional lustre on prosperity, and are the resource and consolation of adversity; if they delight at home, and are no embarrassment to us when abroad; if they are company to us at night, our fellow-travellers on a journey, and attendants in rural recesses"—then they become an employment of the noblest kind, and every way best suited to the nature of man. "What are the pleasures of a luxurious table, of games, shows, and sensuality, when compared with those resulting from the study of letters?" The pleasures of the mind are refined, elevating, ennobling, satisfying, and abiding. Having tasted these purer waters, the man is seen turning away from those vulgar pursuits and sensual indulgences which degrade and brutalise the soul. Their estimate of these purer enjoyments may be inferred from their own language:—

"Notwithstanding the great diversity in the objects of literary research, yet there is one characteristic common to all, viz., a direct tendency to promote mental cultivation, and by all, except those who are immersed in the grossest indulgences, it is acknowledged, that to the operations of intellect are attached joys to which the mere votaries of

*"The Educational Apparatus for Working Men."—Supplementary number for May, p. 1.

sordid and corrupt pleasures are entire strangers; for, while mere worldly men are sordid, vicious, and selfish, the student of literature attains a fancy more enriched, a taste more refined, and raptures more durable and substantial, than all the empty joys of sense can afford. It is by the acquisition of knowledge that we perfect our reason, enlarge our capacity of bliss, and ascertain our real importance and station in the great human family; and by the aid of imagination thus refined, we may become spectators of the transactions of earlier ages, the companions of enterprising travellers, and hold converse with the good and great of every time and nation."*

There are few points within the limits of literature, science, or art, on which the volume does not touch. In one article on Rhetoric and Elocution, we have remarks on the structure, compass, and force of language, and are told that "a man's language is generally taken as the criterion of his intellectual acquirements." In another we have the philosophy of the mind recommended as a study, because there is a strong presumption in favour of it "in the fact that whatever delight or pleasure there may be in any other science, or whatever usefulness or power there may be in any other philosophy, it is all to be perceived and felt by the mind that studies, thinks, discovers, and applies to practice its principles."

Mind is the seat and centre of thought, and in a paper entitled "CONSIDERATIONS ON THOUGHT," we are reminded that while the grand organ of thought is the brain, we are not to confound the thinking principle, however intimate the connection, with that organ. This distinction is thus stated:—

"Dependence supposes the existence of an absolute presiding disposing power; connection more particularly implies co-existence. Now, if we acknowledge that the brain receives impressions from external nature, through the medium of the senses, and from these impressions ideas spring up in the mind, we find ourselves plunged into difficulties of the most perplexing character—nay, we may add, that elude our most profound investigations. We have no idea of matter receiving an impression without an alteration of form. Now, on this principle, how large must the brain of an orator be who speaks four hours without intermission; and how capacious the organ of ideality in a poet who composes a canto of a poem in a week! But the wonders of the mental phenomena are not exclusively confined to the arrangement of consecutive ideas. The power of consciousness seems a remarkable element in the structure of our mental nature. We are conscious of the employment of our understanding, and we know when we cannot comprehend a proposition in mathematics, or a statement in logic. We employ the whole strength of our understanding till we overcome that which seemed dubious and insurmountable." †

There is no confounding of matter and mind: and because mind is independent of matter, though in close connection with it, intellectual culture—the education and moral training of that which constitutes the man—is now held of the first moment. Their own intellectual and moral elevation is the goal to which the working-classes are pressing. This is the mighty prize for which they are running, wrestling, and agonizing. The very effort to reach the one and gain the other is auspicious for our country. Men may drink of the prophetic vial till they become intoxicated, and, turning a deaf ear to the voice of reason and of common sense, see nothing in the future of this Old England of ours but a rapid decline and fall—its glory glittering in a cloud, and its sun setting in unbroken darkness. These are the day-dreams of an over-worked and over-heated imagination. There is a glorious coming history yet for Britain. We have just entered on the true era of our national development. It is only now that the agencies and instrumentalities necessary for our regeneration and progress and final elevation as a people, have been brought into action. Nor can we conceive that our national history will be complete, or our national life be perfected, till all classes are lifted up into the light, intelligence, and freedom of a renovated and happy humanity.

The people have made England what it is; and to make England what it is destined to be in the future, the improvement must begin at that point in the social scale which indicates the condition of the working classes. In the degree in which

* "On the Pleasures of Literature."—June, pp. 31, 32.

† "A few Considerations on Thought.'—November, p. 15.

intelligence and virtue obtain among them will be the progress and the elevation of society. An educated and virtuous population will give strength and stability to all those institutions, sacred and secular, which shed such a glory over our land, and have challenged the admiration of the world. The history of nations is, properly speaking, the history of the people; and if history formed "a transcript," as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age—solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect—"what an instructive book would it be for the people." It is of great moment that they should be acquainted with the present, but of equal moment that they should be familiar with the past—with the men of all ages, and the events of all time. Nor are they unprepared for this branch of most useful study. One of themselves pronounces good history to be of incalculable worth to the people. These are his words:—

"It is, to use a simile, a perspective glass, carrying the soul to a vast distance, and taking in the remotest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge what will happen by showing us the like revolutions of former times; for as mankind is the same in all ages, has the same interests, is influenced by the same passions, and actuated by the same motives, so no incident can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has occurred, if we will but make the comparison, and draw the inference. The was, the now, the will be, all centre in the human mind. The past is connected with the present by memory through the medium of history; and the present is associated with the future by anticipation; so that the past, the present, and the future meet in beautiful combination and harmony. History ought to present to us a faithful record of the progress of truth and virtue, and the advance of society towards perfection."*

But history must have the elements of this progress with which to deal. If the privileges which the people possess are not effective in producing actions worthy of record, history will still lack that body which Selden could find in no writer of his age or his country. It is in the power of the working classes, not only to lift themselves up into intelligence, freedom, and virtue, but to re-model the whole frame-work of society, and give such an impression to our collective humanity as may be felt from its centre to its circumference.

It is clear that a better education and a wider intelligence will not interfere with the claims of industry. Labour is no part of the curse which rests on humanity. It was in his state of innocency—when his mind was most free and active, and when his nature had not yet received the touch of sin, that man was placed in the garden to dress and to keep it. And now that his posterity are involved in the consequences of his fall, it is a fact in the history of humanity that in proportion as men are morally recovered and purified, are they quickened into a higher activity in all the pursuits and business of life. One of the most miserable creatures who walks this green and smiling earth is the man who has nothing to do. His existence is reduced to the merest *ennui*. He knows not how to kill time, every moment of which is of more price than worlds. Not that man is to be used like a beast of burden; not that every hour is to be spent in physical exertion. Intellectual improvement is not to be sacrificed to corporeal activity. A man is not to supply the wants of his body by robbing the soul of its provision. He must provide for one necessity in conformity with another. Nor let him even dream that labour is either degrading or undignified. It is one of the universal conditions of life; and in fulfilling this condition the working man is but fulfilling one of the great ends of his being. It is not "a degrading necessity," but "an essential and invaluable means of disciplining and perpetuating his entire moral and physical nature." Regarding the matter in this philosophical spirit,

"he will thus learn to subdue himself; he will perceive the necessity of self-denial; he will acquire strength of will and determination of purpose; he will be enabled to cope with difficulties, and to overcome them; and while his own character is being thus disciplined and formed, he will feel an enlarged benevolence in contributing his share to the public weal, and in enduring his portion of the labours, difficulties, and disagreeables

* "History."—November, p. 24.

of life, and thus easing his brother man from some of the inevitable evils to which, as an imperfect human being, he is subject."*

If there be dignity in labour, there is invincible force in virtue. If ignorance be the mother of vice, the progress of education and intelligence must be regarded as inseparable from the development of all those social and moral virtues which constitute the true nobility of man. The Norwich compositor is true when he says that

'the signs of the times reveal some encouraging indications that the delusions which have thriven upon popular ignorance, and strengthened the grasp of tyrannies, which have marked our boasted civilisation, are retreating before the advancing waves of intelligence and freedom, which must consign every artificial distinction to deserved oblivion. Then, and not till then, shall nobility be recognised, not as the offspring of accident, but as engrafted in the man."†

As soon as the working classes shall have learned to purge themselves from all that would pauperize, and debase, and demoralize, and degrade them, they will no longer have cause to complain of political vassalage and priestly domination and religious bigotry and universal selfishness. Their ignorance degenerates into vice, and vice enslaves the whole man. Let them

'assume the exercise of the noblest birthright ever bestowed upon man—the right of using the abundant means of instruction, knowledge, and refinement, so liberally supplied by a press teeming with the richest productions of the human mind, and easily accessible to the meanest artisan who can read; and when rightly appreciated, of power to exalt the reason, to curb the appetite, to improve the mind, to expand the heart, and to extend the sympathies which prompt to give the right hand of fellowship to all who are striving to advance their order, by a conscientious discharge of all the duties devolving upon them, in every relation of life, as Christians and patriots, and last, though not least, as sober, intelligent, but not servile, working men."‡

A happy change has come over the social, moral, and religious habits of the working classes. Their appreciation of female virtue, and of the influence of the female character in all the circles and circumstances of life, is a happy omen for our country. Hence the earnestness and the truthfulness with which they contend for female education.§ Educate at once the mind and the heart of woman, and you throw the surest safeguard around her virtue, and the virtue of woman is the foundation of a nation's stability. Their integrity cannot fail to act on the other sex with a force which no language can measure. Licentiousness will hide her monster head. Chastity will sit enthroned, and the reign of love be co-extensive with the empire of purity. Youth will then be preserved from a thousand temptations, and seek its enjoyment amid the innocent delights of mutual attachment and regard.

If temperance and virtue will leave the wages of labour to be spent in the multiplication of individual and domestic comforts, the influence of religion will shed such a bright and sunny light on the great pathway of life as to render the passage through this world comparatively cheerful and happy. There may be a great deal of infidelity and irreligion among the working classes of England: but is this to be ascribed to any deep-rooted enmity and opposition to Christianity as a system, or to causes out of themselves misleading their judgment and vitiating their conclusions? That Christianity does not identify itself with the interests of their order, and with the interests of humanity at large, is what no one can assert who has studied the Book and its contents. The Bible is the book of the people; but Christianity has been misrepresented. A sordid, selfish, worldly priesthood on the one hand; and on the other, the inconsistencies—the miserable and undeniable inconsistencies of hollow-hearted professors—have done more than all the efforts of infidelity to estrange the intelligent mechanic and artisan from the simple and sublime doctrines

* "The Dignity of Labour."—March, p. 12.
† "True Nobility."—June, p. 6.
‡ "Our National Curse."—August, p. 27.
§ See number for July, pp. 23-26.

of our holy faith. But the working men are beginning to perceive that they must form their estimate of the Christian system not from those who profess it—would they could!—but from the book itself. And hence the pure and healthy tone of the articles on this subject in the volume before us. Religion has its claims, which it can never forego, never give up; and these are being recognised and acknowledged. The inexpressibly natural and touching scene described by Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," when the happy family circle meet around the domestic altar to worship their God and Saviour, is a scene which may now be witnessed in the humble dwelling of many a working man. True piety—in itself a bright and sunny thing—is now shedding its light and happiness over many a labourer's lowly hearth, and pointing him to those "many mansions" in which he and his loved ones will finally and for ever dwell.

The very existence of this volume will henceforth and evermore render it impossible for any one to look on the labouring classes of England as an ignorant, uneducated, and immoral mass. Happy is the country that can boast of such an extent of intellectual and moral power in active operation in the humbler walks of life, and directed to the purest and most beneficent ends. Happy is the sovereign who is called to reign over a people whose industrial classes are not only ever creating the wealth and prosperity of her empire, but, by the force of their intelligence and virtue, are giving a new impetus to mind—a new caste and complexion to society. It is right that our beloved and illustrious Lady—illustrious for every virtue, and beloved by every subject—should know that the class whose reading and reflection and authorship have produced this volume, have claims on the legislature and the country, which, sooner or later, must be met, and which ought to be met at once, in the spirit of candour, honesty, and mutual confidence. These men are true and loyal-hearted; they are sincerely attached to the throne and the constitution of their country, but they must no longer be trodden down and insulted.

Such are the men to whom the Government of the freest country under heaven are called to extend the elective franchise. Never was any class more prepared or better qualified faithfully to employ their right. It is true that they are, without exception, the advocates of farther and wider reform. But, in effecting any organic change in our social and political condition, they are detreminedly opposed to all physical force. Let them be heard in their own defence.—

"Physical force for the improvement of mankind is a thing morally impossible, inasmuch as all evil has its seat in the human heart; but what that cannot accomplish, moral force can. It is adapted to every reformation of a political, social, and moral character. . . . . Let the masses have healthy literature—a taste for reading and self-improvement—then physical force scenes will find only a place in the records of past barbarism. Let intelligence increase; then man will appear a man, and the weal of the common family will be recognised by all; moral force will be the glorious feature of 'the good time coming.'"*

Not less sober and enlightened are the remarks of the Carpenter of Hitchin, who, in addressing his fellows, very pertinently and appropriately says:—

"Unless our class be provident, sober, and intelligent—guided by right principles, and actuated by proper motives—we can never have a happy, prosperous England. The first victory you have to achieve is over SELF. Having begun the work of reform *there*, you will be able to extend your conquests, and exert a happy and correcting influence on all with whom you come in contact. There is a majesty in the very demeanour of the man who intends to 'mend one.' No man deserves the name of a reformer who has not begun there. And then how wide the field for work that opens up before him! . . . Your country requires your services; watch over everything likely to affect the interests of our common humanity. Many things you cannot control; your influence will, nevertheless, be felt, while you, unassumingly, labour to promote a pacific and bloodless reform. You will, as a true *man*, be cogitating over new plans of usefulness; new modes of attack; new efforts for gaining and extending your influence over your fellow-men. The work is GOD'S. You are a citizen of His vast empire. He holds you accountable for

* "Physical Force and Moral Force Contrasted."—May, pp. 16, 14.

the good you might do, but will most assuredly crown with His eternal smile every sincere effort on your part for the benefit of others.*

Sentiments these which might be listened to with profound attention within the halls of legislation. Legislation must henceforth be for the people. The interests of a class must give place to the general good. A new school of politicians is wanted. The notions of the present men are too gothic and too antiquated. Such men have no faith in the law of progression. And, amid the onward movements of the age, they must be left to sleep on the dreamy pillow of finality. It is enough that the people are awake, and that the friends of the people are resolved that justice shall be done to their claims and requirements.

Such are the men who claim the sympathy and co-operation of the ministers of religion. There is nothing exclusive in Christianity. Its provisions are adapted to all classes and to all conditions. However apparently partial may be the distributions and allotments of Divine Providence, no such partiality obtains in the economy of mercy. And hence the Saviour commenced his ministry among the poor. Himself, in his humanity, the son of a carpenter, his sympathies were all in favour of the humbler classes. Nor will Christianity attain its predicted triumphs, and the Church of God put on her strength and beauty, till the industrial classes become incorporated in their integrity in the body of the faithful, and are found moving in concert and union, in all that promises to regenerate the world and bless humanity. It would be but the part of practical wisdom for the ministers of the sanctuary, to turn their first and chief attention to the moral improvement of this great section of the community. Their recovery and elevation cannot be separated from the salvation of our country—its social, political, and moral grandeur—nor from the predicted emancipation and blessedness of our world.

A gem of the first water may be encrusted with the coarsest earth. It only needs to be freed from the ruder material which surrounds it, to reveal its inherent loveliness and worth. And so some of the noblest and purest spirits which ever adorned our humanity have been found in the lower walks of life. If, in the great field of vegetable life—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

so the fruits of many an intellect and many a genius have been lost to the world, because of the poverty with which that intellect or that genius has had to struggle, or because no opportunity was offered for their development. But now many of these hidden gems of purest ray will be brought to light, and their lustre not only dazzles the eye of the more vulgar, but attracts the notice and challenges the admiration of the most advanced and the most accomplished in the world of letters. Some of them will take their place side by side with the philosophers, discoverers, and literati of the age. Let the working men be true to themselves, and as a class they will soon be found at a higher point in the social, political, and moral scale of their country. They have the future destinies of England in their hand. She will be what they make her. Their influence is all but unlimited. The men who have produced this volume, have it in their power to change the whole face of things. Let them act worthy of their high calling. And when England has become what England is destined to be, their deeds, with the name and the doings of John Cassell—their devoted friend and patron—will be found on the page of history, radiant with no borrowed light, and crowned with more than leaf or laurel glory.

Books.—In books we find the dead, as it were, living; in books we foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are methodised; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Saturn never ceases to devour those whom he generates, insomuch that the glory of this world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. As long as a book exists the author remains immortal.—*Richard de Bury.*

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*"The Working Man—his Moral Influence."—April, p. 4.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

By an American Traveller.

LIVERPOOL.

"So here I am at last, in the *old country*," said I to myself involuntarily, as I stepped ashore with something of the feelings of an exile returning to the land of his fathers. For we do not feel like aliens in those countries which have always occupied a large place in our minds; whose history has been the wonder and delight of our childhood; the lives of whose great men have been the food of our youthful aspirations; and to whose literature we are mainly indebted for the development, growth, and culture of our mental faculties. They are not foreign from our thoughts and affections. We have often visited them in imagination; and now that we are actually there, we seem to have been there before. Memories of the past come forth to meet us; old associations take us by the hand and greet us in familiar tones, as if welcoming us back again to some former home. Especially is this true of England—in every sense our *mother country*, the prolific source of all our virtues and all our glories. The germs of all our free institutions were found in her. They only needed a more genial soil and more auspicious skies, in order to attain their present luxuriance. Till within a comparatively recent period, our history is the same as that of England. We have an equal share in her great names. Chaucer, Shakspere, and Milton are our poets. Bacon, Locke, and Newton are our philosophers. Coke, Hale, and Blackstone are our jurists. Chatham, Burke, and Erskine are our orators. No Englishman has any better title to these names than we have.

Our baggage was placed in charge of a carman who had obtained a permit to have it examined at the Dock depot, whither we followed him. The officer in attendance, a very civil gentlemanly man, put me to very little trouble, not even opening my carpet-bag. My fellow-passengers were not so fortunate. One of them had two or three American reprints of English authors—Dickens' and Lever's works—which were condemned to the flames without leave of redemption. Another had a parcel of tobacco, a package of letters, and a number of daguerotypes from children in America to their parents in Wales, which were seized with great indignation, and subjected the bearer to a vexatious and expensive detention before a magistrate. The best way to avoid trouble at the Custom-house—the only honest way indeed—is to have nothing contraband in your possession, so that you can carry a clear conscience. Above all, keep clear of *American reprints, private letters*, and *tobacco*.

The general appearance of Liverpool was more inviting than I had supposed. Its streets, though not so wide or regular as those of New York, are much cleaner, and better paved. The buildings are not generally as lofty (except the warehouses, which are seven or eight stories), but more relieved by architectural ornaments, heavy cornices, paneling and pediments. Some of the new blocks in Broadway, e.g., that on the site of Grace Church, are more in the English style of commercial building. The streets are much more quiet than in New York, most of the heavy business being confined to the neighbourhood of the docks.

These docks are the greatest "lions" of Liverpool. They are constructed in the side of the bank of the river, and are on a most stupendous scale: wet and dry and graving docks, connected with wide and commodious quays and immense warehouses. The wet docks occupy a superfices of 90 acres, 3,384 yards, and the quays measure 7 miles 156 yards in length. Within a few years extensive docks have also been constructed on the opposite side of the Mersey, at Birkenhead.

The principal public buildings are—the Town-hall, the Exchange, and the Custom-house. The Town-hall is a handsome Palladian building, surmounted by a dome, which is crowned by a statue of Britannia. It contains a number of portraits, a statue of Roscoe, by Chantrey, and on the landing of the staircase one of Canning, by the same artist. The Exchange-buildings form three sides of a square, in the centre of which is a group of statuary in memory of Nelson, executed by Westmacott in 1813. Victory is just about to crown the hero, as Death, partially concealed by a shroud, stretches out his skeleton hand and touches his heart, while a sailor stands before him in an attitude of defence, and another kneels behind, lamenting his fate. On the sides of the base are bas-reliefs of Nelson's victories; and four colossal male figures, in attitudes of humiliation and grief, are chained to the corners. The new Custom-house, by far the finest building in Liverpool, both in magnitude and architectural

dimensions, contains also the Post-office, Excise-office, the Stamp-office, the Dock Treasurer and Secretary's office, the Board-room, and offices of the Dock Committee. There is also a splendid building, recently erected, though in an unfinished state, opposite the station-house of the London and North-Western Railway in Lime-street, called St. George's-hall, to be devoted to the fine arts. It is in the Grecian style, and has an exquisitely-wrought sculpture in bas-relief on the front pediment, representing several figures—Commerce, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, &c., bringing their tributes to Britannia.

I was struck with the marked difference in the appearance of people I met in the streets from those I had been accustomed to see at home. The people here are heartier, fuller-faced, ruddier, carry their heads higher, and project their chests more, their lips are more parted, as if breathing more freely, and they are more leisurely in their gait. They have more of the vivacity and buoyancy of youth, their tones of voice are higher and more varied, and, to use a common English expression, they look much more "*jolly*" than our New York merchants, driving along Wall-street, as if hurrying for dear life, with stooping shoulders, compressed lips, pale faces, and anxious looks.

One notices the absence of the large painted and gilded signs which line the sides of our streets—the prevailing mode here being wide plates of brass or white metal on the door-posts or window-sills, engraved with large letters, and kept bright by daily scrubbing. The drinking establishments are styled "*Vaults*," *e. g.*, "ale and porter, and wine and spirit vaults." You see a great many little donkeys in the streets, some rode by children and others harnessed in carts, pony-carriages with lady-drivers, and huge draught horses three and four tandem, whose load is limited by a special ordnance of sixteen barrels of flour apiece. In case of fire you will see the engines drawn by horses on the gallop, followed by a string of carts with casks of water to feed the engines till the water is let on by the hydrants. The water which supplies the town is not flowing at all times, but is only let on at certain seasons to fill the cisterns attached to the houses.

The markets in Liverpool are well worthy of a visit, particularly St. John's, which covers nearly two acres of ground, and is all under one roof, supported by 116 pillars. The market in Great Charlotte-street is celebrated for its fine fish—salmon and turbot, and a singular-looking red fish, called "*gurnets*," with a head shaped like the inverted stern of a ship.

St. James' Cemetery is also quite a curiosity. It was formerly a quarry of red sandstone, but has now been converted into catacombs. It is situated in the midst of the town, surrounded by streets and blocks of houses, enclosed by an iron railing. Near the entrance is a beautiful marble chapel. You descend a path cut in stone, now leading through a tunnel in the rock, till you come out upon a level spot in the bottom of the ravine, which constitutes the cemetery, and is laid out in walks and flower-beds, and adorned with shrubbery and trees. The sides of the ravine are mantled with creepers and ivy, in some places smooth rock, in others hewn stone laid in arches, and containing vaults. In the centre is a small circular stone building, containing a marble statue of Huskisson, the distinguished parliamentary patron of railways, one of Liverpool's greatest benefactors.

Several pleasant excursions may be made in the environs of Liverpool by the omnibuses, which run in all directions—Toxteth-park, West Derby, Aigburth, and Wavertree (pronounced "*Watery*"). From the last place is a walk of a mile to Childwall, where is "Childwall-hall," belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, and a very ancient church well worthy of a visit. It is built of red sandstone, in the old English style; the entrance is below the surface, and lined with monumental tablets of clergymen. The slips and seats are of oak, not painted or varnished, and very rude; a great many recesses containing large square pews for noble families, with separate entrances, and lozenge-shaped escutcheons containing coats of arms hanging up over their respective pews. The view from the rear of the church is a fine specimen of English landscape—green fields, a small stream, the country sprinkled with country seats, villages and spires, and a railway train passing in the distance.

VARIETY OF KNOWLEDGE.—All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

EXHIBITION TALES.

MARY ASHTON.

"It is not possible," said Mr. Ashton, as he sat near a fire-place which scarcely contained any coals.

The room was one of those cellars, so many of which still form the habitations of working men in the manufacturing districts. The house stood near Silk-street, Salford. It was surrounded by mills, whose tall chimneys formed a contrast to the large flat space in the midst of which Mr. Ashton dwelt. That space was so badly drained, and received so much water from the higher parts on the south, that large pools had formed; and there they stood stagnating and breeding fever, a source of disease and death to the people, and a disgrace to the authorities of the town. Of course Mr. Ashton's cellar was damp. It was also nearly bare of furniture. Mr. Ashton himself was thinly clad, spare in figure, and labouring under a violent cough. The person to whom he spoke was a girl twelve years old. Sarah Ashton had just returned home from the mill. She wore over her head, extending down to her shoulders, and thus serving for both bonnet and shawl, one of those large red coarse cotton handkerchiefs, which are universal among the female cotton-workers of Lancashire, and which deform the person as effectually as they shelter it. Sarah had no small pretensions to beauty. Unusually tall for her age, she was well made, and bore herself erect and with an easy air, as if nature had endowed her with grace of movement. Her features were regular and striking. A soft blue eye set off advantageously a fair complexion and flaxen hair.

Lancashire factory girls have generally harsh, nay, almost hoarse, voices, the result of their having at their work to make themselves heard one by another amid the perpetual whirl and whiz of the machinery in the mills. Sarah Ashton's voice was soft, and her manner gentle. Her words made a peculiar impression on the feelings. When she asked a favour, refusal was almost impossible. She had, however, received a refusal from her father at the moment when our story opens. Her request was, that she, her brother Thomas, and her sister Mary might go to London to see the Exhibition. Words cannot paint the astonishment of Mr. Ashton when his daughter Sarah, in her sweet fondling manner, preferred her petition to him. Scarcely could he have been more amazed had she entreated of him the Salford Town-hall, or the Peel-park.

"Impossible," he replied in a firm but not an angry tone.

Sarah, however, felt that in part she had succeeded. Her father was not angry. So far good. To avoid arousing his anger Sarah had been chosen to make the entreaty by her eldest sister, who was resolved that in some way she and her brother and sister should visit London and behold the great wonder. And in order to take a favourable moment for the request, the young people had anxiously waited week after week, until at last their father had obtained employment.

"Do not, dear father," rejoined Sarah; "do not say 'impossible.'"

"It is impossible; quite impossible. You know how we are reduced. The furniture is nearly all gone. It is now four months since your poor mother died. Her funeral took all the money I had; and since then, you know, I have had only sixteen days' work. Then you and Mary have been playing till last week but one, ever since the mill was burnt down. But for Tom's bit of wage we must have all starved. I can't think how such a notion got into your head, my child. Why, the winter has only just begun. How we are to get through it with any comfort I don't know, though now we are all in work."

"Father!"

"Don't say any more about it. I tell you it is impossible. Any money we may have to spare must be laid out in getting our furniture back. There's my watch, now; I shall never have a moment's peace until it is again in my pocket. It is a gift of your mother's. We had been in the country for a walk, just three days after our marriage, and as we returned in the evening—oh! it was a lovely evening—so bright, so calm, I shall never forget it: I sometimes think that in just such an evening I shall meet your mother in heaven. Would that the time had come!"

"Nay, father," interposed Sarah, "don't be in a hurry to leave us; I am sure we'll do all we can to make up to you for the loss of dear mother."

"That loss, my child, can never be made up. But, as I was saying: we were coming along through Drinkwater's Grounds, when just as we drew near to Agecroft-bridge, your mother put that watch into my hands, and said, 'Here, Thomas, there's something for thee. I saved the money out of my wages, and I thought I'd just buy thee that to keep for my sake.' Well, I never

expected to be brought so low as to be obliged to part with that watch. And now to hear you talk of going to London. Ah! this comes of your reading so much. For my part I never liked that WORKING MAN'S FRIEND; I always thought it would put silly ideas into your head. What have the like of us to do with reading?"

"My dear father, how much happier would you have been, could you have spent in reading the many tedious hours that you have passed here since you were thrown out of employment. And then, you know, you couldn't take that situation which was offered just before, because you could not read and write. Had you been in that situation you would have had constant employment and your wages double. But you will never, I am sure, forget how poor mother was supported and comforted by reading. 'Thank God, I can read,' she said to me one evening when I returned home and found her worse. 'I don't know how I should get through the day but for that WORKING MAN'S FRIEND; you all away from six o'clock in the morning; and my pains so sharp, and only a neighbour popping in once or twice a week; but I always find something in that book to occupy my thoughts, and make me forget myself a little. Between that and the Bible, I after all get through the day pretty well. And, Sarah, I want to say something to thee: thou'rt very young, but I must not put it off till thou'rt older, for I know I shall not live long. Sarah, if thou should have a family, be sure thou givest them some education; deny thyself anything rather than not give thy children some education. It is all thy father wants to make him a good husband.'"

"Well, perhaps," said Mr. Ashton, in a softened tone; "perhaps she was right. Howsoever, Sarah, you don't know what you ask for. Why, how are you three to get to London?"

"Father, we can go there and back again for fifteen shillings."

"Fifteen shillings! Where are you to get fifteen shillings? or, rather, three times fifteen? I tell thee, lass, thou doesn't know what thou wants. I suppose you must eat and sleep while you are away, all three of ye. Then you must have some decent clothes. Tush! put the thing out of your heads, and let us get comfortable again in the house."

At this moment Mary entered. She saw at once by Sarah's looks what had been the result of her application, and like a good child and a good general, she resolved to spare her father's feelings and postpone the subject to a more favourable moment. In her hand she bore a mutton chop and a few potatoes for her father's supper.

"You have been rather pinched of late, father," she said, as she proceeded to cook the provisions; "and it's been a sore grief to me, especially when I thought how mother would greet, if she knew you were short of food. But things begin to brighten: we shall be all right again in a little time."

"Good evening, Mr. Ashton," said a young man, who entered as he knocked; "I hope you are better. Is your boy Tom in a good place?"

"Why, not so very good, thank you; but his wages have been very useful lately."

"Well, I want a clever lad to assist me in the books; the work is more than I can get through, and master heard from the parson that your Tom had been a good lad in the Sunday-school and could write and cast accounts well."

"Yes, Andrew, thank you, he is a clever and a very good lad."

"Well, what does he get a week?"

"Five shillings."

"I can give him ten."

"Then you shall have him."

"Settled; let him come on Monday."

"No, say Monday week; he must give a week's notice."

"The sooner the better; for just now I am overdone with work. As if I hadn't enough to do before, our men, at least three hundred of them, have formed what they call an 'Albert Club,' and made me clerk of it. They are putting together their money, Mr. Ashton, in order to go and see the 'Great Exhibition.'"

"Exhibition! why, the Exhibition's turning everybody's head. This little foolish thing here has just been teazing me about going to the Exhibition."

"Well, would you not like to go yourself?"

"May be I should, Andrew, but my pocket's empty, and my house too is nearly empty."

"It's four months yet to the time. Besides, you need not be there when the thing begins. Instead of May, say you are there in July or August."

"Andrew, it's clean out of the question. Moreover, if I have any money, I could spend it better."

"That I doubt. You are very low in spirits, and by no means well. A change would do you good. It would aid you in getting over your sad loss. And then what a sight it will be! That Paxton is a great genius. For myself, I'd walk five hundred miles if only to see the building. Why, it's rising just like a cloud out of the sea. Fairies? Oh! it's all over with fairies now; men beat fairies out and out. We must

have a new 'Arabian Nights.' There's nothing half so wonderful in the old one as this Crystal Palace, and this Electric Telegraph. Just think, eighteen acres covered with glass in a few months! I should like to have been the carpenter for that job, though I must have been pretty sharp to have got ready in no time about two hundred miles of sash-bar, and floored a span of 33,000,000 of cubit feet. I have just been looking at the *Illustrated London News*, and there's a row of fine large trees enclosed within this glass building. And how light and elegant is the appearance of the interior! Oh! it will be a splendid sight when all those compartments are filled with the best productions of every part of the civilised world. They say, we English will be beaten. In taste we shall be beaten. We deserve to be beaten. We have left our people untaught. But if beaten once, shall we be beaten twice? That I much doubt. A good beating just now, when all the world is talking of popular education, is the best thing we could get. Yes, I think a beating under that pile of glass is far better than a victory on the field of Waterloo."

"There," said Mary Ashton, as she placed the supper on the table. "Now, father, just make a comfortable meal; and do you, Andrew, reach to and take a bit. We have not much, but such as there is you are heartily welcome to."

Mr. Andrew Coomb was an old friend of the family, whom he had known in better days, and whom he had resolved to assist in recovering a state of ease and comfort. Clerk in a large spinning establishment, he had a very comfortable income, and was desirous of immediately marrying Mary Ashton, whose high worth he had long known, and to whom he was betrothed a short time before Mrs. Ashton's decease. He it was that had originated the idea of a visit to London. His plan was that he and Mary should be married early in July, and then, accompanied by the rest of the family, take a holiday trip to the Metropolis. The expense he would bear. To this proposal Mary manifested invincible repugnance. Such a tax she positively refused to inflict on Andrew. True, she was poor—very poor. She could bring him no property; but, at any rate, she would not let her family be a burden to him. Not that she thought Andrew would feel the burden or regard the outlay. He was a kind-hearted, generous man, and he was fondly attached to herself. Nevertheless, she was firm in her resolution to refuse the favour. Husband and wife, Mary thought, should be as nearly as could be equal; and it was just possible that after his young enthusiasm had gone off, Andrew might regret his generosity. Sad changes sometimes come in wedded life. Mary determined not to expose herself to the possibility of ever being reproached for being dependent on Andrew. Yet the idea of the visit was in her head. Nay, somehow, it had made its way into her heart. She wished, she almost longed to go; and therefore had she put her younger sister on the task of sounding her father. The result was scarcely more unfavourable than she expected. Like a prudent person, however, she resolved to "bide her time."

Six weeks have elapsed. It is Sunday evening. All the members of Mr Ashton's family are sitting, with Mr. Coomb, by the side of Mary, near a blazing fire, in a well-furnished and well-lighted room.

"Here, father," said Mary Ashton; "here is your watch; and now I believe everything is back again."

"Why, how did you get the money?"

"There's no mystery about it," replied Mary. "Sarah and I began by selling our hair: you know what a fine head of hair Sarah had, and mine was not bad. And then, as we have all been in work, I saved out of our united income just fifteen shillings and sixpence a week; and I hope, father, you've wanted nothing."

"No, my child. I'm glad I gave you my wages; I was never more comfortable in my life."

"Next," added Mary, "we must all have some new clothes, and then for London."

"London! Mary. What! are you mad, too? Sarah was once touched with that disorder, but it's over with her, I fancy."

"Not at all, father," answered Sarah; "I yet hope to go."

"And I, too," exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, and you and all," added Mary.

Who can describe the expression of Mr. Ashton's countenance?

"I see you don't believe it possible."

"Possible, Mary! certainly not. And really, with all your sense, child, I wonder you should encourage such silly notions."

"Excuse me, father, the notion is not silly; I've got it all in my head here. Now just listen, and do be patient, I beg, my dear father. First, I suppose, you will be satisfied if you continue to live as well as you have done for the last few weeks?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I can save out of our income at least fifteen shillings a week. It is now the beginning of January. By the end of March I calculate our savings will have amounted to a sum sufficient to provide us all with good neat clothing; and by the end of June I shall have in my pocket from ten to fifteen pounds, to say nothing of an

increase of wages, which I am daily expecting, for I've gotten pretty skilful in the millinery way now."

"Besides, you'll let me throw two or three pounds into your exchequer."

"No, Andrew, thank you kindly, we shall be able to manage; and just now all you can spare, you know, must go toward furniture, for I promise not to keep you waiting beyond September."

"But even fifteen pounds would not take you to London, keep you there, and bring you back; there are four of you. And you do not know that there will be a fifteen-shilling train just at the time you want it. But say there was: then fifteen shillings for carriage, and fifteen shillings—that is the charge—for bed and breakfast, multiplied by four, make twelve pounds. That is too near your stock; besides, it may not exceed ten pounds. And then you will want a dinner every day, to say nothing of tea and supper, and a score of other expenses; and London is such a dear place. I tell you, Mary, it can't be done."

"No, not on your plan; but your plan is not my plan. I mean to take the thing easily. I have reckoned to be absent a month. I shall give up these rooms, placing the furniture in a spare room at my mistress's; so we shall have no rent. Well, I'm going out to see the world, and I don't want to be whizzed through the air by steam. Live for the month some where we must—why not in the open air, except at nights? In a word, I propose that we walk to London and walk back. We shall be fourteen days or so on the road, and we shall have fourteen days in the great city. Our living now costs about two-and-twenty shillings a week. While we are out I put it down at two pounds a week. I don't think it will be so much, for I intend to carry a good ham with me, and bread is very low-priced—thanks to Mr. Cobden. And when I get to London I shall take a couple of rooms in some village. We are pretty good walkers and want to see the world, so we shall not mind a good long walk of a morning before we see the Exhibition and other sights; besides, we may now and then have a treat in a third-class carriage, or in an omnibus, for I'm told there isn't a greater pleasure in the world than riding from one end of London to another on the outside of one of the omnibuses. Altogether, I think we shall do very well. If I get ten pounds saved it will, I know, be close work. If I get twelve, we shall be comfortable. If I get fifteen, I expect to have two pounds in my pocket to begin housekeeping with on our return."

"But you have not thought of your work; how will it be when you get back?"

"It's nearly all right, Andrew. I suppose you'll keep Tom's place open for him?"

"I will. Tom does very well, he's a clever lad; and this excursion will do him great good—it will open and fill his mind."

"Well," added Mary, "I fancy I shall learn a little, if only by looking into the milliners' shops. But, in the Exhibition, surely I may pick up a good many ideas; and then, Andrew, you know I can, when we're married, open a shop of my own, if you still keep in the mind you are about the shop."

"Right," replied Mr. Coomb, "I had not thought of that; but, any way, you'll let me go with you. Of all things I should like such a sauntering excursion as you contemplate: just walking from town to town—from village to village—through vales and over hills—in this well-cultivated and beautiful England of ours. Oh! I should enjoy the treat exceedingly, especially with you, dear Mary, near me. Say that I shall be one of your company."

"I have no objection, if father makes none."

"No, my girl, how could I have any? Really your plan seems feasible, and I begin to feel young again at the very thought of such a delightful trip."

"Yes, father, my chief hope is that you'll come back a new man. But for this hope I hardly think I should have had the courage and the firmness to get matters thus far; now, however, I see my way clear before me."

TOBACCO.—The fashion of smoking tobacco was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh in the reign of James I. This custom was followed by almost all the nobility and high officers of the realm, to the great dissatisfaction of the fastidious monarch. So universally prevalent was this fashion, that his Majesty could not find any one to write or preach against it. He therefore wrote and published a tract himself, which he entitled "*A Counter-Blast to Tobacco.*" After exposing in strong language the unhealthiness and offensiveness of this practice, he closes with this royal counter-blast:—"It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs; and, in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless!"

IMITATIONS OF LIFE.

Automatical figures of rope-dancers, imitating human motions by the action of weights, have frequently been exhibited. There was a beautiful specimen of this kind long on view at the Adelaide Gallery, in the Strand, which the writer has repeatedly seen, and he has also looked at others of full-life size. The former, together with the mechanical apparatus producing its feats, are enclosed in a glass-case, the lower part of which is thrown open to exhibit the mechanism. When the figure is at rest, it appears seated on a slender steel rod, grasped by both its hands. On touching a spring it descends, but still hangs suspended by them. After several oscillations, or swingings backwards and forwards, the tumbling begins, which consists in the figure assuming a wonderful variety of attitudes—closing the feet and hands together, and swinging with great velocity around the rod. While these movements are proceeding, a musical instrument plays, by means of other parts of the machinery. At the close of the tumbler's evolutions, the figure rises up, and, seating itself on the rod, bows to the spectators. The power in operation in this beautiful automaton is a spring. The steel rod is a tube, through which all the levers and communications effecting the motions of the body are conveyed. The mechanism of the larger figure is no doubt similar; but for it they give proportionate scope, and would appear to be, though most ingenious, more easily constructed than the automaton now described, which is only a few inches in height.

Several years ago the writer saw a writing automaton, constructed by M. Maillardet, with that skill for which he was remarkable. It far surpassed others that have been exhibited. In such cases the automaton consists of a machine resembling the human figure, placed at a table, with a pen or pencil in its hand, and paper before it. The spectator is desired to dictate any word at pleasure, which is instantly written by the figure in a plain and legible hand. But the figure is placed near the partition of a room, behind which an assistant is stationed within hearing of all that transpires. It is therefore the assistant that directs the hand of the figure by machinery, which passes from its body beneath the floor into the next apartment. Very simple machinery would suffice for this purpose. The instrument called the pantograph, with proportionate arms, so constructed that whatever movements are communicated to one of the arms, the same will be traced by the other, might, for example, be used. A still more simple arrangement, by a lever with an universal joint, would even be efficient.

The writing figure of M. Maillardet surpassed all such contrivances. It consisted of the representation of a boy kneeling on one knee, and holding a pencil in his hand, with which he not only wrote, but drew very cleverly. When its performance was about to commence, an attendant dipped the pencil in ink, and laid the paper on a brass table before the figure, the tablet being adjusted with screws to its proper position. On touching a spring a line was begun, and when it was finished the hand of the figure returned to dot the i's and stroke the t's. In this way it executed four beautiful pieces of writing in English and French, each consisting of several lines, and three drawings of landscapes, all of which occupied about an hour. The different parts of this machine are put in motion by means of springs, and the outline of its work is effected by the combination of various levers or ellipses traversing the circumference of metal plates or wheels. The edge being cut into different shapes at different places, produces a corresponding outline in the communications, so modified as to produce the particular letter or line. There are three principal motions of the hand: two horizontal, and one perpendicular, so that the stroke may be thickened by an extremely delicate operation.

The writer saw, only a few years ago, a very beautiful automaton, which was exhibited at the "Exposition" in Paris, and subsequently in London. It appeared in an elegant court suit, seated at a table, and in the attitude of writing. Several questions inscribed on enamelled tablets were placed on the table, on which the whole apparatus stood, any one of which the visitors might select at pleasure. A tablet containing a question, on being handed to the attendant, was put into a

drawer beneath the figure, and as soon as it was closed, and paper placed before the automaton, it began to trace an appropriate reply. On the question being proposed in this way: "Who may be volatile without a crime?" the answer was, "A butterfly." This automaton could draw a response as well as write one; hence, when the question was put: "What is the symbol of fidelity?" it drew an outline, the form of a greyhound. And in the same way it proceeded to reply to a series of questions.

Among the surprising works of Maillardet, the writer distinctly remembers the figure of a pianiste, seated at a piano forte on which she played no fewer than eighteen tunes. All her movements were graceful. Before commencing a tune, she made a gentle inclination of the head to her auditors; her bosom heaved, and her eyes followed the motion of her fingers over the finger-board.

The instrument, though resembling a piano-forte, is, in fact, an organ; the bellows of which are blown by different parts of the machinery. Six large springs effect the movement of this automaton. The various parts of the machinery are extremely nice and complicated, and all admirably adapted to the required purpose. Twenty-five communications produced the different motions of the body, and others proceeding from the centre of motion, are distributed to the different parts of the instrument. A brass fly regulates and equalises the whole. The figure rests on a mahogany box, containing the machinery, which was freely exposed to view. On this automaton being once wound up, it will continue playing for an hour.

At the exhibition referred to in the last paper on the present subject, as adjoining the Adelaide Gallery in the Strand, and containing many objects that are not only beautiful, but curious, there is a similar figure, but representing a younger person. The automaton also plays an organ with its fingers, as any one may prove by watching its movements and touching the keys of the instrument.

To adopt the striking language of Sir David Brewster: "Ingenious and beautiful as all these pieces of mechanism are, and surprising as their effects appear even to scientific spectators, the principal object of their inventors was to astonish and amuse the public. We should form an erroneous judgment, however, if we supposed that this was the only result of the ingenuity which they displayed.

"The passion for automatic exhibitions, which characterised the eighteenth century, gave rise to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher order of artists habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness re-appeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning-machines and our steam-engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambouring engine.

"Those mechanical wonders, which in one century only enriched the conjurors that used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilisation of our species. In whatever way, indeed, the power of genius may invent or combine, and to whatever low or even ludicrous purposes that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and though the value of the seed may not at once be recognised, and though it may lie long unproductive in the ungenial till of human knowledge, it will some time or other evolve its germ, and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest."

MATTHEW MARVEL.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

By H. B. Staunton.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION *(Concluded).*

The address fell like a thunderbolt upon the enemies of emancipation. The friends of Fitzgerald would not believe it was the intention of O'Connell to seriously contest the canvass. The speedy arrival of two of his agents in Clare dispelled their doubts. The county was in a boil of excitement. The day of election approaches. Shiel addresses a concourse of electors. His eloquence inspires a wild enthusiasm in their hearts. The time for the arrival of the great agitator himself is fixed. An immense throng hails him, with banners, music, and shoutings. The trial day comes, and the candidates appear before assembled thousands of the electors. Fitzgerald delivers an able speech. O'Connell rises and pronounces a magnificent harangue, which sways the passions of the peasantry as forests wave when swept by the wing of the tempest. A violent contest ensues, and at its close the High-Sheriff declares that "Daniel O'Connell, Esq., is duly elected a member of the Commons' House of Parliament for the county of Clare."

This unexpected result carried dismay into the councils of Downing-street; for they knew that O'Connell was soon to appear in London and demand his seat in Parliament. His fame was no stranger to the place where his person was unknown. His reputation had long ago penetrated every mansion and cabin in the realm. The agitation of the past five years, whose tread had shaken Ireland from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, had ever and anon caused the walls of St. Stephen's to tremble. And now, what seemed so terrible in the distance, was to be brought to its very doors. Parliament was not in session; but it had been announced that Ministers would oppose Mr. O'Connell's entrance into the Commons. The declaration drove Ireland to the brink of civil war. The Commander of the Forces conveyed to the Ministry the alarming intelligence that the troops were fraternizing with the people, and their loyalty could not be relied on in the event of an outbreak. All minds not besotted with bigotry felt that the great right for which the association had contended must be conceded. The Duke of Wellington, then at the head of the Government, saw that the hour had come when either his prejudices or his place must be surrendered. He decided that the former must yield. Parliament was convened on the 5th of March, 1829. On the first day of the session, Mr. Peel moved that the House go into committee, "to take into consideration the civilised disabilities of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." After two days' debate it prevailed. A bill of emancipation was introduced. Five days sent in a thousand petitions against its passage. The bill passed, after a severe struggle, and Mr. Peel carried it to the Lords. A fierce contest ensued, but it was forced through by the Iron Duke. On the 13th of April it received the royal assent, and was hailed everywhere with joy by the friends of religious freedom.

Mr. O'Connell appeared in the House to claim his seat. Having been elected before the act of emancipation, the ancient oaths were tendered to him. He declined to take them. After tedious hearings before the Committee of Elections, extending through several weeks, and a powerful address at the bar of the House in support of his own right, his seat was declared vacant. He returned to Ireland, and was everywhere hailed as "the Liberator of his country." After walking over the course of Clare, he repaired to Westminster, and "the member for all Ireland" took his seat in the British House of Commons.

For this great concession to the genius of toleration, the age is chiefly indebted to O'Connell and Shiel, the Castor and Pollux of emancipation. No two men were more perfect antagonisms in the prime elements of their characters, and no two more harmoniously blended in the accomplishment of a common object. Each supplied what was wanting in the other. O'Connell was unsurpassed in planning, organising, and executing, and his unique and vigorous eloquence could stir to its bottom the ground tier of Irish society. Shiel was rich in the highest gifts of oratory, ornate, classical, impassioned, and could rouse the enthusiasm and intoxicate the imaginations of the refined classes of his countrymen. The one contributed to the work the learning and skill of an acute lawyer, the knowledge of a well-read historian of his country, an intimate acquaintance with all the details of the great question at issue, and business capacities of the first order: the other gave to it a transcendent intellect, adorned with the genius of a poet, the graces of a rhetorician, and the embellishments of a polite scholar. Both consecrated to it intense nationality of feeling, quenchless perseverance, and indomitable courage.

Each yielded to the other the exclusive occupancy of the peculiar field of labour to which his talents were best adapted.

Mr. Shiel was born in 1791. In his youth, he won a high literary reputation as the author of two tragedies, "Evadne" and "The Apostate," and some beautiful essays in the periodicals. He early acquired an enviable reputation at the Dublin bar as an advocate. But "the gauge and measure of the man" were known to a comparatively small circle till his splendid oratorical display in the defence of the principles and objects of the Catholic Association made his fame co-extensive with the empire. The result of his services has been recorded. To apply to himself what he so graphically said of Grattan, "The people of Ireland saw the pinnacles of the establishment shattered by the lightning of his eloquence." The Emancipation Bill opened to him the doors of Parliament. He entered its hall in 1831, heralded by a reputation surpassing that with which most orators have been content to leave that field of their triumphs. It is the highest proof of the solidity of his reputation, that in this new arena he increased the brilliancy of his fame, being a marked exception to the rule, that orators who have become famous at the bar, or the hustings, or on the platform, have failed to meet the public expectation on encountering the severer tests of the House of Commons.

Several years ago I heard Mr. Shiel deliver a speech in Parliament, and I retain a vivid impression of his powers. He seemed the very embodiment of all that was gorgeous and beautiful in the arts of rhetoric and oratory. His sentences rushed forth with the velocity of a mountain torrent, while for an hour and a-half he poured down upon the House a ceaseless shower of metaphor, simile, declamation, and appeal, lighted with the brilliant flashes of wit, and mingled with the glittering hail of sarcasm. He belongs not to the best school of oratory, but is master of that in which he was trained. There is no rant or fustian in his speeches, for they are eminently intellectual. Though polished in the extreme, they are pure ore, and sparkle with real gems. His ornaments are lavishly put on, but are never selected from the tinsel and mock diamond mine. His defect is that he too much discards logic, and revels in rhetoric. In discussing even an appropriation bill, his figures are drawn less from the annual budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer than from the perennial springs of Helicon. He aims to reach the heart, not through the reason, but the reason and the heart through the imagination.

As a specimen of his oratory, I subjoin an extract from one of his speeches. In 1837, Lord Lyndhurst declared, in the Upper House, that the Irish were "aliens in blood and religion." Shortly after, Mr. Shiel thus repelled the charge in the Commons. Lord L. was a listener.

"Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

'The battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed'

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory: Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Abuera, Toulouse—and, last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, (pointing to Sir Harry Hardinge,) who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance; while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest; tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valour, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, 'Up lads, and at them!'—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together. In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited. The green spring is now breaking on their commingled dust. The

dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

Though approaching the verge of good taste, conceive of the present effect of such an outburst gushing from the lips of Shiel, the perspiration standing in drops on his knotted locks, his eye kindled with Milesian fire, every feature of his expressive countenance instinct with passion, every limb of his small but symmetrical frame trembling with emotion, his shrill but musical voice barbing every emphatic word!

Since he entered Parliament, Mr. Shiel has acted with the liberal Whigs, has held office under Lord John Russell, and generally declined the lead of Mr. O'Connell. He stood aloof from the Repeal agitation, though he defended O'Connell, when on trial for conspiracy some four years ago, with the ability and eloquence of his brightest days.

JUVENILE CABINET.

FRANKNESS.

There are some persons who are never willing to acknowledge that they have done wrong. Whenever they are blamed for anything, they will be sure to have some excuse or palliation to offer, or they will contrive to turn the attention to the share which somebody else had in the wrong. James Benson was just such a boy. "Why, what a looking place you have made of this room, children!" his mother said, as she entered the parlour one day.

"Why, William took down every one of those books," vociferated James. "I didn't touch one of them; and Emily tore up that paper into little bits, and threw it upon the floor. I couldn't help it: I told her not to do so."

"Well, I should like now to have you gather up those quill tops and put them out of the way," interrupted his mother: "you know I have always cautioned you against letting your pen cuttings fall upon the carpet."

"Well, William has been cutting too. They are more than half his," replied James, instead of stooping at once to pick them up.

Now such a disposition as James showed here is far from being the right one. James had a hand in putting things into disorder, and his own blame was that he had any concern in it. It was nothing to him what his brothers and sisters had been doing. He ought to have acknowledged his own fault, and obeyed his mother's direction immediately, instead of stopping to find excuses, or to tell what the others had done.

It is very mean and ill-natured to wish to bring others into difficulties, or expose their faults, when it will answer no good purpose. It is very absurd, too, for any person to suppose that he is any the less to blame himself, in any one case, because somebody else has also been to blame. Suppose that a man who was brought to trial in a court of justice for the crime of stealing, should say in self-defence, "Why, to be sure I have been guilty of stealing; but then such a person stole too. He stole just as much as I did." This would be foolish enough; and yet nothing is more common than for boys and girls, when they are reproved for any misconduct, to begin to tell what some of their brothers, or sisters, or companions, have done that which is quite as bad.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

General Washington placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who at an early period of the American revolution was Governor of the State of Connecticut. In a certain emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favourable. Thus, from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," which soon passed from the army to the people, the Americans received that appellation, which has stuck to them as closely as "John Bull" to the English.

BEING IN A HURRY.

When one is in a hurry and a flurry of nervous excitement he can see nothing but stones, after he has stumbled over them, and beams, after he has run his head against them. To do anything well, one needs to be calm and collected.

Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence? Because it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

YOUNG CHICKS.

As soon as the hen forsakes the chickens, choose those with short legs, and put them into a coop to fatten for your own table or the market. Cramming is unnecessary. Adopt any of the three following methods, and the fowls will be beautifully plump in a fortnight; if kept longer cooped, they will suddenly fail, and frequently die:—

First Method.—Give them warm baked potatoes four times a-day, supply them regularly with plenty of fresh water, and let their coop stand in a dark, warm corner.

Second Method.—Feed them on oatmeal gruel made on pot-liquor or new milk, and mixed with suet.

Third Method.—Supply them plentifully with balls made of scalded barley-meal and sheeps' entrails boiled well and chopped small. The directions with regard to water and the situation of the coop holds good in all cases, and fresh straw to peck at should be given them every day. None of these methods are expensive, and all of them have been tried by the writer with success.

To rear young fowl as stock, it is only necessary to feed them well, give them a sufficiency of water, keep them from cold and damp, preserve their house and yard in most perfect cleanliness, and prevent them sitting on eggs, so as to bring forth a brood, until they are fifteen months old at the least. Black fowls are generally good layers and bad sitters. The Dorking of every colour is both a prolific layer and an excellent nurse, but its flesh, even when young, is yellow and rather tough.

DISEASES OF FOWLS.

Fowls are subject to many diseases, almost all of which may be traced to damp, cold, or improper food. Amongst the number are the roup, the pip, the turn (or giddiness), the asthma, dropsy of the limbs, and the gapes. This latter is a singular disease, consisting in the formation of several parasitic worms in the windpipe, on the removal of which depends the life of the sufferer. One mode adopted for this purpose is to put the bird into a box, and make it inhale the fumes of tobacco. Another is, forcing a large pinch of salt down its throat; and a third is, introducing a feather into the windpipe, and turning it round, when the worms cling to it and are drawn out.

The roup may be cured by giving the bird half a teaspoonful of dissolved salt, and bathing its head in warm water; or James's powder, in doses of a grain, made into a pill with bread, and afterwards a pill of rue and garlic, which must be forced down the bird's throat.

The pip is generally fatal; it consists in a hard gathering of white matter round the tongue, the back part of the mouth, and the opening of the nose into the mouth; the eyes become perfectly white, and the bird totally blind. With much trouble this may be picked to pieces, when the parts should be washed with a weak solution of white vitriol, but most commonly it forms again and the bird dies.

The turn, or giddiness, is a sort of epileptic fit, which causes instant death, unless a vein in the palate be opened as soon as the bird falls, and a few drops of a mixture composed of six parts of the sweet spirit of nitre and one of ammonia be poured down the throat.

The asthma is occasioned by too much stimulating food, or damp confined lodging. The best remedy is a daily dose, weighing one grain, of calomel and antimonial powder.

Dropsy of the limbs is rarely cured, but the best remedy is garlic and rue.

MOULTING.

When birds are moulting they should be supplied with food of a stimulating nature, and be kept warm and dry; each year, as they grow older, they moult later in the season.

THE COCK.

A cock should be large, but well made, carry his head high, have a fine bright red comb, with wattles of the same colour, a short bill, an animated look, a broad chest, and strong wings; his legs should be short, thick, and muscular, with spurs, his plumage dark, and his voice loud and clear. Cocks dislike crowing hens, and those which have assumed spurs, and, when he calls the others around him to partake of a dainty morsel, he has been known to hunt the one so constituted away. Indeed, we would advise our friends always to fatten and kill such while they are young, as from internal disease they have no power of producing eggs.

INDOLENCE.—The miseries of indolence are known only to those who have no regular pursuit; nothing in view, however tedious or arduous; nothing by which time may be shortened by occupation, and occupation rendered easy by habit.

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The arrangements of the Commissioners are now for the most part complete. Unless they come to be reconsidered and modified, we now know the terms upon which the people will be brought from the various provinces in the country to London, and admitted to inspect the wonders of the Great Exhibition. Unfortunately we have no means at present of ascertaining how they will dispose of themselves whilst in town; where they will be lodged and fed; what measures are in progress for their accommodation, or what securities will be provided to guard them against the impositions of unprincipled sharpers. The authorities have, however, announced their decision on all matters they deem within their province.

Let us review these arrangements for a moment or two, and see how the people have been dealt with. Their claim to be treated in the whole matter on terms of the greatest liberality has been admitted from the first. The character assigned to the Exhibition by its promoters of all grades—the language held by prince and prelate, peer and commoner—have all pointed to the working classes as that section of society who will contribute most to its completeness, who will contemplate it with the greatest pride and interest, who will reap from it the largest amount of profit, and whose convenience in visiting and examining its industrial specimens ought therefore to be primarily thought of and provided for? How has this been done?

The foremost difficulty in the way of the artisan, who has determined to come to London for perhaps the first, it may be the only, time in his life, is the expense of travelling. To pass from place to place is a much simpler, quicker, and cheaper thing now than it was in the days of our grandfathers, or even than it was twenty years ago. Still it is a heavy item when the distance is considerable; and such is the case with the majority of the large manufacturing towns, which will contribute the largest quota to the ranks of the artisan visitors. Birmingham, the toy-shop of the world, is 116 miles from London, and this is amongst the nearest of the great hives of industry. Manchester is 182 miles off, Leeds 195, Huddersfield 187, Liverpool 206. Then, if we go further north, and cross the borders into Scotland, or if we look at the other side of St. George's Channel to Belfast or Dublin, we shall perceive that the distance is still more formidable. Except to persons living in the near neighbourhood of London, the expense of travelling will be the most serious item in their outlay. To reduce this, the whole influence of the Commission should have been energetically employed. The Railway Companies are huge monopolies, and they have made the utmost of their advantage. The engagements they have entered into we consider most illiberal, and we cannot but think that it would have been better to let every club throughout the country fight its own battle, and make the best terms it could for itself, than officially sanction such a contract. The scale of charges should have been at least as low as those charged in the ordinary summer excursion trains. We remind our readers that they may yet effect some alterations—the modification of some of the most objectionable features in the present arrangement—if they make the proper representations, and secure the assistance of some of the more influential men in their several neighbourhoods. In addition to the question of fare, we would urge attention to the following points, upon which it is most desirable that the existing arrangements should not be adhered to:—

1. There is no guarantee for the use of covered carriages, such as the legislature has obliged the companies to adopt in what are called Parliamentary trains. On many of the lines, especially in the north, we have seen carriages employed for third-class passengers without covering and without seats, resembling cattle-pens more than anything else. Her Majesty's Commissioners have not secured the working classes from being despatched some hundreds of miles in these boxes. Let the club secretaries look to this, and see that the use of carriages more suited to human beings is expressly stipulated for. Our advice to them is—trust nothing to the liberality of railway directors.

2. The same thing may be said with reference to the rate of travelling. What for a railway may be called a snail's pace, and long, wearisome stoppages at some points for hours at a time, are incidents of travel that commonly befal the third-class passenger. The gentlemen who journey by the express train will not stand this sort of thing; but with the class of travellers we are speaking of directors are more independent and less scrupulous. This must be thought of in making your bargain.

3. Why should the first two months of the Exhibition pass by before the privilege of visiting it is conceded to the country artisan? Why should the men of Manchester be prevented from spending their annual holiday—Whit-week—in Hyde-park? The 1st of July is at present fixed as the earliest day on which an excursion-train will be run. We can discover no valid reason for this delay, but the unreasonable aggrandisement of the railway companies, who would surely reap a sufficient harvest out of the immense impetus the Exhibition will give to travelling, whatever degree of liberality they might display. It is desirable to distribute the visitors as far as possible over the entire period—desirable both to relieve the pressure in the building, and prevent the excessive crowding of the metropolis; and the directors, who hold a monopoly of the means of transport, which renders the public almost helpless in their hands, step in and say, not an artisan club shall be brought to town until the great show is half over.

We have thus indicated the points which imperatively demand reconsideration, and upon which our friends in the provinces must endeavour to make terms for themselves with the various bodies of directors, independently of the official arrangements.

The failure of the Commissioners to register lodgings for the working classes we have already sufficiently commented on. This gigantic enterprise (for so to a private individual it must be considered) the proprietor of this publication has undertaken single-handed, in order to avoid the confusion and disappointment which would have been inevitable, if some such precautions had not been taken. His first thought—to secure the services of an influential committee—was most liberally responded to; and, although further consideration made a change of plan seem desirable, the gentlemen whose names we have announced, have readily agreed to act as patrons. Having thus with considerable inconvenience—for our engagements are already numerous and heavy enough—determined upon supplying what we regard as a serious official omission, we trust the result will realise our hopes, and that the working classes who contemplate a visit to London will reap the advantage.

There is another matter on which we deem it incumbent on us to speak. The charges for admission have been announced. As they affect artisans they are not perhaps very high, but they are certainly very unequal. A shilling for every separate entrance is not the arrangement we should have expected and had hoped for. The man of ample leisure and abundant means may take his season ticket for three guineas, and the advantages he will thus have purchased are the right of exclusive entry on the first day, and of perpetual ingress and egress during the whole time the Exhibition lasts. His ticket will be to the Glass Palace like the latch-key to his own home. Every day, before dinner and after, the doors will be open to him. The workman, however, must pay a shilling at the door every time he crosses the threshold. We object to the principle of this. There should have been week tickets, giving the right of entrance, not merely once a day, but at any time during the week when it might be convenient to go in. As it is, a man having entered cannot divide his day, to take rest and relieve his mind, and so come fresh again to the inspection. He must stay in until he has travelled so many miles, or he would have to renew his payment, and the next day the same thing must be repeated, and the next, and the next. Small as the sum of four or five shillings may be called, we say it is not in fair proportion to the terms demanded of more privileged visitors, and it is on that account objectionable. A shilling charge for a week ticket would have been more equitable and liberal.

THE COMMISSIONERS' REGISTER.

Amongst the questions submitted by a deputation from Manchester, and the replies given, appear the following:—Accommodation for working class visitors. Inspect register of lodging-houses. Are such specially reported on, and what guarantee of their respectability has been given? What information does register convey?—A register of lodging-houses simply opened at the offices of the Executive Committee. A very meagre list on the books at present. The Committee will give any reasonable kind of assistance, not involving the actual incurring the responsibility. The only establishment of any importance at present open is Messrs. Harrison's, near the Pimlico-pier; others are contemplated.

ARRIVAL OF GOODS.—A large number of packages have been brought by the steamer Sultan, which has arrived at Southampton from Constantinople, which are consigned to a high diplomatic functionary in this country, and are intended for the Great Exhibition.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION.—The following is the official announcement of the scale of charges, the substance of which we gave last week:—

"The charge for admission will be as follows:—

Season tickets for a gentleman....	£3	3
Season tickets for a lady	2	2

These tickets are not transferable, but they will entitle the owner to admission on all occasions on which the Exhibition is open to the public. The Commissioners reserve to themselves the power of raising the price of the season tickets when the first issue is exhausted, should circumstances render it advisable. On the first day of exhibition season tickets only will be available, and no money well be received at the doors of entrance on that day.

On the second and third days the price of admission on entrance will be (each day).....	£1	0
On the fourth day of exhibition .	0	5
To be reduced on the 22nd day to	0	1

From the 22nd day the prices of admission will be as follows:—

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays in each week	1s.	0d.
On Fridays	2	6
On Saturdays.....	5	0

No change will be given at the door. This regulation is necessary to prevent the inconvenience and confusion which would arise from interruption or delay at the entrance."

REFRESHMENTS.—The first-class refreshment court will be in the transept, the entrance to which will be through a space of 24 feet. Upon either side of the entrance, a low railing, extending 24 feet, placed at a distance of 48 feet from the intersection of the nave and the transept, will separate the refreshment space from the other part of the building. The serving spaces and counters will be placed upon either side, having each a frontage of 96 feet. The open space of the counters will be 96 feet in width, and 72 feet in depth, extending to within 48 feet of the extreme north side of the building; the intervening space being occupied by "lobbies," waiting-rooms &c. A twenty-four feet square, at the extremity of the serving spaces, will be occupied by store-rooms. The space to be occupied by this court, including all the passages, &c., will be not less than 17,756 square feet. The eastern or second-class refreshment court will be situated in the front of a space, gravelled and turfed, 120 feet in length by 48 feet in breadth, and which is now occupied by a number of small trees, and two spaces of 48 feet square. The total length of counters and "bars" in this court will be nearly 350 feet, the width of the counters being from four to six feet. 1,052 square feet are set apart for "lobbies" and "waiting-rooms." The total area required for this court, including passages, &c., will be 19,008 square feet. The area devoted to the western or third-class refreshment court, including passages and space for "lobbies and waiting-rooms," is 12,096 square feet, the length of "counter" and "bar" being 136 feet. The contract to supply the refreshments in the whole of the three classes has been awarded to Messrs. Schweppe and Co., the well-known soda water manufacturers. Glasses of filtered water will be required to be supplied gratis to visitors, and a quantity of bread, cheese, and butter to be always kept for sale at prices to be agreed upon between the contracting parties; and it has also been arranged that none of the other refreshments supplied shall be charged at a higher rate than that of any other respectable London establishment. Wines, beer, and spirituous liquors are strictly prohibited.

The Great Exhibition is indebted to Bedfordshire for the architect of its palace and the sandy material of which the glass is composed, which was dug from Leighton-heath, near Battlesden, Mr. Paxton's native village.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are continually receiving communications containing inquiries relative to the Great Exhibition. It is utterly impossible for us to answer them by letter; but we shall be happy, as far as space will admit, to reply to our correspondents through the pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

SUBSCRIBER (Luton).—The terms are advertised very extensively.

P. R. (Plymouth.)—The 1st of July, according to present arrangements.

W. S.—Apply at Scotland-yard; if your credentials and personal appearance are what you state, you might very probably obtain employment. The Executive Committee of the Great Exhibition have been in communication with the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police relative to a force necessary to preserve the peace in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition at the time of its opening and during its continuance, although a vast number of the superannuated constables have received orders to do duty on that occasion. The Commissioners have intimated their intention to augment the force by adding 900 men, who will be employed for twelve months only.

S. G. (Derby) writes:—"A person who holds the office of inspector of weights for the borough of Derby, about eighteen months ago commenced an hearth rug of very curious workmanship, and has just completed it, in order to forward it to the Exhibition, where space has been granted for its admission amongst the world's wonders. It is a complete novelty of its kind, and is designed to a very handsome pattern, the border and ends being formed with upwards of twenty thousands shreds of cloth, and the centre of lambs'-wool, in which is worked a beautiful white swan, on a pond, which is surrounded with a group of trees, and the colours altogether are so nicely and tastefully blended as to give it a magnificent appearance. It will be found amongst its class a great curiosity, being made on an entirely new principle, and by hand labour, and not knit, as home-made rugs generally are. It is calculated to have taken equal to fifty-one days' labour, at 12 hours per day, to complete it, and speaks volumes for the patience and industry of the gentleman who has manufactured it.

W. J. K.—The National Gallery, Trafalgar-square, is a free exhibition, open from ten till five, four days in the week, It is closed to the public on Fridays and Saturdays, in order that students may have an uninterrupted opportunity of studying the works of the old masters. The exhibition of the Royal Academy can only be viewed on the payment of 1s., the academicians occupying public property and still reaping private advantage. We have heard no hint of its being their intention to throw open the exhibition during the season of 1851. Your suggestion that by so doing they would greatly add to the national honour is a valuable one. Napoleon used to say that the English were a nation of shopkeepers: will not our show-cathedral, show nationalities, and the reiterated demand for £. s. d., verify his words? They do these things better in France.

WILLIAM.—Yes, it is stated that a "Penny Punch" will be issued every day during the Great Exhibition.

A SPECULATOR.—The season of '51 will undoubtedly be one of enterprising speculation, and lectures with the interesting experiments you mention would be very likely to succeed.

A YOUTH.—See our last number.

CURIOUS.—The report is quite correct. Mr. Paxton has submitted to the Gresham Committee a plan for covering the Royal Exchange with a glass shade, after the manner of the Crystal Palace.

J. SIMPSON.—With reference to the prices, it has been decided that, should experience in the progress of the Exhibition render any alteration in these arrangements necessary, the Commissioners reserve to themselves the power of making such modifications as may appear desirable, of which, however, due and timely notice will be given to the public.

JAMES J.—Address to 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.—The conduct of the American Government is in direct contrast with that of the French Executive. Whilst the latter has obtained in its Legislative Assembly the vote of 650,000f. for the expenses to be incurred in concentrating, examining, and transporting the French products to the Exhibition, and in reporting on the foreign articles exhibited there by other nations, the former has refused to give any assistance in money to the American Exhibition authorities. State committees had, according to the last advices, been very extensively formed, and through these the citizens of the United States responded promptly to the invitation to place specimens of their natural productions, ingenuity, and skill, by the side of those of the nations of the Old World. For the transmission of these articles coastwise and across the Atlantic, the American secretaries of treasury and of the navy afforded every facility within their control and not inconsistent with their duty. A public ship, the Ohio, ordered by the navy department for the conveyance of articles for the Exhibition from the United States, will bring them to England free of expense. But, when landed in England, no person has been appointed to take charge of them, and the duty of the officers and crew of the ship that conveys them there will be at an end. The American committees, considering these facts, had hoped that some authorised person would be appointed to superintend on the spot the arrangement and display of the articles sent. The application to that effect has not been responded to, so that if an agent be appointed he must be paid by a subscription.

JUVENIS.—"Evil May-day" is the name by which a terrible riot is known in history—a riot which took place in 1517. The City apprentices rose *en masse* against the foreign tradesmen and continental travellers then within the city. The mischief committed that night remained for a long time a blot upon the English character. More than three hundred years have passed, and, despite the outcry raised by a few who still retain the same antipathy, the anniversary of that disastrous day is to be remembered as the trysting time for all nations. Citizens of the world from every ward of the great globe are to meet in the World's Fair: we shall no longer remember it as a day of evil, but as the blessed May-day of '51.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. II.

In this second lesson we cannot do better than to begin by explaining the use of the articles. They occur in almost every sentence. The articles in English are—*the* and *a* (or *an)*, the former of which is called the definite article, the latter the indefinite, according to their reference to some particular or definite subject or object, and, on the other hand, to some object in its general or indefinite sense. For example—"*The* man who killed Philip of Macedon was a monomaniac," is a sentence containing the definite article before *man*, because that particular man is meant. But the indefinite article is used in the sentence—"*A* man who kills another for the sake of notoriety must be afflicted with monomania." Here any man who commits the act in question is meant, and the indefinite article is therefore used before *man*.

The articles in French are *le* or *la* (the), and *un* or *une* (a, an). *Le* is the masculine, and *la* the feminine; as *le roi*—pronounce the *le* like the first two letters in our word "*luck*," and the *roi*, roo-awe—(the king); and *la reine*—pronounced lah rane—(the queen). It would sound in French as absurd to say *le reine*, or *la roi*, as it would in English, when speaking of a man, to say *she*, or of a woman, to say *he*. The French for "of" is *de;* but yet they do not say *de le roi*, for "of the king." They say *du roi*. Therefore *du* is the genitive case of the definite article, in the masculine. In other words, *du* means "of the" when talking of a man, or of any other object which, for order's sake, is classed with the manly or masculine gender. *De la* is "of the" in the feminine, and is therefore the genitive feminine of the definite article. It is used in speaking either of a woman or of any other object which, from a similar motive of order, the French classify with the female or feminine gender; as *de la reine* (of the queen).

The French for "to" is *à*. Yet they do not say *à le roi*, for "to the king;" they say *au roi* (pronounced o roo-awe). *Au* is therefore the dative masculine, and is used to express "to the" when referring to a man, or to any other masculine-classed object. If you speak of a woman, or of any feminine-classed object, the form is *à la;* as *à la reine*—pronounced ah lah rane—(to the queen).

One important exception must be mentioned with regard to the masculine *du* and *au*. If they be followed by a vowel, even though they refer to a masculine word, they change into the feminine form, only that their own vowel is cut off. For instance, the word *ane* (pronounced *aahn*, and meaning a donkey) is masculine; and yet "of the donkey" and "to the donkey" are not rendered in French by *du ane* and *au ane*, but by *de l'ane* and *à l'ane*. The reason of this is that the French are extremely careful of euphony, or smoothness and flowingness of sound, in their language, which, accordingly, is one of the sweetest and most harmonious in the world. Two vowels coming together, and belonging to separate words, are harsh to pronounce, and therefore either one of the vowels is dropped, or a consonant, otherwise mute, is sounded between them; or, if there be no consonant, why one is stuck in for the purpose. We will give one example of the last-mentioned expedient. The French for "has" is *a* (without an accent, but still pronounced *ah)*; and if you wished to say "he has" in French, you would express it by *il a* (pronounced *eel ah*). Now, would not any one suppose that you would get "has he?" by changing the places of the two French words, and saying *a il?* No such thing; *a il* would be harsh and hard to sound, and therefore they always say *a-t-il*, which you pronounce *aht eel*.

We now come to the indefinite article *a* or *an*. The French for it is in *un* the masculine (pronounced with a sort of groaning or prolonged sound—the nearest approach to the *u* in this case is our *o* in "come"); and *une* in the feminine (pronounced according to the remark we have already quoted from Alfieri, as if you were going to be sea-sick;—imagine there is a hidden *u* in the word *een*, and you will produce the very sound). *Un roi*, (a king); *une reine*, (a queen). With regard to the "*of* a king," and "*of* a queen," the rule we have mentioned respecting the avoidance of two vowels together must be borne in mind. The French do not say "*de un roi*,"

or "*de une reine;*" but "*d'un roi,*" and "*d'une reine.*" In the dative case, "*to* a king," and "to a queen," there is no help for the harsh combination, and they are, per force, content to say, "*à un roi,*" and "*à une reine.*"

Un and *une*, of course, have no plurals as articles, though the French say "the ones" and "the others," where we say "the one party, or set," and "the other party," &c.

Le and *la* have the same plural, *les*. *Les rois* (the kings), *les reines* (the queens), pronounced *lay roo-awe* and *lay rane*. "Of the," in the plural is given by *des*, pronounced *day*—as *des rois* (of the kings), *des reines* (of the queens). "To the," in the plural, is expressed by *aux*, pronounced *oh*—as *aux rois* (to the kings), *aux reines* (to the queens).

The observations we have just made are of much greater importance than might at first sight be imagined. Whoever thoroughly understands the use of the articles in French, has already mastered no mean part of the language. We must beg our readers to observe here a peculiarity with which they cannot be too familiar. Even in English the articles are in constant use, but in English they are by no means in such requisition as in French. Thousands of words before which we never employ the article at all, would be nonsense in French without it. We talk of *virtue, reputation, courage, probity*, &c. The French never speak in this way: they say "*the* virtue," "*the* reputation," &c.; and our form appears quite as uncouth and strange to them as theirs can appear to us.

Another necessary thing to know and to remember is this: we in English have three genders—masculine, feminine, and neuter. A male is masculine, a female is feminine, and all other objects (with some rather whimsical exceptions) are amongst us neuter. The French have no neuter gender at all; they are consequently obliged to distribute chairs, tables, inanimate objects, and the whole class of things to which we refer individually by the pronoun *it*, into the class masculine and the class feminine, and to speak of them severally by means of the pronoun *he* or *she*. Of a kettle they are obliged to say, not "*it* is on the fire," but "*he* is on the fire;" of a chair they ask, not "where is *it?*" but "where is *she?*" As they have no neuter gender, they necessarily, of course, make their *he* and *she* do service for their *it*. This may appear very odd to the English learner. Talking of oddity, our neighbours are so unconscious of anything incongruous in their system, that they laugh at us for our genders; and it must be confessed there is something very ludicrous in the instance they give. Attempt to ridicule the French genders to a Frenchman, and he will attack you at once about your "*man-of-war's man.*" There, he will say, is an object that is evidently masculine: first of all it is a *man;* and, as if that were not enough, it is a man a second time in the very same phrase, doubly a man; and, thirdly, it is a fighting-man, the kind of man the least approaching to a womanly character;—and yet you speak of this triply-masculine object as if it were a woman: "*she* will sail on such a day;" "*she* dropped anchor;" "*she* gave them *her* broadsides," &c. You do not even split the difference, and make the thing neuter. Nothing will content you but talking of this "*man-of-war's man*" as a *woman!* This is enough to show that all languages have their inconsistencies, which foreigners at once discern, though the native speakers are too much used to them ever to suspect their existence.

With one remark more, closing our cautions on this subject, we will proceed to give an exercise in French with a literal translation interlined. We have said enough to give a thorough understanding of *le* and *la* and *les*, in all their cases, *when they are articles* and when they mean "the" in English. But *le* and *la* do not mean "the," except when they precede a noun adjective or a noun substantive —that is, a word signifying some positive object or thing, or the quality of that object or thing. For example, "The king—the bad king," *Le roi—le mauvais* (pronounced "mo-vay") *roi*. Here you have the article. But if *le* and *la* precede not a *noun* but a verb—that is, a word signifying any kind of doing or of enduring, then *le* and *la* and *les* are not articles, do not mean *the*, and must be rendered in English by *he* or *him*, *she* or *her*, *they* or *them*, or *it*. For example, *La dame le pense*, "The lady it thinks, (or) thinks it, (or) thinks so." Here the first *la*,

coming before a noun (*dame*, "lady"), means *the;* the second *le*, coming before a verb (*pense*, "thinks"), means *it*. Apply these various rules towards the mastering of the exercises which we will now subjoin.—

Sir, have you been formerly in England?
Monsieur, avez vous été autrefois en Angleterre? (pronounced *Mos-yeu, avvay voo-zettay otrefoo-awe-zong Ongletair?)*

No, sir, never.
*Non, monsieur, jamais (*pronounced *noang, mos-yeu, zhammay).*

What's the price of this?
Combien vendez vous ceci? (literally, "at how much do you sell this?" and pronounced *Koambiang vonday vou sessee?)*

Which is the way to the Exhibition?
Qu'est ce qu'est la route à l' Exposition? (kess kay lah root ah lexposeeseoang).

You must go by the omnibus. *(You must* is always rendered in French by *il faut que vous: it is necessary that you).*
Il faut que vous alliez par l'omnibus (pronounced *eel fo ke voo-s allee-ay par lomneebis*).

Have you apartments to let?
Avez vous des appartements à louer? (pronounced *avvay voo day-s appartamong-s ah loo-ay?*)

Yes, sir, I have excellent ones, and cheap.
Oui, monsieur, J'en ai d'excellents, et de bon marché (pronounced *wee, mos-yeu, zhong ay dexsellong, aye de boang marshay:* literally, yes, sir, I have of them excellent, and of good market).

I want but a sleeping room, at about twelve shillings a week.
Il ne me faut qu' une chambre ā coucher ā peuprès pour douze shillings la semaine (pronounced *eel ne me fo kune shambre ah kooshay, ah peu pray poor dooz sheellang lah semain).* Literally, *il ne me faut que* means it is not to me necessary (to have more than). The *me* means *to me.*

I will go.
J'irai (pronounced *zheeray).*

I will not go.
Je n'irai pas (pronounced *zhe neeray pah).*

Shall I not go?
N' irai-zhe pas? (pronounced *neerayzh pah?*)
The French almost always use two negatives, and the literal translation would be—*I not will go not.*

Your invention will succeed.
Votre invention réussira (pronounced *votre anvonsee-oang ray-use-eerah).*

The invention will not succeed.
L'invention ne reussira pas (pronounced *lanvonsee-oang ne ray-use-eerah pah).*

A watch.
Une montre (pronounced *une moantre*).

A horse.
Un cheval (pronounced *un shevāl*).

Horses.
Cheavaux (pronounced *shevo*).

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active.

BIJOU', *s. (French)* any pretty trifle, or elegant ornament.

BILL, *s.* simply a writing or document. A bill in *Chancery* is a written declaration of a grievance for which redress is claimed. A bill of *entry* is an account of goods delivered at a Custom-house. A bill of *exchange* is a note ordering payment of money at a certain time. A bill of *lading* is the receipt of the master of a ship for goods which he has undertaken to deliver at a certain place. A bill of *parcels* is an account given by the seller to the buyer, of the qualities, quantities, and prices, of the goods sold to him. A bill of *sale* is a deed by which one person secures to another possession of certain goods for which he has received a consideration. A bill of *costs* is an account by a lawyer to a client of his expenses and charges. A bill in *parliament* is the name given to any proposition introduced into either house for the purpose of being passed into a law, after which it is called an Act of Parliament, or a statute of the realm.

BILLS OF MORTAL'ITY, *s.* returns of the deaths which occur within a given district, specifying the numbers that died of each different disease, and showing, in various periods, the ages at which decease took place. "Within the Bills of Mortality" is a local term. In reference to London, it includes the City of London, the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and thirty-four out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey; the whole containing a population of upwards of two millions. But several large parishes in the Metropolis are not comprised in this district.

BIL'LET, *s.* a note, a letter, a small paper; an order by virtue of which soldiers are "billeted," or quartered, upon certain householders.

BILOC'ULAR, *a.* divided into two cells.

BIME'DIAL, *a.* belonging to a quantity arising from two other quantities.

BI'NARY, *a.* composed of two, double.

BIN'NACLE, *s.* a frame in the steerage of a ship, where the compass is placed.

BINNOC'ULAR, *a.* having two eyes, or two tubes.

BINO'MIAL, *s.* composed of two parts.

BIOG'RAPHY, *s.* the history of the life of any person, or the art of writing such histories.

BIP'AROUS, *a.* bringing forth two at a birth.

BIP'ARTITE, *a.* divided, or cleft in two parts.

BI'PED, *s.* an animal having only two feet.

BIQUAD'RATE, BIQUADRAT'IC, *s.* an algebraic term, meaning the fourth power, arising from multiplying a square by itself.

BIRDS'EYE, *a.* that is seen from above, as if by a flying bird; thus a representation of a place taken from an eminence is called *a bird's-eye view.* It is useful in representing extensive districts of country, panoramic views, &c.

BIRTH'RIGHT, *s.* the rights and privileges to which a person is born.

BIS'CUIT, *s.* (in pottery) this is a term used to denote porcelain, as well as the commoner kinds of earthenware, at a certain stage of the manufacturing process. It is after the pieces are first baked, and before they are embellished and glazed, that these wares receive the name of biscuit, which is given them from the resemblance they bear, in colour and apparent texture, to ship-bread. In this state the article is porous.

BISECT', *v.a.* to divide into two equal parts.

BISH'OPRIC, *s.* this is a term equivalent to *diocese*, or *see*, and denotes the whole district through which the bishop's supremacy extends.

BIS'MUTH, *s.* a brittle metal, of a reddish or yellowish-white colour; hard, but easily fusible, uniting with other metals and rendering them more fusible; it is therefore used in making solder, printers' types, and pewter.

BISSEX'TILE, *s.* leap year; every fourth year, when February has twenty-nine days.

BIS'TRE, *s.* a brown colour, prepared from wood-soot by boiling, &c.

BISUL'CUS, *a.* cloven footed, as oxen, &c.

BISUL'PHURET, *s.* a sulphuret in which there is a double quantity of sulphur.

BI'TING-IN, *v.a.* a term used in engraving, to describe the action of aquafortis upon the copper or steel, on those parts from which the etching-ground is removed by the etching-needles and other tools.

BI'TUMEN, *s.* a soft, oily substance, obtained both from the vegetable and mineral world, and bearing various names, according to the state of purity and consistence in which it is found, as naphtha, petroleum, tar, pitch, and asphaltum.

BI'VALVES, *s. pl.* a class of shell-fish, comprising those which have shells of two pieces united with a hinge, and which open and shut, as the oyster, &c.

BIV'OUAC, *s.* an army, or party of soldiers, on guard all night.

BLACK, *a.* is the extinction of colour, produced by the combination of the three primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, when mixed in equal strength and proportion.

BLACK ROD, *s.* the usher belonging to the Order of the Garter; usher of Parliament.

BLACKLEAD, *s.* or PLUMBA'GO, this is a peculiar form of carbon, though there is no *lead* in its composition, as its name would imply. It is obtained, chiefly, from Cumberland, and is the material used for making pencils for drawing and other purposes.

BLADEBONE, *s.* the scapular, or shoulder-bone.

BLAIN, *s.* a pustule, an ulcer, a boil, a blister.

BLANCH, *v.* to whiten, to peel kernels.

BLANCHIM'ETER, *s.* an instrument to ascertain the strength of chemical ingredients used in bleaching.

BLANC-MANGE (French), *s.* a white jelly, made of isinglass, milk, sugar, &c.

BLANDIL'OQUENCE, *s.* flattering speech.

BLANK, *a.* white, unwritten; dull, confused.

BLANK-VERSE, *s.* verse without rhyme, as Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," &c.

BLAN'KET, *s.* a woollen sheet, or cover, for a bed.

BLAS'PHEMY, *s.* speaking so as to strike or hurt; the using to a person's face reproachful and insulting expressions; profane words impiously spoken against GOD or sacred things.

BLAST'ING, *v.a.* a process by means of which large portions of rock, of stone in quarries, or huge masses of earth, are broken off or displaced, holes having been first made below the portions to be blown off, filled with gunpowder, which, on being ignited, causes an explosion.

BLA'TANT, *a.* noisy; bellowing as a calf.

BLA'ZING-STAR, *s.* a comet.

BLA'ZONRY, *s.* the art of delineating the figures and devices of a coat of arms in their proper colours or metals on armorial shields, &c. The term is also used to express the hatching of the same by the engraver, so as to designate the different colours or metals.

BLE'ACHING, *s.* the process by which certain animal and vegetable products, and especially such as are used as articles of clothing, are rendered white.

BLE'AR-EYED, *a.* having watery or inflamed eyes.

BLIGHT, *s.* a popular name for any kind of pestilence which affects cultivated plants, by curling up or destroying their leaves or blossoms; by giving them a yellow, sickly appearance, or by covering certain parts of them with unnatural colour.

BLIS'TER, *s.* a term used to express a bladder or rising in the skin; also, to denote the external application, such as a plaster, &c., by which this effect is produced.

BLOAT, *v.n.* to swell, to grow puffy.

BLOAT, or BLOTE, *v.a.* to dry by smoke; hence dried herrings are called "*Yarmouth Bloaters.*"

BLOCK, *s.* a large heavy piece of wood, or stone; an instrument, generally made of wood, but sometimes of iron, chiefly employed in the rigging of ships; in short, for all the purposes of a *pulley.* The late Sir I. Brunel received £20,000 from Government for constructing and superintending improved machinery for the manufacture of such blocks.

BLOCK'ADE, *v.* to surround a place with troops by land, or with ships by sea, so as to shut out all intercourse with it.

BLO'MARY, *s.* a refining forge.

BLOOD, *s.* the animal fluid contained in tubes called blood-vessels. In man, and all the higher animals, the body contains two kinds of blood: the one in the vessel called a *vein*, the other in the vessel called an *artery; venous* blood is of a dark red colour; *arterial* blood is of a bright scarlet colour.

BLOOD'SHOT, *a.* filled with blood; inflamed.

BLOOD'STONE, *s.* a stone worn by some persons as an amulet, or charm, under the belief that it will stop bleeding at the nose.

BLOOM, *s.* the blossom or flower of a tree; the prime of life; a natural flush on the cheek; the blue that appears on some fruit.

BLOW'-PIPE, *s.* a tube through which air is blown from the mouth, to direct the flame with force against any particular object. It forms an instrument of great use to jewellers, chemists, glass-blowers, and others.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR

[VOL. V.—No. 62.—SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851.]

THE RESOURCES OF WORKING MEN AND WORKING WOMEN TO BENEFIT THEMSELVES, THEIR COUNTRY, AND THE WORLD.

"WHAT CAN I DO? I am only a poor man, or a despised woman, depending on my daily labour for my daily bread"—is a question often asked by the working classes when you propose to them to come forward and act or co-operate in any great movement. And they frequently add: "If the *gentlemen* and *ladies* would take the matter in hand, then we could get on." We fear also that this degrading and indolent feeling has been to a very great extent induced and cultivated by some of the clergy and gentry. Little has been done to call forth the latent energies of the masses. Numbers who have boasted of being above their working neighbours have dreaded the power of the people, and have felt jealous at the idea that operatives should know as much as themselves, or be able to manage their own affairs. Ladies have become almost hysterical at the idea that mill-girls should understand geography, or that housemaids should speak English grammatically. Were we to tell all that we have heard on this subject from the lips of pious and sensible women in the middle and higher classes of society, it would be thought that we were caricaturing these wealthy and spiritual females. What doleful tales we have heard of the immense mischief that has been done to servants by having their minds cultivated; while, on the other hand, the imaginations of our fair friends have become almost ecstatic as they have dwelt on the immense advantages of having ignorant and uncultivated attendants. Alas! alas! those that know grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and the gamut, are such wretches; while their uncultivated, low-minded, vulgar domestics are almost angels in good behaviour. Our friends must not be sceptical as to the existence of these alarmists, for we assure them that we could fill a volume with what we have heard with our own ears, within a very few years, of the ten thousand evils—aye, of the ruin of the country in every respect—if the people should have their minds duly cultivated.

And the *ladies* have not been the only persons who were frightened. Our *gentlemen* by the gross have been horrified at the idea of having well-educated peasants and operatives. Men, if properly trained, forsooth, would not work—they would steal, overturn the throne, and, shocking to say, would be on a mental and moral level with their masters and their masters' sons! Of course none but barbarians work—none but untutored savages are honest—no scholars are loyal and orderly—and only the vulgar are pious! And then that awful thing, intellectual equality! What a pestilence that would be! We have frequently said that these monopolists of thought pay themselves but a very poor compliment. You would suppose, to hear them talk, that every learned man was made by his condition an idle vagabond—that all who speak their mother-tongue correctly are thieves—and that every intellectual person in the land is guilty of treason or anarchy! We have sometimes thought that to individuals who have such a horror of mental and moral equality, it must be a great affliction to perceive that Nature has been so impartial in her gifts. Labourers and mechanics have the same kind of noses, eyes, mouths, hands, and feet, as their more wealthy brethren and sisters; are actually made on

the same principle, out of the same materials, and frequently are quite as handsome. What a vile leveller and radical, in their esteem, physiology must be! Why not construct the bodies of the poor out of viler stuff, and on a ruder model than those of the rich? Surely, it must be quite as important to rank, order, and industry, to have the outward, as the inward, man disfigured and corrupted.

In a country in which the opinions quoted above prevailed, it is no wonder if the masses have been most wickedly neglected. If such sentiments had been entertained concerning the danger of cultivating the ground, we should never have had any corn. Men might have argued, that if once you began to sow the fields, it would be probable that the wickedness of man would broadcast the earth with every sort of poisonous seed. On the same principle, steam and the electric fluid might have been shunned, and the world have been left to savageness and starvation. There was a time when the latent treasures of our mines, the riches of the soil, and the almost omnipotent power of water and air were unknown. We now stand amazed at the results of agriculture, horticulture, science, and mechanics. The wealth that has flowed from these sources is incalculable; but we feel persuaded that a far more glorious harvest is yet to be reaped from the cultivation of mind. In every human soul, whether male or female, there is a rich vein of mental wealth, compared with which gold is dross, and a magazine of power which infinitely surpasses all the known or latent energies of steam; and we want nothing more to ennoble, enrich, and bless the world, than to call forth these immense resources.

But the question may be asked, "*How can this be done?*" Our reply is, that we have no faith in mere governmental influence. This, alas! has hitherto, for the most part, paralysed all that it has touched, so that we are disposed, both from interest and from faith, to obey the command of an ancient King—"Put not your trust in Princes." The only persons to whom we can look to save the people from ignorance, vice, and corruption, are the *people themselves*. History, both sacred and profane, teaches us that the greatest movements have been originated and carried on without wealth, or the patronage of the great. Moses and Joshua, the deliverers of the Jews, were poor men. The Children of Israel were redeemed without money. The prophets generally lived upon charity. Micaiah was doomed to bread and water; Elijah was sometimes fed by miracle; and, indeed, nearly all the good men of old, who spoke the truth, were mulcted with poverty for their piety and fidelity; and one of the most striking facts of the New Testament is the poverty of Christ and his Apostles. The Lord Jesus was a carpenter; until thirty years old he worked at his trade; and afterwards, when he began to teach, he had no name, reputation, or wealth to render him popular. The Chief Priests, Pharisees, and Sadducees, did all they could to reproach him and make him contemptible. They declared that his miracles, which were intended as a Divine testimony of the truth of his doctrine, were from Satan; and thus his *fame* was turned by these envious churchmen into *infamy*. They charged him with blasphemy against God, rebellion against Moses, sedition against the civil authorities, and with the most crafty effort to seduce and mislead the people. Of all reformers that have ever lived, here was the poorest, the most unpatronised, the most slandered and persecuted; and yet this poor mechanic, who "was despised and rejected of men," produced the most wonderful moral revolution of which we have any record, and at this very time is adored by the greatest minds in our world; and even princes and kings, and myriads of their subjects, who trample his commands in the dust,

pay to him a feigned or superstitious homage, and profess to honour HIM above all other beings in the universe.

The history of the Apostles is equally remarkable. They, like their master, had no worldly name or influence. The cause they advocated was denounced as a vile compound of folly, imbecility, hypocrisy, blasphemy, treason, and treachery. It was "everywhere spoken against," and the men who propagated it were said "to be rude and unlearned." The majority of them were Nazarenes, who had received no education. The only person among them who had been better tutored than the rest was scouted as "a fellow who was not fit to live," and had to work as a mechanic for his living; and yet these were the individuals who turned the world upside down, and did so by moral force alone. They used neither arms, threats, nor bribes. They had no human tribunal to which they could summon gainsayers, and fine or scourge them for their unbelief. In the Christianity of CHRIST and his Apostles there was not one worldly attraction or terror. No sword to slay, no purse or pomp to allure. It was a religion of *working men and working women*, who believed they had the truth, believed that truth was omnipotent, and therefore needed nothing but its own weapons for its own success and defence. It was full of hope, though its missionaries were only fishermen and operatives; and all the civil and religious authorities of the world were arrayed against it. It was then too spiritual and believing to dread pagan, political, or any other sort of "*aggression*," and its efforts were crowned with stupendous triumphs.

We have introduced this subject here, to show our readers what working men and working women can do; for whatever we may think about the Divine origin of the Gospel, whether we are believers or sceptics, the *fact* remains the same—that here is a religion which was first proclaimed by operatives, whose first Christian teacher was a carpenter, whose early advocates belonged to the masses, and yet it has been victorious beyond all precedent. Doubtless, Providence intended, among other things, to teach us the power of common people, and to render them more dependent upon their own efforts. We have, alas! among us a host of do-nothing people, who are for ever saying "I CANT;" and looking to the great, the wealthy, or the government to help them out of every difficulty. If 'squires, lords, ladies, bishops, priests, or teachers, will help them, and do everything for them, *then* they can get on; but leave them to themselves, and they must die in their wants, their ignorance, and sins. It is now become a proberb, "England expects every man to do his duty;" but there is a higher sense in which it may be said CHRISTIANITY, NATURE, and HUMANITY "EXPECT EVERY MAN AND WOMAN TO DO THEIR DUTY." Let this glorious sentiment be attended to, and we shall soon have an entirely new intellectual and moral world.

"Where there is a will there is a way;" and as no one attempts an impossibility and therefore will make no strenuous effort until he has the hope of success, the "WILL" that makes "the way" must first be made out of faith in the resources which are placed at our disposal. For it is not in religion merely that faith and salvation are inseparably associated. We are told that belief was necessary to many of the miracles of Scripture. "If thou canst believe," said the Saviour, "all things are possible to him that believeth." So we may say now to every operative and labourer, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." There must not merely be religious faith, but there must be political faith, commercial faith, and faith in ourselves and our talents and capabilities. Despair is the opposite of faith, and under its influence not only is effort impossible, but life i

intolerable. All that is necessary to raise the masses, is to give them faith. Let the *possibility* of their rising become an article of their creed, and along with it, also, let there be the impression that they "*may*," "*can*," "*must*," "*might*," "*could*," and "*should*," help themselves, and these auxiliaries will soon set them to work out their domestic, intellectual, civil, political, and religious salvation.

What a strange thing it is that the people should imagine that they can do nothing, when they have the great fact before them that they do almost everything that is done in the world. Monarchs do not toil or spin. Princes, dukes, lords, 'squires, bishops, and priests, do not build or plant, plough or delve: ladies do not spin, weave, cook, or wash, in these days: nearly all the valuable labour that is performed, is done by the hands of the poor. The greatness of the British empire is a monument erected by the agency of the masses, and attests the almost infinite power of the people. And we might say the same if we referred to the pyramids or other records of the glory of antiquity; for history, both ancient and modern, both sacred and profane, has every page inscribed with some testimony of the skill and power of the working classes, which ought not to be lost on the mechanics and labourers of this generation.

We also live in an age when the people have liberty to act. It is true they have always possessed this privilege; because when they have worn fetters, they have been their own manufacture. Poor men and women, in the shape of spies, informers, sycophants, hirelings, soldiers, policemen, jailors, hangmen, and executioners, have always been the chief agents in degrading, enslaving, crushing, and tormenting each other. Enraged as Nebuchadnezzar was, it is a query whether he would have liked the job of heating the furnace seven times hotter, or have risked his life in throwing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego into it; and there was no need, for he had plenty of grovelling lickspittles who for a trifling reward would do any dirty or cruel work for him.

In England, however, we have liberty—we have books, we have schools, we have freedom of discussion; and therefore the masses can do what they please for their own elevation and the advancement of the country. Science has unlocked her treasures; literature her stores; trade and commerce their wealth; liberty her rights; religion her temples; truth her revelations; and JEHOVAH himself all the blessings of his grace and glory. And with these advantages before us, what mind is bold enough to presage the dignity and happiness which our operatives might enjoy if they would only use the resources which Heaven has placed at their feet? "The Commons," who have hitherto been the great obstacle in the way of the nation's progress, could soon be put right, if the people would only be united, and resolve to rectify themselves. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, should hear the command, "Raise yourself, and you will raise the world." Let no one think himself a cypher, but an important integral part in the elevation or degradation of the empire.

ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY.—Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favour as new-year's gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment, could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money—an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin-money." We still keep up the term, although, now that pins are as cheap as dust, it means everything or anything except that which it originally implied.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

OXEN.

As the eye passes over the beautiful specimens in the CENTRAL SALOON of the British Museum, the number of animals there marked out as belonging to the ox tribe can scarcely fail to be observed. The several specimens and various races of oxen in all countries are most important in the economy of the inhabitants. While their flesh yields nourishment for the body, their skin, hoofs, and horns are indispensable for the stronger articles of clothing, and in the manufacture of many substances in daily use. In some countries oxen are so highly valued, and their produce of milk, butter, &c., is so much esteemed, that they are only slaughtered on the most extraordinary occasions, and they are never used as an article of common or general food. In Egypt the ox was long considered a sacred animal; and in the mythology of the Hindoos the "holy cattle" are cared for, and their molestation punished with the severest penalties.

The varieties of the Zebu seem to extend over India and Northern Africa. They vary in size from that of a large mastiff dog to a large and powerful bull of Europe. They occur either horned or without horns, and sometimes with the horns, as it were, attached only to the skin, and hanging loose and without any central core, while there is another race of a larger size, and having the horns nearly four feet long. The general colour of the zebu is ashey grey, which becomes paler towards the lower parts. The ordinary varieties have a fatty hump or excrescence on the shoulders, which has been said to reach the weight of fifty pounds. Another variety has two fatty humps, one behind the other.

Among the largest domestic breeds of oxen known are those of the Kirguise and Calmuc Tartars, and those of the Roman States. The colour is generally of a blueish ash, the horns remarkably ample and spreading. In Egypt a large white breed was maintained, and in Northern and Southern Africa two varieties at present exist, both humped, like some of the Indian breeds—the one with small horns, the other of a larger size, with immense horns. Upon the banks of Lake Tchad, and in the kingdom of Bournou, these cattle were kept, when Major Denham was there,* in great abundance. They performed all the laborious business at home of carriage and tillage, the camel being only used for war and for extensive journeys. The oxen were the bearers of all grain and other articles to and from the markets. A small saddle of plaited rushes is laid on the ox, when sacks made of goat-skins and filled with corn are lashed on his broad and able back. A leather thong is passed through the cartilage of his nose, and serves as his bridle, while on the top of the load is mounted the owner, his wife, or his slave.

Of white cattle we have now in this country but few remains. They are only to be seen in one or two instances—in the park of Chillingham, in Northumberland, the property of Lord Tankerville, and in the park of the Duke of Hamilton, at his palace, in Lanarkshire. They are generally believed to be the residue of the ancient breed of white cattle which were found on the island when it was first visited by the Romans, and which then ran wild in the woods. In their several habits they resemble the fallowdeer more than any other domestic animal. Always exposed to the rigour of our northern climate, they are exceedingly hardy; and, having never been caught or subjected to the sway of man, they are singularly wild and untractable. They are very chary of being approached by strangers, and seem to have the power of smelling at a great distance. When anyone approaches them unexpectedly, they generally scamper off a little distance to the leeward, and then turn round in a body to smell him. The only method of slaughtering these animals is by shooting them.

The Buffalo of the Cape has often been confounded with the animal of Southern Europe, but it is of an entirely different form, is a much more ferocious and dangerous animal, and has never been domesticated or used for any laborious purpose. Its horns are most remarkable, for, though not of more than ordinary length, they

* See "Footprints of Travellers," vol. ii.

are so unusually broad at the base as to cover the whole forehead, and give to it the appearance of a rugged mass of rock. The countenance of the buffalo shows the savageness of its disposition. Its frame is strong and powerfully made. Its hide is much thicker than that of the ox, and is highly valued by the colonists and Hottentots for its strength.

The Indian, or domestic Buffalo, exists in a wild state in many parts of India. Those in Persia, North Africa, and the south of Europe, are used as domestic animals, performing labour, for which purpose they are managed by a ring through the cartilage of the nose. The colour of this creature is generally dark. When amply fed and cared for, it becomes sleek and fine-coated, and possesses great strength and courage. The wild animal is of large proportions. In its combats with the tiger, the buffalo is generally the victor.

The European Bison is said to inhabit the forests of Russia in Asia, but it is also supposed to be thinly scattered in some of the wilder parts in Germany and Poland. It is about six feet high at the shoulder. The fore parts are clothed with woolly hair, about a foot in length; on the legs and under parts it becomes shorter, and changes from a light to a blackish-brown colour. This animal is the Auroch of the Germans. These creatures live in herds, except a few of the older ones, which wander about singly. Each herd keeps constantly to the same district of forest. Their number is ascertained in the beginning of winter, by observing their feet-tracks on the new-fallen snow as they pass between the wood and the store of hay which forms their provender during that season. Though they have never been trained, they are not so shy but that they may be approached within a moderate distance, where care is taken to advance towards them from the windward side.

The American Bison associates in vast herds, which roam over the uninhabited plains of the countries bordering the Missouri, the Great Slave Lake, and other districts where civilisation has not yet advanced. This animal delights in level prairies, covered with luxuriant vegetation, bordering the hills of limestone formation, where saline springs or salt-marshes abundantly occur Wherever there are salt-licks, as these saline springs are called, there herds of bison are sure to congregate, and remain throughout the year, scraping away the snow in winter to obtain the herbage beneath. In other parts, however, they migrate with the seasons, in search of pasturage.

The bison is, in general, a shy animal, and takes to flight immediately on winding an enemy, which the acuteness of its sense of smell enables it to do from a great distance. Bisons are less wary when assembled together in numbers, and will often blindly follow their leaders, regardless of, or trampling down, the hunters posted in their way. It is dangerous for the hunter to show himself after having wounded one, for it will pursue him, and it will have no difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. One of the Hudson Bay Company's clerks was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and having one evening pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison bull which was galloping over a small eminence, and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead, as it struck him on the side with its horns, and being a remarkably tall and powerfull man, a struggle ensued, which continued till his wrist was severely strained and his arm rendered powerless. He then fell, and, after receiving two or three blows, became senseless. Shortly after, he was found by his companions, lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places, and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shown any signs of life.

On entering the central saloon, in which the animals now and previously considered are placed, the visitor will notice two fine specimens of the Giraffe or Camelopard. At the sight of one of these creatures we are struck with the singularity of its appearance. We observe that it is tall and long-necked, that it has a short trunk, and that this is raised on slender, elongated limbs. The head is elegantly moulded, and tapers to a singularly-narrow muzzle, with a well-formed

mouth. The eyes are large, prominent, soft, and gentle in their expression. The ears are large and spreading; and, in the living creature, the lips, especially the upper one, will be observed to be very moveable, while the tongue has an extraordinary power of mobility, and capable also of such extension as to enable it to perform the office of the proboscis of an elephant in miniature.

We might indeed expatiate at length, did our space allow, on all the all-wise adaptations of the giraffe to the circumstances in which it is placed; but a very few remarks must now suffice. The giraffe is tall and stately: it feeds on the leaves, twigs, and shoots of lofty trees. It has a long and flexible tongue, that it may be coiled round the branches and draw them down between the lips, that their nutriment may be obtained. It has merely rudimental horns, for those of other animals would paralyse its movements and catch among the branches, and then that long slender neck could not wield them as weapons of war. In a word, the giraffe bears the impress of the hand of the all-perfect One, whose works should lead us to the contemplation of himself; for

> "Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God."

BEAUTIFUL PROVISIONS OF NATURE.

This world of ours is a great storehouse of means adapted to the highest and most beneficent ends. Nothing is made in vain. We may not be able to determine the use of every individual thing, but we can never say that it exists for no purpose. The discoveries of science have laid open to us some of the deepest secrets of nature; and every day is bringing into light something new and yet more wonderful. How far down can we go in the great fields of space by the aid of the telescope! How many new suns and systems are now kindling on our vision! How does firmament rise upon firmament, and heaven encircle heaven, till the earth on which we stand dwindles down to the merest point! Nor is it immensity only which impresses us with its worlds crowding in myriads on myriads. Sublime as are the discoveries of the telescope, it may be safely affirmed that the wonders which the microscope has revealed are not less astonishing. Every atom is a world. Every leaf is a colony of insects. Every drop of water is an universe of being. Is it true that there are in the animal creation little creatures a million of times less than a single grain of sand, with organs of nutrition, secretion, respiration, and motion? Is it true that there are shell-fish so small, that under a powerful microscope they appear no larger than a grain of barley? Is it true that it would take six and thirty thousand fibres of a spider's web to make up the thickness of a common thread of common sewing silk, and yet each of these fibres is composed of six thousand smaller ones? Is it true that a human blood-cell does not measure more than one four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and one ten-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, and yet by such cells the whole structure of the body is built up, and its daily waste repaired? These are but a few of the manifold wonders with which nature abounds, and which proclaim the wisdom and the goodness of Him, all whose works are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein.

Having laid open the phenomena connected with the congealing of the waters, and the consequent production of ice, we now proceed to the no less beautiful and interesting phenomena connected with the formation of snow. It is the teaching of science that the snow is a congealed vapour. The watery vapour in clouds solidifies before it has time to collect into drops sufficiently large to form hail, and losing the support of the air, it descends in conformity with the law of gravitation, and its crystalline flakes cover the earth with a robe of spotless white. Not more astonishing are the beauty and variety to be met with in the vegetable kingdom, than are the beautifully-perfect forms and figures to be seen in the crystals of snow. If, on a snowy day, we take off our hat, and examine with a high imagination the

flakes which we find on its black crown, we shall find that they present the most remarkable diversity—"many little sparkling crosses or darts radiating from a point, and branching off and meeting in all directions, so as to form hexagonal lines of much beauty, wrought apparently with the nicest art, and wonderfully fitted for passing, with a buoyant and flickering motion, through the air, so as to drop without disturbance on the ground, spreading a coat of dazzling whiteness, profusely, but gently, over bush and brake, lawn and mountain." So perfect is the conformation and figure of each crystal, that the arrangement can be resolved into nothing but the will of Him for whose pleasure all things are and were created. The following engraving shows a few of these crystals out of nearly one hundred which have been delineated by Arctic travellers :—

Holy Scripture represents the snow as laid up in store for the time of need, and when the time comes, God saying to it—"Be thou on the earth." Or, in the language of the same book—"By his commandment he maketh the snow to fall apace ; as birds flying, he scattereth the snow ; and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers : the eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof ; and the heart is astonished at the raining of it." It serves the most beneficent ends. When it is said that the great Creator "giveth snow like wool," we are not to suppose that the inspired writer merely meant to compare the white and downy properties of snow to those of wool, but rather to express the fact that wool cannot serve a more useful purpose than the soft feather-like flakes of snow.

Snow being a bad conductor of heat, and so tempering the rigour of the season, the earth remains at a moderate and equal temperature; and what is equally important, this downy covering becomes conservative of those seeds and roots which lie beneath the surface of the earth, and from which are to come up all those forms of light and loveliness which make spring so attractive. Vegetation would be arrested and destroyed by any continued or severer frost, while snow rather fosters and promotes it. Whatever may be the depth of snow, wheat will germinate and grow beneath it ; and in northern regions snow preserves the vegetables which are to supply the market and meet the consumption of the future summer. More still : the snow containing certain nitrous particles, and these particles being of a fertilizing quality, penetrate the earth, and with the water into which the snow melts, are carried to the roots of the plants, and contribute to their nutrition and growth. And what is more astonishing still, so slow is the conduction of heat, that the Arctic can lay himself down with perfect safety to sleep on his bed of snow, which is warm compared with the atmosphere he breathes ! There is yet another arrangement equally beneficent : "When the weather changes, which it sometimes does, very suddenly, the greatest inconveniences, and even calamities,

would ensue, were the effects of this change to operate, as might without experience be expected, in producing an instantaneous conversion of the snow into water. If the frost were as quickly expelled from water as from the air, the moment that the temperature rose above 32 degrees, the snow would become liquid as by magic, the ice would vanish like a dream from river and lake, and the rigid earth would, on the higher grounds, be in an instant converted into a swamp, and in the valleys would be overflowed, and swept away by mountain torrents. A very peculiar and remarkable property prevents these disastrous effects. In the act of dissolving, the water absorbs a quantity of heat, and retains it in a *latent* state; and, on this account, the melting process cannot take place till a sufficient quantity has been absorbed. This necessarily causes the process to be slow, and days, and even weeks, may pass away, after the thaw has began, before the ice entirely disappears from our ponds, or the snow from our hills.

We speak of a CRYSTAL PALACE as a most ingenious and beautiful erection in which to exhibit the industry of all nations. But what is it compared with those dwellings which the Esquimaux have learned to construct out of the simple substance of snow—dwellings "which, from the purity of the material of which they are composed, the elegance of their construction, and the translucency of their walls, have an appearance superior to a marble building. . . . . The interior appearance of these habitations is rendered more beautiful when they are situated on the ice, which, being cleared of the snow, presents a flooring of that splendid blue, which is perhaps one of the richest colours in nature."

Spotless and beautiful as is the snow, when it descends on downy wing to this our earth, there are other interesting and instructive phenomena connected with this season of the year. In the absence of those flowers which deck the spring, or those rich and exuberant blossoms which in summer clothe all nature as with a scented robe, or those riper fruits which, in the progress of autumn, have been matured and mellowed by a hidden vital power, nothing is more lovely than the undulating surface of the earth after a fall of snow. Nor to the wonders of the snow are we confined. HAIL, which is so much dreaded by the husbandman, and whose formation depends upon the sudden congelation of rain-drops in falling through a stratum of cold air, is the divinely-appointed agent to restore that electrical equilibrium between the earth and the air which was disturbed by long-continued heat. Then who can describe the exquisitely beautiful appearance of the HOAR-FROST? This is the ice of dew, and is formed by the radiation of caloric from the surface of the earth. "Throughout the fervent glow of a summer or autumnal day, the solid opaque earth absorbs heat. This abides upon its mere surface, and is not conducted beneath; but at sunset, if the sky be cloudless and calm, the earth immediately radiates part of the heat upward, and soon becomes many degrees colder than the air directly incumbent upon its surface; accordingly the watery vapour that is present in the yet warm air is chilled or condensed into drops of water, and these 'distil as the dew' upon the earth for the refreshment of its productions." Some objects are better radiators than others; they throw off heat with greater energy, and, on becoming cold, they induce a more copious deposition of water from the air. Hence it is that in a garden we may find one plant dripping with moisture and another comparatively dry. Let the radiation only rise somewhat higher, and the dew is frozen and becomes hoar-frost, whose particles accrete on leafless branches, evergreens, blades of grass, stakes, fences, roofs, and other natural and artificial solid objects, like crystals of salt, and charm the eye with their beauty—their silvery whiteness.

This beautiful phenomenon may be imitated by the following simple experiment:—Take a small branch of arbor-vitæ tree, and put the end of it in a piece of clay, so as to stand upright; heat a common dinner-plate; make still hotter a piece of tin about two inches in diameter; take two copper penny pieces, and, having made them red hot, place them in the centre of the plate, the one upon the other, and the tin above both; then place the arbor branch near to these; put two or three crystals of Benzori acid on the hot tin—it will immediately begin to

volatilize; and, by covering the whole with a perfectly clean glass shade, when the vapour of the acid, coming into contact with the sprig, will be cooled by it, and will condense upon it in the form of elegant snow-white crystals, very nearly resembling those of hoar-frost.

If spring has her beauties, and summer her glories, and autumn her fruitions, winter has her own enjoyments. Can there be a more lovely or a more lively scene than that of a happy domestic group, as it gathers, on a winter's dark and stormy night, around the burning hearth? "At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere;' the song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, the earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence—all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle." Shut in, and sheltered from the storm, joy sits smiling on every face. Free and cheerful conversation invite the interchange of thought and feeling. It may be that the published utterances of some mightier spirit fall on the ear of the listening circle, or those sweet sounds which come in notes of music from the voice divine. Or, what is equally profitable, the long night is beguiled by some innocent and fascinating amusement, while to female industry a keener edge is given. "The winds of winter may blow coldly over the ravaged earth, and seem to bewail the departed glories of the year—the mountains may be hid from the eye in thickest clouds—the fields and groves may be verdureless and dead—but these only enhance the endearments of home." Every one is familiar with Cowper's simple and touching description:—

"O Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleek-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way—
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

Nor could anything be more natural than his pictorial representation of the coming in of the post as the herald of a noisy world, with "news from all nations lumbering at his back;" the opening of the newspaper, the eagerness with which it is scanned and read; and, when resolved to enjoy the quiet of the domestic hearth, and the sweets of domestic life, he exclaims:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

The omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that led to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying by the road-side, with flushed and swollen face and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling back into the dust which had already plentifully begrimmed his face, hands, and clothes. Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of loathing and disgust, while a few of coarser sort on the top burst forth into expressions of vulgar derision.

"Go it, old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attempt to rise, "Falls pretty limber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush my dear!" said a gentle woman by his side, "don't laugh, Henry—that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seemed to feel at once the force of this appeal, for he looked with astonishment and sorrow into his mother's face, and several of the passengers appeared, by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle appeal, and looked more as christians should look on the fallen creature they were leaving behind.

And he was indeed somebody's father, as the gentle voice had said. Look with us in this low and shattered room, and there you see a pale and faded woman sitting up, sick and feeble, by a decaying fire, striving with trembling hand and falling eye, to finish a piece of sewing; her head is weary and giddy—the room often seems turning round and round with sickening motion, and her hand often stops and trembles as she still urges her needle—her needle slender and feeble as herself, but like herself the only reliance of those hopeless ones around her. On the floor sits the baby, often pulling at her dress and raising his hands in dumb show to try to make her feel that he is weary of apparent neglect, and wants to find a warmer seat in her lap; whilst two pale wistful-looking children are gazing from the door as if expecting something, and weary of delay.

"Oh! Mary, do take up Benny," said the mother, after vainly striving to raise him, "and keep him a little longer till I finish this work, and then you can carry it up to Mrs.——, and get the money for it, and you shall have something good for supper."

"O, dear! why doesn't father come?" says the little girl, as she takes her little brother from the floor. 'He told us certainly that he would be back in an hour and bring the medicine for you, and some things for us; and he has not come back yet."

The woman sighs—long experience has taught her why he does not come, but she only says, "I know he meant to be home before this."

At last the boy steals in silently and pale, and standing behind his mother's chair, says apprehensively, "Oh, mother, he is coming; but he has'nt got anything for us, I know."—The mother has guessed as much before, and the tired and hungry children looked with a discouraged and hopeless air from their mother to each other, as the door is pushed widely open, and the man who lay by the road-side totters in and throws himself into a chair.

No child goes to him. When the unthinking baby puts out its hands, its sister checks it with a "Hush, Benny, be still." They all know that this father is no father now, and that there is no safety but in keeping out of his way.

And yet that man left his house in the morning with as warm a heart towards his children, and with as solemn a purpose to withstand temptation, as sincere a desire to provide something for his home, as man could have; that man is naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, and proud and fond of his children; and only this morning he promised to that sick, heart-broken woman, that he would begin a new life. He went out from his home honestly meaning to come home with comforts for his wife and little ones, and to make a cheerful

fireside. But what! in his workshop, among the companions he daily meets, he has been assailed by temptation too strong for him—he has yielded, and this is the result.

A year or two since, the hand of christian brotherhood, was everywhere stretched forth in our city, to stay the failing resolution of such wanderers—to seek out and save those that were ready to perish: how many desolate homes were then made cheerful, and how many sorrowful hearts were filled with joy, by those noble efforts; of late, we hear too often, that the cause of Temperance in our city is going back, that haunts of vice are increasing in number, and throwing far and wide their temptations, unchecked and unrestrained. Are those who laboured so nobly and successfully, in past times, then, weary in well-doing? Has the cause grown old, and lost its interest? is it not just as dreadful for a man to loose soul and body, now, as ever it was? are not the sacred relations of the family the same, and the anguish and despair caused by their utter wreck, as real and true now, as when they were the theme of every tongue?

Let it be hoped that the energies of our community, always forward and efficient in good works in time past, are not dead, but only sleeping; and that the same vigorous and benevolent hearts and hands that have wrought so much good among us in former times, will rouse again to new and successful effort.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

SOUTHAMPTON TO ALEXANDRIA.

The journey to India was formerly performed almost exclusively by a voyage round the Cape, and occupied the space of from four to six months; but within the last fourteen years, through the enterprise and exertions of the late Lieut. Waghorn, and by the friendly aid of steam, the time has been reduced to seven weeks, and a long and wearisome voyage has been exchanged for the variety and interest of what, though all but ninety miles consists of water, is called the Overland Route. And thus India is no longer the far-off land it once was, known only to a few, and by the masses dimly seen through orient beams and Eastern fable. Nor are those whose duties call them thither hopeless exiles from friends and native land, as when a whole year elapsed ere tidings of joy or sorrow could be received and acknowledged. England and India have, as it were, shaken hands across the Egyptian desert, and a pleasure-trip, to view the wonders of our vast eastern empire, may be substituted for a visit to Mont Blanc, or the Eternal City. Still, the nearest point of the continent of India is 6,500 miles distant from London, and cannot be reached without more fatigue than is suspected by those who, reclining in a cushioned chair at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent-street, behold the ship gliding smoothly through the sunny Mediterranean, or by the bold rocks of the Arabian sea, and who suppose that a polka in the desert, or cooking chops with Soyer's magic stove on the Great Pyramid, forms one of the usual recreations of the journey, and a fair specimen of the whole. I was once under this delusion, but the reality, in some respects, is very different from the imaginations of the painter; and it will, perhaps, interest the readers of The Working Man's Friend to be more accurately acquainted with the various stages of the Overland Route as it is.

Few of them, in these days of railway excursions, will need any description of Southampton, though the most ancient, the most beautiful, and promising to be one of the most important, of the seaport towns of England. The only obstacle to the rapidly-increasing commerce of this port has been recently removed by the establishment of docks and warehouses, which have been constructed on a magnificent scale, and, for many years to come, will satisfy all the wants of the mercantile community.

The steam-ships of the American, the West Indian, and the Peninsular and Oriental Companies, all of the largest class, and of a size and power altogether unknown fifteen years ago, occupy the spacious quays, and are scattered over the noble expanse of the Southampton Water; and the whole scene is one which, with the purity of the air, the lovely country around, the glorious sea, and the Isle of Wight within an easy sail, more amply than any other repays to the overworked inhabitant of London the very small expense and trouble of a visit.

We reached Southampton, in company with many of our fellow-travellers, on the day previous to that appointed for sailing. The first duty to be performed was to see our baggage placed on board the steam-ship, all distinctly marked with the name and destination of the owner, and numbered, to avoid confusion should any particular trunk be required during the voyage. This done, we

hastened on board the Ripon. She is a fine steam-ship, of 1,500 tons burthen, and with engines of 450-horse power, scarcely sufficient for her tonnage. Her appearance was highly satisfactory, and her accommodation, though rather circumscribed as regards the comfort of the ladies, perhaps as much as could be expected, when so many individuals are to be packed into so small a space. In some few exclusive apartments married couples, who can afford the enormous charge of 300 and 350 guineas for the passage to Calcutta, are well provided for, but generally ladies and gentlemen are separated, and placed in cabins containing, some of them three, and others four berths. In the warm latitudes this over-crowding, never pleasant, becomes almost intolerable, and is rendered still more inconvenient by the entire absence of sofas in the saloon, and of a separate room for ladies, as is usual in all the Atlantic vessels. On Sunday morning, Oct. 20, by nine o'clock, the ship was ready to sail, all the passengers, 130 in number, on board, the immense quantity of baggage, and numerous friends of the passengers, creating some bustle, but little confusion, everything appearing to be managed with great tact and ease by the officers. But the many partings taking place around were most painful to witness—partings for years, perhaps for ever, between mothers and children, husbands and wives, left an impression of sadness not easily forgotten, even by mere spectators.

By half-past ten o'clock the mails were on board, and, in company with the American steam-ship Washington, we were soon steaming out of the docks, and down the beautiful Southampton Water. The bay is little, if at all, inferior in loveliness to the celebrated Bay of New York, and if it possessed the exquisitely clear atmosphere of the Western world, would, from its associations, be even more attractive. On one side lies the New Forest, rich with the hues of autumn, while on the other the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey, and an almost endless succession of villas and mansions. To these succeed the graceful scenery of the Isle of Wight, and the romantic passage by Alum Bay and the Needles to the open channel. Leaving the island, we coasted Dorsetshire, passing Weymouth and Portland Island, and took our last farewell of England at the Start Point about seven in the evening. The light continued visible for a short time, and thence the ship's course was directly across to Ushant, and for two days afterwards we experienced the tender mercies of the Bay of Biscay, whose stormy reputation is well deserved—although, in this instance, the wind being favourable, we were more fortunate than the usual experience of voyagers would lead us to expect. There was, however, sufficient motion to send all the invalids and ladies to their berths, while not a few among the gentlemen found it necessary to resign their seats at the dinner-table, and a general rejoicing arose as Cape Finisterre appeared in sight before night fell on the 23rd. A bold mountainous coast was lost to us in the increasing darkness, and passing Vigo, Oporto, and Cintra before midnight, the light on the rock of Lisbon showed us our position at twelve at night, on the third day after leaving England.

In the morning we were off the picturesque heights of Cape St. Vincent, crowned with a deserted convent, the decaying buildings of which, overlooking the small fishing port of Lagos, seemed to stretch for half a mile along the cliffs. Here we left the coast of Portugal, and stretched across the far-famed Bay of Cadiz to Cape Trafalgar, passing through the straits in the night, and anchoring in the beautiful Bay of Gibraltar at five o'clock A.M., on the 25th. I immediately arose, and, going on deck, beheld the great rock couching like a mighty lion, wrapped in morning mists and girdled round by vast fortifications. As we had only six hours to spare, we at once formed a party to go on shore, and by seven o'clock landed amidst a crowd of picturesque-looking beings of all nations, in which the Spaniard and the Moor predominated. We walked for some distance through the narrow streets in search of a carriage, while the bell of the Catholic Church was summoning the devout to matins, and was responded to by a few dark-eyed senoras, wrapped in the black mantilla which becomes them so well.

Description would fail to give the stranger an idea of the beauty and interest of our ride. The air was fresh and soft as a May morning in England, as we wound our way through the steep narrow streets, with sentinels and guard-houses at every corner. To these succeeded villas, with gardens of orange and lemon-trees, loaded with fruit and fragrant with geraniums and myrtles. Every square yard of the rocks that towered above us seemed perforated for the reception of artillery, and bristled with immense aloes, with their lofty spikes of yellow flowers, the prickly pear, and the different kinds of cactus. Below us lay the shining waters of the bay, encircled by the mountains of Andalusia, the white towns of San Roque and Algesiras sleeping at their foot, and on the other side the African coast, all wrapped in floating mists, and rainbows for ever shifting to hide or reveal their graceful outlines. We passed Europa Point, which, like the rest, is one vast battery, and reached

the Governor's marine villa, on the eastern side of the rock. This was as far as a carriage could convey us; and having neither time nor inclination to mount the donkeys, or try our fortune on foot, we returned to the Club-House Hotel, where we enjoyed an excellent breakfast, consisting of the delicate red mullet, eggs *really* fresh laid, and Spanish chocolate in the greatest perfection.

The hotel apartments, which are very lofty, with bare walls and stone or marble floors, would have appeared uncomfortable to English eyes; but in these countries, where every kind of insect abounds, nothing could be in better taste. We ended by a drive to the neutral ground as far as the Spanish lines, and by a visit to the market, where we purchased fruits of different kinds, and among them magnificent black grapes for twopence the pound, every party returning to the ship with a basket of these juicy treasures. We left Gibraltar with some regret, for much remained to be seen, and a day would be well spent in roaming over the rocks and fortifications; but the bell summoned us back to our ship, and we were only just in time to see the mails put on board and the anchor weighed. Gibraltar was for seven centuries in the possession of the Moors; but in 1462 it was conquered by the Spaniards, and finally it was taken by the English, under Sir George Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1704, and has remained in our possession ever since.

This little trip on shore put everyone into good spirits; our sea-sick fellow-passengers paced the deck merrily, as though all were right within; sketch-books were produced and pencils busily employed, and even a dance was projected for the evening, there being a very excellent band of musicians among the stewards.

The air was balmy and the sky bright; and, during the whole day, we watched with delight the bold mountains of Spain on the one hand, and of Africa on the other.

On the morrow we coasted Algeria, with its lofty, impenetrable-looking shores. The tops of the mountains are bare and uninviting, with occasional tracts of sand; towards the base they show signs of vegetation, principally from the cultivation of indigo. The valleys are rich and extensive, and here and there may be seen a small white Moorish town, nestled in their recesses. Algiers itself lay a few miles from us, as we passed on the sloping sides of the hills, which nearly surround the bay; and as the sites of Tunis and Carthage came in view, the great deeds of ancient times, and the fleets of a Hannibal and a Scipio, formed a subject for animated conversation. The beautiful Island of Pantellaria was passed in the night, and at noon, on the fourth day from Gibraltar, we approached Malta, and began to speculate on the chance of obtaining permission to land; with great anxiety we watched the officer in the sanità boat, while he examined our bill of health with a long pair of yellow tongs, which he certainly managed with great dexterity, but although our papers were quite satisfactory, and there had been no case of cholera at Malta for sixteen days, yet, as there was no pratique at Alexandria, we were obliged to hoist the yellow flag, and anchor in the Quarantine Harbour. This was a great disappointment to many of us who had never seen the interesting town of Valetta, and still greater to those who had friends on shore. Notwithstanding our ill-suppressed displeasure at this, we could not but be amused at the various precautions to which we were subjected—their wisdom and necessity being by no means so evident in a time of health, as they would possibly have been had the cholera prevailed; however, we had no alternative but submission, for the slightest infringement of their rules would have incurred a ten days' quarantine at Alexandria. A guard-boat was constantly rowed round our ship, to watch our movements; fruits and flowers which passed before our longing eyes were quickly ordered away by the inexorable man with the yellow tongs, and all the satisfaction we had consisted in gazing on the picturesque city, with its cathedrals and innumerable churches, the bells of which are ringing all the day, and the long lines of fortifications on the one side, and on the other the bare walls of the Parlatorio, along whose gloomy arcades sauntered a few unhappy-looking beings, who were performing quarantine. On the right the church built by the late lamented Queen Adelaide, with its columns and spire in a singular mixture of Italian and Saracenic styles of architecture, is finely situated on the shore. The old Cathedral of St. John's, which is an object almost of the *worship* of the Maltese, is said to contain one of the noblest interiors existing in any Christian church. It is of immense extent, and the floor is one vast mosaic of different coloured marbles. It is full of the tombs of the knights, and the splendid altar was formerly protected by gates of massive gold on one side, and of solid silver on the other. The golden gates were ruthlessly appropriated by the French during their temporary occupation of the island under the first Republic—they are now replaced by rails of silver gilt. The original silver gates still remain, and are said to have escaped spoliation by a device of the clergy, who caused them to be painted black, and thus concealed from the conquerers all knowledge of their beauty and value. The city is full of the old residences of the Knights of St. John, and the Hotel of

the Grand Master is now the abode of the English Governor. The Strada Reale, in which most of these houses are situated, is said to be one of the finest in Europe. All the other streets are picturesque, some of them consisting entirely of flights of steps, many covered in part by arches, over which other streets connect the different parts of the town. Our regrets were useless that the absurd quarantine regulations deprived us of the chance of a visit not only to the city, but to the still more interesting town of Cività Vecchia, a few miles distant, and to the bay which we passed on our arrival, and which tradition designates as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck.

The next morning, however, our discontent was somewhat lessened by receiving permission to visit Grand Harbour, and take a peep at the other side of the city, on condition of going in the ship's boats, and being towed by the sanità boats, an offer which we were all glad enough to accept.

Valetta itself is situated on a tongue of land, about a mile in length, dividing the Quarantine from the Grand Harbour. Nothing can exceed the variety and interest of the outlines; and the scene which presents itself on rounding Fort St. Elmo, and entering the Grand Harbour, is extremely fine. Along the shore, on the right hand, is a broad street, lined with shops, and crowded with carriages and beasts of burden, while in the centre stands the ancient gateway, surmounted by the arms of the Knights of St. John. Rows of houses climb the steep sides of the rock, and the whole is crowned by fortifications and towers, and a large square called the Baraca, surrounded by open arcades, and used as a public promenade. On the opposite side of the harbour are the Naval Hospital, the ships of war, and the public buildings connected with the Government. Before returning to the ship we were permitted to visit a portion of the Parlatorio, which is a succession of dark vaulted passages, and cavernous apartments, in one of which were a number of jewellers offering for sale trinkets of coral and cameo work, and the gold and silver filagre for which Malta is so celebrated. We looked at them and their wares across a barrier, while the various articles were presented to us on trays with long handles, or by the inevitable yellow tongs. The gloves made here are also much prized, but we were not allowed to purchase any for fear of infection.

There are prescribed limits along the edge of the barren rock within which we might have exercised ourselves had it so pleased us, but we thought it imprudent to expose ourselves to the powerful rays of the sun, and returned to the ship, where we found several new passengers arrived by the Marseilles steamer.

We were detained long after our steam was up by the necessary fumigation which the mails had to undergo, and the sun was near its setting when we passed out of the harbour, On very clear evenings Mount Etna, though 100 miles distant, may be seen from this point; but we were not so favoured on this occasion,

After leaving Malta we had lost the bold and picturesque African coast. The sea was rough and uncomfortable, and the sky constantly clouded, so that we could form no just idea of the beautiful Mediterranean. The dinner-table was again deserted, and very unmistakable groans, accompanied with frequent calls for soda-water, issued from many a cabin, Then came a day of pouring rain, which is always unpleasant, but at sea is particularly miserable, for all the skylights are closed, and the saloon becomes insufferably hot and close; reading and writing are head-ache occupations, backgammon and chess are, after a few trials, put aside with a yawn, and there is a constant succession of anxious faces at the cuddy door, looking wistfully for a quick march on the quarter-deck. Towards night we had tremendous storms, with most vivid lightning, after which the sky cleared, the rain disappeared, and with it "the winter of our discontent," for our ship had made a very quick run, and we were fast approaching Alexandria. As we neared the land several large and small hawks came on board, and were caught by the sailors, some of them very handsome birds. On the morrow we were all busily engaged in finishing letters for England, in re-arranging our baggage, and in selecting a few necessaries for the transit through Egypt—a very small bag, such as can be put under the seat, being all that is allowed in the vans employed in crossing the Desert. We had also to form parties of six, and draw lots for the order in which we should set out on our journey, the vans being despatched in caravans of four at stated intervals. This, with the farewell toasts at dinner, made the day pass merrily on; and at four A.M., 3rd November, we lay to off Alexandria. But our distresses were not yet at an end; we were obliged to wait for a pilot, and when the day dawned the surf was so high that he could not come out to us, so that we were kept tossing up and down and swinging round for upwards of four hours, till nearly everybody was ill, and it was not till ten o'clock that we dropped anchor, and were fairly at the end of our voyage. The first view of Alexandria from the sea is very striking. Situated as it is on the extreme verge of the Gulph of the Nile, the land, which scarcely rises above the level of the ocean, is hardly visible till our feet are actually upon it. The long ranges of white houses are intermingled with the surf that breaks upon the reef which protects the harbour. The Pharos and a few columns are visible, mixed with the buildings of the town, and to the eastward the huge pile of the Pasha's palace appears to have all the importance

which its occasional occupation by the despotic monarch of this ancient land confers upon it.

We cannot part with the good ship Ripon without a passing tribute to her commander and officers. Captain Moresby is the type of what the commander of every British ship ought to be—skilful, energetic, and decisive in everything connected with the management of the vessel, and kind and cordial to all whose lives and comfort were entrusted to his care. Among all the passengers on board there was but one feeling towards him and the other officers who so well fulfilled their duties, and did everything that could make a sea voyage not merely endurable, but an event to be looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure.

THE CHANGES AT NEW SHEFFIELD.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

It is a truth often taught in our schools that all things work together for good; or, in other words, that our Creator has so constituted us that if we only fulfilled His commands, we should find every created thing and person had some office to perform, which contributed to the general welfare of mankind. But though we constantly preach this doctrine, experience frequently shows us how little we actually realise the beautiful adaptation of every individual to the work which he has to do; and I much doubt whether any one is thoroughly aware of the quiet but important part which women perform in life, who has not been placed, for a time, where there are none of the gentler sex within reach. Such was my lot when I first went out, as a settler, to one of the wildest and richest parts of Australia. The land in this district was so fertile that many emigrants had fixed themselves in its neighbourhood, and found there was no lack of fellow-countrymen amongst them who were making plenty of money, and who might have easily enjoyed the comforts of existence in abundance. I well remember my first introduction to the colony, after a long day's wearisome journey through the bush. Gilbert Henderson, an old schoolfellow, had invited me to come to his house immediately on my arrival, and as he had told me in his letters that he was realising a net income of three hundred a year, I was not a little astonished at the condition in which he was living. He was absent when I rode up to his wooden house, and as no domestic appeared I fastened up my horse in a large enclosure almost filled with ricks of corn and hay; and finding no shelter for him, I flung my travelling cloak over his back, and then sought Henderson's abode. To describe the scene of dirt and confusion which its interior presented would be impossible; such a heterogeneous mixture of articles in one apartment I never before witnessed. Farming implements, hunting apparatus, a large iron pot, which looked as if used for the swine as well as my friend, three or four rough stools, an axe, a bundle of newspapers, a tin kettle, logs of wood, and faggots on the hearth, and no fire-irons save a rusty poker, a roll of bedding and parcels of seeds were all scattered over the unswept and uneven floor, and everything looked desolate enough. Presently the sound of men's voices told of the approach of living beings, and soon my old schoolfellow entered, followed by two men, who all looked like wild animals of the baboon tribe, who had dressed themselves from the contents of an Israelite's stock of cast-off garments. Such masses of tangled hair and long grizzled beards, such complexions, which bore no traces of soap having been used in their behalf for at least six months, yet such healthy, stalwart, brown, hearty-looking beings, were never seen in Europe. Warm was the uncouth welcome which I then received. One man piled up the fuel and kindled a fire, while another got out a gridiron and eggs, and filled the kettle, and Henderson made me sit down, while he asked all sorts of questions about the mother country, in the intervals of wiping a knife on his coat-tail, preparatory to cutting the bread, of getting out a battered Britannia metal teapot, and offering me a cup of home-brewed beer. The hands of all were blackened with the various occupations in which they had been engaged, but victuals and consumers were on a par in this respect, and when the water boiled and the eggs were fried, we set to work like so many savages, our fingers serving instead of forks, and two spoons forming the whole allowance for the party of that article. We spent the evening in talking over the state of the colony and of my future prospects, my friend kindly inviting me to take up my abode with him for a spell, until I could knock up a roof for myself on my own section of land. As no other lodgings were to be had, I accepted this hospitable offer, devoutly hoping I should not long be condemned to dwell in such a pandemonium; but, alas! what man shall dare to predict his future proceedings when deprived of women's society? I could not help expressing my fears to Henderson that his business was not doing so well as it had done the previous year; he seemed surprised at my remark, and with some hesitation I ventured to hint at the aspect of things about him as having given rise to this idea. He then laughed heartily, and told me no one had leisure to attend to appear-

ances in that part of the country, and prophesied I should soon be as bad as the rest. The next day did indeed convince me that his accommodations were in no respect inferior to those of the other settlers, as well as of the fact that his friends and neighbours were most of them earning sufficient to have enabled them, had they so chosen, to live like gentlemen. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the whole district; and my time sped as pleasantly as rapidly while I was building my cottage, fencing my land, and drilling my stock. Ere another month had elapsed my outward man presented a *fac-simile* of that of my acquaintances; and I had learned to consider that a blanket and kettle, with mutton, potatoes, and fuel *ad libitum*, were quite sufficient for any reasonable person's comfort. I was too busy to miss former luxuries, or to care much for the disorder and confusion in which we all lived; but there were times when I severely felt the absence of the pleasures of refined society, and I used to sigh deeply when memory recalled the past delights of association with ladies, and of my gentle sisters, whose remembrance was associated with everything that was feminine and graceful.

Six months passed over, and we were longing intensely to receive news from Europe, which we had been unusually long without, when Henderson took leave of us for a fortnight or three weeks, in order to visit Sydney, and, as he privately informed me, to bring back a wife, if he could persuade the young girl to whom he had been long engaged to accompany him. I forget whether I have said that not one of the female sex resided within a hundred and fifty miles of our settlement; but such being the case, you may fancy the excitement which this communication caused in me. I almost felt as if I was going to meet some relative, when, four weeks after Henderson's departure, a neighbour, one afternoon, told me of his return the previous evening; and I immediately resolved to pay him a visit as soon as sunset should release me from labour. A violent cold, however, which followed a fever, brought on by an accident which befel me when walking home, prevented my fulfilling this scheme; and, confining me to bed, a week elapsed before I was able to see my friend's new wife. He had called several times himself, during this interval, to see how I was going on, and each time I could perceive an alteration for the better in his personal appearance. He had began to shave regularly, his hair was cut, and his fine manly countenance showed to much greater advantage now that a morning toilet had evidently been duly performed; no rents could now be perceived in his clothing, which had assumed a well-brushed look that told me a new reign had commenced in our little world—New Sheffield. But the first day on which I was well enough to quit my rugs, and to sit up for a short time, he brought Mrs. Henderson to call on me. I was too weak to stand, and felt so ashamed to see her enter such a hole, that I could have cried with vexation; but she spoke to me as kindly and courteously as if everything had been in gala trim for her reception, and after some conversation had passed she went away, saying she would come again when I should have had time to rest. I did not know what she meant, but I do know that the moment she disappeared I got out my little shaving-glass, and, now greatly shocked at the figure it presented, I set to work to rectify the worst parts of my appearance. While so engaged an hour slipped away, and I was startled by a knock at the door, and at seeing Mrs. Henderson come in again. She took no notice of my occupation, and only stayed long enough to set down something which she had brought, she said, for me, in hopes it would do me good, and then she once more departed. Much amazed, I beheld a turnout on my table such as I had never seen since my arrival at New Sheffield. On one of the large wooden platters which we made use of for potato-dishes was a very white little cloth, and upon it stood a covered cup, filled with the nicest, hottest, and most delicately-flavoured broth, while a bright tea-spoon, which felt singularly clean and pleasant to the touch, seemed to invite me to partake of this welcome treat to an invalid. A few days later I went to thank the kind friend who had thus thought of my comfort, and such was the transformation I then beheld, I could hardly believe that Henderson had not taken another house. I was too bewildered to talk much; and that evening's intercourse with Mrs. Henderson filled me with yearnings for the sweet companionship of a wife, and the conveniences of civilised life, which were never again satisfied until I had acquired both. When I retired to rest I dreamed of music all the night long, so vivid was the impression which had been made on my ear and fancy by the gentle and unaccustomed tones of a woman's voice. The following morning I applied to the only man amongst us who dealt in stores of any kind, to see if he could furnish me with some soap and a few cups and plates; but he laughed in my face as he told me he had disposed of all his store within three days of Mrs. Henderson's arrival, and he calculated it would be a fortnight yet before a fresh stock could come from Sydney. I then asked for brushes of various kinds, but met with no greater success; and while I was talking to the storekeeper, two of my acquaintances came in, who gravely asked him if he would undertake to engage wives for them upon their promising to pay all their expenses from Sydney to New Sheffield, and to marry them at once upon their arrival. Do not think I am telling you a traveller's tale.

This application was made in simple earnest, and though the order could not exactly be executed as the young men proposed, I can assure my readers an arrangement somewhat similar was actually concluded before these new sort of customers left the store that day. Such a mode of proceeding did not suit *me*, however, and I should probably have contrived to take a journey to Sydney before long on this errand had not a sister of Mrs. Henderson's arrived soon afterwards, with whom I fell in love at first sight. I am now a married man, as are many of my friends, and the demand is still as brisk as on Mrs. Henderson's arrival for soap, brushes, chairs, table-linen, china, glass, spoons, and carpets. The change effected by Henderson's very superior wife, even before anyone else had married, was magical, indeed, to witness. The district appeared to have advanced fifty years in civilisation in less than six months. Cleanliness now reigns paramount in places which once owned no sway except those of dirt and disorder; and to all of my fellow-countrymen in England who do not value their wives as they ought to do, I would recommend them to leave their better-halves behind them, and advise them to spend twelve months in a distant settlement, where there are no women to be met with for love or money.

JUVENILE CABINET.

FARMER BLAKE'S FIRST LESSON.

When I first went to live up at the Grange, Farmer Blake took me into the fields to talk to me. I was then young, but quite old enough to understand what he said

"My lad," said the farmer, "if you are to learn farming, and we are to go on tidily together, either I must teach you or you must teach me. Now, as I happen to know more than you, it will be but reasonable that I should take the lead, and it will be time enough when you are the wiser of the two to alter the plan."

Farmer Blake said this in a kind tone of voice, but the firmness with which he spoke convinced me at once that his word was to be a law.

"You have picked up a little knowledge at the school-house," said he, "and now you must try to pick up a little at the Grange Farm. The first lesson that I will give you to learn is this—*a little at a time and go on.* Almost all great things are done on this principle. The rain from the skies comes down in litile drops, and the snow comes down in little flakes; yet both of them, by going on, cover the face of the ground."

"Look here," said Farmer Blake, stopping at a bush, on which a spider was weaving his wed, "see how the little creature is employed. First he fastens one line, and then another, without wasting his time by idling between, and it will not be very long, I am thinking, before he catches his fly. The weaving spider is following the rule—*a little at a time and go on.*"

What Farmer Blake said appeared so very clear to me, that I wondered the same thing had not occurred before. But the farmer determined to impress his first lesson deeply in my mind.

On turning round a corner we came suddenly upon a woodman, who was felling an elm tree, and the dry chips flew around him as he dealt his lusty strokes with his axe. "Oh," thought I, "the farmer will be at me again, about his first lesson;" but no, not a word did he speak. I saw, however, that his eye was now and then fixed upon me. Though the woodman did not appear to get on very fast, yet, by repeated strokes, he made a great gash more than half way through the trunk of the tree; and not long after down came the elm with a loud crash.

Farmer Blake walked on in silence, and I was silent too, when suddenly he said to me, "Well, my lad, what are you thinking of?" "I was thinking sir," said I, "that the woodman has brought down the tree by doing *a little at a time and going on.*"—"Just as I expected," he replied; "and now I see that you have learned my first lesson."

When left to myself I thought over every word that Farmer Blake had spoken, and felt sure not only that he was the wisest man I knew, but also that I could not do a better thing than attend to his remarks. In the course of that day I could hardly look around without seeing some object which brought before me Farmer Blake's first lesson. A bricklayer was building a wall near a cottage; a shepherd, with his crook, was climbing a high hill; and two men were filling a cart with gravel. By laying a brick at a time and going on, the bricklayer would build the wall; by taking a step at a time and going on, the shepherd will get to the top of the hill; and by throwing a spadeful at a time, and going on, the cart would be filled.

I know that Farmer Blake, in teaching me his first lesson, intended to apply it especially to farming; but I have learned to apply it to other things. Thousands would have been benefited had they understood and practised the lesson with humility —*a little at a time and go on.*

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

For the Third and Fourth Weeks in March.

CH weather is usually variable, and ore, if the garden is not regularly ded to on all dry days, there will be a short-coming in summer, when we d have an abundance of vegetables fruits. First, dig up all unoccupied d, allowing those beds which are not diately required to remain rough; but ing up carefully and raking all those ich it is intended to sow seeds or set g plants. In light dry soil it will be lvantage to occupy the ground as soon ssible; but where the ground is of a y nature, or cold, or wet, it is better to remain till the close of the month, or till April.

SEEDS TO BE SOWN.

w the seeds of savoys and white and cabbages on a bed of light earth, for winter's use.

w on *dry* soil parsnips, carrots, onions, s, and beet. Sow in *moist* soil parsley, vil, marigolds, and spinach.

EGETABLES TO BE TRANSPLANTED.

ettuce plants which have stood the ter in warm borders must now be planted beds, otherwise they will draw up k, and particularly if they are under the lter of a wall or hedge.

auliflower plants must also be removed n the borders, and any which are under or hand-glasses should have fresh earth ed to their stems, and in mild dry wea- r they should be left without any ering.

PEAS AND BEANS.

Full supplies of the Windsor, Toker, and dwich beans should now be sown, and o the long-podded, which is a most pro- c bearer. The green dwarf imperial rrow-fat peas should be sown in an open uation, away from the shade and drip of es; and any peas sown last month, and ich are now above ground, should be vered to within an inch of their full ight.

LANTS AND ROOTS TO BE SLIPPED AND PARTED.

Slip and plant pennyroyal, savory, sage, semary, hyssop, thyme, and any other romatic plants which are now beginning to oot. Divide the roots of mint, worm- ood, and other plants which annually die own, and plant them in fresh beds.

Scuffle and clean the gravel walks, and ome to the FRUIT TREES to see what they equire.

Finish pruning them, and as soon as possible complete the nailing up of the wall-trees, for their buds by this time are very turgid and in danger of being injured in the process of nailing. When this is done dig about the roots, and if the weather is frosty, lay mats or litter round the trees at night.

This is the principal month for grafting most sorts of fruit trees, beginning with the early kinds—that is, such as come first into blossom, and ending with apple trees, which always come last.

STRAWBERRIES should have fresh earth put round them, be freed from weeds, and have their strings pulled off.

RASPBERRIES should be dug about, and all the weeds removed.

GOOSEBERRIES AND CURRANTS must also have the ground around them loosened and cleaned: this strengthens the shoots and buds, and increases the quantity of fruit.

The FLOWERS next require attention. Stir the earth of the beds and borders with a narrow trowel, and then rake them over neatly. Be careful, however, not to injure the roots, nor the buds which are now bursting up through the ground in all their fresh loveliness.

TRANSPLANT most sorts of fibrous-rooted plants: for instance, sweetwilliams, pinks, rose-campions, lychnises, asters, golden-rod, Canterbury-bells, peach-leaved bell-flower, French honeysuckle, daisies, chrysanthemums, speedwell, columbines, hepaticas, paxinellas, ragged-robin, and many others of a like kind.

PLANT some roots of common double anemonies.

SOW tender annuals in pots, and some of the hardy kinds in borders and warm beds.

THE FLOWERS NOW IN BLOW, in gardens which have been moderately attended to, are, double snowdrop, large early snowdrop, Persian iris, narcissuses, daffodils, early tulips, hyacinths, spring cyclamen, crown imperials, violets, hepaticas, wall-flowers, alyssum, perennial fumitory, primroses, daisies, auriculus, pansies, helebores, rose-root, and yellow-star flower.

As an agreeable variety to the pages entitled "The Working Man's Garden," and yet as being closely connected with the subject of them, it has occurred to us to give to our readers, at the close of each week's practical instructions, the history of the introduction into our country of some well-known vegetable, and, accordingly, we have this week made choice of the cabbage.

Many of our readers, doubtless, have been to the sea-shore, and, it is probable, may have observed, when there, a plant with sea-green leaves, and flowers like a charlock. This plant is called "Brassica Oleracea," and from it have sprung all the varieties of cabbage with which we are acquainted, including, of course, white and red cabbage, cauliflowers, savoys, and Brussels sprouts. This plant was cultivated by the Romans, before our ancestors knew anything of its value, and was by them introduced into the gardens of ancient Britain, under the name of "kale." The Saxons, who were the successors of the Romans in the unwelcome occupation of our island, so highly-esteemed the succulent vegetable, that they gave to the month of February, which they had previously called "sol monath," the name of "sprout kale," because the sprouts and old stalks are in that month fit for use.

Fifteen hundred years after this period the soldiers of Cromwell brought kale plants into Scotland and Ireland. In the latter country their cultivation was for many years neglected, but in the former they became at once a favourite, and were made the principal ingredient in a sort of soup, which is still considered as a national dish, and is well known as "the kale brose."

The kale, or description of cabbage which we have heretofore alluded to, is that which is usually called "borecole," or "colewort;" the latter has curly leaves, and is divided into two varieties, the green and purple; the former is the real "Scotch kale."

In the vale of Aricia kale grew to an immense size, being described as "having an exceedingly great head, and an infinite number of leaves, which gather round and close together." This variety found its way into France, and at length, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was brought into England — about sixteen hundred years after the first introduction of kale by the Romans. A celebrated gardener and botanist, who lived at that time, and received a plant of it, thus wrote of it: "Swoll colewort, of all others, is the strangest, which I received from a worshipful merch of London, Master Nicholas Lete, w brought the seed out of France, who greatly in love with rare and fair flow and plants; having a servant at Alepp and in many other countries; for whi myself and likewise the whole land are mu bounden unto." This same individua whose name was Gerard, received son "rape-cole" seed from Italy, and in writin of it recommended that it should be "car fully set and sown as musk, melons, an cucumbers." At present rape-cole is th hardiest variety with which we are ac quainted.

Cauliflower and brocoli is a delicat variety of the "brassica," and was brough to England, in 1509, from Cyprus, where i attained to great perfection. For nearly century afterwards it was found only in th gardens of the opulent, but then it was cul tivated by those who brought vegetables t market, and was sold at one shilling an sixpence a head.

The large compact heads of brassica which are commonly called "cabbage," reached us from Holland, and for a lon time all that we consumed of it was ob tained from that country; but at lengt Sir Anthony Ashley discovered that t possess it in abundance it was only neces sary to allow some of the varieties which w had been in the habit of cultivating, t stand a sufficient time to allow of thei leaves folding and gathering into heads To commemorate this discovery, which, though seemingly an humble one, proved a national blessing, there was a cabbage sculptured on his monument at Wimbourne in Dorsetshire.

Good Nature.—One cannot imagine any quality of the human mind whence greater advantages can arise to society than good nature, seeing that man is a social being, not made for solitude, but conversation. Good nature not only lessens the sorrows of life, but increases its comforts. It is more agreeable than beauty, or even wit. It gives a pleasing expression to the countenance, and induces a multitude of the most amiable observations. It is, indeed, the origin of all society. Were it not for good nature, men could not exist together, nor hold intercourse with one another. Good nature is an apitude of the mind, on which objects act in an inexplicable way, and which discovers itself in universal benevolence to the whole creation. In it lies the foundation of all generous feeling to our neighbours, and sympathy with every member of the human family. It is a portion of that love which is the attraction of the mental universe. It possesses a power, the progression of which will gradually banish slavery, tyranny, war, disease, and vice, from the vital world, and unite mankind in one great brotherhood.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

ie great plan of registration we have announced in our recent numbers has ready been commenced. The distribution of the forms for filling up is rapidly ogressing; and before these remarks reach the eyes of our readers, a consider-le portion of this part of the work will have been accomplished. Up to this ne accommodation has been placed at the disposal of our Office to the extent five hundred beds and upwards. In short, the start having now been fairly d energetically made upon a systematic and well-matured plan, and with a mpetent body of agents to attend to all its departments, the arrangements, der the general superintendence of Mr. M. T. Raymond, will proceed with e utmost despatch.

We may add that the project has not only received the unqualified approval of e gentlemen whom we have already announced as its Patrons, but that it has en very favourably noticed by the most influential sections of the London press, cluding the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Globe*, the *Express*, and other leading journals, ho have united in bearing testimony to its merits, and in predicting great advan-ges as likely to result from it.

Much yet remains to be done for London to provide a fitting welcome to the orking men of England. We shall continue to direct our attention to such points occur to us; and, first of all, we have a word or two to say upon the subject of e London exhibitions. The Crystal Palace will be the great sight, but not the nly sight, our visitors will be anxious to see; and we hope to find a spirit of berality generally pervading the arrangements made by the directors of such insti-tions as the Colosseum, Zoological Gardens, &c. &c. The latter establish-ent is accustomed on Monday to reduce its usual charge of admission from 1s. to d., to afford an opportunity to the artisans of the Metropolis and their families to itness its interesting illustrations of the animal world. The practice is worthy of ll commendation; but we shall be glad to see some extension or modification of his arrangement during the period of the Exhibition. May not the gates be opened wo or three days in each week at the reduced charge? Monday might continue to e devoted, as now, to the *London* visitors, and, say Friday, added for the conve-ience of those from the country. As far as these last are concerned, the privilege f cheap entrance on Monday would be quite nugatory. That day will be occu-ied in travelling, and before the second Monday comes round, home will have been eached again. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, are three out of the four days elected for the shilling admission to the Hyde-park show, but Friday would be at iberty. The higher tariff would then prevail at the Exhibition. The *leading sight* would have received its allotted number of visits, and thousands, before journeying ack to the provinces, would gladly wend their way, if facilities were offered them, to he Royal Gardens of Regent's-park. We commend these considerations to the directors, and trust that a hint so reasonable in every way will receive their favour-able attention. The Colosseum again is one of the most inviting spectacles in London; one which will most amply repay a visit. But, at the same time, it is one of the most expensive, and unless in the event of some special arrangement, it will probably be seen by few of those on whose behalf we are speaking.

Though we have specified the Zoological Gardens and the Colosseum, we do so in no invidious sense. There are numerous others whose attractions vie with theirs—museums, panoramas, &c. &c. And as tastes differ in different individuals, we have no doubt public patronage will be very widely distributed. In connection, then, with all the innocent and rational sights and amusements of London, we contend that a liberal policy will prove as profitable as it will be appro-priate; and that during certain days of the week the doors should be thrown open to the public at a charge much under that usually enforced.

We shall not fail to take the most fitting opportunity of bringing the views we have now urged before the proper authorities, and continue to give our sedulous

attention to everything necessary to make the working man's trip to town as productive as possible of real enjoyment and benefit, without inconvenience or great expense.

THE INTERIOR ASPECT.—The nave of the building when furnished will be a magnificent sight, embellished as it will be with the rarest and most remarkable specimens from each of the thirty sections into which the whole collection has been classified. Colossal statues—great fountains—a gigantic telescope—pillars of granite and coal—an extraordinary dome of glass and iron, cast at Coalbrook-dale, and forty feet high—crystals of spermaceti oil as representing animal substances, and which cost their exhibitor £1,000—crystals of alum several feet high—models of the Britannia-bridge and of the great Russian chain-bridge thrown by Vignolles over the Dnieper—a model of the glass palace itself—a model of Chance's lighthouse—a display of features by Adcock—a clock by Dent—a trophy of silk manufacture from Spitalfields,—such are among the objects with which the western, or British, half of the lofty centre aisle is to be adorned. To this list will, no doubt, yet be added many other attractive contributions, and as an illustration of the desire which is felt to concentrate on this point the most remarkable things in the country, we may mention that a hope is entertained that the section of precious stones may be represented here by Runjeet Singh's great diamond—the Kohinoor. It is intended that all the stalls shall be covered with red cloth or pink calico, by which means not only will the unsightly wood-work be concealed, but a warmth of colouring will be imparted to the whole ground-area of the building, which, combined with the great mass of blue overhead and the yellow stripes on the columns, will produce a most harmonious and brilliant effect.

THE STRENGTH OF THE BUILDING.—This vexed question has at length been set at rest by actual experiment. The preparations made for the experiment consisted of the construction of a perfect bay of gallery, with its floors, binders, girders, and connecting pieces, in every respect complete, and similar to the actual gallery, supported upon four points, bedded on temporary foundations. Rows of planks the full width of the platform led up to it, and down from it, so that a row of men as wide as the gallery might be able to march up and down in close column. Three hundred workmen were first assembled by the contractors and allowed to cover the platform and the planks connected with it. They were then compressed into t smallest space upon which they co stand. The load borne on the planks r presented the share of pressure which wou be produced by the crowding of adjace bays of gallery. The amount of deflecti produced by this load was inappreciabl The men then walked regularly and irr gularly, and ran over it. The elasticity the floor, allowing play to the timbers an the wrought iron work, was admirabl developed by this test; and it became a parent that this quality of elasticity was the greatest value in protecting the cas iron girders from sudden shock. Thu in the severest test which could possibly b applied, when the men, standing close packed together continued jumping simu taneously for several minutes, although i the regular vibrations of the floor the binde played up and down, the extreme deflectio of any of the girders did not exceed on fourth of an inch. As the contractors' me were unable to keep military time in the step, and it was considered desirable t ascertain the effect of perfectly regula oscillations, the whole of the corps of Roya Sappers and Miners on the ground, set i close columns, were marched several time over and around the bays, and were finall made to mark time in the most trying man ner. With the result of this last test th eminent scientific men present expresse themselves highly gratified, observing th while at the climax of vibration the motio did not exceed that common in ordinar London houses at evening parties. minute examination of the platform, mad immediately after the completion of the e periments, showed that no part of the co struction had in any way suffered injury.

We learn from Malta that a costly marb table has been prepared by Messrs. Da manin, of Strada Levante, for the Exh bition. It is a most elaborate piece work, and evinces great skill and industr We hear that fifteen cases of articles fro Greece are on their way to Southampto An Albanian dress, worth 2,000 dols., i the preparation of which fifty persons we occupied for three months, is one of th objects most highly spoken of.

The *Manchester Guardian* publishes s veral estimates, drawn up with great car of the proceeds of the Exhibition, supposin it to be open six months. The highest e timate is £769,600; the lowest, £617,000.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. (Portsea.)—You had better apply to the cutive Committee, Exhibition Building, e-park.

B. C.—All packages arriving without the ssary pass or authority from the Foreign mittees are necessarily refused. All persons erned should take care that proper documents mpany their goods.

VISITOR.—Admission may be obtained gra- ously to the following Exhibitions:—Anti- rian Museum, Guildhall, daily; Ashburton ection, Piccadilly, daily; Asiatic Museum, v Burlington-street, Monday, Wednesday, and lay; Botanic Gardens, Chelsea, daily; Botanic dens, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' seum, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and rsday; Dulwich Gallery, Monday, Tuesday, dnesday, Thursday, and Saturday; Entomo- ical Museum, Bond-street, Tuesday; Gros- or Gallery, Upper Grosvenor-street, daily; rticultural Gardens, Chiswick, daily; Hun- ian Museum, College of Surgeons, daily; næan Collections, Soho-square, daily; Royal titution Museum, Albemarle-street, daily; ited Service Museum, Scotland-yard, daily; John Soane's Museum, Tuesday and Friday; xman's Hall and the Museum, University Col- e; Museum of King's College; Royal Veteri- y College Museum; Antiquarian Society's seum, Somerset-house; Geological Society, merset-house.

PHILANTHROPIST.—A meeting to advocate the vement you mention was held last week in the eld-lane Ragged Schools. Several were present the scarlet woollen frocks and black aprons of e *Shoe-black Brigade.* The honorary secretary id the arrangement contemplated the location a number of boys at various points of our etropolitan thoroughfares, for the purpose of curing to visitors, throughout the coming mmer, clean shoes, with civility and a uniform arge. At present £40 9s. 9d. had been received r the purposes of the society, of which 14 11s. 11d. had been expended. Several kind dies had provided thirty of the uniforms, ten xes, and five sets of brushes. An inspector ould shortly be appointed, and the brigade ight be expected soon to enter upon its labours.

JAMES.—We believe that Ishmael Lawrence, of orth Curry, Somersetshire, is a working wheel- right, as stated in the letter you refer to. The rticles he has forwarded to the Exhibition evi- ence talent of no common stamp. 1. A multi- lying hand-drill for metals. 2. An improved crew-wrench. 3. Self-correcting dividers. 4. A entre bearing to prevent slender articles quiver- ng in the lathe. 5. An improved sun-dial, to suit ny latitude by the same arrangement of figures. Mr. Eales White, Secretary of the Somerset Local Committee, says:—"Lawrence has favoured me ith a sight of some of these articles, and I cannot elp lending my feeble aid to bring these evidently seful improvements into notice, in the hope that such may be a benefit to the mechanic and to him- self. He says, if he could raise the money, he would construct a carriage which should take him from Taunton to the Great Exhibition by elec- tricity! His genius is as discursive as it is extra- ordinary. Clocks, watches, electrical machines, seraphines, &c., are made by him, combining evident improvements; and yet he toils in most homely costume, and the humble consequences of a few shillings a week!"

X. X.—The promised porcelain imitation of the camelia japonica plant, with white buds and blossoms in all stages of development, has been produced at the Porcelain Works at Meissen, in Saxony.

X. B. A.—The decorative fittings of the Exhibition have been entrusted to Mr. Owen Jones. The compiler of the catalogue is Mr. Tapp. In consequence of the magnitude of the catalogue, and of the rapidity with which it must be executed, the executive committee request those exhibitors who may intend to avail themselves of the privilege of inserting engravings of their articles in the official catalogue, immediately to transmit the requisite drawings, and to signify their instructions to Messrs. Spicer and Clowes, the contractors for printing the official catalogue, at the Exhibition Building, Hyde-park.

AGRICULTURALIST.—The period for the admission of implements will be until Saturday, the 29th of March, after which time none will be admitted under any circumstances whatever. Implement-makers are required to have fixed all stands, frames, or fittings, at their respective places within the building, on or before March 22. On Tuesday, April 1, the judges and the committee meet at the building to select the implements for trial. The field implements for trial will be sent into the country at once, and the standing implements be tried on the spot. The field implements will be tried at Pusey, on Tuesday, April 8.

A CONFECTIONER.—Men of your craft are not to be unrepresented in the Great Exhibition. Scotland sends her quota of confections. Amongst the novelties to be sent from Glasgow, we have a handsome glass case, which we doubt not will attract a fair share of attention from the attenders of the Crystal Palace. This box contains twenty-four samples of lozenges and comfits, made in the first style of the confectionary art, and they are neatly divided and arranged into little compartments. The whole of these articles, we may mention, are produced by machinery on the extensive premises of the Messrs. Wotherspoon, and the quantity, variety, and rapidity with which they are manufactured by the patented processes is perfectly astonishing.

W. (Knaresborough) sends the following extract from a letter written by Mr. J. P. Westhead, the member for that borough, in which he thus compares the size of the Crystal Palace:—"I have recently been to Rome. There I surveyed the ruins of that far-famed amphitheatre, the Colosseum. Its area is indeed vast to the eye. It is stated that it is capable of containing 87,000 persons. It occurred to me to compare its superficial extent with the space assigned to the Crystal Palace. I found, to my surprise, that the area of the latter is three times that of the Colosseum. Some years since I had the pleasure of spending hour after hour, on several successive days, in the building appropriated to the exposition of the manufactures and products of France. It was a treat of a high character. I was bewildered even there by the number and extent of its avenues of counters and stalls, and was delighted at the immense variety of handiwork and with the evidences of ingenuity and taste which were visible on every side. But the area of that structure was barely one-fifth of that of the Paxton marvel, and the exhibitors were those of France alone."

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. III.

In French, taught as we would teach it, there is very little intellectual difficulty, but only a trial of patience and determination. That even the latter trial shall not be too severe, we will take all possible care. The efforts imposed upon the learner are always in inverse proportion to those which the instructor imposes on himself; and we do not care how heavy the latter may be, provided the former be light.

Before entering on this third lesson, the reader should be sure that he knows the full drift of what the two former have contained; and if he has not yet mastered them, let him read them carefully again, putting this aside for a later perusal. Of pronunciation we shall say less here: enough has, in Lesson No. I., been explained to enable the student, with patient and resolute reading or reciting aloud, to acquire a tolerably just method.

A person who may have seen the thick and ponderous grammars which have been of old placed in the hands of school-boys, and almost all of which they have been required to learn by heart, may entertain a very formidable idea of the number of hard, dry, thorny, and complicated principles through which, as he imagines, the only path lies to a true knowledge of the language. We may as well say at once that no such apprehensions should be harboured. The principal part of what must be fixed thoroughly in the memory, in the shape of mere *rote-knowledge*, will consist of *six verbs*—the two auxiliary or helping verbs, and four other verbs, representing the four regular classes or conjugations into which verbs are divided. Even with this knowledge the learner will not be asked to choke himself; he need not bolt it, but can swallow it at his ease, and digest it properly. Almost everything else will seem to come insensibly into the mind of the reader.

We must now give the cardinal numbers in French. They are:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
un	*deux*	*trois*	*quatre*	*cinq*	*six*	*sept*	*huit*	*neuf*	*dix*	*onze*	*douze*	*treize*

14	15	16
quatorze	*quinze*	*seize.*

Seventeen is expressed, as if in English we said *ten-seven;* and so with eighteen and nineteen, which are *ten-eight* and *ten-nine (dix-sept, dix-huit, dix-neuf).* This is precisely like our English mode, beginning from thirteen and ending with nineteen, only that we put the *ten* last, whereas they put it first. Our "*teen*" is but a corruption of ten; "she is in her teens" means "she is in her *tens.*" The French for twenty is *vingt.* Of the pronunciation of *un* we have said enough when talking of it as an article. *Deux* is pronounced exactly like the first *two letters* in "*dirty.*" The rest are sounded *troo-awe, kattre, sank, see* (or *seess), set, weet, nuff* (but giving a groaning effect to the *u), deess, oangz, dooz, trays, kattoarz, kangz, saze, dee-set, dees-weet, dee-nuff* (or *dees-nuff),* and *vant.* Twenty-one is *vingt-et-un* (twenty and one). The *and (et)* is left out in the rest, and may be omitted even here; twenty-two being, as in English, *vingt-deux,* and so on till thirty. Thirty is *trente,* pronounced *tront;* and then *trente-et-un,* and the rest as before. Forty is *quarante,* pronounced *kah-ront,* &c. Fifty, *cinquante,* pronounced *sank-kont,* &c. Sixty, *soixante,* pronounced *soo-awe-sont.* The French express their seventy by sixty-ten; their seventy-one by sixty-eleven *(soixante-dix, soixante-onze,* &c). Here it will profit the learner much to repeat the rest, up to seventy-nine, putting the numbers together in a similar manner. Eighty is expressed by the term four-twenty, *quatre-vingt.* Ninety by the term four-twenty-ten, *quatre-vingt-dix.* Here again the learner should recite the various numbers in French, from eighty up to ninety-nine. A hundred is *cent,* pronounced *song.* A hundred-and-one is *cent-et-un,* pronounced *sont-ay-ūn.* A hundred-and-two is *cent-deux,* leaving out the *et,* as in other cases. Indeed it is used only in the *something-one,* as twenty-one, ninety-one, &c., and even then *not necessarily,* for it may, if you please, be omitted. A thousand is *mille,* pronounced *meel.* A million is *million,* pronounced *milleeoang.*

Here we must observe that the French in talking of sovereigns and of the days of the month—though they say, for instance, *George Premier* (George the First),

l *le premier Fevrier* (February the first), yet afterwards always express themves by "George three," "George four," "the 10 February," &c., as *George trois, orge quatre, le dix Fevrier*, &c. &c. The *second* is optional as to sovereigns. You y either say *Charles second* or *Charles deux*. The eleventh of a month is *le onze*, *l'onze*, a curious exception to the smooth custom of French.

Now for the ordinal numbers. The *first* is *le premier;* the *second* is either *le ond* or *le deuxieme*; all the others are formed by adding *ième* to the cardinal mber: as *trois-ième* (third), *quatrième* (fourth)—here, you perceive, that the last f *quatre* is left out; so it is wherever it occurs in the cardinal number which you sh to turn into an ordinal), *vingt-ième* (twentieth), &c. &c. The *f* of *neuf* is anged into *v—neuvième*.

The days of the week are *Lundi* (Monday), *Mardi*, *Mercredi*, *Jeudi*, *Vendredi*, *medi*, and (for Sunday) *Dimanche*.

The months are *Janvier*, *Fevrier*, *Mars*, *Avril*, *Mai*, *Juin*, *Juillet*, *Aout*, *Septembre*, *tobre*, *Novembre*, *Decembre;* which are pronounced Zhaungvee-ay, Fevvreeay, ar, Avvreel, May, Zhwang, Zhwee-yay, Ah-oo, Settombre, Oaktobre, Noavombre, essombre.

We may add here, as a final remark about pronunciation, that one of the grand ferences between the French and ourselves is, that we generally lay the accent early in the word as possible, and they as late as possible. Take this very word *ent*. With us the first syllable is emphasized; with them the last, *ak-sōng*.

It will now prove a useful exercise of the foregoing remarks to translate the lowing French anecdote into English. (*We subjoin a little glossary of each new rd employed.*)

'Un jour, Frederic deux dit à un jeune prédicateur que s'il ferait un beau discours un texte qu'il lui fournirait dans l'eglise même, la récompense en serait une riche ébende. Le jour étant venu, le roi donna au jeune homme qui était dejà dans la aire, une pièce de papier, qui ne contenait rien. Le prédicateur, aprés l'avoir regardé, sur le champs: 'Mes frères, il n'y a ici rien; et du rien Dieu a créé l'univers; voilà n texte.' Puis il prècha très eloquemment. Il gagna sa prébende."

OSSARY OF THE NEW WORDS CONTAINED IN THE ANECDOTE, AND GIVEN IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY OCCUR.

Un jour, (one day) *dit* (said) *un jeune* (a young) *prédicateur* (preacher), *que* (that) -for *si*—(if) *il* (he) *ferait* (would make) *beau* (fine) *discours* (discourse—sermon) (on) *texte* (text) *qu'*—for *que*—(which) *il* (he) *lui* (to him) *fournirait* (would furnish) *ns* (in) *l'*—for *la*—(the) *eglise* (church) *même* (itself), *la* (the) *récompense* (reward) *en* it) *serait* (would be) *une* (a) *riche* (rich) *prébende* (living), *étant* (being) *venu* (come) (king) *donna* (gave) *au* (to the) *homme* (man) *qui* (who) *était* (was) *déjà* (already) *ns* (in) *chaire* (pulpit) *pièce* (bit) *de* (of) *papier* (paper) *qui* (which) *contenait* (conned). [The *ne* and the *rien* must be taken together, according to what we said in a mer lesson about the French use of two negatives. *Ne rien* means "nothing"]. *rès* (after) *l'*—for *le*—(it). [The French generally put the *le* thus before the words ich govern it, instead of after them, as in English. We should say, for example, fter having looked at it;" the French say, "after it to have looked at."] *Avoir* (to ve—having) *régardé* (looked at) *dit* (said) *sur le champ* (on the spot) *mes* (my) *fréres* others—brethren) *il y a* (there is) *il n'y a rien* (there is nothing). [Again the two gatives, though separated in the sentence, must be taken together.] *ici* (here) *et* (and) *rien* (from the nothing—out of nothing) *Dieu* (God) *a créé* (has created) *l'*—for *le*—e) *univers* (universe). *Puis* (then) *il* (he) *précha* (preached) *très* (very) *eloquemment* oquently) *gagna* (gained) *sa* (his) *prébende* (living).

Having by the help of this glossary made out the anecdote, practice yourself in following phrases, which you must translate and write down in French, bearing mind that *qu'est ce que* means "what is it that":—

'What is it that Frederick the Second said to a young preacher?"

'He said to him (place the 'to him,' *lui*, immediately before the French word for id'), that if he would preach a fine sermon, the reward of it would be a rich living."

'What is it that the young man gained by (the French for 'by' is *par*) the mon which he preached?"

'What is it that the text was?" (You must in French put these words in the follow- order:—'what is it that was the text?' and remember that the last *e* of the *que* must

of course be cut off before the vowel with which the next word begins: thus, *qu* French for 'was,' being *était*).

"The text was nothing." (This must be put into French—'the text not nothing,' cutting off the last *e* of *ne* 'not.')

"Did he gain his living?" (The French have no 'do' and 'did;' you must 'gained he his living?' and as the French for 'gained' ends with a vowel, and the word begins with another, you must insert a *t*, as in the instance we gave in a fo lesson—*il a* 'he has;' *a-t-il*, 'has he?')

"Did he preach eloquently?" (You must render it—'Preached he eloquently?'

"What!" (the French for 'what' is *quoi*) "though he preached on nothi ('Though' is *bien que*, the last *e* of which must be cut off, if another vowel follow.)

"The King being come."

"He said, on the spot," &c. &c.

Erratum.—In Lesson No. II., for '*n'iraizhe pas*,' read '*n'irai-je pas*'—Shall go? The *sound* was, by mistake, given instead of the *proper spelling* in the French

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Locusts are formidable insects, greatly destructive to the fruits of the ground. appearance resembles the grasshopper. They were declared clean by the Levitical and are often eaten by the Arabs. In their migrations, they fly in flocks, in compact b many yards square. Mr. Hartley, who in 1826 visited the regions infested with t says:—"They are indeed a strong people set in battle array; they run like mighty r they climb the walls like men of war. I actually saw them run to and fro in the of Thyatira; they ran upon the wall; they climbed up upon the houses; they entered the windows, like a thief." Mr. Hartley did not, however, see one of the most midable flights. Such a scene is described by Mr. Cumming:—"On our march, says, "we crossed a swarm of locusts, resting for the night on the grass and bu They lay so thick that the wagons could have been filled with them in a very short covering the large bushes just as a swarm of young bees covers the branch on wh pitches. As it was difficult to obtain sufficient food for my dogs, I and my ser took a large blanket, which we spread under a bush whose branches were bent to ground with the mass of locusts which covered it, and, having shaken the branche an instant I had more locusts than I could carry on my back; these we roasted for selves and dogs. Soon after the sun was up, on looking behind me, I beheld the lo stretching to the west, in vast clouds resembling smoke; but the wind soon after ve round, brought them back to us, and they flew over our heads, for some time act darkening the sun." The Hebrews had several names for the locust, which might bably distinguish different kinds of the insect. They were employed as one of the pla of Egypt, and were threatened as a judgment upon the land of Israel.

Reducing Powers of the Stomach.—The different operations of cookery roasting, boiling, baking, &c., have all a reducing effect, and may, therefore, be sidered as preparatory to the solvent action of the stomach. Of these operations n nature has taught him to avail himself, and they constitute the chief means by w he is enabled to be omnivorous; for without such preparation a very large portic the matters which he now adapts as food would be completely indigestible. different culinary processes the most refractory substances can often be rend nutritious: thus, by alternate baking and boiling, the woody fibre itself may be verted into a sort of amylaceous pulp, not only possessing most of the properti the amylaceous principle, but capable of being formed into bread. The culinary engages no small share of attention among mankind; but, unfortunately, cook seldom chemists, nor indeed do they understand the most simple of the chemical p ciples of their art; hence their labour is most frequently employed, not in rende wholesome articles of food more digestible—which is the true object of cookery—in making unwholesome things palatable, foolishly imagining that what is agree to the palate must be also healthful to the stomach. A greater fallacy can scarcel conceived; for though, by a beautiful arrangement of Providence, what is wholes is seldom disagreeable, the converse is by no means applicable to man, since t things which are pleasant to the taste are not unfrequently very injurious. Anim indeed, for the most part avoid instinctively all unwholesome food, probably bec everything that would be prejudicial is actually distasteful to them; but as reg man, the choice of articles of nourishment has been left entirely to his reason.—*Pr Bridgewater Treatise.*

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

BLUB'BER, *s.* the fat of whales and other large fish.

BLUD'GEON, *s.* a short thick stick, used as a weapon.

BLUEPE'TER, *s.* the signal flag for sailing.

BLUN'DERBUSS, *s.* a short, wide-mouthed gun, to discharge and spread many bullets at a time.

BOAT'SWAIN, *s.* an inferior officer on board ship, who superintends a ship's rigging, anchors, &c., and overlooks the sailors in various duties.

BOB'BIN, *s.* a small wooden instrument used in making lace; also the name of a kind of thread.

BOB'STAYS, *s.* ropes to confine a ship's bowsprit.

BOC'ASINE, *s.* a kind of fine buckram.

BOD'KIN, *s.* a large kind of needle, to draw thread, &c., through loops.

BOD'LEIAN, *a.* pertaining to Sir Thomas Bodley; or the library at Oxford, which he founded, and which bears his name.

BOD'Y-GUARD, *s.* the king or queen's personal guard.

BOHE'A, *s.* a species of coarse black tea.

BOLE, *s.* a fine sort of clay, of which there are various kinds.

BOL'TER, *s.* a sieve to separate meal from bran.

BOL'TING-MILL, *s.* an engine for sifting meal.

BO'LUS, *s.* a large pill; a kind of earth.

BOMB, *s.* a globe of iron containing combustibles, &c., to be discharged from a mortar, or cannon.

BOMBARD', *v. a.* to attack with bombs.

BOMBARDIE'R, *s.* a bomb engineer.

BOMBASIN', *s.* a fine woollen stuff, nearly resembling silk.

BOM'BIC, *a.* pertaining to the silk-worm.

BOM'BYX, *s.* the silk-worm.

BOND, *s.* any written obligation.

BOND'SMAN, *s.* one bound for another.

BON-MOT, *s.* (French) a joke, a witty repartee.

BO'NUS, *s.* a premium, a benefit, an advantage.

BO'RACITE, *s.* magnesia combined with borax.

BOR'AX, *s.* a kind of salt, of great value in soldering metals, as well as for other purposes of art and medicine.

BO'REAS, *s.* a name given to the north wind.

BOR'OUGH, *s.* a town (not a city), governed by a corporation.

BOR'OUGH ENGLISH, *s.* a custom by which the youngest son inherits instead of the eldest.

BOR'OUGHMONGER, *s.* one who trafficks in boroughs.

BOS, *s.* (in zoology) a genus of quadrupeds, the horns of which are in the form of a crescent, as the ox, &c.

BOS'SAGE, *s.* (in architecture) any stone that has a projecture; rustic quoins.

BOT'ANY, *s.* the science or art which teaches the nature and classification of plants and herbs; that part of natural history which relates to vegetables.

BOTH'NIAN, *a.* pertaining to Bothnia, in Sweden, and to a gulf of the Baltic sea.

BO'TRYOID, *a.* like a bunch of grapes, and applied to minerals so formed.

BOT'TOMRY, *s.* (in maritime law) the borrowing money on a contingency: thus if a ship returns in safety, the money is to be repaid with interest; if otherwise, it is lost or forfeited.

BOUGIE', *s.* a surgical instrument.

BOUQUE'T, *s.* (French) a bunch of flowers, a nosegay.

BOW'-LINE, *s.* the name of a ship's rope.

BOW'SPRIT, *s.* the mast that projects in a sloping direction from a ship's head.

BOW-WIN'DOW, *s.* a window projecting outwards.

BOWSE, *v. n.* (a sea term) to haul or pull together.

BOX'ING, *s.* a combat with the fists.

BRACE'LET, *s.* an ornament for the wrists.

BRA'CHIAL, *a.* belonging to the arm.

BRACHYGRA'PHY, *s.* shorthand writing; stenography.

BRACK'ET, *s.* a small support, made of wood, stone, or metal.

BRACK'ISH, *a.* saltish, as sea-water.

BRAD, *s.* a thin sort of nail.

BRAGGADO'CIO, *s.* a boaster, a swaggerer.

BRAHMA'NIC, or BRAMIN'ICAL, *a.* pertaining to writings, teachings, or superstitions of the Brahmins, or Indian priests. *Brahma* is a Sanscrit word, the name of the Supreme Being in the religious system of the Hindoos.

BRAID, *s.* a sort of lace, a knot, false hair; *v. a.* to weave together, to plait.

BRAIN, *s.* the collection of vessels and organs within the skull; the soft pulpy matter forming one of the central masses of the nervous system.

BRAIN'-SICK, *a.* diseased in the understanding.

BRAKE, *s.* a thicket of brambles.

BRAN, *s.* the husks of ground corn.

BRAND, *s.* a mark of infamy; a lighted stick.

BRAN'DY, *s.* a strong distilled liquor, usually obtained from wine; but inferior varieties are manufactured from vegetable bodies containing fermentable matter, as potatoes, pears, &c.

BRANK, *s.* a sort of grain, often called buckwheat.

BRA'ZIER, *s.* one who works on brass.

BRASS, *s.* a yellow metal, an alloy or mixture of copper and zinc, or calamine, the carbonate of zinc.

BRAVA'DO, *s.* a boast, a brag, a threat.

BRA'VO, *s.* (Italian) one who murders for hire; *interjection*, an exclamation of applause.

BRAVU'RA, *s.* (Italian) a difficult passage in musical composition, in which many notes are given to one syllable, therefore requiring much spirit, much *bravery*, in the performer.

BRAWN, *s.* the firm hard flesh of a boar or large hog.

BRAW'NY, *a.* fleshy, strong, muscular.

BRAY, *s.* the noise made by an ass; a harsh cry.

BRAZE, *v. a.* to solder with brass.

BRA'ZEN-FACE, *s.* a bold, impudent person.

BRAZIL', *s.* a heavy red wood growing in Brazil, used in dyeing red, &c.

BREACH, *s.* an opening, a gap; a quarrel.

BREAD, *s.* food made of ground corn, whether fermented or unfermented.

BREADTH, *s.* the measure of anything from side to side.

BREAK, *s.* an opening, a breach; a failure.

BREAK'FAST, *s.* the first meal taken in the day.

BREAK'WATER, *s.* a bar or fence, either of stone or wood, placed at the entrance of an harbour to break the force with which the sea enters.

BREAST'WORK, *s.* a parapet, or work thrown up for defence, breast high.

BREC'CIA, or "pudding-stone," *s.* sort of marble, which seems to be composed of angular fragments of various rocks, united by some softer mineral substance.

BREECH, *s.* a part of a gun.

BREST'SUMMER, *s.* pronounced *bressamer* (in building), the beam over the shop window; the piece of timber into which the girders are framed.

BREVE, *s.* a note in music; (in law) a summons.

BREVET', *s.* (military) in the British army, a commission conferring on an officer a degree of rank immediately above that which he holds in his particular regiment, but for which he receives no extra pay.

BRE'VIARY, *s.* the name of the daily service book of the Church of Rome.

BRE'VIAT, *s.* a short compendium, an extract.

BREVIER', *s.* a small kind of letter used in printing, as for instance, our article on the "British Museum."

BREV'ITY, BRIEF'NESS, *s.* conciseness, shortness.

BREW, *v.* to make liquors; to contrive, as "*brewing* mischief."

BREW'IS, *s.* bread lightly boiled in potage.

BRI'BERY, *s.* the act or crime of giving or taking rewards for bad practices.

BRICK, *s.* a long square piece of burnt clay.

BRICK'BAT, *s.* a piece of brick.

BRI'DEWELL, *s.* a name frequently given to houses of correction; the first place to which this name was given was the hospital in Blackfriars, London, built near St. *Bride's* well.

BRIDGE, *s.* a building of stone, brick, wood, or iron, consisting of piers, with either beams laid from one to the other, or with arches between the piers, on which a roadway is formed for passengers and vehicles.

BRIEF, *s.* (in law) a short statement of the facts of a litigated case, with reference to the points of law supposed to be applicable to them, drawn up for the instruction of an advocate in a court of justice. A *church brief*, or *Queen's letter*, is an instrument sealed with the privy seal, directed to the clergy, magistrates, and overseers of the poor, licensing the petitioners for the brief to collect money for the purpose therein specified.

BRIG, *s.* a light vessel with two masts.

BRIGA'DE, *s.* a party or division of soldiers.

BRIGADIE'R-GENERAL, *s.* an officer in the army, in rank immediately above the colonel.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 63.—SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.]

THE COMMONS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

FOREIGNERS can hardly understand our Government. The Americans, especially, wonder how such a democratic people—the parent of American Republicanism—can put up with a Monarch; and they look amazingly knowing, and sometimes quite haughty, as they boast of having nothing but a President. We are afraid, also, that among us there are great numbers who do not understand the theory of our constitution. Hence, whatever evils befal us, they are sure to throw out some ugly thought against the Sovereign, the Lords, or the landowners. We are not in this paper going to say one word about the aristocracy of England. Their conduct for the last eight hundred years is before the country, and every individual may read for himself the good and the evil which they have done. And those who will not inform themselves on these matters, are unworthy of the age they live in, and deserve all the oppression which may result from their ignorance.

Our present business is with *the Commons*. Through the medium of our representative system we can be as democratic as any one could wish, and as economical too, and yet retain our hereditary sovereigns. We are in a better state than the Americans, because our real responsible President, who reigns over everybody and everything in the administration of affairs, can be sent about his business in a few hours, if the Commons think proper. When the Americans or French have their President elected, they know pretty well from the man what will be the policy pursued for the next four years; but we are not bound for six hours to any particular Government. One night's debate, and an adverse vote in the House of Commons will dethrone any Prime Minister, though backed by the Crown and the whole of the aristocracy. In a conflict conducted by the Monarch and the Lords on the one hand, and the Commons and the people on the other, the former must of necessity be vanquished. This was tried in the days of Cromwell; and, indeed, if it never had been a matter of experiment, yet everyone may see that the Commons, with the Exchequer and the people at their back, must far overbalance the nobility and the Crown. Hence, we repeat, that England may be as democratic as can be desired, and yet have an hereditary Monarch and a House of Lords. And we want the operatives of this country to feel this great truth—*that all injustice, oppression, extravagance, and all bad legislation, and every injudicious or iniquitous act in the administration,* MUST BE CHARGED UPON THE COMMONS. For even if they did not originate the evil, yet they had the power of preventing it. They are, to all intents and purposes, our servants; they are sent to the House by the electors, and they go there to do our work. For any of them to deny these statements, is to boast that they rebel against the constitution, and are guilty of high treason against the law of the land. For a man to propose to be the representative of a certain number of constituents, and then, as soon as they have placed him in office, to desert them, is a proof that he is a traitor to his country. The House of Commons is the nation's workshop, where all the machinery for legislation and administration is produced; and members of Parliament are our operatives, who engage in this labour in the stead of their masters, the electors; and therefore, when anything goes wrong, the people ought to assemble, and call their servants to account.

We are happy to find that a few of our members are willing annually, or oftener, to meet their constituents, and give an account of their stewardship. This is honourable, and the men who refuse to act thus lay themselves open to the suspicion of dishonesty. A servant who will not let his master look at his accounts will be suspected of unfaithfulness. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest." A member of Parliament who does not give a good, equitable, and constitutional reason for his whole conduct as a representative, is either a simpleton who cannot do it, or a bankrupt in character, and therefore dreads to meet his political creditors. To repose such a trust in him as to make him a senator, was the highest honour that could be conferred upon him by his brother citizens; and, on his part, to betray that confidence, marks him out as one of the basest of men.

It may be said that the House of Commons at present does not represent the nation, and, therefore, however good the theory of our Government may be, the working is bad. We grant that many of our legislators care nothing at all for any one or any thing but their own selfish ends. Still this is the fault of the electors and of the people generally. Many of those who have the franchise know about as much of the English constitution and the Commons, as the horses they ride on, or the dogs which eat the crumbs that fall from their tables. Englishmen are notoriously ignorant of the history of their country, and of their own political powers, privileges, and duties; and this is the case not only with our farmers, but with hosts of our tradesmen and merchants. Numbers have never read through any history of England, and thousands tremble at the expense of a penny or twopence a week for a share in a newspaper, so that they know neither the past nor the present. Some are too pious to inquire into their social duties and rights, and others are too penurious to spare either the cost or the time. Some teachers of religion also do mischief in this particular. Strange to say, but the worldly-minded and the heavenly-minded agree on this subject. The crafty priest dreads that the people should gain knowledge lest the reign of tyranny should be overturned; and the hyper-spiritualist is alarmed lest the driving of corruption from this world should unfit his hearers for the world to come. Forsooth, doing their duty to man would unfit them for doing their duty to the Saviour! forgetting that the Gospel enforces both tables of the law, and intimates that our love to God is impeached when our love to man is forgotten. We shall never have good representatives until we have wise and virtuous electors, who have judgment to choose and courage to elect intelligent, faithful, and truly right honourable men to conduct the affairs of the nation.

But we shall be told that the masses are non-electors, and are not represented; and we by no means deny the assertion; still we cannot help thinking that this is to a great extent their own fault. A real united effort, conducted firmly and peaceably, would most certainly procure the suffrage; and even without this movement, hundreds of thousands might, if they chose, obtain freeholds, and thus become electors. But, unfortunately, the people are so divided, so corrupt, careless, or ignorant, or so furious, that they will not unite.

Some are so *ignorant*, that they know nothing about their natural, social, or religious rights. Some scarcely ever read a book or a newspaper; they eat, drink, or waste every penny they obtain. To buy a book or a newspaper would, as they imagine, involve them in ruin. They starve and famish their

poor souls; they swallow all their rights; and are just as ready to live under Turkish or Chinese despotism, provided they could gratify their appetites, as to be the free-born sons and daughters of England. It is true they grumble most unmercifully at everybody and everything; but then, like most grumblers, they do little or nothing to remove the evils of which they complain.

There are others so *corrupt*, that you can bribe them to anything; they will sell their own birthright and the birthright of the country for a mess of pottage; and here, alas! the poor and the ignorant have a multiplicity of examples in those who boast of being their superiors. You frequently find men of wealth the foremost in political corruption; women of rank sell themselves to husbands for money; and men marry wives whom they do not love for the sake of pelf. Tradesmen barter their consciences for business; and, indeed, any man is put down as hardly "*compos mentis*" who would prefer principle to worldly emolument. Is it, then, to be wondered at, if the poor souls who have scarcely a rag to wear, a morsel to eat, or a second thought in their brains, should imitate their wealthy neighbours? "The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is nothing but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, nor bound up, nor mollified with ointment." Such was the description of the Jewish body politic and ecclesiastical; and we fear, if Isaiah rose from the dead and came to England, that he would still preach from this ancient text. When speaking of the corruption of the people by means of the noble and wealthy, we do not intend to justify them, or hold them innocent for following a bad precedent: we only mention the fact as exhibiting the reason why we have a venal House of Commons, and crowds of persons so much tinctured with their vices, that they are unwilling to correct the evil. Until the people bestir themselves, and resolve to take the matter of good government into their own hands, and reform themselves first, we can expect but little improvement in our national affairs. Bribery must be scouted from the land; and the man who sells his rights and political influence for place or profit of any kind, be accounted a traitor to himself and his country, before we shall have patriotic senators who will legislate for the public good.

Then we have hosts of the working classes among us who never *take the least interest in public affairs*. One would suppose that their fatherland did not belong to them; that it mattered little who made and executed the laws; that it would be just the same whether the senators were angels or demons; and that the people are only beasts of burden, to be worked and fed, or serfs, to obey and pay taxes. Most of our working women live as if they were inhabitants of another sphere, or beings of another order, to whom political grievances were subjects of no moment whatever. You might imagine, from their carelessness in politics, that it made no difference whether the husbands and relatives had much work or little; whether wages were high or low; whether the industry, the necessaries, and comforts of life were taxed heavily or not taxed at all; whether their sons were to be serfs or freemen —be slain in the battle-field, or enjoy the blessings of peace. What have women to do with politics? Is it not the same to them whether they are bought and sold by Turks; treated like dolls and cyphers in France; or elevated to their proper equality with men? No persons in this country exert such influence over our national destiny as women, and yet many of these allow the empire to be robbed and oppressed, and scarcely utter a word. Religion, too, that principle which

above all others ought to awaken in us an indomitable hatred of injustice and tyranny, and to inspire us with an unquenchable love of liberty and rectitude, is but too often employed to sanction the vilest political and ecclesiastical corruption. So long as this carelessness reigns, we shall have a free country groaning under the yoke of an ignorant and oppressive Parliament.

Lastly, we have those too who never think of our injuries without becoming *furious*, and resolving to fly to arms. These are great favourites of tyrants. They give a pretext for a standing army; they find berths as colonels, &c. &c., for the sons of the aristocracy; they serve as a bugbear with which a minister of the day can frighten the bankers, capitalists, merchants, and tradesmen; they also give him arguments to plead against any enlargement of the suffrage. Moral force is the only lever that can raise a people. Cromwell's dynasty was too much stained with blood to be lasting. But we cannot proceed further now. The Commons of England are notoriously ignorant and inefficient; they are chargeable with all our legislative and administrative woes; and they will never reform until the people reform them, and the people will never reform *them* until they reform THEMSELVES.

EXHIBITION TALES.

JANE SCOTT.

My story lies in the valley of the Ribble. Beautiful and fertile is that valley. From its origin, in the hills of the West Riding of Yorkshire, to its termination in the Irish Sea, near Preston, the valley offers a succession of objects fitted to excite a vivid interest in cultivated minds. There the lover of nature may wander amid scenes of soft sylvan loveliness, or sterile and rugged grandeur. There the economist finds a country covered with symbols of material opulence and national strength. The antiquary has his objects in Clithero Castle and Whalley Abbey. The philosopher feels his mind set in action when he sees the Jesuit college of Stonyhurst looking down in its greatness on the humble fane which, in its vicinity, represents the established faith of England, like that massy, grand old Pendle-hill frowning on some hillock, which scarcely ventures to lift its modest head in the plain at its feet.

A few months ago a friend and myself were travelling in the more northern parts of the vale of the Ribble. A low state of health, arising from undue mental occupation, led me to seek recreation and fresh vigour in localities which I knew abounded with interesting objects. Travelling at our leisure, and almost in the direction that our horse pleased, we came to a neat, white-looking village, with a clear rivulet running through it, and over the rivulet a small picturesque bridge. We drove into the place, which we found in no way distinguished, save by a certain air of bright cleanliness, from other gathering-places of brick and mortar. Our arrival produced an almost total suspension of labour. The appearance of two well-dressed strangers in a chaise was evidently no every-day event. The smith ceased his heavy blows, leaned on his sledge-hammer, and surveyed us at his leisure; a farmer's man, who wished to have his horse shod, stopped in the midst while unharnessing the animal, and fairly gaped in staring; the village barber hastened to the smithy, and began to talk most glibly; three or four clodhopper boys stood with their hands in their pockets, eagerly bending forwards to catch the conversation; women, up to their elbows in suds, stopped their rubbing, in order to cast an eye at us out of their small, well-cleaned windows; other women stood at their doors—here one with two fine children, evidently twins, in her arms—there another, with her arms a-kimbo, looking as if all her soul was in her eyes; and further on, a neat, quiet, good-looking creature, with check bed-gown, and cap and apron as white as the outer walls of her own cottage. A chandler's shop higher up the one street which formed the village, was the meeting-place of some half-dozen gossips, who were earnestly engaged in conversation when our carriage came to a stand at a small inn close by.

"The village is all alive," I said to the landlord, as he came out to receive us.

"Why, do ye see, sir," he replied, "we're expecting our parson and his

nephew, that's just returned from Jamaica, here to-day; and I suppose they took you two gentlemen to be them."

"What!" I replied, "is the sight of your parson, then, so rare a thing?"

"Yes; we have not seen him for four years. Poor man! he's been out of England. Ye see he's a very good kind of man; and in the bad times we had here six years ago, when the fever was about everywhere, Mr. Dewhurst—that is his name, sir—fell ill, and was like to die; the cause of it was that, as people, somehow, went off very quickly, and it seemed dangerous to nurse them, Mr. Dewhurst became everybody's nurse. Oh, sir, it was a fine thing to see how he went about from cottage to cottage; now to pray with the sick, now to comfort the dying, and now to carry a little wine or some animal food to such as wanted strengthening things; and Mr. Dewhurst is but a young man, sir: he's, may-be, about thirty-five, and not married. He said his parish was his wife; but my belief is, he's kept single because the living is so poor a one—plenty of work, sir, but very small pay. Why, now, you'd scarcely believe it, but the place has never brought the minister, in my time—and I shall be sixty-five, if I live till next Michaelmas,—I say, sir, the place has not brought to any of our clergymen—we have had four in my time—more than sixty pounds a-year. Howsoever, that makes no matter to Mr. Dewhurst; he just takes and does for his parishioners as well as if he had six thousand a-year from them."

"Perhaps better," I said.

"Better, sir, I will say no man could do; and right glad shall we all be to see him. And we thought it was his carriage when we saw you coming. But, as I was saying, Mr. Dewhurst was the nurse of the poor creatures, as well as doctor and parson—nay, he went still further. You see there was a very decent couple that lived in that cottage over the way—that's it, there, with the rose-tree trained on the front; ay, and there's their daughter, Jane, just coming out of the door. Jane's a very good girl, sir; she had a good bringing-up from her parents; their name was Scott, sir; I knew all their relations; and, as I was saying, these good people took the fever, and were very ill; their neighbour's were too much afraid to go to them much. But Mr. Dewhurst, he wasn't afraid; and so he became their nurse, and did for them everything. But he couldn't save their lives: our lives, sir, are in God's hands; and so they died. But, oh! I have heard say their bodies was a sad sight; they looked so bad like, and smelled so bad, that nobody would touch them. Jane was then only a little thing, about seven years old; besides, Mr. Dewhurst had taken her into his own house for safety. Well, as I was saying, nobody could lay out the corpses. What was to be done? Mr. Dewhurst sent his servant; but no sooner had she opened the outer door than she ran off, and has not been heard of since. So Mr. Dewhurst goes himself, gets the coffins made, puts them in with his own hands, and carries them away in a small cart, and, having had their graves dug, buries them like good Christian folk as they were. But in a week he was nearly as ill as they. Nobody thought he would recover. And when we saw him in the pulpit again—the pulpit, sir, was the first place he appeared in—he was just like the shadow of himself, and so weak that we could hardly hear his voice. And we were all very sorry, I do assure you, sir; for we loved Mr. Dewhurst now more than ever. What was to be done? We saw he must give up for a time. But we were all very poor; bad times and the fever had emptied every pocket. Well, a good many of us met together and talked over the matter; and there was one Mr. Ridgway, he came from Preston, where he had been a grocer, a good sort of a man, and he said that he would let Mr. Dewhurst have after the rate of £70 a year till he was better, and then his own salary could go for a curate to do his work. But oh, sir, nobody but he can do his work; I don't say anything against the curate, but our children are not taught as they used to be, nor are the poor aided, nor the sick and dying visited; no, no, we want Mr. Dewhurst back."

As he uttered these last words, a light cart drove into the village, the occupants of which were received with repeated shouts of joy. "Mr. Dewhurst!" "Mr. Dewhurst!" "'Tis he!" "'Tis he!" burst from several parts. What bright countenances on all sides. Every eye beamed with joy. The inhabitants flocked towards our inn, and received their excellent minister, when he alighted from his humble carriage, with literally open arms. So delighted were they that they seemed scarcely able to contain themselves. They shouted, they jumped, they laughed. A score of tongues put questions at the same moment. Mr. Dewhurst was overwhelmed. "Wait a moment," he said, "and I will get into the cart and tell you where I've been, what I've done, and how I am." A few simple words told the tale, and the speaker was about to proceed to his own house, when his eye fell on Jane Scott. Jane had not been among the noisy crowd. She had kept at a little distance, and watched the proceedings with intense interest. Yet she could

not allow Mr. Dewhurst to retire without saying one word to him. So, as he was proceeding to leave the street, she appeared before him, and, dropping a curtsey, said, with her eyes brim full of tears, and a voice rich with emotion, "I am very glad to see you, sir, and I hope you are quite recovered, though I fear you have forgotten me."

"No, Jane, you are too like your mother for me ever to forget you; I watched her features too long and too intently not to know her daughter, though you *are* altered, much altered. I am very glad to see you, Jane, very glad indeed; the sight of you brings back old days, very anxious and very trying days, but days that, in my sufferings, during my long absence, I have contemplated with satisfaction, and, I hope, profit; days that I would not lose the memory of for all the world. Jane, I need not ask you, I see, by your neat appearance, and simple, loving face, that you are going on well, just, I hope, as your good mother would wish you to go on."

"Thank you, sir," replied Jane, "I have much to blame myself for, but I strive to do my duty to my mistress and her family, and I have a very good place as nurse-maid, and I should be very unworthy of all you did for my father and mother, as well as myself, did I not bear in mind the many good lessons and the many kind words I have heard from you. But good bye, sir, I won't detain you; very glad indeed I am to see you here once more."

As Jane turned round to proceed to her master's house, she unexpectedly saw a young man, who, standing at the door of a better-looking cottage than the rest, beckoned to her, and the next moment was at her side. Between the two there seemed to be a certain consciousness, as if they were neither unknown nor altogether indifferent to each other. If there did exist anything more than a common acquaintanceship, I should not be surprised if, some day, it ripened into love. The young man had a pleasing expression of countenance, and obviously possessed considerable cultivation. Jane was, in truth, a lovely girl. Her spare, well-proportioned figure, her dark, shining ringlets, and soft, beaming eyes, were rather adorned than otherwise by a certain rustic simplicity of dress and manner.

"You have spoken to Mr. Dewhurst?" asked the youth.

"Yes; I am so delighted to see him; I long feared he would never return."

"Well, I wanted to speak to him also, but somehow I could not muster up courage. I owe very much to Mr. Dewhurst. Do you know he taught me Greek, Latin, and mathematics, and got me to the University. But I will go to his house to-morrow."

"Won't you come to the tea-party this afternoon?"

"Tea-party! is there to be one?"

"Yes; and we want some one like you to go and ask Mr. Dewhurst to be present. Will you go?"

"With all my heart."

"And there's another thing. I've been thinking that we ought to do something special like, in order to show our love and respect for him. Now, what is best? Do tell me what you think. I am sure we could raise a good bit of money, if only we knew what to lay it out in. I wish Mr. Henry, our master, went to the Church, instead of the Meeting-house, for he could help a good deal. What shall we try to do?"

"Have you heard of the Great Exhibition that is to be in London?"

"Yes; I yesterday read something about it in a little book I bought of a hawker, and which I like very much, called THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND."

"Well, now, wouldn't it be delightful to be able to ask Mr. Dewhurst to go to see the Exhibition?"

"Oh, that *is* a good idea. Yes, I should like that above all things. But can we raise the money? I dare say Mr. Dewhurst has none left. In truth, he cannot keep money in his pocket; and if he has had a little more than he wanted while he was away, he has, I'm sure, spent it all on some poor people or other. So, you see, we must get all that is necessary for the journey."

"And that all, I think we *can* get. I myself can spare five shillings."

"And I," interrupted Jane, "have saved ten shillings and sixpence, and every penny of that shall go to the subscription. And then I do think that my master will give a pound, though he is a Dissenter, for he's a very good man, and has a high opinion of Mr. Dewhurst. But how much shall we want?"

"I do not think we could offer Mr. Dewhurst less than ten pounds. We should like him to go as a clergyman ought to go, and to live when there as a clergyman ought to live."

"Ten pounds! it's a very large sum, and the parish is small and poor; but let us try. Will you just see a few of the cottagers, and learn what they think, for I really must make haste home; I shall be sadly wanted in the nursery."

"Well, but would Mr. Dewhurst like to go?"

"No doubt of it; I'm sure he would, though I think we shall have some trouble

to induce him to go, even after we have raised the money. But let us get the money first."

So saying, Jane tripped off as fast as her light feet and happy heart could carry her, while her companion and fellow-worker hastened first from house to house, and then went to the parsonage.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I found the village once more all in movement. Old and young, attired in their best garments, were proceeding toward one point, all radiant with joy. I resolved to follow them. Entering a long, low building, near the venerable old church, I found myself in the presence of about two hundred people, the bulk of whom were evidently agricultural labourers, and none above the condition of small farmers. Yet, though humble, the company wore the air of real respectability. Not only was there no finery—for even the ribbons of the girls were as becoming as their bearing was modest—but the countenances generally showed an intelligence and a cultivation far above what are customary in rural districts, and a deep, calm, sober joy seemed to pervade every breast. "These *are* Christians," I involuntarily said to myself; "and this is a specimen of what Christianity can achieve." "Yes," echoed my thoughts the next moment—"yes, when taught and recommended in such a life as Mr. Dewhurst's." From the company my eye was carried to the room. It was a very plain structure, with no ceiling, and no floor except the clay of the soil trodden hard by constant feet; the walls too were unplastered, and presented the bare brick of which they were made. Now, however, they were adorned. At the top of the room, which was longer than it was broad, and just above an arm-chair elevated on three or four slab-stones, were these words, wrought on laurel leaves:

HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

On the opposite wall I read the words

WELCOME HOME

formed out of flowers. The side of the room to my left hand bore the words, in very large letters, made of leaves and twigs,

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND,

and that on my right hand bore the words, similarly constructed,

THE SICK MAN'S COMFORTER.

Scarcely had I taken my seat when Mr. Dewhurst entered the room. He was received in complete silence. His presence inspired reverence, and reverence demands tranquillity. The people, however, all rose, and remained standing until their pastor had taken his seat.

I own I was a little surprised. The almost boisterous reception of the morning had prepared me for clappings and other ordinary demonstrations of joy. But a moment's reflection showed me that these good people were more natural than myself; and forthwith I caught the spirit of the same.

For a few minutes Mr. Dewhurst sat surveying the company with a look of calm satisfaction and heavenly purity of mind. Then rising, he put up a short prayer, in which he thanked the ALMIGHTY for preserving them and him, and bringing them all together again under auspices so happy. Tea was immediately served by young persons who, I was told, belonged to the Sunday-school. After very ample justice was done to the meal, a hymn was sung. Then Mr. Dewhurst rose and delivered an address, which occupied him nearly an hour, and in which he described his journeyings—the sights he had seen, peculiarities of men and manners, fine buildings, beautiful scenery, religious observances, &c., during his absence. On two things he dwelt with special emphasis. One was the growth and culture of the vine, which he had witnessed in the south of France, where, for the most part, he had dwelt; and the other, the varied experience he had had of the power and blessedness of the Gospel in sustaining, invigorating, and refining the soul when suffering from sickness, temptation, and absence from home, friends, and country. Most touching, as well as instructive were that good man's words; sometimes they were even beautiful from their imagery, and always neat and appropriate in form and substance. Mr. Dewhurst was a scholar as well as a Christian. When at the termination of his address he resumed his seat, the room was full of deep and smothered feeling. Fathers and mothers breathed thickly; one or two sobbed aloud. The effect was oppressive. This Mr. Dewhurst himself seemed to be aware of, for he immediately rose, and, giving out another hymn, supplied a channel by which hearts might be beneficially relieved.

As soon as the last strains of the hymn had died away on the ear, the young man of whom I have spoken rose, and asked permission to say a few words. Jane Scott, I saw, sat by his side. He was pale, and his voice trembled with emotion. He had, he said, been requested to offer to Mr. Dewhurst the congratulations of his people on his return. He had never spoken in public, and now his heart was too full to allow him to utter more than a word or two. But words were not necessary. With the blessing of GOD the parishioners would in their lives show how much they valued such a minister as Mr. Dewhurst. He had, however, one request to make to that

gentleman, which was that, at the expense of the parishioners, he would consent to pay a visit to the Great Metropolitan Exhibition. A subscription had been commenced, which before the first of May would, the speaker was confident, amount to ten pounds. That sum, if Mr. Dewhurst would so far oblige his friends, would be put into his hands for the purpose of enabling him to undertake the journey. This mark of respect, they felt, was a very inconsiderable one. But it was not without value, if measured by the feelings which had led to its being offered. Love, respect, and reverence, had prompted the idea, and would complete what had been begun. All the parishioners contributed, each according to his means, and many of their children had given, and gladly given, their little savings. It would be a great disappointment and a sore grief if Mr. Dewhurst did not indulge them in the accomplishment of their wishes. In truth, it was only a new way of benefiting, as well as gratifying, themselves, for they knew that on his return from London, their friend and pastor would make full reports of what he had heard and seen.

Mr. Dewhurst rose, and accepted the offer in a few simple and affectionate words. Then, after giving out another hymn, he brought the meeting to a conclusion by solemnly invoking the Divine blessing on all present.

Next morning, before leaving the place, I called on Mr. Dewhurst. I found him teaching the village day-school, for, he told me, the master had been suddenly taken ill. I was desirous of spending a few minutes with a man of whom I had been led to form so high an opinion, and therefore obtained his permission to return at noon, when his morning's lessons would have come to an end.

Mr. Dewhurst received me in his library. The little furniture which the room contained was of the simplest kind; but on his shelves I saw the best authors of both classic and English literature. His library was an emblem of himself. Rude in his attire, Mr. Dewhurst was, I soon ascertained, a well-read, highly-cultivated man, with a full share of good Saxon common sense, and a kind disposition; gentle and courteous in his bearing, pure in his life, lofty in his aims, pious without pretension, and self-denying without display. There may be few clergymen in the kingdom quite equal to Mr. Dewhurst; but there are many Christian ministers, both in the Church Establishment and out of it, who deserve all that their flocks can do for them, and to whom the present of ten pounds for a visit to the Exhibition would be an appropriate acknowledgment of services, the value of which no gold can measure, much less repay.

THE SHIPWRECK.

By an Old Traveller

I have little faith in dreams, yet am I free to acknowledge that this incredulousness has often been shaken by circumstances that have occurred in my history. Sitting at dinner one beautiful day on board the ship E——, with my fellow passengers, in that degree of latitude and longitude where we could enjoy

> ——"the spicy breezes,
> which 'blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,'"

one of our number, with a spice of waggery not unusual with him, concentrated the attention of the whole party towards himself, by announcing a dream which he had had the night before. He dreamed that we were sailing along in our gallant ship, under full canvass, until we came to a farm-yard, which, with its surrounding fields, we ploughed up with as much ease as we had just before ploughed the ocean! The captain gave a loud and careless laugh; the ladies looked thoughtful; the superstitious, grave and depressed; but any impression which the announcement had made was soon effaced, at least in appearance, by a walk on deck, after the sun had set upon the most lovely tropical day I ever remember to have seen.

That night we slept with as much comfort and with as strong a feeling of security as we could possibly have done ashore. We were in smooth water, and were moving along at the rate of eight knots; how could we help feeling secure and happy? especially remembering,

> "The God that rules on high,
> Who all the earth surveys,—
> That rides upon the stormy sky,
> And calms the roaring seas."

In the morning all on board was excitement. We had been at sea four months and a half, and were now approaching the end of our voyage. The weather was still fine, the breezes favourable, and all on board were in good spirits. The officers and crew were putting the ship in trim, and the passengers were preparing their luggage to go

ashore, glad enough to leave the prison in which they had been too long pent up with a miscellaneous company, not to mention the inconvenience of scarcity of provisions.

A day or two passed on in the same joyous manner, and the hour came in which, by both the ship's reckoning and observation, we ought to see the land; we had before witnessed the perfection to which the art of navigation has been brought, and so were not surprised to hear the old cry of "Land!" within half an hour of the prescribed time. That land was the vast continent of India; vast morally rather than physically—in population rather than extent. What numberless thoughts rushed upon my mind connected with its history and condition—its conquests and defeats—the former splendour and wealth of its princes and its kingdoms—its moral and spiritual condition—its idolatries, its superstitions, its cruelties, its pollutions;—and then it was to be my home! I was about to live in the midst of these dire evils, and my chief employment and labour would be to disseminate light and truth where now darkness and error abounded. Prayer mingled with these thoughts for the success of my enterprise, and the spiritual reformation of the two hundred million subjects of the Indian empire. We were bound to Madras, and the land which we saw was Pondicherry, a small French settlement, about one hundred miles south. Still sailing at the rate of eight knots an hour, it was not long ere we descried the graceful tops of "the feathery palm-tree," the cocoa-nut, and the date. On that day dinner was but a confused and hurried meal; a few minutes brought us all again to the deck to enjoy the sight of the coast. It was low, and stretched away towards the north, the direction in which we were sailing. The wind being but a point or two east of north, we were scarcely able to "lie our course;" the ship seemed carried imperceptibly, and with extraordinary rapidity, nearer and yet nearer to the shore, so that we were soon able to discern with the naked eye the trunks of the trees which adorned the beach. Unconscious of danger, and full of excitement, we were admiring the coast, when suddenly and simultaneously we heard the roar of the breakers and the cry of the mate, "Breakers close under the lee bow, sir!" It was a fearful moment—we seemed standing in suspense between time and eternity. "'Bout ship!" was the instant command—but it was too late; the next moment was yet more fearful; the ship struck, and many of us were thrown prostrate upon the deck by the violence of the blow. Again she struck, and reeled and plunged like a drunken man, or

"Like the bleeding bull beneath the murderous blows,
Which reels, convulsed, with agonising throes."

The ship's carpenter, an old man-of war's-man, was standing near me when we struck, and with the same composure which he would have evinced if it had been only the captain's gig that was leaping ashore, said, "She's gone!" and immediately proceeded with his duties as though nothing had happened. The passengers retired to the "cuddy," and there knelt in earnest prayer to God for his protection, and especially for the preservation of their own lives and those of the crew. Our commander, who it is to be feared had been indulging too freely in intoxicating drinks, lost all command of himself, and rushing in upon us while we were on our knees, exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you that there is no danger! Your lives are safe, though you may lose your property." We prayed on, feeling that vain indeed, in such circumstances, is the help of man. We discovered the goodness of God's providence in commanding the wind and the sea to be at peace during that anxious night. Frequently the coast is visited with heavy gales from the eastward, and the surf rages so high as to bid defiance to all human efforts to surmount it. Now, however, the sea was smooth, and the surf comparatively feeble. This being the case, and the ship making but little water, it was deemed unadvisable to attempt landing until after daylight the next morning. The night was employed by the crew in vain attempts, by means of anchors, to get off the ship; she was too deeply embedded in the sand. The ladies, after much persuasion, were induced to lie down dressed, so as to be ready to start at a moment's notice, and the gentlemen kept watch at their side. The anxiety of that night can never be told, and can be imagined only by such as have passed through a similar trial. How did we strain our eyes looking for the first glimmer of eastern light!

With thankful hearts we saw at last the dawning of the day, whose light was to aid us so materially in extricating ourselves from our dangerous position. The light revealed no human habitation or form. There was no indication that help would be afforded from the shore, or indeed from the water, for no ship or boat was visible upon the sea. Strong and well-grounded doubts were entertained whether our own boats would live in the surf; even morning light, therefore, did not help to relieve our difficulties. By-and-by, however, we observed two living forms on shore, and by the aid of the telescope discovered that

they were human, and that they were busily employed in launching from the beach a *catamaram—i. e.*, a canoe, or, more accurately, a small raft. They paddled towards us, to our great joy, and we were on the tiptoe of expectation that they would be able to reveal some way of deliverance from our uncomfortable position: but, lo! they turned suddenly away, and were soon in the offing pursuing their accustomed vocation of fishing. It was not long before we were tantalized in a similar manner by another *catamaram*. We hailed, and shouted, and hailed again, but all to no purpose. A third and fourth, however, presently made their appearance, and came directly to the ship. We had brought with us from England a Hindoo servant, and his knowledge of Tamil enabled us to ascertain from the men who came on board where we were, what distance from Madras, what assistance could be procured for getting the passengers to land, and what accommodation could be obtained for the ladies. The surgeon of the ship and one of the passengers went ashore in, or rather *on*, one of these catamarams, and made the best of their way on foot to Madras, for the purpose of reporting our situation, and obtaining assistance. They accomplished the journey (seventy miles) in less than two days. In the course of the afternoon the natives patched up a superannuated boat made of strong rough planks, and sewn or stitched together at the joints, through drilled holes, with cord made from the fibre of the cocoanut. Originally the seams had been stuffed or calked with cotton, or some other soft substance, but of this there was but little remaining. With the aid of this clumsy, leaky boat—(usually called a Mussolah-boat)—by dint of pulling and bailing, we succeeded in getting the ladies and children ashore, and in due time the male portion of the passengers was also landed; "and so it came to pass that we escaped all safe to land."

It was late in the afternoon when the last boat-load surmounted the surf and was discharged on the beach. A few natives, nearly naked, surrounded our party, among whom we discovered a man wearing the badge of a police officer in the service of the East India Company. We placed ourselves under his protection, and were conducted by him to a small village about a mile from the coast, where was a choultry, or place of rest for travellers. It was a yard or court about fifty feet square, inclosed by a high stone or brick wall, and surrounded on the inside by a well-roofed shed. Here was our first Indian habitation; but gratitude so mingled with our homely meal and our bed of stone, that we felt quite as happy as if we had been eating at the table of a prince, and as refreshed in the morning as if we had slept on down. We breakfasted, as we had supped, from milk, boiled rice, eggs, curried prawns, and fowls. Our tables and chairs were the ground, our dishes were leaves and the shells of cocoa-nuts, our knives and forks were our fingers, our table-spoons our hands, and some small shells from the beach make excellent egg-spoons. One could hardly help thinking how many of what we call the necessaries of life are artificial.

The nearest town in the direction of Madras was the old Dutch settlement of Sadras, distant about fifteen miles. Conveyance for so many could not be procured, and it became a question whether we should remain where we were until help arrived from the presidency, or should attempt the journey to Sadras on foot. A council of passengers was summoned, in which the ladies (who were certainly more interested than the members of the other sex), had most to say, and we unanimously agreed to undertake the journey. A small waggon drawn by bullocks was procured, into which we threw the little luggage that we had secured from the wreck, so disposing it as to make a tolerably comfortable seat for a lady whose foot had been injured, and who was consequently lame. Like true novices, we started, fourteen in number, just before noon, when the sun was hottest, not clothed nor shod suitably for such a climate as that of India. Two or three natives accompanied us as guides, and we walked away in good spirits. I will not test the patience of my readers so much as to describe all the incidents of this mad journey; it shall suffice to say that fatigue soon made many of our pedestrians lag behind—that gentlemen had several times to carry the ladies through flooded roads and across arms of the sea knee-deep in water, sometimes for several hundred yards together—that within a few miles of our journey's end we procured other two bullock bandies, or waggons, on which we set the ladies—and that two hours after the shades of evening had set in we reached Sadras, took up our abode in a comfortable house provided by the Government for the accommodation of European travellers, ate a hearty meal, and rested our weary bodies for the night.

Sadras is but a small settlement, chiefly in ruins. It belonged to the Netherlands Government until within a few years of the time that I visited it, when an exchange was made of this and some other and similar places, for the beautiful island of Sumatra. This to the Dutch must have been an advantageous arrangement. The

old fort, which was blown up during the war, and the governor's palace, were completely dilapidated. These are the principal monuments that remain of the former grandeur, wealth, and influence of the Dutch in Southern India. The hackneyed Latin phrase will force itself to the tip of the tongue, and may as well come out, *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

We had prepared for the continuance of our journey the next day, and by ten o'clock were just starting, when we were hailed by two gentlemen from Madras, who had come to meet us with five palankeens. After the usual salutations, we retired again to our lodging-house with them, and hardly knew whether to wonder more at their kind reception of us, or at the kindness and thoughtfulness of our Madras friends, who had in so short a time anticipated our almost every want. Bread, butter, tea, coffee, wine, ale (temperance principles were not so prevalent in those days), wearing apparel, soap, towels, bedding, a cook, two or three other servants, and every other imaginable necessary, and even comfort, were forthcoming; we were certainly strangers, but we were not friendless in a strange land. One of these gentlemen was an old friend—a friend of my youth—in my fatherland. He has since gone home to his native heaven.

That afternoon we despatched the ladies of the party in palankeens to Madras, under the protection of one of our friends, and on the day after, in other palankeens that were sent for their accommodation, the gentlemen followed, under the guidance of the other. In about twenty hours we reached Madras, just nineteen weeks after we had sailed from Old England.

It was the Sabbath when we arrived, and in the evening of that holy day we met together in the House of God, and there publicly acknowledged his goodness and our gratitude. The prevailing sentiment of each was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, who redeemed my life from destruction."

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

SOUTHAMPTON TO ALEXANDRIA.

(Continued from page 268.)

The fearful uproar and confusion which took place the moment we came to anchor in the harbour of Alexandria, can scarcely be imagined by any one who has not witnessed it. We were at once surrounded by dozens of boats filled with Egyptians and Abyssinians, screaming and shouting like so many demons, some springing on to the ship, others trying to drag the passengers and their baggage into their boats, while the sailors drove them back with no very gentle words or actions. Then strange-looking individuals, in fez or turban, came on board to meet friends or transact business; while the passengers, regardless of everybody but self, rushed about in search of cloaks and carpet-bags, and jostled each other to suffocation on the companion-ladder.

At length we succeeded in getting safely into a boat, and in a few minutes had threaded our way through a fleet of war ships lying at anchor, and were standing on the quay in the government dockyard, beneath a broiling sun, and in a place that was perfectly blinding. Here omnibuses waited to convey us to the different hotels, but a desire to see more than could be seen from a rapid drive, induced us to consign our packages to one of our numerous assailants, with orders to lead us on foot to the European Hotel. This proceeding on the part of a lady was evidently very contrary to their notions of propriety; and we were instantly hemmed in by at least a hundred donkey-drivers, shouting, "A donkey for the Missis! a donkey for the Mum! Mum ride! Mum ride!" Nor till our guide began to lay about him with a stick had we any chance of moving on, while not a few continued skirmishing behind us, and making an occasional onslaught during the whole of our walk. And what a singular walk it was, through those narrow dusty streets between the high white houses, with lattices instead of windows, and strange inscriptions in all the European as well as the Oriental tongues! How dark and dirty looked every interior of which I could obtain a hurried peep, through the smoke of innumerable pipes, or over the heads of sedate and pretty Turks, who were squatted at every doorway! And how strange looked the women in their yashmacks, with nothing of their faces visible but two gleaming eyes—some walking, and others mounted astride on donkeys, and looking like badly-packed bales of black silk! I could scarcely believe I was the same person who but three weeks before

was quietly walking through the streets of London; and almost fancied I had been carried back to the days of Haroun Al-raschid, and was an actor in the busy scenes of the Arabian Nights.

On arriving at the hotel, we found about forty of our fellow-travellers eagerly engaged in a scramble for baths and bedrooms, while those who were destined to start for the Nile before evening, and had consequently only a few hours for sight-seeing, were bargaining for carriages and donkeys at the entrance. At every corner we were met by Dragomen clamouring to be hired, while slave girls offered bunches of beautiful roses and other flowers for sale, and everywhere resounded the everlasting cry for "Buckshish!" This word, which means *a present*, is the first learnt by the traveller in the East, nor must he ever again expect to be allowed to forget it. They do not appear to consider it necessary to do anything to deserve it; but wherever an European makes his appearance, there will on all sides be the cry for "buckshish." Making our way as quickly as we could through long dark passages and up flights of stone steps, we reached a bedroom—so-called from its containing two small iron bedsteads, there being nothing else to mark it as a sleeping apartment; however, our guide soon produced washing apparatus and a couple of mattresses—the stone floor and bare walls made the room deliciously cool—and I was rejoiced to find myself in a place of shelter from the sunshine and confusion. After providing us with coffee, Hamet stationed himself outside the door, carefully closing all the shutters, and keeping guard; and when I implored a little light and air, he shook his head and said, "No! gentlemen pass by, they see the Missis!" Nor could he be prevailed on to relax in this respect from his ideas of propriety. Having rested for a couple of hours, we descended to the general eating-room, where a luncheon was laid of cold mutton, plantains, sweet limes, fresh dates, and butter made from buffalo's milk, which is quite white, and eats like smoky Devonshire cream.

We then set out in search of adventures. These were not difficult to meet with; nor did we need to do more than look out of the windows into the great square in which the hotel stands to find ample amusement. There we beheld an ever-shifting and noisy crowd of all nations in the most singular variety of attire, from the extraordinary hats, caps, and jackets with which it pleases our own countrymen to adorn themselves—the turbans, white, green, or black, of the Turks—the scarlet fez and flowing robes of the Armenian—and the bornoose of the Egyptian, down to the very scanty wrapper of the half-savage Arab. Every vehicle the city contained was in motion, every Arab was running at the top of his speed; while at least a hundred donkeys, with about three drivers to each, galloped and brayed, shrieked, and cudgelled each other incessantly. Add to this a cloudless sky, while the blazing sun was reflected by the white soil and whiter houses to an extent quite sufficient to occasion the opthalmia, which is so universal. To guard against this, every one of us put on a pair of green eye-preservers, while veils, blue and green, were assumed by the gentlemen as well as the ladies. Thus adorned, we proceeded in carriages and on donkeys to view the city, each party accompanied by a dragoman or interpreter, and by numbers of running footmen.

Our first visit was to the Pasha's palace, which we approached through several streets, and finally through the great dock-yard. We first passed through an arched gateway, with a guard-house filled with soldiers, into a spacious court-yard, on the right of which was an extensive pile of buildings, the green Venetians of which are always closed, and which we were told formed the harem; and, on the left, a garden of considerable extent, filled with oleanders, orange, and citron trees, in full bloom. Through a fragrant avenue of lime or lemon trees, we entered the palace, and were ushered by numerous attendants into a very spacious hall, from which on either side the corridors lead to the different state apartments. Some of these are really magnificent. The floor of the council chamber is inlaid with ebony and ivory in the richest style, the walls and ceilings are covered with gilding and paintings, and the divans and other furniture of the most ornamental character. The great saloon is a very noble apartment; and this, as well as the more private chambers, are decorated with marbles, mirrors, and carvings, with a prodigality that realised all our ideas of oriental splendour. The palace had not been occupied since the death of Mahomet Ali, and we were informed that, to gratify the taste of the present Pasha, the Parisian furniture, costly and superb as it is, was to be replaced by other of a still more expensive and novel description. As we left the place we looked at the closed jalousies of the harem with no little curiosity, which, however, was destined not to be gratified, and we returned from the palace to the city. Our next excursion was to the office of the Transit Company, to secure our passage tickets to Cairo. We passed through several passages and up long flights of steps in a dingy old mansion to the office,

where we found some of our fellow-passengers in great distress, at having omitted some of the ordinary precautions that such a journey requires, and with a very fair chance of remaining at Alexandria for the term of their natural lives, unless some unforeseen good fortune relieved them of their difficulties. To reach this building we had to traverse the whole length of the grand place of Alexandria, which is about the width of one of our London squares, and double the length. At one end, opposite the hotel, are the preparations for a grand fountain about to be erected; at the other are the unfinished and roofless walls of the Protestant Church, the neglected state of which, arising, as we were informed, from a deficiency in the subscriptions, ill repays the unusual generosity of the Pasha in having permitted its erection. Leaving this, and passing by the French and Greek Churches, both of imposing dimensions, we arrived at one object which we were most anxious to examine, and which was the celebrated needle of Cleopatra. We found this magnificent remain of antiquity lying prostrate on one side, and half its length buried in the sand. It is an obelisk of a single block of polished granite, ninety feet in length, covered with hieroglyphics, and no less than three feet in diameter close to the apex, its breadth of course increasing to the base, which was out of the reach of our observation; near it stands a sister obelisk of smaller size, which conveys a faint idea of the magnificence of the original. We proceeded from hence on a scanty road by an Egyptian cemetery, and through several groves of magnificent date trees, loaded with golden and purple fruit, to the fortifications which surround the city. After we had left the lines, we continued some little distance towards the great Lake Mareotis. On one side of the road were cultivated fields, and on the other the cypresses and monuments of a neglected cemetery, from an elevation in the centre of which rises the far-famed Pompey's Pillar—a beautiful shaft of polished porphyry, nine feet in diameter, and of proportionate height, surmounted by a Corinthian capital, which evidently once sustained a statue. The base is of rough stone, sadly neglected, and defiled by the inscriptions of some wretched Sunderland man, who has painted his name in black letters, more than a foot in depth, across the sacred marble. There was a fine view of the city, the lake, and the distant Mediterranean, from this spot, and we would gladly have remained; but the glowing sun, and the annoyance of multitudes of Egyptian children, clamorous for *buckshish*, drove us back to the friendly shelter of our hotel. Some of our party visited the bazaars, which are long lanes of dirty shops, some of them covered in, and interesting only from the novelty of their occupants and contents, and their extraordinary filthiness and abominable odours. We found the omnibuses waiting at the door of the hotel to convey the first division to the canal-boat. So fatigued were we with the heat and numerous objects of interest we had seen, that we were very glad to belong to the second party, and to have the luxury of a quiet evening and a night's repose before proceeding on our journey. We enjoyed an excellent dinner, the principal dishes being various preparations of mutton, all kinds of poultry, pigeons, and delicious fresh fruits, among which the date is most worthy of remembrance. When eaten in its native land, it is altogether different from, and superior to, the dried fruit brought to England, and eats very much like extremely luscious apple cheese. The pomegranate, too, must be eaten in a hot country to be fully appreciated; its rosy seeds, when crushed, producing a liquid whose cool tart flavour is most refreshing. The charge at all the hotels in Egypt is 10s. per diem, whether the accommodation be good or bad.

We were roused long before sunrise on the following morning, hurried into the omnibuses, rattled through the town, and were on board the canal-boat by seven o'clock. We were forty in number, and the boat so small, that there was barely room for all to be seated at once, and we rejoiced that we had not to spend the night on her, as any kind of repose would have been impossible.

The Mahmoodeh canal is a very splendid work. It is about forty-five miles in length, sufficiently wide to admit of steam-boats passing each other, and deep enough for all the vessels usually engaged in conveying the produce of Egypt to the sea for exportation. It was constructed by Mehemet Ali, a few years ago, in an incredibly short space of time. Scarcely two months, it is said, elapsed between the commencement and the admission of the waters of the Nile. More than one hundred thousand of the peasantry were forced into the work of excavation, thousands of whom died of ill-treatment and starvation during its progress. The utility of the canal, both to the port of Alexandria and to the upper country, is immense. Formerly the Nile vessels went to the ports of Rosetta or Damietta, and entered the harbour of Alexandria from the Mediterranean; but the canal enables them to leave the Nile at Atfeh, and proceed by a short cut to the Lake Mareotes, which is connected directly with the harbour. There

is nothing of any interest to be seen on the banks of the canal. On one side are swamps, with the lake beyond; on the other are low mud banks, occasionally varied by a wretched Egyptian village, with a group of date trees. Nothing can exceed the misery of these places. They consist of mud huts of a conical shape clustered thickly together, with small apertures for a door and window. Some are open at the top, and you may see the women looking down into each other's dwellings from the outside. Some are covered with pigeon-houses, and swarms of these pretty creatures darken the air, while multitudes of naked children rush out as the boat passes along, and cry for buckshish.

Our boat, which was towed by a small steamer, was covered with an awning to protect us from the sun, and from occasional showers of rain which fell. Sometimes sudden squalls came on, which compelled us to remove it; and once, not being sufficiently quick, we were swung violently round among the reeds and low bushes on the bank, and nearly capsized. We reached Atfeh about two o'clock in the afternoon. The approach is singular, both banks for half a mile below the junction of the canal with the Nile consisting of three or four rows of mud-huts closely packed one above the other like bee-hives, and teeming with inhabitants, and with everything suggestive of the most entire and frightful degradation. No wonder that cholera and fever destroy them by thousands.

It was with no slight feelings of satisfaction that I first beheld the shining waters of the Nile, and sprang upon the boat that was to convey me along the course of that ancient river to Cairo. Here I first realised the fact of being in Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs—the land of Joseph's captivity and exaltation, and of Moses' glorious career—the land whose name is familiar to our childhood, and whose history, whether gathered from sources sacred or profane, possesses an interest that never fades—a land where, after the lapse of so many ages, the inhabitants are still sunk in a slavery and a mental darkness, of which the great miracle was a type.

The width of the river at Atfeh is about half a mile, and the waters being high, we could see over the banks across the green plains, whose flatness is relieved by clusters of date trees and by small towns, which in the distance look white and picturesque, with their mosques and shining minarets. Our boat appeared a very good one as far as speed was concerned, but her accommodations were not much better than those of the one we had just left. The usual scramble for places immediately began—ladies with baskets, and gentlemen with bags, dived eagerly below in search of berths, which were nowhere to be found, and they were considered fortunate who could find a spare table or corner of the floor for a resting-place. The heat and closeness were excessive, for the chimneys were red hot, and sent burning blasts to every part of the little vessel. The dinner, which consisted of the usual Egyptian fare of lean pigeons and skinny fowls, was truly the pursuit of sustenance under difficulties, as not more than half the guests could find places at the table. The deck was crowded with cargo, chiefly boxes of opium, on which we were obliged to seat ourselves in the absence of better accommodation. When night came on, and the heavy dews and chill air made it necessary to think of retiring to rest, we all felt more or less dismayed at the prospect. In the small apartment called the ladies' cabin, we found we had to make our own beds, by pulling out a wooden frame-work concealed beneath the seats that lined the two sides of the room, and by spreading small mattresses, a store of which we found in an adjoining closet, and that by placing our feet and heads alternately we might all lie down; but as the couches were too short to admit of our stretching ourselves, and as carpet-bags do not form the most luxurious of pillows, nothing but excessive fatigue could have induced an hour's slumber, except in a few cases where self prevailed over courtesy, and led to the appropriation of some neighbour's scanty accommodations. Not being able to sleep, I wrapped myself up as warmly as I had the means of doing, and spent the night in watching our progress by green and wooded banks, and frequent villages, occasionally tempted by the glories of the starry sky to go on deck, where the captain, an officer in the Egyptian navy, was pacing up and down among the swarthy crew. At daybreak the scene was singular enough. The gentlemen—and some of them were so in the fullest sense of the word, and men of no small importance in their native land—were issuing from the den below to perform their brief toilet in the purer air; while in one corner the Turk was bowing his forehead to the earth and muttering his prayers, and in another the Persian was waiting for the appearance of the Sun to receive his adorations. From the cookroom issued the steam of garlick and grease, and such delicacies as Turks delight in, and the stewards ran to and fro with coffee for the passengers.

Then the sun arose in golden splendour,

and with him dawned upon our longing eyes the Pyramids of Gizeh. There, forty miles distant, clearly defined against the glowing horizon, they stood, as they stood in the olden time, when the command of a Pharaoh called them into being—monuments of power and duration! In the foreground lay a small town with its mosque, surrounded by dates and other graceful trees. The scene was striking and very lovely.

In the course of another hour objects of interest became more numerous. The landscape was more thickly wooded, the river was strewn with sailing boats, and the hills behind Cairo came in sight. Soon after we arrived at the magnificent but incomplete work called the Barrage of the Nile, which stretches like a line of immense railway arches for a full mile directly across the stream, which is here very wide, and divided by an island in the centre. Every arch is intended to contain a floodgate, for the purpose of regulating the height of the river, and the surface of the viaduct to be used as a bridge, of which it will be a noble example. Then we passed the extensive gardens of the Pasha's summer palace at Shubeah, and finally, at nine o'clock, were safely landed at the great city of Cairo.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS.

By H. B. Staunton.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The House of Commons was instituted in the thirteenth century, when Henry III. summoned the counties of the realm to send knights, and the principal cities and boroughs to send citizens and burgesses, to Parliament. This was done rather to afford him a check upon his arrogant barons, and to procure the sanction of "*the Commons*" (as the untitled property-holders were called), to certain subsidies, than to vest in them any independent functions. But, this "third estate" continuing to be summoned in subsequent reigns, its influence increased with the wealth and intelligence of the middle classes, whom it represented, till what was long regarded by them as a burden came to be cherished as a right and a privilege; and a supple instrument, originally used by the monarch to strengthen his prerogative, gradually became the weapon of the people, to cripple its powers and limit its boundaries.

At first, all the counties, and the largest cities and boroughs, were summoned. Subsequently, as other towns rose to importance, they were added to the list. In process of time, as trade fluctuated, drying up old channels and opening new, many of the ancient cities and burghs fell into decay. Still they sent representatives to Parliament. In 1509, the house consisted of 298 members, many of them even then representing very small constituencies. From that period down to the passage of the Reform Bill, no place was disfranchised (except two or three for bribery), while 255 members were added (including Scotland and excluding Ireland) by the creation of new and the revival of old burghs. During the six centuries which the house had existed, what changes had passed over the kingdom, sweeping away the foundations of once populous marts, and causing others to rise on barren wastes!

Here we have the origin of "*rotten boroughs*," *i.e.*, towns which, centuries ago, had a flourishing existence, continuing to send representatives to Parliament long after they had sunk into utter unimportance, and whose very names would have perished from the land, but that they were annually recorded on the Parliamentary rolls. One of these has been immortalised by the discussions on the Reform Bill—Old Sarum. This sand-hill, the deserted site of an ancient city, in 1832 sent as many members to Parliament as Lancashire county, with a population of a million and a half. Other represented boroughs were nearly in like condition; others could display their half score or more of decayed hovels. In the case of these rotten boroughs, the owner of the land, or of the old franchises, who was generally a wealthy peer, sometimes an aspiring London attorney, occasionally an avaricious stock-jobbing Jew, by virtue of his single vote designated the representatives. Subject to the mutations of other real estate and franchises, they were transferable by private bargain, or auction, or sheriff's sale, or will, or assignment of a bankrupt's effects, or as security for a gambling debt. Not only were they instruments of corruption, but ludicrous libels on the claim of the House of Commons to represent the people, and striking illustrations of extreme inequality in the distribution of political power.

A waiter at a celebrated gaming-house sat for years in Parliament in this wise. He

loaned money to a "noble" gambler, who gave him security for the loan on a rotten borough, which sent a member. The waiter elected himself to the seat. In the debates on the Reform Bill, it was stated that certain places, with an aggregate population of less than 5,000, returned one hundred members. Old Sarum, Gatton, Newtown, and other decayed boroughs, exerted a controlling influence on British legislation long after some of them had almost ceased to be the abodes of humanity; whilst Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and other important towns, swarming with life, and rich in arts and manufactures, had not a single representative. The elective franchise was very restricted, and generally based on absurd qualifications. Scores of members were chosen by close corporations, while others were virtually nominated by single individuals. The essence of the system is concentrated in the general fact, that in 1832 less than two hundred persons, mostly of the "privileged orders," actually returned a majority of the House of Commons.

So enormous an evil was not without an occasional mite of good. Though these coroneted trafficers in Parliamentary seats usually bestowed them on favourites of their own class, there were some notable exceptions to this rule. John Horne Tooke, the most radical of all reformers, sat for Old Sarum, the rottenest of all rotten boroughs. Brougham entered the Commons through the narrow door of a "nomination borough," though he left it with the plaudits of the largest constituency in the kingdom. Burke, Romilly, Mackintosh, and other illustrious and liberal names, were indebted to close corporations for their introduction to senatorial fame.

This system, the slow growth of centuries, was in full play at the ascension of William IV. It was destined to a speedy overthrow. Early in 1830 a simultaneous movement towards the long-deferred reform was made throughout Great Britain and Ireland. George IV. died, and William IV. ascended the throne on the 26th of June, 1830. In the following month the people of France rose and drove the Bourbons from their kingdom. The news descended upon the already excited mind of England like an animating spirit. The mass heaved with the throes of new life. The Reformers held meetings in every important town to congratulate their brethren of France on the expulsion of the elder Bourbons. Drawn together by the bonds of a common sympathy, they realised how numerous and powerful a body they were. The election for a new Parliament occurred in September. Liberal candidates sailed with the popular current. The result showed a great diminution of the supporters of Wellington and Peel. Parliament met in November. The cry of "reform" was ringing from the "unions" and "associations," which the last four months had seen established in every considerable town and village in the country. The king's speech made no allusion to the subject that absorbed all minds. In the exciting debate on the address to the throne, Earl Grey came out boldly for a radical reform in Parliament. Wellington, in reply, assumed the most hostile ground, declaring that "so long as he held any station in the Government, he should resist to the utmost any such measure." The announcement that Ministers were determined to cling to a system whose rotting props had been for years falling away, astonished and inflamed the Opposition. Fifteen days afterwards the Ministers were placed in a minority in the Lower House on a financial question. The next day, the Iron Duke in the Peers, and Peel in the Commons, announced that they had relinquished the helm of affairs.

The Duke of Wellington resigned on the 16th of November, 1830. The king immediately authorised Lord Grey to form an administration upon the basis of Parliamentary Reform, the first Liberal Ministry, with the exception of a few turbulent months, for sixty-five years! Lords Grey, Durham, John Russell, Althorp, Lansdowne, Holland, and Mr. Brougham, were its leading spirits; its subordinates being made up of the Melbournes, the Palmerstons, and other converted Canningites. Parliament adjourned till February, to afford the new Cabinet time to perfect its plan. While Downing-street was anxiously cogitating the details of the great measure, its friends stimulated public sentiment in every part of the empire. On the 1st of March, 1831, Lord John Russell brought forward in the House of Commons, the Ministerial plan for a reform in Parliament. A summary of its leading provisions as finally adopted is subjoined.

It was a compromise between representation and prescription, on the three principles of disfranchisement, enfranchisement, and extension of the suffrage. The number of members, 658, was not altered, but their distribution was changed. The ultra rotten borough system was exploded. In England fifty-six burghs were wholly disfranchised, thirty-one others partially, whilst forty one new towns were enfranchised, part receiving two members, others one. The large cities and counties received an increase of members. The same principles were less extensively applied to Scotland and Ireland.

The qualifications of electors were essen-

tially modified, and the aggregate more than doubled. Property, in most cases, still continued to be the basis of the right of suffrage. The greatest change was in the cities and burghs. In those, throughout the United Kingdom, the occupier of a building of the yearly value of £10, whether he owned or rented it, could vote for the local members. The ancient rights of voters, in burghs not disfranchised, were partially preserved, but provision was made for their gradual extinction. It was supposed that the bill added more than half-a-million to the number of Parliamentary electors. In 1838, the number of electors registered was 978,816. It has since exceeded a million.

The sweeping character of the bill surpassed public expectation, and produced an electric effect upon the country; the reformers hailing it with enthusiasm, whilst the champions of old abuses were stricken with horror. Mr. Hume, the leader of the radicals, declared that "it far exceeded his highest hopes." Sir Charles Wetherell, the oracle of the legal formalists, denounced it as a "corporation robbery." Mr. Macaulay, the organ of the philosophic reformers, pronounced it "a great, noble, and comprehensive plan." Sir R. H. Inglis, the representative of Oxford University, said, "the plan of ministers meant revolution, not reformation."

All parties girded themselves for such a conflict as England had not witnessed for a century. After an inveterate contest of three weeks, the English bill (one for each kingdom was introduced) passed its second reading in the house by a majority of only one. A day or two afterwards, an amendment was carried against ministers, by a majority of eight. Immediately thereupon ministers announced that they should dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the people. At this suggestion, the opposition broke through all restraint, and denounced them as revolutionists and traitors. They dreaded the appeal, for they knew the country was with the ministry. The Tory peers resolved on the desperate measure of preventing the dissolution, by arresting the reading of the king's speech. The day came, and brought with it a scene of uproar in both houses, which baffles description. A cotemporary writer says:—

"A hope had remained, that the project of stopping the king's speech, and interposing an address, might succeed. That hope rested entirely upon the speech being read by the Chancellor (Brougham), and not by the king in person. Suddenly the thunder of the guns was heard to roar, breaking the silence of the anxious crowds without, and drowning even the noise that filled the walls of Parliament. In the fullness of his royal state, and attended by all his magnificent Court, the monarch approached the House of Lords. Preceded by the great officers of state and of the household, he moved through the vast halls, which were filled with troops in iron mail, as the outside courts were with horse, while the guns boomed, and martial music filled the air. Having stepped in the robing chamber in order to put on his crown, he entered the house and ascended the throne, while his officers and ministers crowded around him. As soon as he was seated, he ordered the usher of the black rod to summon the Commons; and his Majesty, after passing some bills, addressed them. By those who were present the effect will not soon be forgotten, of the first words he pronounced, or the firmness with which they were uttered, when he said that 'he had come to meet his Parliament in order to prorogue it, with a view to its immediate dissolution, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of his people in regard to such changes in the representation as circumstances might appear to require.' He then, with an audible voice, commanded the Lord Chancellor to prorogue; which being done, the houses dispersed, and the royal procession returned amidst the hearty and enthusiastic shouts of thousands of the people."

Great praise is due to the "Sailor King" for the firmness with which he stood by his reform ministers in this crisis, despite the clamours of alarmists in Church and State.

THE AIR-PLANT OF CHINA.—This plant, long known to Europeans by the drawings of the Chinese, and celebrated for the splendour of its flowers and the fragrance of its perfume, has for some time been cultivated in this country; a branch of blossoms has recently been produced, between two and three feet long, composed of some hundreds of large flowers, resplendent with scarlet and yellow. The plant has the remarkable property of living wholly upon air. It is suspended, by the Chinese, from the ceilings of their rooms, which are thus adorned by its beauty and perfumed by its fragrance.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SKELETONS OF WILD ANIMALS AFTER DEATH?

This question has often puzzled naturalists; and though rewards have frequently been offered for the skeletons of hares and rabbits, which are known to die in great numbers at certain seasons of the year, yet few have claimed them. A light, however, has recently been thrown on this subject by the publication of the Count de Montlosier's Memoirs. He, it appears, had noticed the fact, and, curious to ascertain the truth, he examined carefully the fields, hedges, and caves of the country in the neighbourhood of Boston, U.S., in the hope of solving the riddle. For a long time his search was unsuccessful; but at last he discovered a cave, the mouth of which was so small as not to allow the passage of a large dog. On opening it, however, he was gratified on observing the skeletons of innumerable hares, rabbits, and other animals. The bones of all were perfect, and the cartilages in a good state of preservation, showing that they had not been brought thither by wild animals, but had come to the cave to die. If this fact be confirmed by the discoveries of other travellers, a curious chapter in the history of the brute creation will be opened up. Baron Humboldt has noticed the fact of the very few instances in which the bodies of wild animals are discovered.

THE THREE BALLS—THE PAWNBROKERS' SIGN.

Various accounts have been given of the origin of the three golden balls of the pawnbrokers. In Jameson's "Sacred and Legendery Art," he attempts, by a very ingenious and pretty legend, to connect St. Nicholas with the emblem by a story of the saint having secretly thrown three purses or balls of gold into the window of an indigent nobleman of Panthera, by which he was enabled to portion his three daughters. The three purses are the recognised emblem of St. Nicholas; and, from the Lombard merchants having been the first to establish loan or pawn-offices in England, he conceives it not unlikely that they adopted as a sign for their shops the emblem of their national saint. But the more probable origin of the sign is that the Lombards adopted the armorial bearings—three golden pills—of the noble house of Medici, so extensively known for its commercial transactions, and that others engaged in loan transactions adopted the sign.

DUMB BELLS.

The origin of these favourite instruments of in-door exercise is given by John Northbroke, in a treatise against Dancing, Dicing, &c., written in the time of Elizabeth, as having borne some resemblance to the "Skiomachia, or fighting with a man's own shadow," which consisted in brandishing two sticks, one in each hand, loaded with plugs of lead or iron at the extremities, "which pastime," says the author, "opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows."

SLEEPING FLOWERS.

Almost all plants sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him, rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The "goat's beard" wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the afternoon. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes for ever, at four in the afternoon.

The night-flowering Cereus, turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes never to open again, with the dawn of day. In a clover field, not a leaf opens till after sunrise!

So says a celebrated English author who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumbers. Those plants which seem to be wide awake all night, he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

POTTERY.

The first known manufacture of pottery in England, is believed to have been established at Burslem, in Staffordshire, in the year 1686. The articles were, however, extremely rude and coarse. A few years afterwards, two brothers, named Eders, or Ellers, who came from Holland, introduced very great improvements; and although the jealousy of the inhabitants soon obliged them to quit England, the improvements were not thrown away, for the manufacture of pottery gradually became better. In the year 1763 the whole system was changed by the discoveries of Josias Wedgewood, by whose name all the better sorts of English pottery are still known.

CLOTHING.

The human animal is the only one that is by nature destitute of covering, and the only one that can clothe itself. Hence man is adapted to all seasons and all climates. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering to the temperature of his dwelling. Had he been born with a fleece on his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in higher latitudes, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat, as the human species spread towards the equator. The clothing of many animals, particularly of that large tribe of quadrupeds that are covered with furs, changes by a natural turn with their necessities; and it is well-known that the fur is much thickened by the approach of winter; so that what art does for man, nature does for those animals that are incapable of art. Wool in hot countries passes into hair! Another adaptation is equally remarkable. Bears, wolves, foxes, and hares, which do not take the water, have the fur much thicker on the back than on the breast; while it is thickest on the breast of the beaver, accustomed to the water. It is so, too, with the feathers of water-fowl.

MOCHA.

This Arabian town is the principal port frequented by Europeans in the Red Sea. Its great article of export is coffee, which is universally admitted to be of the finest quality. It is grown at some distance in the interior, in sheltered and secluded valleys, whence it is brought down to the port on the backs of camels. The quantity exported is said by M'Culloch to be "4,000 tons, or perhaps more." There is not much of the bean consumed at Mocha; the Arabs, either from economy or preference, generally use an infusion from the husk. Every Arab lady, when she visits, carries on her arm a little bag of coffee; this is boiled at the house where she spends the evening, and thus she enjoys society without putting her friends to expense.

THE FIRST PARK IN ENGLAND.

"Henry the First built the manor of Woodstock, with a parke, which hee walled about with stone, seven miles in compasse, destroying for the same divers villages, churches, and chapels; 'and this was,' says Stowe, 'the first parke in England.' The words of the record are these following: 'He appointed therein, beside great store of deere, divers strange beasts to be kept and nourished—such as were brought to him from far countries—as lions, leopards, linxes, porpentines, and such other. For such was his estimation among outlandish princes, that few would willingly offend him.'"

THE CUSTOM OF BLESSING PERSONS WHEN THEY SNEEZE.

The origin of this custom has been variously accounted for; but the greatest number of ancient writers affirm that it commenced in the year 750, under Pope Gregory the Great. A dreadful pestilence raged at that time, and it being observed that all who sneezed died, the Pontiff ordered a form of prayer and a wish to be said to persons sneezing

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Work which it is necessary should be done during the Third and Fourth Weeks of March.

PEAS AND BEANS.

Continue to sow peas and beans every third week from this until August, if you desire to have a succession through the season, either for your own table or the market. "Early Frame" peas are the first to come to perfection, but they bear scantily. The "Charltons" come next, and are prolific and well flavoured. Next, the "Hotspurs" are ripe for gathering, and then the "Marrowfat." Those four varieties are the best for all sowings made from the end of October to the middle of August. Of beans, sow the "magazan," the "broad Windsor," and "early long pod." It is a good plan to sow beans in rows of four or five distant, and to plant cabbages between them. When the plants are coming into bloom, the dolphin, or black fly, will be committing terrible ravages; but the evil can be removed, and the crop benefited at the same time, by cutting off with a pair of scissors the parts injured. This method not only removes the enemy, but by checking the growth of the plants, causes them to send their strength into the fruit.

ASPARAGUS.

This is the proper time to fork the asparagus beds, and while so engaged great care should be taken not to hurt the crown of the roots with the fork. As soon as it is well forked rake it evenly, for if you defer this work for any length of time it will be

impossible to perform it without breaking the young buds.

New Asparagus Beds.—The close of this month is a good time for making new asparagus beds, if the weather be fine, but if wet and cold it will be better to defer it till the beginning of April. Light, pliable soil must be made choice of, and a situation that enjoys the sun fully, not shaded by either trees or buildings. "Mark out the beds with four stakes, so that the width of each bed shall be three feet three inches, and the paths between each bed two feet; let the earth be thrown out to the depth of two feet six inches; cover the bottom of the trench to the depth of six inches with broken brickbats or stones; on this lay a covering of good solid rotten hot-bed dung, to the thickness of eight inches; cover this over with a good sprinkling of broken bones; then proceed to fill up the trench with one-half rich loamy earth of an open texture, one quarter vegetable and leaf mould, and one quarter of rotten hot-bed dung; to this add a small portion of sharp sand: all these must be well incorporated together previous to filling up the trench; take care to fill it up sufficiently high to allow of its settling. Any time when the weather is open, from January to the middle of March, is the most suitable for making the beds, as there is sufficient time for the compost to settle previous to the beds being either sown or planted; but the latter is preferable. The first week in April, if the beds are intended to be sown, stretch the garden line from one end of the bed to the other at the distance of one foot from the side, then with a hoe draw a drill three inches deep, and sow the seed very thin, covering up the same level with the bed; as soon as this is completed, remove the line to the distance of fifteen inches from the first drill, and proceed to sow another, which, when done, will complete the bed, leaving each row twelve inches from the outside of the bed, and fifteen inches from row to row. As soon as the plants have attained the height of two inches, with a sharp hoe divide them ten inches apart in the row. In three years from the time of sowing, a few heads of asparagus may be cut, but not until the fourth year must a regular cutting be commenced.

"In planting new beds of asparagus, two-year-old plants should be used: they will come into full bearing in two years. In putting them down strain the line as for sowing, and with a spade open a trench sufficiently deep to cover the crown of the plants with an inch and a half of soil. In autumn, let the surface of the earth be carefully pointed over with a fork, taking care not to injure the plants, and then over the whole spread rotten dung to the depth of two inches. In the month of March following let the covering of the earth be removed to the alleys, and the beds be made perfectly smooth." We have been particular in giving these minute directions, because the management of asparagus has not been treated of in any former number of "The Working Man's Friend," and because this is the proper and only time of the year for attending to them.

KIDNEY BEANS.

Sow kidney-beans in light rich soil in a warm border, if the weather is perfectly dry, but if not, defer it till next month.

ESCHALOTS

May now be parted and planted. Set them in rows one foot apart every way, in an open situation in rich light soil. If the ground requires manure, let that which has been removed from the fowl-house be used to enrich it.

ARTICHOKES.

Dress these plants, leaving only two, or three at most, of the clearest and best situated stems to each root; slip the rest clean off, and of the best of them make a new plantation in the following manner:—

In fine rich soil make a row of holes, fifteen inches in diameter, twelve inches deep, and four feet apart. Put two or three of the off-sets in each hole, leaving about four inches between each; fill in with very rich mould; water moderately both at the time of planting and every dry day during the summer.

HISTORY OF THE BEAN.

From the earliest ages the bean was cultivated in the East, and was used as a common article of diet. The Chinese, the Japanese, and the Africans regard bean-bread as a luxury; and a modern traveller tells us that in Egypt the shores of the rivers are "fragrant with the perfume of the bean blossom, and that at an early hour the bean-sellers are in the streets vending the boiled bean, which, eaten either alone or stewed with garlic, is the favourite breakfast of the Egyptians and the Arabs."

The ancients of all countries in which the bean was cultivated held it sacred. Some authors assign as a reason, the resemblance which it was fancied the pod bore to the Ark of Noah; and others, that the dark marks on the blossom, in which they endeavoured to trace the word "grief" or "death," was the cause of the great estimation in which they were held.

Beans were introduced into this country by the Romans, and since that time we have obtained many varieties from different parts of the Continent, and from Africa.

EXHIBITION OF 1851

The task we have undertaken is one which seems to increase in magnitude as we enter more fully upon its execution. New considerations, demanding prompt and earnest attention—new necessities, requiring to be met—are every day presenting themselves as we pursue our undertaking; and the amount of business of every kind accumulating at our Central Office is such as would astonish those of our friends who may deem a General Registration scheme a very simple thing to devise and carry out. It has certainly, to some extent, astonished ourselves; but we are buckling on our armour with good courage, and are only the more determined to make our arrangements as complete and perfect as possible, by the assurances continually reaching us that our labours for the comfort of the working classes are fully appreciated by those we are most ambitious of serving, and that many thousands of intending visitors to town are depending, in a great measure, upon the results of our efforts.

It is difficult to prevent all misapprehension of a design at once so novel and so comprehensive, and to make every part of the plan fully understood. As we wish utility to be the main feature of the articles in this department of The Working Man's Friend, we must claim forgiveness if guilty of occasional repetition, for the sake of avoiding mistake. It must be understood that the Free Artisan Registry is intended to embrace all accommodation provided at a fixed tariff of charges. In making this arrangement we have no wish to dictate to any one. If the scale of prices we have named does not meet with approval—if any persons have lodgings they may consider worth more than the terms we have indicated, they have every opportunity furnished for them to register the same at any rates they may choose themselves to fix upon. Indeed, it is not to be taken for granted that respectable artisans will, in all cases, choose to avail themselves of the cheapest class of accommodation, especially if it is not scrupulously clean and comfortable. We question if some serious mistakes are not being committed on this point by several parties engaged at this time in fitting up lodging-houses. We know something of the circumstances of the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and have often admired the clean, orderly, well-furnished houses in which they reside. Many of these are a perfect picture of domestic comfort; and the same remark holds true even of the miners of the coal districts. They come home from labour, it is true, with faces begrimed with dirt, but a bucket of fresh water and a lather of soap soon bring out the natural colour of the skin, and they are not slow to show that they appreciate home comforts. There are, of course, innumerable exceptional cases. The men we speak of are those distinguished by their sobriety; the drunkard's home is everywhere the scene of discomfort, squalor, and strife. But it must be borne in mind that the class to which we have adverted—the men who have adopted and practise the principles of temperance—are those who will supply by far the largest proportion of the artisan visitors to town. And, accustomed as they are to a peaceful and cheerful fireside, and a clean and refreshing bed, they will not be content to be put anywhere where room can be found to stow them. We can fancy the feelings with which they will turn away from some of the stalls which speculators are fitting up in immense lofts, that will resemble, when finished, hospital, or poor-house, or prison wards, more than anything else. Let our readers picture to themselves an immense apartment—the deserted scene of factory labour—capable of receiving several hundred beds, each one fixed in a little box, just allowing room to turn, and divided from the rest by a thin wooden partition seven feet high, too thick to be seen through, but offering a feeble barrier to the transmission of sound. Let them picture the concert, *not* of "sweet sounds,"

that will issue from seven hundred pairs of lungs and noses, as the tired sight-seers seek a troubled repose after a hearty supper, and, in many instances, no stint of beer. Nor will the absence from these stalls of all the little accessories to personal cleanliness, and the necessity of performing in common all the offices which usually belong to a bed-room, help to diminish the general impression of discomfort. Nor is this all; there may be danger attending a promiscuous company so housed. At any rate, no one throwing his Sunday-clothes upon the little board at his bed-head, or depositing his watch under his pillow, would have any satisfactory guarantees for their safety. Taking all things into account, we shall not be surprised if we find that the "Establishments" which are being fitted up here and there on the plan we have glanced at, prove to be at a considerable discount. It will be found that the working man will bring up with him a sturdy feeling of independence and self-respect, slow to be reconciled to the idea of being "farmed out" in this way. We are glad to know that these honest and commendable feelings are not lost sight of by all the parties who are charging themselves with the task of catering for the public convenience. In one establishment placed at the disposal of our office, in which several hundred beds will be made up, we are happy to find, as far as we can judge from present arrangements, that every care will be taken to secure separate accommodation for the guests, such persons only being placed together (and that in small parties) as arrive in company, or, coming from the same neighbourhood, may naturally be supposed to have some knowledge of each other. We shall of course report more particularly when the preparations are completed, and merely record these present impressions to show some of the points to which our attention is being directed.

In fixing the tariff of prices we have announced, we have acted on the belief that accommodation *may* be provided, on those terms, with a reasonable amount of profit. Many extravagant ideas are afloat on this subject, and, we meet with a disposition, in many cases, to demand inordinate charges. We have no fear in predicting that this policy will, generally speaking, prove a short-sighted one. If the spectacle flocked to were to last but a week, extravagant sums would, no doubt, be asked and paid; but in the case of an exhibition distributed over so many months, it will be the more safe and prudent course to trust for returns to fair charges, and *constant occupation*. This latter the system of registration we propose will do much to secure; and if care be taken to make the accommodation provided clean and comfortable, we have no doubt the results will be satisfactory both to visitors and hosts. At the same time, apartments which their proprietors may consider worth more money may, as we have said, be registered at any terms they please, upon payment of the small fee we find it necessary to charge towards defraying the heavy expences of our office, and the larger portion of which, as we have explained, will be handed over as advertisement duty to Government.

We believe our friends will ultimately have reason to congratulate themselves upon taking advantage of the arrangements we have made for their protection, both from imposition and from their own want of forethought. They will have every need of the intervention of disinterested parties, to test the representations that may be made to them. Attempts have already been made to give different speculations the appearance of a direct official sanction, which the Royal Commissioners and the Executive Committee have, in every case, scrupulously and on principle withheld. It cannot be too generally understood, that in connection with this subject the authorities have *sanctioned nothing*. It has been their policy (how far wisely or otherwise, in our opinion, we have said elsewhere) to hold aloof from every scheme of accommodation for visitors, with the express purpose of keeping free from responsibility in a matter they considered not strictly within their province. Upon representation being made that certain arrangements were contemplated, gentlemen connected with the Commission may have expressed their satisfaction at these evidences that a point so essential was not being neglected; but beyond this (involving no approval whatever of particular plans) nothing has been elicited from them, and the use of the names of Her Majesty's Commissioners must in all cases, therefore, be received with great caution.

Another subject on which a word of caution may not be out of place, is the plan adopted by some parties of canvassing for subscriptions to cover the expenses both of the journey to London, and of lodgings and other expenses there. The proposal assumes something like this shape. For a weekly or monthly payment of so much, the speculator undertakes to carry the subscriber to town and back again, and to provide him with lodgings during his stay. We caution our friends emphatically to enter into no such terms. In such a matter as London beds, the tender mercies of no speculator are to be trusted to. They may be "all honourable men," but their avowed object is profit, and cheap as their charges may appear, their accommodation will of course be contracted for at such a figure as to secure something the opposite of loss. It is not every nook and corner into which a human being can be poked, that is a fit and decent place for him to sleep in. The only way we can think of to make sure of cleanliness, comfort, and cheapness of accommodation, is to effect a general registry as we have proposed, to help every prudent man in making his arrangements with deliberation and forethought, and with his eyes open to see what he is about.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. IV.

Let us see what we have gained hitherto, and endeavour to hold it fast while we enlarge our ground. We must master French, not as Tamerlane and other Eastern conquerors mastered the countries they overran—rushing forward and overcoming every difficulty where they were present, and then losing almost as quickly as they had acquired;—but rather like the old Romans, who made good, and fortified and secured their acquisitions.

In the first lesson we obtained a general idea of French pronunciation, as well as particular rules of guidance. We shall continue for some time to indicate the pronunciation of the French introduced in these chapters, and, where the learner requires it, he can besides turn to the first lesson and look again at the rules.

In the second lesson we ascertained the use of the French articles, and showed, in as familiar a way as possible, their whole declension. We also there pointed out when and where *le* and *la* and *les* did not mean *the*—that is, when they came before a verb instead of coming before a noun-substantive or a noun-adjective, in which last supposition the *le*, &c., must be translated *him*, *it*, &c. We endeavoured, in the same lesson, to make clear the principles of the French genders.

In the next, or third, lesson, after showing the manner in which the French employ their cardinal numbers, 1, 2, 3, &c. (very often where we employ ordinals, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c.), and after showing the method of turning any cardinal into an ordinal, we proceeded to give, in an example, an idea of the construction of sentences in French—that is, of the order in which the words are placed, an order frequently different from our own. We also then cautioned the reader not to seek in French for any equivalent to our "do" and "did," when employed as auxiliary or helping terms. For instance, "Do they like strangers?" must be rendered in French without the *do*, "Like they strangers?" "Did he go?" runs in French, "Went he?" &c. &c.

In this fourth lesson the learner will find that whatever addition is offered to his store, will nevertheless be, in every case, blended with the previous gains.

The reader will remember the French for "the," in the masculine and in the feminine; for example—*le cheval* (the horse), *la cavale* (or) *la jument* (the mare); *du cheval* (of the horse), *de la jument* (of the mare); *au cheval* (to the horse), *á la jument* (to the mare). Now, with regard to the second or genitive case of the article—that is, the case "of the;" it is used in French very often indeed to express another meaning also. It is the term by which the French signify a portion of anything, and is equivalent to our English "some." Instead of saying, "give me some bread," they say, "give me *of the* bread—*donnez-moi du pain* (pronounced *dunnay moo-awe dew päëng)*; *donnez-moi du papier* (the last word,

meaning paper, is pronounced *pappee-yay)*. If the thing, of which *some* is asked for, be a noun feminine, the same form is used, only that it is of course the feminine for "of the" *(de la)*; thus, *volaille* is the French for fowl, and, as it is feminine, if you wish to say, "give me some fowl," the phrase would be, *donnez-moi de la volaille*. In the same way *lumière* (light) being a feminine word, "give me some light," would be *donnez-moi de la lumière*, &c.

The very same rule holds good when the article is thus used to signify *some*, as when it is used in its natural sense to mean *of the*; we allude to the rule about masculine nouns beginning with vowels (a, e, i, o, u), or with an *h* mute. The *du*, for smoothness' sake, is then changed into *de l'*, the vowel after the *l'* being cut off to allow the *l* to run into the succeeding word, as if it was that word's first letter. In this way: the French word *aliment*, meaning "nourishment" or "aliment,"—which last term we have borrowed from it—is masculine, and, therefore, "give me *some* nourishment," would be *donnez-moi de l'aliment* (pronounced *dellallymong)*. In the French word *harmonie* (harmony), the *h* is mute, or not sounded; therefore, "*some* harmony" is *de l'harmonie* (pronounced *dellarmonee)*; and it would be the same even if *harmonie*, which is feminine, were masculine. Here is an example: *héroïsme* (meaning "heroism") is masculine, and its *h* is mute. Now, "*some* heroism" would in French be *de l'héroïsme* (pronounced somewhat thus—*déllerroeesm*).

In the plural the same form is used. You translate the English *some* into the French for *of the*, which in the plural is *des*; and it never varies, as both genders are alike in the plural of the article. Thus—"some women," or "women," would be *des femmes* (pronounced *day fam)*; "some men," or "men," would be *des hommes* (pronounced *days um*, the *s* being sounded before the *h* mute, which begins *hommes)*.

The phrases we have just been considering, though of frequent and almost incessant use, are only idiomatic—that is, phrases sanctioned by long custom among the best educated people in France. The *literal* translation into French of our word "some" would be *quelque*, and in the plural *quelques* (pronounced *kelk)*. "Some one" is rendered *quelqu' un* (pronounced *kelk ūn)*. Therefore the fruit of our remarks will be best gathered by means of this general advice:—Whenever you meet the words *du*, *de la*, *de l'*, or *des*, and you cannot make any satisfactory meaning of them by rendering them as "of the," try whether "some" will make sense.

Now for a word about the verbs. Every word is a verb which expresses any kind of *doing*, or any kind of *undergoing*; as, to kill, he killed, he will kill, &c.; to suffer, &c.; to be, &c.; to have, &c. Well, the learner must have observed that, no matter in what different form any portion of these verbs may appear, yet each form still belongs to the same verb. "I kill, I would kill, I was to be killed," &c., all belong to the verb "to kill;" and as we have in English these several forms for the different parts of one and the same verb, so have they different forms likewise in French. Without them there would be no clearness in language. They are called the various *persons*, *tenses*, and *moods* of a verb.

"I am" is the first person, present tense, indicative mood, of the verb "to be;" "thou art," second person, ditto, ditto, &c.

I am,	in French, is	*je suis*,	pronounced	*zhe swee**
thou art	,,	*tu es*	,,	*tu eh*
he is	,,	*il est*	,,	*eel eh*
we are	,,	*nous sommes*	,,	*noo sum*
you are	,,	*vous êtes*	,,	*voos ate*
they are	,,	*ils sont*	,,	*eel soang*

The above six expressions are what is called the present tense, indicative mood, of the verb *être*, to be (pronounced *atre)*: they should be learned by heart.

* By "*zh*" we make a very inadequate endeavour to convey a sound which does not exist in English. "*Sh*" would be too hissing; it is an utterance that can be learned, if you conceive the "*z*" to be blended with the "*h*," in the same way that you blend the *s* and the *h*.

I have, in French, is		*j'ai*,	pronounced	*zhay*
thou hast	,,	*tu as*	,,	*tu ah*
he has	,,	*il a*	,,	*eel ah*
we have	,,	*nous avons*	,,	*noos avoang*
you have	,,	*vous avez*	,,	*voos avvay*
they have	,,	*ils ont*	,,	*eels oang*

Of these six expressions, which you should also learn by heart, you observe that, according to the rule we have repeatedly alluded to, the last *e* of *je* (I) in the first person singular is cut off before the following vowel. The above constitute what is called the present tense, indicative mood, of the verb *avoir*, to have (pronounced *avvoo-or)*. Our term "avoir-du-pois" is a corruption from the French; the last word *pois* should be *poids* (pronounced *poo-awe*, and meaning "weight"); and it is an instance of what we have just explained, the *du* (genitive of the article) signifying "some:"—*avoirdupoids* (having some weight, or having weight). The French very often use the infinitive of their verbs, as here *(avoir*, to have), where we use the participle "having."

In French you do not say "I am hungry," "I am sleepy," "I am cold," "I am hot," &c.; but "*I have hunger*," "*I have sleep*," "*I have cold*," "*I have heat*," &c.—thus: "*J'ai* faim" (pronounced *zhay fang)*, "*J'ai* sommeil" (pronounced *zhay somay-ee)*, "*J'ai* froid" (pronounced *zhay froo-awe)*, "*J'ai* chaud" (pronounced *zhay sho)*, &c.

That word *faim*, which means *hunger*, is very difficult to pronounce; we have represented the sound by "fang," but the closing *g* should be very faintly and softly breathed rather than pronounced. Some Englishmen pronounce it "fam," which is the very sound of the French word *femme*, meaning *woman*. An Englishman just landed in France, and wishing to convey to the waiter that he was hungry, began (as he would in English) by "I am" *(Je suis*), and then pronounced *faim* "fam." This was nonsense; but it approached nearest to what the French would be for "I am a woman," instead of "I am hungry."

As for "I am hungry," the French say "*J'ai* (I have) *faim* (hunger)," &c.; so in a great many other cases, besides those we gave above, they employ a similar term. For "I am ashamed," they say *J'ai honte* (I have shame); for "I am afraid," *J'ai peur* (I have fear); for "I am wrong," *J'ai tort* (I have wrong); for "I am right," *J'ai raison* (I have reason); for "I am thirty years old," *J'ai trente ans* (I have thirty years), &c. &c.

You must put "He is twenty years old" into French thus: not *il est* (he is), but *il a* (he has) *vingt ans* (pronounced *eel ah vant ong)*.

Now you have above the whole of the first tenses of the two verbs, *avoir* (to have) and *être* (to be), "I have," &c., "I am," &c. You also know in what circumstances the French use "I have," "they have," &c., instead of "I am," "they are," &c. Practice yourself, therefore, by putting into French the sentences we will now give:—

"The Premier is ashamed." (The French for "Premier" is *prémier;* and as it is, of course, masculine, you must use the masculine article before it.)

"The Protectionists are afraid." (You may render "Protectionists" by *protectionistes*, a newly-coined word which the French are obliged to use in this case. As it is plural, place the plural article before it.)

"Sir Charles Wood is wrong." (The name and title are the same in French, as they have no precisely corresponding rank.)

"You are hot."

"He is ten years old."

In all the above instances, and many others, *avoir* (to have) does duty instead of *être* (to be).

Here are cases where *être* is used in French just as "to be" (in its appropriate parts) is used in English:—

"He is troublesome." (*Ennuyant*, pronounced *onwee-ong*, is the French for "troublesome" in the masculine; if you speak of a woman, you use the feminine *ennuyante*, pronounced *onwee-ont*.)

"She is troublesome." (*Elle* is the French for "she;" and remember to put "troublesome" in the feminine.)

"You are good." (*Bon* is "good" in the masculine. If you are speaking to a woman you use the feminine *bonne;* the former being pronounced *boang*, and the latter *bun*. "You are" is, of course, rendered in French by *vous êtes*, not by *tu es;* the second person singular—*tu es*—being employed only in speaking to servants, to little children, and to extremely intimate friends. It is considered *either* most familiar, *or* most cavalier and arrogant.)

The negatives are double in French, and are thus employed:—*J'ai un livre*, meaning "I have a book;" *Je n'ai pas un livre*, means "I have not a book." Even *rien*, (nothing), and pronounced *ree-ang*, requires the second negative: as "I have nothing, *Je n'ai rien*—not *J'ai rien*."

Je suis sur (I am sure); *Je ne suis pas sur* (I am not sure).
Le Prémier n'a pas honte (the Premier is not ashamed, literally "has not shame").
Les Protectionistes n'ont pas peur (the Protectionists are not afraid—have not fear).
Sir C. Wood n'a pas tort. (Sir C. Wood is not wrong—has not, &c.)
Vous n'avez pas chaud. (You are not hot—have not, &c.)
Il n'a pas dix ans (he is not ten years old—has not ten years).

As we have given the first or present tense of both *avoir* and *être*, we will conclude this lesson by giving a little more of those verbs. The second or imperfect tense of the former is—

J'avais	I had (did have)	pronounced	*zhavvay*
tu avais	thou had'st (ditto)	,,	*tu avvay*
il avait	he had (ditto)	,,	*eel avvay*
nous avions	we had (ditto)	,,	*noos avvee-oāng*
vous aviez	you had (ditto)	,,	*voos avveeay*
ils avaient	they had (ditto)	,,	*eels avvay*

You observe that the third person singular, *avait*, and the third person plural, are, though written differently, pronounced the same, all but the sounding of the *s* in the latter case. Neither the *t* of the singular nor the *ent* of the plural can be heard, unless a vowel follow, when the final *t* is in both cases uttered. Like many things in French, the *ent* ending is taken from Latin, in which language the third person plural of the verbs always ends with *e* or some other vowel, and then *nt*.

J'étais	I was	pronounced	*zhettay*
tu étais	thou wast	,,	*tu ettay*
il était	he was	,,	*eel ettay*
nous étions	we were	,,	*noos ettee-oang*
vous étiez	you were	,,	*voos ettee-ay*
ils etaient	they were	,,	*eels ettay*

The pronunciation of *étions* and of *étiez* is an exception to the rule of making the *t*, followed by *i* and another vowel, sound like our *s*. The French for "*there*" is "*là*," pronounced *lah;* or "*y*," pronounced *ee*.

J'y étais	I was there
Je n'y étais pas	I was not there
J'y avais chaud	I was hot there
Je n'y avais pas chaud	I was not hot there.

TALES AND NARRATIVES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

We have already announced our intention of publishing the remainder of this series in *separate Numbers*, uniform in size and price with the Weekly Numbers of The Working Man's Friend, rather than publishing them piecemeal in the regular numbers. The heavy pressure of other concerns has prevented us from giving due attention to this subject, but an adjudication of the next article in the Series—namely, "Colliers and Miners: *their Unhealthy and Hazardous Employments, and the Triumphs of Virtue under the most Unfavourable Circumstances*"—will shortly be announced, and the successful Narrative published.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

BRIG'AND, *s.* a thief, freebooter, plunderer.

BRIG'ANTINE, *s.* a small vessel, such as irates use.

BRIL'LIANT, *a.* sparkling; *s.* a fine dianond.

BRIM, *s.* the edge, or upper part of anyhing.

BRIM'STONE, *s.* a yellow mineral; sulhur.

BRINE, *s.* a liquor strongly impregnated ith salt, in which meat is placed for the urpose of salting and preserving it.

BRISK'ET, *s.* the breast of an animal.

BRIS'TLE, *s.* the hair on a swine's back.

BRITCH'KA, *s.* a kind of carriage, partly pen.

BROAD'CAST, *s.* a sowing with the hand t large, scattering the seed, and not conning it to straight lines or furrows; used etaphorically, in reference to principles or pinions broadly spread.

BROAD'CLOTH, *s.* a fine kind of woollen loth.

BROAD'SIDE, *s.* the side of a ship; a disarge of all the guns from one side of a ip at once; a large single sheet of paper.

BROCADE', *s.* a kind of fine flowered silk.

BRO'CAGE, *s.* profit gained by promoting argains; dealing in old things.

BROCATEL'LO, *s.* a variegated kind of one or marble.

BROC'COLI, *s.* a plant of the cabbage ibe, producing its young flowers in very ose masses called heads.

BROGUE, *s.* corrupt dialect, or manner of xpression.

BRO'KER, *s.* an agent appointed to transt particular business for and between thers. *Brokers* are of various kinds:— *xchange Brokers* are those who negociate e purchase or sale of foreign bills of exange. *Insurance Brokers* effect inrances on ships and merchandise against e perils to which they are exposed. *Stock rokers* effect purchases and sales of the blic stocks and funds, or in the stock d fund of any company or corporation. *awn Brokers* are those who lend money at terest upon goods placed in their hands a security for the return of the loan. he term *broker* is commonly applied, also, persons who deal in second-hand articles furniture.

BRO KERAGE, *s.* the pay or reward of a oker.

BROME, *s.* a liquid of a deep red-brown colour, obtained from salt works.

BRON'CHIÆ, *s.* the various branches of the trachea, or windpipe, which convey the air to the lungs.

BRON'CHIAL, *a.* belonging to the throat.

BRONCHO'TOMY *s.* (in surgery) an incision made in the windpipe, to counteract the tendency of certain diseases by which the patient would else be suffocated.

BRONZE, *s.* a metal compounded of copper and tin, or copper and brass, in different proportions, according to the purpose to which it is to be applied.

BROOCH, *s.* a jewel, or ornament composed of jewels, usually worn on the breast.

BRU'MAL, *a.* cold, belonging to winter.

BRUNET'TE, *s.* a brown-complexioned woman.

BRUSH'WOOD, *s.* rough, shrubby thickets.

BUCCANEER', BUCANIE'R, *s.* a name given to the pirates who formerly made depredations on the Spaniards in America.

BUC'KRAM, *s.* cloth stiffened with gum or glue.

BUCOL'ICS, *s.* pastoral songs, rural dialogues.

BUD'DHA, *s.* a Hindoo name for the Deity.

BUD'DHIST, *s.* a worshipper of Buddha.

BUD'DING, *v.* an operation in horticulture, by means of which the branches of one tree or plant are often made to grow upon the stem of another.

BUD'GET, *s.* a bag, a pouch, store; a proposal; in this latter sense the word is used to describe the proposals made by a Chancellor of the Exchequer in reference to the income and expenditure of the Government, the remission or imposition of taxes, &c.

BUFF, *s.* leather made of a buffalo's skin; a colour resembling yellow.

BUFFET', *s.* a kind of cupboard to hold china, glass, &c.

BUF'FIN, *s.* a sort of coarse stuff.

BUF'FO, *s.* the comic actor in an opera.

BUFFOON', *s.* a low, jesting fellow.

BU'FONITE. *s.* a fossil, called also *toadstone*, from an erroneous idea that it is found in the head of a toad.

BUG'BEAR, *s.* a frightful object; a false terror.

BU'GLE, or BU'BLE, *s.* a small bead of glass.

BUGLE-HORN, *s.* a musical wind instrument.

BUHL, *s.* unburnished gold, or brass gilt to represent it.

BUHL'WORK, *s.* wood inlaid with metal.

BUHR'STONE, *s.* the stone used for millstones.

BULB, *s.* a round root, or bud, usually formed under ground, as onions, tulips, &c. Occasionally it is produced upon the stem, as in some lilies, &c.

BULBIF'EROUS, *a.* producing bulbs.

BULGE, *s* a leak, the breach that lets in water.

BULK, *s.* (in architecture) a part of a building jutting out.

BULK'HEAD, *s.* a partition made in a ship.

BULL, *s.* the male of black cattle. This word has many curious applications. It is used to describe an edict of the Pope; a blunder; a sign of the Zodiac; on the Stock Exchange it is a cant name for one who nominally buys stock for which he does not pay, but receives or pays the amount of any alteration in the price agreed upon; he who nominally sells is called the *bear*.

BUL'LATE, *a.* (a botanical term) having elevations like blisters.

BUL'LET, *s.* a round ball of lead or iron.

BULL'ETIN, (French) *s.* an official account of any event of general interest, as the health of the Queen, or any distinguished personage, &c.

BULL'ION, *s.* gold and silver in wedges or lumps, or in an uncoined state; though in discussions on the subject of public economy it is sometimes used to denote those metals both in a coined and an uncoined state.

BULL''S-EYE, *s.* Aldebaran, a star in the constellation Taurus; a small obscure cloud, the middle of which is reddish, portending a storm; also, the centre of a target.

BUL'TEL, *s.* the bran of meal after dressing.

BUL'WARK, *s.* a fortification, a defence.

BUM'BOAT, *s.* a small boat, in which articles are carried intended for sale on shipboard.

BUN'TING, *s.* the stuff of which a ship's colours are made; a bird.

BUNT'LINES, *s.* ropes for drawing up sails.

BUOY, *s.* a large body of wood, cork, &c., fastened with a rope to an anchor to discover where it lies, or to mark shoals, sunk rocks, and other spots where danger to vessels is apprehended.

BUOY'ANT, *a.* that which will not sink, light, floating.

BUREAU', (French) *s.* a set of drawers with a desk; an ambassador's or secretary's office.

BURG, *s.* a walled town, or privileged place.

BUR'GAGE, *s.* a tenure proper to cities and towns, conferring the privileges of a burgess; a dwelling-house in a borough.

BUR'GEOIS, *s.* (French) a citizen; the name given to a printing type, somewhat larger than the first article in this number.

BUR'GESS, *s.* a citizen, a representative.

BURGH, *s.* a borough town, a corporation.

BURGH'-MOTE, *s.* a borough court.

BURG'LAR, *s.* a housebreaker.

BURG'LARY, *s.* a breaking and entering the dwelling-house of another in the night, with intent to commit some felony within the same, whether such felonious intent be executed or not.

BUR'GOMASTER, *s.* a principal citizen in Holland; a Dutch magistrate.

BUR'GRAVE, *s.* an hereditary governor of a castle, or town.

BU'RIN, *s.* an instrument of tempered steel used for engraving upon copper or steel; a graver.

BURLES'QUE, *s.* a word derived from the Italian, which is applied to words, gestures, or expressions of the countenance intended to excite laughter. It is applicable to conversation and to pantomime, to written composition, and to the art of drawing. In poetry the term "burlesque" may be applied to good-humoured satire, as "Hudibras," &c.; in drawing it is shown in many caricatures, as in *Punch*, &c.

BURLET'TA, *s.* a short comic opera, a musical farce.

BURN'ING-GLASS, *s.* a glass which collects the rays of the sun within a small space, and also a considerable quantity of heat.

BUR'NISH, *v.* to polish, to make bright.

BUR'ROCK, *s.* a dam or wier in which wheels are laid for catching fish.

BUR'ROW, *v. n.* to make holes, to mine.

BUR'SAR, *s.* the treasurer of a college; a pupil supported upon an endowment.

BURSE, *s.* an exchange where merchants meet to transact business.

BUSH'EL, *s.* a dry measure, containing four pecks.

BUSK, *s.* a piece of whalebone, or steel worn by women to strengthen their stays.

BUS'KIN, *s.* a kind of half-boot; a high shoe worn by the ancient actors in tragedy.

BUST, *s.* (in sculpture) a sort of half statue, including the head, neck, shoulders and breast, with the arms cut off above the elbow.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. V.—No. 64.—SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1851.]

THE COMMONS AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

There is a great deal in a name. Sometimes a volume of truth is comprehended in a monosyllable. The designations of our cities, towns, villages, fields, hills, rivers, brooks, &c., are some of our best memorials of the past. We could instance a multitude of examples, but shall confine these introductory remarks to the phrase, "The House of Commons."

In this expression you have the origin and design of the body distinguished by these terms. The members are called "*the Commons*," because they belong, or ought to belong, to the people, or "*third estate*" in the realm. And it is an evident infringement upon the design of a People's House to admit any of the sons of the nobility as members. If *they* want to learn to be legislators, let them read, and think, and attend Parliamentary debates; but it is an act of gross monopoly in them to wish for seats in the Lower House, because they are fully represented in the Lords: and it is well known that when they are returned for our counties or boroughs, they rarely represent any party but the aristocracy. We believe that a time is coming when the nobility will have delicacy of feeling and morality sufficient to keep them from asking for seats in the People's House; and when, if they have not, the electors will resolve to be represented by none but their own body; and that the Lower House will be what the Constitution intended it to be—"A House of Commons."

The design of such a branch of the legislature was to secure to the people the full representation of their rights and liberties. The Institution is alike benevolent equitable, and august. A people legislating for itself—sending its wisest, its most eloquent, moral, and pious citizens, to preside over its affairs, and make its laws—is one of the master-pieces of political wisdom and economy; and had this object been kept in view, very few of the ills that scourge the country would now have been heard of. But instead of making a proper use of our privilege, we have chosen foolish men, selfish men; and not unfrequently have we returned persons without talent, eloquence, principle, judgment, or morality: and then, having sent to Parliament most unfit individuals, we have afterward wondered that our affairs were not better managed. Now, were a master or manufacturer to make a point of obtaining the very worst servants and workpeople that the nation could furnish, we should not feel much surprise if his goods were of an inferior character, and his business badly carried on. But this is just what the people of England have been doing for a long series of years. It is allowed by all that there rarely has been a more incompetent Parliament than at present. This has lately been strikingly proved by the fact, that out of six hundred educated men, gentlemen, persons of property, and many of them sons of the nobility, there were not a dozen persons in which these senators themselves could confide, or in which the country has any faith. This is showing up the nakedness of the land with a witness. For these legislators are said to have been elected by vast majorities of those who boast that they are the only competent men to choose competent legislators; and yet these very wise, prudent, moral, and religious electors find that they have not sent to Parliament half a score men fit to direct the affairs of the country! Hence the design of a House of Commons is almost gone; for the present assembly is *not* a

House of Commons, and the members are, by their own confession, unfit to accomplish the objects for which they were chosen. The following observations will show how much the prosperity of the Empire depends upon the Lower House :—

I. THE COMMONS MAKE OUR LAWS.

It is true that a measure may originate in the Upper House, but then it can never become a statute of the realm until the Commons have granted their assent. In fact, nothing in the shape of legislation, whether in repealing old laws or in enacting new ones, can be done without the voice of the Lower House. No inconsiderable portion of what we call the "constitution of the country" consists of regulations which have been adopted and sanctioned by the Parliament. Many look on the Queen as the originator of wicked and unjust statutes; but the Monarch of England can do nothing without the House of Commons. It is important to keep this fact in view, that we may not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage; for every one who in any way allows himself to be outwitted, cajoled, or bribed, to send an incompetent man to Parliament, as truly barters away his inheritance as did Esau, and not merely robs himself, but millions of his fellow-creatures at the same time. Whether, then, our constitution be corrupt or pure—wise or foolish—and whether our laws are equitable or unjust, we owe all to the House of Commons; for whatever is bad or good they can alter and change for the opposite. And though they are only a third part of the legislative authority, yet when they are backed by the people they are the strongest, and, unless their will be attended to, they can very soon stop the wheels of Government. We dwell on this fact because we want our operatives and labourers to know the power of the House of Commons, that in all political complaints they may impute blame to the parties really guilty.

II. THE COMMONS IMPOSE ALL THE TAXES WE PAY.

It has been truly said that no despot or tyrant has ever dared to burden his subjects as the English are burdened at the present time; such is the consequence of having six hundred masters instead of one. For it should be remembered that all taxation is managed *entirely* by the Commons. The Queen or the Lords cannot bring in a money bill. There is nothing under which the nation groans so much as the load of taxation, and the unjust manner in which it is imposed. Some tell us that the Irish, for a long time, insisted that every weight which the ox or the bull had to draw should be fastened to his tail. It is said that persons expostulated, and endeavoured to show that the strength of the animal was in his shoulder and neck; that if they were determined to go to extremities, it would be far better to take the head than the tail, as in the former case there would be the whole body of the beast as a power and a fulcrum; but argument was vain—the burden must not only be *heavy*, but as *painful* as possible. The poor creature could have dragged a great load with little inconvenience, if it had been adjusted according to his strength; but no, he must have the whole mass so disposed as to give the utmost pain. And thus has it been with our House of Commons. The climax of the wisdom of all Premiers, Chancellors of the Exchequer, and others, has been to place upon John Bull a load which would crush an eastern elephant, and then compel him to haul it along in the most inconvenient and distressing manner. We owe our oppressively-heavy taxation to the Commons; and to them we are also indebted for the impolitic, unjust, and cruel mode of imposing it. And this

iniquity will remain until the people resolve to have the country truly represented by patriotic men who "fear God and hate covetousness;" but this will not be the case until the suffrage is enlarged.

III. Our Expenditure is regulated by the Commons.

The money is not only raised, but it is disposed of by the Lower House; and a few glances at the "Black Book" will show us that numbers of our six hundred gentlemen have not been unmindful of themselves or their families. It is true they throw out a few bones for two or three of the minions to pick who helped them into Parliament, but the great prizes always fall to the senators themselves or their very particular friends. In this State-lottery matters are so nicely managed, that the half-witted sycophant electors, who allowed themselves to be bribed, have about one pitiable prize for a thousand blanks, while the representatives and their relatives always draw the larger prizes, and never by any chance hit upon a blank. Hence it is that the House of Commons is such an object of attraction to so many of the sons of the nobility. The exchequer is there. No money can be voted away for anything but in the Commons. All pensions, all commissionerships, all places, all sinecures, and, in fact, offices generally, are appointed and paid for by our misnamed representatives; and, therefore, avaricious men who care for nothing but money—lazy men who are too proud and idle to work for an honest penny—prodigals who have wasted their fortunes in gambling, sensuality, and dissipation—and all selfish beings who love neither God, nor man, nor their country—exert every nerve to obtain, by means of the voices of the people, a post in the house where the *till* is kept. To the Commons alone must the guilt of national extravagance be imputed; and only by a reform in Parliament can the evil be arrested. It is in the constitutional power of the Commons to reduce all incomes to an equitable amount, to abolish all prodigality, and thus relieve the nation from the burdens which at present to so great an extent paralyse trade, and crush the energies of the working classes.

IV. The Premier is dependent upon the Commons.

It is true he is appointed by the Monarch, but still his hands are tied if he has not a majority of the Commons on his side. It should be remembered that our Prime Minister is our acting Sovereign, and he is a Whig, Tory, or Radical, according to the majority in the House. Hence the Sovereign of these realms is, properly speaking, of no political creed. She can do nothing without her Ministers, and her Ministers can do nothing without a majority in the Commons. The Minister and the Administration will therefore be just what the people make them. Hence we are in a better position than America or France. Our Premier is our President, and we can dismiss him at an hour's notice; while the French and the Americans are obliged to keep their's for a number of years. Here, then, is another fact which should be kept in mind. It is usual to blame the Monarch for the vices of the Ministers: but this is unfair, because the Premier can do nothing without the Commons; and if the Emperor Nicolas of Russia sat on our throne, he would be powerless for mischief if the House of Commons were healthy.

V. The Church is dependent upon the Commons.

In fact, it may be said, that the House of Commons, in point of effect, is the true head of the Church. Its creed is a Parliamentary creed; its prayers, Parliamentary prayers; its state revenues, Parliamentary revenues; its establishment, a Parliamentary establishment; its schools and colleges, Parliamentary institutions; and,

indeed, everything so perfectly Parliamentary, that its ministers and members have not one particle of power or liberty beyond what the State has given, and which the State can at any time take away. Nor can the Monarch, or the Lords, make the least alteration in doctrine, discipline, or duty, without the consent of the Commons. Thus all ecclesiastical power is vested in the Commons, because no change can be made without their consent; and, were the Lower House to put forth all its energy, and be backed by the people, the other two estates must give way.

VI. Our Bishops always agree in Politics, at the time of their creation, with the Commons.

A Whig majority gives a Whig Premier; a Whig Premier naturally selects Whig Bishops; while a Tory House and a Tory Minister rarely allow any but a Tory priest to receive the mitre. It is said to be a part of the prerogative of the Sovereign to select Bishops; but this authority is given to the Prime Minister, and his political creed settles of what creed the prelate shall be. Here again, then, is seen the power of the Commons. An election decides who shall be the next bishops. Every Tory clergyman sits down in despair when the Whigs are in office. He knows that if mitres were rained from heaven as thick as hailstones, not one would fit his political cranium; and the same may be said of Whig priests, when the Tories are in power.

VII. The Commons make our Standing Armies, and preside over our Wars.

The Sovereign cannot sustain an army, or carry on a war, without the key of the exchequer, and that is held by the Commons. Our enormous and useless standing army at the present time is the work of the Commons. The design of sustaining it is not to defend England—England would be safer without a standing army than with it—but the great object is to find places, pay, and pensions, for the sons of the nobility, and other hirelings who wish to live on the earnings of the industrious classes.

We have more to say, but will not be tedious. We have thrown these thoughts together to show our readers where the root of all political and ecclesiastical evil lies; that they may resolve to have a reformed *House of Commons*, and then every good will follow in its train.

Napoleon's Coat of Mail.—Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium, he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan honoured with a second audience of the emperor. "Now (said his imperial majesty) put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and half-dead with fear he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and here is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. I.

It is now more than four years since we mingled with the intelligent and polished citizens of the good town of Inverness, as they wended their way on foot, on horseback, in handsome carriages, or jolting-cart, according to their various circumstances in life, to the moor of Culloden, five miles distant, to gaze on the field where were wrecked for ever the hopes of the royal line of Stuart, on the hundredth anniversary of the day which saw the last battle fought on British ground. The world has been going on rapidly during the last hundred years, we thought, but surely nowhere more rapidly than in this distant part of her Majesty's dominions. Aged men are amongst us who remember to have heard from their father's lips thrilling tales of the 16th of April, 1746—tales of events witnessed by themselves. But though thus only one remove from the actors in the dismal transactions of that day, we in vain look round for living embodiments of the habits and feelings of that generation, anything approaching to a veritable representation of the fierce, warlike, and brave, though ignorant, Highlander, who took both law and religion from his chief's mouth. Traits, both physical and mental, of the father are still, no doubt, to be found in the son, but under such different circumstances of development, that the contrast between the two generations is far more striking than the resemblance. Now we look round on a population, who, though some of them still retain the kilt, have universally dropped the dirk, but who, if they cannot use their grandsires' arms, have attained a skill in questions of morals and politics, such as would confound the stalwart men of the past, could they re-visit their native glens. Agriculture and the useful arts fill the days once devoted to war and unlawful forage; and the evenings which were then amused by wild tales of personal prowess or cruel revenge, are now, in many an humble Highland home, employed in discussions regarding the respective rights of the Old Kirk and the Free Church to be considered the historical Church of Scotland, and other grave subjects of a character which the old Highlander thought fit enough for Lowland churls, but far beneath the dignity of a noble mountaineer like himself. His descendants have, however, happily found out that moral power is a higher thing than physical might, that industry is more honourable than rapine, that the ability to procure the conveniences of life is better than the hardihood which can want them; so that the man who can construct a comfortable bed, and enjoy the privilege of lying on it, is not a whit less noble than he who could occasionally endure the bitter cold of a winter night wrapped up in his plaid on the snow.

For the purposes, however, for which the Young Chevalier wanted the aid of the Highlanders, it must be confessed the men of his day were much better fitted than the men of the present times. In the first place, our modern Celts have become so unchivalric as to substitute for the divine right of kings, the good of the governed; and the Prince would be incommoded with unpleasant remembrances of fifty-seven years before, when his grandfather, James II. of England and VII. of Scotland, was compelled to abdicate the British throne, because of his fancy to rule just as he pleased a people who boasted they had been free, and were determined to remain so. Then the modern Celt, having further learned to consider each particular man as independent, and possessed of individual dignity, would certainly not choose to be led off at the command of any chief or lord, so that the head Mac could only pledge himself, each inferior Mac with provoking presumption claiming the same privilege of being Jacobite or Government man as he judged right. And even supposing these difficulties of will got over, there still remained, it cannot be denied, a difficulty in the way of capacity. If the modern Celt can handle the plane, the shuttle, and the plough better than his fathers, he would make but a sorry figure beside them in the use of the claymore and the broadsword. So that, if it were a gratification to the Stuarts, a sacrifice to the manes of their former glory, to be able to harass the house of Hanover by a formidable rebellion, it was well for them that it happened to be the Highlanders of a hundred years ago their heir had to incite to the fight.

The causes we have just described as rendering the Highlanders of the present day not the men to do battle for the Stuarts, and, indeed, not the men to bring on themselves the horrors and the guilt of war, unless urged by the sternest necessity, operated in a considerable degree over the southern part of the kingdom during the last century. Not that there sympathy with the Stuarts was unknown. Jacobitism

was everywhere, south and north. Persons were to be found of all ranks, and with every degree of intelligence, who, for one reason or other, desired the restoration of the Stuarts. These reasons were sufficiently various. The chimera of legitimate succession, sentimental compassion over the ruin of a great name, a preference for the religion of the exiled family, and a similarity of tastes with them; a selfish hatred to the existing Government, because of favours not received, and an equally selfish hope of preferment under another, with a love of arbitrary power, and a desire to share it, all, with many other motives, tended to make Jacobites over the whole land. But in the south they formed only a very small minority of the people.

It was in the Highlands of Scotland that the influence of the Stuarts was paramount. There, indeed, all outward signs of it were suppressed since the defeat of the rebellion of 1715, raised in favour of that personage, variously styled the Chevalier St. George—the Pretender, or James III.—the son of James II. But though dormant, Jacobitism was far from being extinguished. The chiefs were waiting but a favourable time, once more to strike a blow for the old dynasty. Neither to them nor to their clans were the despotic tendencies of the Stuarts obnoxious, the one class being themselves the possessors of arbitrary power, to which the other not only willingly but proudly submitted, as to the authority of a father. Nor was the Popery of the exiled family a serious objection to these mountaineers, those of them who were not avowedly of the same faith having little of the reformed religion but the name, a stern and intelligent Protestantism being by no means suited to their habits and feelings.

If allegiance to the house of Stuart was secretly cherished in many a British heart, the exiled family, as may well be imagined, had not forgotten their supposed rights. The Chevalier St. George had married a granddaughter of John Sobieski, the brave King of Poland, and was the father of two sons, Charles Edward and Henry—the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, as they were styled by their adherents. The youngest was afterwards known as the Cardinal de York; of the romantic adventures of the eldest, "bonny Prince Charlie," our story consists.

About the year 1740 Jacobitism began to show symptoms of life. The British Government was embarrassed by wars abroad and discontent at home. France, the great hope of the Stuarts, was inclined to give effectual aid to their cause, and it seemed as if "long looked-for had come at last," and "the King was to have his own again." So thought his son, the young Prince Charles, as he joyfully repaired from Rome to Paris, at the request of the French court, to accompany an army of 15,000 men that was fitting out to invade Great Britain. But, alas! for the golden hopes. The opportunity he had sighed and longed for had come, and vanished ere it could be embraced. The French fleet, which was ready to sail in February, 1744, and which had excited great alarm on the British side, was driven from its moorings by a violent storm, and so damaged thereby, as well as by attacks of British vessels, that the design of invasion was abandoned. In vain Prince Charles importuned the Government to make fresh preparations: events soon after occurred which fixed their resolution to give up, in the meantime, the design of forcing the Stuarts on the British people.

The Young Chevalier, however, could not so easily forego his dearly-cherished hopes. If once in Scotland, he thought the partisans of his family would gather round him. So to Scotland he determined to go, whether alone or with followers, not even acquainting his father with his intention till it was executed. On the 2nd of July he started from Belleisle, two vessels, the Dontelle and the Elizabeth, forming his whole fleet. In the former the Prince sailed, attended by the Marquis of Tullibasdine, who was attainted for his part in the rebellion of 1715, and thereby prevented from succeeding his father as Duke of Athole—and other six British gentlemen. The Elizabeth carried stores and arms. A few days after they left Belleisle the Elizabeth had an engagement with an English man-of-war, and, though not worsted in the fight, was so much injured as to be obliged to return to a French port to refit. Charles, however, who before these ships were procured, wished to attempt the voyage in a herring-boat, was not to be put back by this untoward event, so he insisted on going forward. The first point of the coveted kingdom which they neared was the most distant range of the distant Hebrides, and, being alarmed by the appearance of some sails, they hastily landed on a small island named Griska. Returning to their ship, the next day they proceeded to the mainland, and in this wild and desolate region, on the 19th of July, Prince Charles deliberately set foot on those dominions which he considered his father's by right, and hoped soon to make his in fact.

Prince Charles was at this time in his twenty-fifth year, and as remarkable for

the grace and nobility of his manner and bearing, and his power of swaying the minds of those around him, as his father and grandfather were for the want of these gifts. In person he was tall and handsome; a fine complexion, large blue eyes, and regular features gained for him the name of "Bonny Prince Charlie," while the intellectual but melancholy expression of his lofty brow irresistibly attracted to him the admiration and sympathy of others, besides sentimental young ladies. His address was princely and gallant, but full of winning courtesy, and he was careful, by the most delicate attention to the feelings of those around him, to fascinate and enchain them in devotion to his own person. Nor did he seem wanting in stronger and more valuable qualities. Brought up in a luxurious and effeminate court, he had the resolution to keep aloof from its influence, and to form himself to habits of hardy endurance. The end, indeed, was an ambitious one—strength to meet the struggle for a crown; and if, therefore, we cannot accord to his conduct the merit due to moral worth, we may yet acknowledge that the power to resist for years the present temptations of pleasure for a distant and uncertain good, evinced self-control and strength of purpose not too common among the scions of royal and noble houses.

And much need did the poor young man find for all the determination and energy he possessed. Bitter disappointment awaited him at the very outset of his daring course. He had calculated on being received with enthusiasm by his Scottish partisans, whom he expected to find ready to follow wherever he led. But it was far otherwise. The Jacobite Highland chiefs were very willing to rise in the cause, provided they were supported by the arms of France, so as to possess a reasonable hope of success and the rewards thereof, but they were not so madly loyal to the Stuarts as to desire the honour of leading in a desperate enterprise with the pains of high treason as its probable *finale*. He soon heard that two powerful chiefs, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat and the Laird of Macleod, on whose assistance he had relied, would certainly not join him, and might be found to act against him. Others, who remained firm in their attachment to his family, predicted only ruin from an enterprise undertaken under such circumstances, and the Prince was everywhere met with statements of the hopelessness of any present attempt, and entreaties to return home.

"I have come home," was the bold reply; "and, if I can get six faithful men to follow me, shall skulk with them in the mountains of Scotland, rather than return to France." Charles argued that all he needed now was a force of Highlanders sufficient to enable him to take and keep the field for a short time; that if he could do so, and obtain some advantages over the enemy, his partisans all over the kingdom would rise, and France, and perhaps Spain, be induced to help an enterprise which seemed likely to succeed.

The first accessions to the cause of the Young Chevalier were made, however, not by the force of his arguments, but by what is often stronger than argument—*feeling*.

The circumstances are sufficiently romantic. Young Macdonald of Clanranald, and Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, in a long interview with the Prince, endeavoured to convince him of the folly of his present scheme, while he as earnestly tried to induce them to join it. Neither party seemed likely to yield, when Charles, suddenly turning to a young man who stood beside him, a brother of the Laird of Kenlochmoidart, whose emotion during the conversation he had observed, called out—"Will you not assist me?"—"I will, I will!" replied the youth. "Though not another man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" The chiefs were overcome; all motives of prudence vanished before the enthusiastic devotion of the young man, and the tears with which Charles acknowledged it, and they and their poor clans were committed to the fatal undertaking. The next important adherent was gained in much the same way—by the impetuous force of temporary feeling. Young Cameron of Lochiel was, by birth, training, feeling, and principle, a Jacobite. His father was at this time attainted and in exile for his joining the rebellion of 1715. Any sane attempt to restore the Stuarts, Locheil would be the first to aid. When he heard, however, that the Prince had come from France without troops, arms, or money, the enterprise seemed to him utterly hopeless, and he determined to have nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, he thought it was his duty to wait on Charles and represent to him the extreme impolicy of his movements. Accordingly he set off to Borrodale-house, where the so-called heir of the British throne then held his humble court. On his way thither Locheil called at his brother's house, who, fully approving of his determination not to take up arms, endeavoured to persuade him to communicate his opinions to the Prince by writing, and not personally; "For," says he, "brother, I

know you better than you know yourself; if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." The young chief, however, had no fears of the kind, and to Borrodale he would go. When Charles and he met, hours were spent in the vain attempt, each to gain the other over to his views. At length Charles exclaimed—"In a few days, with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt! Lochiel, who my father has often told me was one of our firmest friends, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince!"

This was too much for the ardent spirit of a Highlander to bear. Locheil was vanquished. In spite of his better judgment the burning words burst forth—"No; I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power."

Locheil's example had immense influence. When he risked, other chiefs thought they might venture to follow; and it was soon determined to throw down the gauntlet, and proclaim King James. The 19th of August was the day chosen for this event; Glenfinnin, a lonely little vale, surrounded by high towering mountains, the place. The reader, who may chance to travel from Inverness to Glasgow by the watery highway which the Caledonian Canal has opened up through the magnificent scenery of the Great Glen, when he reaches Fort William, a small town which has grown around a military fort, once of some consequence, shall find himself just twenty miles south from the spot celebrated as the last which heard the proclaiming of Stuart King. The standard, a red silk flag with a white centre, was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine, amidst the mingled din of bagpipes and human voices. He then read "a declaration, or manifesto, in the name of James VIII., dated at Rome, December 23, 1743, containing a view of the public grievances of Britain, and expressing an earnest desire to do the utmost to redress them; calling, for this purpose, on all his loyal subjects to join his standard as soon as it should be set up, and promising, in the event of his restoration, to respect all existing institutions, rights, and privileges." Then came a commission, of the same date, appointing his son Charles Prince Regent. And lastly, a manifesto by the Prince himself, dated Paris, May 16, 1745, containing the same promises as his father's, and calling on all his father's subjects to aid him in "the recovery of his just rights and their own liberties." That night Charles found himself at the head of 1,200 men.

On this same day, the eventful 19th of August, Sir John Cope, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in Scotland, received orders to march into the Highlands and crush the insurrection ere it had time to gather strength. The order came from the Lords-Regent, who governed the kingdom during the absence of the monarch, George II., on a visit to the Electorate of Hanover. Cope, of notable memory in Jacobite song, but who is described by those best qualified to judge as a good officer, and the victim of circumstances over which he had no control, rather than the blundering and supine "Johnny Cope" of popular belief.—Cope had, before this time, represented to the Government the necessity of making provision for the coming outbreak, and had especially recommended that arms should be sent to the forts of Scotland for the use of the well-affected clans. The Regency, however, which consisted of the principal ministers of state, did not think the danger great enough to call for such a measure. In fact they seemed to take matters very easily, and to regard the rising altogether in the light of a rather formidable kind of mob insurrection. But at length it became evident even to them that something must be done; and on the 6th of August they issued a proclamation offering £30,000 for the person of Charles Stuart, to which the Prince replied on the 23rd, offering a like sum for the person of the Elector of Hanover. On the 19th Cope received orders to march northwards, and while he is preparing his forces for the campaign, and the Young Chevalier is drinking Gaelic toasts to the success of King James, with his plaided and kilted adherents, we shall withdraw our pen to resume the story another day.

WORDSWORTH'S STUDY.—A great source of health and freshness, both of body and mind, was the out door life led by the venerable poet. "I should like to see your master's study," said some one to his cook; "I suppose it is that," pointing to some book-shelves. "No, sir, that is my master's library; his study is out of doors."

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

Some years have now elapsed since the writer saw in France a beautiful *automaton.* It was an elegantly-attired figure, only a few inches high, which arose from its seat when the spring by which it was moved was set in action, and then played some pieces with great skill.

At the Adelaide Gallery there are said to be two automaton flute-players, richly dressed as ladies, that play together on two ivory flutes. The wind is positively produced from the mouth, and the notes in the natural way by the motions of the fingers. These two figures are mentioned in many works, as early as the year 1690, and can be traced from that period as being the same figures. Unhappily, on the visit of the writer, they were undergoing repair, and were not exhibited.

It is now more than a hundred years ago since M. Vaucanson, of the *Academie Royal des Sciences*, exhibited a machine capable of playing several airs on a German flute. It belongs properly to the class of *Androids*, a word compounded of the Greek terms for *man* and *form*, from its resemblance to the human figure, and its imitation of certain actions or motions of the living man. This class is regarded as the most perfect or difficult of the automata, from the motions of the human body being more complicated than those of any other creature. How far the mechanist proceeded in the structure and effects of the flute-player is now to be seen. Particular attention to these points will not only interest, but reward the reader.

The flute-player was a figure about five feet and a-half in height, situated on a fragment of rock, fixed in a square pedestal, four feet and a-half high, by three and a-half broad. The front of the pedestal being opened, various wheels were seen by which a steel axis was made to revolve, having on it various protuberances, to which were attached cords thrown over pulleys, and terminating in the upper boards of nine pairs of bellows, which were thus alternately raised and depressed by the revolution of the axis. The occurrence of noise by the action of the valves of the bellows was carefully prevented.

The nine pairs of bellows discharged their air into three different tubes. These, ascending through the body of the figure, terminated in three small reservoirs in its trunk; there combining in one, which ascended to the throat, it formed the cavity of the mouth. To each of the three pipes three pair of bellows were attached: one acted on by a weight of four pounds, another by that of two, and the third by that of the upper boards only. Such were the highly ingenious expedients by which the flute-player was supplied with air.

Another arrangement of wheels placed in the pedestal communicated the proper motions to his fingers, his lips, and his tongue. By this means a cylinder was made to revolve, two feet and a-half long, and more than five feet in circumference. It was divided into fifteen equal parts, and in these divisions were inserted various pegs and staples of brass, which raised or depressed the ends of fifteen different levers, like those which produce the sounds of a barrel organ.

On the action of these levers much depended. Seven of them regulated the motions of the seven fingers required to stop the holes of the flute, with which they communicated by steel chains, ascending through the body of the figure, and directed by means of pulleys into the proper angles at the elbows, shoulders, and other points of the figure. Three of the levers regulated the ingress of the air, being connected with the valves of the three reservois in the body of the figure, which they opened and closed, just as a stronger or weaker, a louder or lower, tone was required. Four of the levers served to give the proper motions to the lips: one of them opened the lips, so as to allow a freer passage to the air; another contracted them, so as to diminish the efflux of the air; the third drew the lips backwards from the aperture of the flute, and the fourth pushed them forwards. Another lever directed the tongue, to which it gave motion, so as to open and shut at pleasure the mouth of the flute.

That a new series of motions might be given to the fifteen levers at each successive revolution of the cylinder, its axis was made to terminate in an endless screw. By the action of this screw, and of the fixed pivots that worked between its threads, the cylinder was gradually carried forwards in the direction of the threads, and a new set of motions communicated to the levers during twelve different revolutions. On the whole, a length of 768 inches was left for the insertion of the pegs and staples which were destined to give the proper motions to each of the fifteen levers. It remains only to give some idea of the manner in which these motions were adapted to secure the desired effects.

Suppose that it is required to produce D, the lowest note of the flute, which is formed by stopping all the holes in the instrument, and blowing gently into it with a full body of air. To produce the proper disposition of the mouth, or the *embouchure*, four things are indispensable. First, a peg must be fixed in the cylinder, under the lever which is to enlarge the opening of the lips. Secondly, a peg must be fixed under the lever designed to draw back the lips. Thirdly, a peg must be fixed under the lever which opens the valve of the reservoir, corresponding with the unloaded pairs of bellows. And, fourthly, a peg must be fixed under the lever which regulates the tongue, in order to give the proper articulation to the note. When all these pegs are brought into action at the same moment, the flute will produce the exact sound required.

To produce the note E, the tone next in the order of the scale, all that is necessary is to add to the four motions already described a fifth, by fixing a peg under the lever whose office it is to raise the third finger of the right hand, and thus to open the sixth hole of the flute; at the same time the lips are brought a little further forward over the aperture of the flute, by depressing a little the peg which has to draw them backwards. To produce all the notes of the first or lowest octave, all that is required is to place pegs under the levers which move the fingers, according to the note required.

On arriving at the second octave a change must be made in the *embouchure*, by fixing a peg under the lever, which causes the lips to advance over the orifice. Another peg must be fixed under the lever which contracts their openings; and a third under the lever which opens the reservoir communicating with the bellows, loaded by a weight of two pounds. By this means the air will be forced into the flute with a double velocity, which is requisite in order to produce a vibration of double the force, or the tones of the second octave, with a fingering nearly the same as that of the first.

In proportion as there is an ascent in this octave, it is necessary not only to communicate the proper motion to the fingers, but to contract the lips more and more, so that the air may issue with the requisite velocity.

The tones of the third octave are produced by adding a peg to the lever which opens the reservoir connected with the third series of bellows, charged with the weight of four pounds. The velocity of the air is, by this means, again doubled, and the proper vibration excited in the flute. At the same time the pegs which act on the lips are somewhat more elevated, in order that the lips may be advanced further over the orifice of the flute, and that their own opening may become extremely small.

In all the three octaves tones occur which are more difficult to sound than the rest. These are managed by placing the lips over a greater or smaller portion of the aperture of the flute, and by supplying a greater or less body of wind. On the same principle a swell or diminuendo is produced during the continuance of the same note by increasing or diminishing the supply of wind, and properly varying the positions of the lips.

Such is the account given by Sir David Brewster, in one of his works not generally accessible. In such efforts of mechanical skill he has taken a lively interest, a feeling that cannot fail to be shared by all the truly intelligent.

MATTHEW MARVEL.

LESSONS OF THE STARS.

ANNETTA FRANKLIN had a fine perception of the beauties of nature. She was a great lover of flowers, and took great pains in their cultivation. The forest and mountain scenery which surrounded the place of her nativity, delighted her. A thousand sources of enjoyment were open to her, which are closed to those who have not an eye for the beautiful in GOD's handiwork. She was a Christian, and always turned from a contemplation of the beauties and sublimity of nature to their great Author. In view of their glories, she could exclaim, with Milton, "Thyself, how glorious!" and in the love of holiness she could say, with Cowper, "My Father made them all." Alas! that so few of the young should follow her example!

Of all the works of her Father, she thought the stars were the most beautiful. It might be said with some degree of truth, that she admired all the other works of GOD, while she loved the stars. They were to her the gems of the material universe. Often at eventide in summer she would sit in the midst of the garden, and watch them as they came out one by one, counting them till the increasing darkness of the sky caused them to appear so rapidly as to put all attempts at counting at defiance. Sometimes in mid winter she would wrap herself up warmly, and go out and gaze for a long time on those bright stars.

It was not the mere gratification of the sight that she sought: this will appear in the sequel.

One evening—it was a calm summer's evening—there was no moon, the sky was cloudless, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy; there was now and then a little breath of air stirring, just enough to show that nature was alive. Annetta had stolen unobserved from the parlour, and had seated herself in the garden, and was watching her old friends, as she used sportively to call them. A cousin, who was visiting in the family, came in search of her, as she said, though she very well knew where to find her.

"Annetta," said her cousin Elizabeth, "what do you see in the stars that makes you look at them so much? I have heard of persons being moon-struck—you must be star-struck, I think."

"There is no harm in looking at them, is there?" said Annetta, quietly making room for Elizabeth to sit by her side.

"No, if we don't waste too much time upon them."

Elizabeth had been taught that all time was wasted that did not in some way contribute to pecuniary profit. She had been taught this, but she did not fully receive the doctrine, though it had its influence on her mind.

"I did not think," replied Annetta, "that the time is wasted that is spent in admiring and reflecting on the works of our heavenly Father. What more beautiful objects than the stars has he given us to admire?"

"They are beautiful, to be sure, but one has seen them hundreds of times."

"You have seen your mother and sister hundreds of times, yet you love to see them, don't you?"

"There is some difference between my mother and sister and a star."

"I know there is; and yet there is, or should be, a likeness too. The most pure and glorious created beings are compared in the Bible to stars. The righteous shall shine as 'the stars in the firmament.' The glorious Redeemer is called 'the bright and Morning Star.' We ought to be like the stars, and I think that contemplating them is a means of becoming so."

"We ought to be like the stars! what an idea! How can we be like the stars?"

"Well, perhaps the language I used is not very accurate: I will express myself differently. The stars teach us many lessons which will be wise for us to learn."

"I should like to know what. Let me hear one of the stars' lessons."

"Their steady constant radiance reminds me that I should be cheerful—that I should always meet my fellow-creatures with a pleasant countenance. Sometimes I feel gloomy and depressed; but when I look up and see the stars shining brightly, cheerfully, as it were, I feel that, to be in harmony with GOD's universe, I must be cheerful too. You say I am always cheerful. It is owing in part to the stars; or rather to the Maker of the stars," added she, in a low and reverential voice.

"You mentioned only a part of the lesson," said Elizabeth; "the stars don't shine all the time—the clouds often obscure them; so we ought not to be cheerful all the time—there now."

This was spoken in a tone of triumph, as though there could be no answer to what she had said.

"I beg your pardon," said Annetta; you do not read the lesson rightly. They do shine all the time: the clouds and tempest seem to try to prevent their shining, but in vain.—When there is an opening in the cloud, you see them shining out. They

teach us that the clouds and storms of adversity should never disturb the serenity of our souls—that we should ever be cheerful—should 'rejoice evermore.'"

"Have you got to the end of the lesson?" said Elizabeth.

"O no. As the stars shine with a pure and steady light, they remind us that the light of our conduct and example should be pure and steady—that we should not be affectionate to our friends to-day, and indifferent to-morrow; benevolent to-day, and selfish to-morrow—engaged in devotion to-day, and wedded to sin to-morrow. We should let our light shine steadily—should act consistently."

"We don't always feel in the same manner, and hence cannot act in the same manner. I know that what you have pointed out is desirable, but it is not possible. I like lessons that can be put in practice."

"So do I. I know it is difficult to attain the consistency I spoke of; yet every one ought to be able to say, with the Apostle, 'I can do all things through CHRIST which strengtheneth me.'"

After a little pause, Annetta proceeded:—

"The stars not only shine with a pure and steady light, but they are always in the same place—or, rather, we always know where to find them. So should it be with us. Now, there are many persons of whom it is said, we never know where to find them. We should so act, that on all occasions, and on all subjects, people may know where to find us."

"Go on," said Elizabeth, "you will set the stars talking before long."

"The stars remind the Christian of his bright home beyond those azure depths! of the glorious company of the shining ones which he shall meet with there. If there is any material thing which can make us think of the purity and serenity and glory of heaven, it is the stars. How happy shall we be when we reach that glorious place!"

The fervour of Annetta's voice, as she uttered these words, showed how deeply she was interested, how firmly her affections were fastened on that better country.

"There is one thing more," continued Annetta, "which the stars remind us of—the Star of Bethlehem. The sweetest thoughts I have ever had have been when, watching some bright star, I have been led to think of the star that guided the wise men to the Saviour—and of that bright and shining star which alone can guide the wandering sinner to happiness and peace."

Elizabeth was melted to tears. She threw her arms around Annetta, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I had your feelings!—I then should be happy."

HYMN.

ALL men thy children are, O LORD,
Thy sons, thy sons are we;
Thou art the Father, Lord, of all,
Oh, make us like to thee!

Oh, make us pure, as thou art pure,
In thought, in word, in deed;
Let all our life be truly thine,
In thee we leave its meed.

As thou art holy, crown us LORD,
With perfect holiness;
Let all begin and end with thee,
Our grief and joyousness.

And with thy mercy clothe us, LORD,
As with our daily dress;
That all our actions utter praise,
To thine all-graciousness.

And with thy Spirit fill us, LORD,
That we beyond the strife
Which marks the strange career of earth,
May see the better life.

Then shall we labour, LORD, to thee,
Our lowliest deeds be thine;
On earth thy kingdom will begin,
Ours be a life Divine.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

BOYS' MARBLES.—There is something ingenious in the manufacture of these toys. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small cubical fragments, and about 100 or 150 of these are ground at one time in a mill somewhat resembling a flour mill. The lower stone—and which remains at rest—has several concentric and circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water, or other power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the water on the little pieces rolls them over in all directions, and in about one quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into a nearly accurate sphere.

COTTAGE COMFORTS.

BEES.

Any one possessed of a small garden, and living in the vicinity of the open country, may have bees. Beyond the first purchase they are hardly any expense as they provide the greater part of their own food, and do for themselves nearly all that is necessary to be done.

HIVES.

The best hive for a cottage garden is one made of rye straw, well and firmly put together. This should be set on a wooden stool, the feet of which are placed so far in from the edge, that neither rats nor mice can gain access to the bees, or their tempting store. Ants are also great enemies; and if there are any in the garden they must be kept off, by laying green twigs dipped in tar round the legs of the stool, or tracing them to their hillock, and putting them all to death by pouring scalding water over them at night. In cold weather a moveable cover, or cap, resembling loose thatch should be placed on the roof of the hive, and as soon as its freshness of colour is gone, it should be replaced by another, as insects are apt to breed in it, and then its heavy smell is injurious to the bees.

The operations of these little insects are interesting to all classes. The curious and scientific delight in observing the peculiarities of their government as a colony; while the thrifty housewives love to watch the progress of those labours from which they expect to derive for themselves most considerable comforts and pecuniary profit. For the gratification of the former, glass hives have been invented; and for the instruction of the latter, we shall give in this paper the substance of the knowledge thus acquired.

We must suppose our friends possessed of a swarm of bees, and we would hope that they were obtained in May, or June, and of course belong to the first swarms, a circumstance, however, which may be readily ascertained by gently uplifting the hive late of an evening and observing *where* the bees have commenced their work. If it be in the middle of the concave, and at the top, they are a first swarm; but if they have attached their combs to the side, they are a second, and are of much less value.

The materials of which the combs are made are wax and farina, the former is an external secretion of oil formed between the scales of the underside of the belly of the working bee; and the latter is the dust found in the bosom of flowers, and which the same industrious insect carries home for various purposes, as we shall see by and bye. The attachment of the comb to the cavity is not continued, but interrupted, so as to form passages; there are also passages in the centre of the hive between one comb and another. The first combs which are formed are the smallest, and in general are much neater than the last, or lowermost. the wax of the former is white and thin, and pure, but that of the latter is of a dull colour, soft and thick, being mixed with a considerable portion of farina. In the form of the cells there is also a difference, the upper being a beautiful hexagon, and the lower a rather clumsy circle; and in value there is likewise a great disproportion, the first, considering its size and weight, being almost double that of the latter.

LAYING.

As soon as a few combs are formed, the queen begins to lay. Her first eggs produce only labourers; her second males; and then a queen, or perhaps, three or four. Her fruitfulness is beyond conception, and she continues to deposit eggs while there is one vacant cell in the hive.

LABOURING BEES.

The most perfect example in the world of untiring industry and cleanliness is that afforded by the labouring bee. It first constructs the comb; then replenishes it with honey and bee-bread; then tends and feeds the young; and finally keeps the hive in that state of purity and neatness which all bees so much delight in. Its most unpleasant office is that of killing the males, which, with the exception of a few young ones, is always accomplished at the approach of winter, because, as they never assist in gathering food, the labourers regard them as burthens, and put them to death at the time of the decay of the flowers. It is strange to see what a humble, passive thing the male bee becomes on being attacked by his enemies. His first effort is, if attacked in the hive, to reach the side of the queen; and if set upon abroad, to gain the shelter of the hive; not, however succeeding in either, he is worried and pinched to death by the labourers—never stung—and is then dragged to the edge of the stool and thrown to the ground. From the first he never resisted, he tried to escape, but that being impossible he submits with hopeless inactivity.

EGGS—YOUNG.

When the eggs are hatched, little mag-

gots are found coiled up at the bottom of the cells; and, as we have already stated, to feed these becomes one of the duties of the labourer, and it is one which he performs well and carefully till the maggots have grown so large as almost to fill the cells, when the entrances are at once filled up with soft wax, or rather the mixture of farina and wax already made mention of. As soon as the maggot finds itself enclosed, it begins to spin a sort of silk, after the manner of the silkworm, and with it lines the inside of the cell; it then casts off from the head backwards its maggot skin, and becomes a chrysalis. While in this state, the change it undergoes is the most wonderful that it is possible to imagine. It was shut up a maggot, and it comes forth a bee, without the smallest vestige of its old form remaining. Its transformation is much more complete than that of the silkworm, when it becomes a moth. No sooner has this little creature broken through its prison, than it assumes the place for which God designed it. If it is a queen, it remains inactive; if it is a male, its only duty is to wait upon the queen; and if it is a labourer, it begins to build cells, or gather honey, or collect material for bee-bread. This latter is composed of farina, or flower dust, which the bees collect on their hinder legs, and then dexterously brushing off with their tails, knead into a sort of paste, which is carefully preserved as food for the maggots.

SWARMING.

The first and best swarms come off from a hive either in May or June. There are many indications of the separation before it takes place, which enable the bee-owners to be prepared to locate the new colony. One is, a peculiar hum, accompanied by a shrill piping sound, heard in the hive for several evenings previous. Another is, a clustering about the door, as if there was no longer room inside, and that still they were unwilling to depart from the old familiar place; and a third is, the idleness of all the bees on the morning that the young ones are to rise.

A swarm consists of a queen, a few males, and a great number of labourers; the whole would about fill two quarts, and numbers between six and seven thousand. The young queen starts first, and is at once followed by all the rest. To a common observer the whole swarm appears in a state of confusion and uncertainty; but that this is not the case we know by the common principle they all manifest, in immediately clustering round wherever the queen chooses to make her resting-place.

No one need fear to approach bees when swarming; they never attempt to sting, and many persons sweep them with their hand into the new hive. However, as all persons have not courage to do this, it is well to put on gloves, and protect the face and neck. Never throw dust or water amongst the swarm, nor endeavour to charm them with the music of old kettles and tongs; simply watch them till they settle, and then lose no time, as they may fly off again, in spreading a white cloth beneath the place, and setting on this the hive-board. Let one person then hold a *new* hive turned upside down under the swarm, while another sweeps the bees into it. If they have settled on a small branch, cut it off with a sharp knife and let it drop quickly in; if on the trunk of a tree brush them into the hive with a soft brush. When you are sure of having the queen in, turn the hive down on the board, raising it by a bit of wood, or a stone, to prevent any of the bees which may have clung to the edge being crushed. As soon as all the bees are in, which they will be in a very short time after you have hived the queen, raise the board gently to the stool on which you intend it should stand, and then your task is completed.

A Good One.—A Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins demanded a little brown mare, to which he had taken a particular fancy, and this being positively refused, the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a country ball: Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement: the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. "Surely you have not forgotten me," said he. "What name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied; "I had the honour of paying my addresses to you about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his addresses *to my father's brown mare.*"

THE HISTORY OF LACE.

A CHAPTER FOR OUR FEMALE FRIENDS

By Mrs. Costelloe.

At what time the beautiful fabric known as "lace" was invented, or by whom, it would be impossible now to ascertain; all that can with certainty be said on the subject is, that pieces of an exquisite manufacture, called "point lace," and which are known to be many hundred years old, may still be seen amongst our old church furniture, and are supposed to have been wrought by noble dames, who, ignorant of every other occupation, found one which they believed would be eternally profitable in ornamenting the temples of God.

Point lace was made without either cushion or frame; the worker was provided only with a needle and thread, and a rich design on paper, which she imitated with exactness, progressing at the rate of a few square inches each week, until at length, after years of patient labour, she would complete one of these beautiful, complicated, and delicate pieces, already alluded to, which now excite so much admiration and surprise. In general these pieces were made an offering to some favourite church; but if the worker was young and fair, one of them would be occasionally formed into a cap and lappets, or trimming for a wedding robe.

At Venice and Genoa this lace was brought first to greatest perfection; but, after a time, the workers at Brussels excelled the southerns, and it became a valuable article of commerce. It was introduced into France early in the seventeenth century, some say by Mary de Medici, and others by a poor but industrious woman, named *Du Mont*, under the patronage of her foster son, the almost equally poor, though nobly born, Count de Marsan.

The extreme poverty of his nurse appears to have much afflicted the Count, and yet he could not afford to maintain herself, her husband, and children in idleness. "Besides," he reasoned, "idleness is in itself a curse. Through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through. Idleness fills our streets with mendicants, our prisons with criminals, and our family circles with strife. I will have Du Mont taught a trade, and by this means I will not only benefit her, but do my country a service; for, as industry is the wealth of individuals, so must it be, of course, of communities and kingdoms."

After much reflection, the high price of the lace which he wore in his ruffles occurred to him, and he proposed to Du Mont to go to Brussels, to learn how it was made; at the same time offering to pay all expenses. With tears of joy and gratitude she consented, and, taking leave of her family, departed. After a year's absence she returned, perfect in the art, and Du Marsan had the satisfaction of obtaining for her from the King "an exclusive right to carry on the manufacture at Paris." She was no longer poor; she became richer than many of the nobles. Her hotel was spacious and tastefully furnished, and in her lace-rooms might be found daily upwards of two hundred workers, many of whom were of the best families in Paris, and who produced work in nothing inferior to the far-famed manufacture of Brussels.

Cushion Lace.—The next description of this fabric of which we read, was known as "pillow," or "bone," or "cushion lace," and its invention is sufficiently connected with home and its affections to be more than commonly interesting. It is as follows:—

About the year 1564, the mines of Saxony became less productive than they had been heretofore, and in consequence hundreds of poor miners were thrown out of employment, and, amongst others, one named *Christopher Uttman* was dismissed. He had a wife and several young children, and it was therefore with a very heavy heart that he put the last wages he ever received into the hands of his wife, saying as he did so—

"Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more."

"We shall, no doubt, do very well," said Barbara, cheerfully, "for we shall ask God to direct us. We are both young and strong and healthy, and must not despair because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Barbara had always been in the habit of assisting him to support the family, by embroidering muslin veils for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but now she determined on doing more than ever. "He toiled for me," she exclaimed mentally, "and now I will work diligently for him." The next day she arose with the dawn, put her house in order—a duty, by the way, which no degree of poverty can excuse the neglect of—prepared the morning meal, and then sat to her work. Steadily, yet rapidly, she plied her needle, a small piece of lace which she had made hour after hour, never moving from her

seat beside the window, nor even lifting her eyes, except when some household care demanded her attention. For three weeks she never relaxed in her diligence, and by that time she had four lovely veils completed. Full of hope, she left her home, carrying them with her in a neat basket. The first mine-owner's wife on whom she called was ill; the second was not at home; the third bought one, but gave not more than half its value; the fourth said she was now too poor to indulge in such finery; "But could you only make something like like this, Barbara," she said, "I would buy it at any price, it is so lovely and so uncommon." She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed Barbara a rich border of Brussels point lace. "It is very lovely," said Barbara, as she eagerly examined the beautiful fabric, "very!" At length she threw on it a last lingering look, returned it to the owner, took up her basket, and departed. Three veils were unsold, and yet, when she entered her home, her step was light, and her smile and her voice cheerful. A new hope had sprung up in her heart, which so completely filled the place of that which had failed her, that its very remembrance was forgotten.

"Husband!" she exclaimed, as soon as she entered, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker nor longer than your middle finger."

"You shall have them with pleasure, dear wife," he replied, and at once set to work; while Barbara busied herself in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff, and was filled with hay. By supper-time the task of each was completed.

Next day Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary for the comfort of her family. The next day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following, her husband neither asking her questions, nor suffering any one to intrude on her; for he knew that her mind was struggling after some dimly-revealed object, and that the least interruption in the pursuit, though meant kindly, might only serve to throw an additional shadow on the path. On the evening of the fifth day she appeared in the midst of her family, her face beaming with an expression of sublime joy.

"Husband! children!" she cried, "thank God with me! See what he has enabled me to accomplish!" and she showed them the lace on the cushion, and afterwards embroidered it with a needle.

Barbara believed that she had discovered the method by which the Brussels point lace was manufactured; but she had in reality invented a new article of equal beauty and much greater utility—the lace now so well known as "cushion," or "bone lace."

In a short time Barbara enjoyed the fruits of her noble efforts to maintain her family, in the superior comforts with which she was enabled to surround them. "Her children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grandchildren in her home. Her remains were followed to the grave by hundreds of sincere mourners; for she had not with ill-judging policy concealed the secret of her invention, but had taught all who sought a knowledge of it, receiving from each a moderate remuneration. The more of the lace that was made, the greater became the demand, and at length Christopher undertook to import it wholesale. Like his wife, he died full of years and honours, blessing God for all his mercies.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made, is thus described by Dodd:—

"The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind, called gymp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one around another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbin serving for handles, as well as for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur."

The history of the introduction of this lace into England is equally interesting as that of its invention, and we therefore purpose making it the subject of another paper.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS.

By H. B. Staunton.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.—(*Continued from page* 297.)

At the elections, the friends of the bill swept the country. They carried nearly all the counties, and all the cities and large towns. Its opponents obtained their recruits chiefly from close corporations and rotten boroughs. The English bill was proposed in the new house on the 24th of June, and, after a running fight of three months, passed the Commons by 109 majority, and was sent to the Lords. The greatest anxiety was felt for its fate in that refuge of ancient conservatism. The debate on the second reading continued four nights. On the last evening, October 7th, Lord Brougham spoke five hours in its support, making the great effort of his remarkable life. His speech was an era in the history of that house.

He replied *seriatim* to the opponents of the measure, bringing to its defence and elucidation rich stores of learning, argument, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, denunciation, and appeal, which have given him an undying name. The radical boldness of his doctrines, and the *abandon* with which he demolished "illustrious dukes," or tore the drapery from "noble lords," were no less remarkable features of this speech than its transcendent ability. Lord Dudley, probably the first scholar and the most polished orator in the House, had sneered at "the statesmen of Birmingham, and the philosophers of Manchester." Brougham repelled the sneer, and, in a passage of keen severity, contrasted Lord Dudley's accomplishments with the practical sense of the men he had traduced, closing it by saying, "To affirm that I could ever dream of putting the noble earl's opinions, aye, or his knowledge, in any comparison with the bold, rational, judicious, reflecting, natural, and, because natural, the trustworthy opinions of those honest men, who always give their strong sense fair play, having no affectations to warp their judgments—to dream of any such comparison as this, would be on my part a flattery far too gross for any courtesy, or a blindness which no habits of friendship could excuse."

He brought his great speech to a close by uttering this solemn warning:—

"My lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of this measure. But, grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat, temporary it can only be—for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil, for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes, the precious volumes, of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms, her moderate terms. She darkens the porch no longer. But soon—for you cannot do without her wares—you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures. The leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the Year—it is Vote by the Ballot—it is Suffrage by the Million! From this you turn away indignant, and for a second time she departs. Beware of her third coming, for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I well know—that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace, nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion. . . . . You are the highest judicature in the realm. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are!

Then beware of your decision! Rouse not a peace-loving but resolute people. Alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country—I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—reject not this bill!"

The warning and the appeal were in vain. The bill was thrown out on the second reading by 41 majority. The struggle for the mastery between the people and the nobility had now come. The Commons adopted a strong vote of confidence in ministers, and ministers resolved to stand by the bill. Parliament was prorogued till December. In the vacation, reform meetings assembled in unprecedented numbers. On one of these occasions, at Taunton, Sydney Smith, first brought to notice a venerable matron whose name is likely to be immortal in both hemispheres. In the course of his speech, the witty divine said:—

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on the occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon the town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."

A few riots gave diversity to the scene. At Derby the mob demolished the property of some anti-reformers—they terribly frightened Sir Charles Wetherell, at Bristol—they burnt the Duke of Newcastle's turreted seat, at Nottingham—they smashed the windows of Apsley House, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington. The country was profoundly agitated, but the firmness of ministers averted a revolution.

Parliament met in December. The king's speech urged reform. Lord John introduced the English bill, slightly improved. A factious opposition, and an adjournment for the holidays, kept it suspended till the 22nd of March, 1832, when it passed the Commons, and was sent to the Lords. After a short debate, it passed the second reading, when a hostile amendment, which greatly impaired its utility, was sprung upon the House, and adopted, on the 7th of May. The next day, Lord Grey asked, according to previous understanding, for the creation of a sufficient number of Peers to carry the bill. The king declined. Ministers instantly resigned. The Commons addressed the king in behalf of ministers, with rare boldness. The people assembled *en masse*, and petitioned the Commons to stop the supplies. Many meetings resolved to pay no more taxes till the bill became a law. The king requested Wellington to form a compromise administration. At this proposal, the popular indignation was kindled afresh. Things were approaching a fearful crisis. The Duke tried to execute the royal wish—the ultras of both parties were not invited to seats in the Cabinet—the half-and-half reformers would not come through fear—and he gave up the task in despair. The king recalled Grey, with a pledge to create new Peers, if necessary. This brought the refractory Lords to terms. Dreading the introduction of so large a body of liberals into their ancient hall, whose votes would avail the reformers in future contests, a sufficient number of Tories absented themselves from the Peers to insure the passage of the bill. These who remained concentrated, in their dying denunciations, the venom of the entire opposition. The English bill received the royal assent on the 7th of June, 1832. The Scotch and Irish bills speedily followed, and the month of July, after a two years' contest, which had shaken the empire to its centre, saw the new constitution of the House of Commons established.

Though the Reform Bill has not proved to be so large a concession to the popular demands as was intended, nor as beneficial to the country as was anticipated, it was the greatest tribute to the popular principle which the nation had paid since the Commonwealth.

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

It will be satisfactory to our readers to know that we are making progress. The proceedings preliminary to the fair commencement of such an extensive system of registration are now bearing their fruits, and we feel able to promise our friends from time to time very satisfactory indications that the experiment we have undertaken is meeting with a success amply sufficient to repay us for all our anxieties and risk. Up to this time upwards of a thousand beds have been entered on the lists at the disposal of our office, *in addition* to several establishments in which preparations are being made on a very extensive scale for the accommodation of artisan visitors, and the arrangements for occupying which have been placed under our control.

The tariff of uniform prices we thought it advisable to enforce in connection with the free artisan registry, although adopted extensively, is by no means universally so. In many cases a higher scale of charges has been fixed upon, an indication that the accommodation provided is of a somewhat superior order. We are glad of this. It will afford an opportunity of meeting the wants of different classes, and gratifying a variety of tastes. We by no means think it good policy on the part of working men to indulge in an extravagant expenditure for lodging-house luxuries. The main thing to be cared for is cleanliness. But we see no reason why the man who is accustomed to no inconsiderable comfort at home, whose means enable him to multiply the little auxiliaries of domestic enjoyment in his own house—we see no reason why such a man should not, on an occasion so festive as the Industrial Jubilee, allow himself some moderate indulgence. At any rate, we have no doubt that hundreds of the class we refer to will think so, and we are gratified in being able to assist in affording such parties the same guarantee for good treatment as in the case of severer and more economic tastes. As an illustration of what is being done in this direction, we may mention that in a large establishment which is being prepared in connection with the Registration-office, it has been determined to charge the sum of three shillings for a bed and a good substantial breakfast.

Further, we have to intimate that a Classified Register, containing the fullest information in respect to the accommodation provided for artisans at our tariff of charges, as well as of those houses or apartments offering superior accommodation at an increased rate of charge, together with an indication as to the provision made in Christian families for the reception of visitors of kindred habits, or of those who may be members of Christian churches, as also for Teetotal friends from the provinces, who would wish to sojourn among Teetotal brethren, will be published by the 15th of April, enabling all parties to make their arrangements previously to leaving home.

As we are aware that our journal is extensively read by Teetotalers, we are gratified to be able to record that a cordial greeting awaits this class of visitors from the provinces to the Labour Jubilee. The first Monday in August has been fixed on for a Welcome Meeting in Exeter-hall, and on the Tuesday it is proposed to visit the Exhibition *en masse*; on the Wednesday, a Public Breakfast will take place, and an open-air Demonstration, for the purpose of adopting a Memorial to the Queen; on Thursday evening there will be a Juvenile gathering in Exeter-hall; Friday, a steam boat excursion upon an extensive scale; and on the following Monday and Tuesday a World's Temperance Convention will be held. In addition to these arrangements, weekly meetings will be held in Exeter-hall during the whole period of the Exhibition. From this it will be seen that the friends of temperance will be provided with ample sources of amusement and recreation; and we doubt not all other classes and conditions of men, and every variety of taste, will be equally well provided for. We can but repeat what we have said before—that our most strenuous exertions shall be put forth to secure the Working Classes from every description of imposition, and to provide in every way for their comfort during the period of their sojourn.

We have received from every quarter so many expressions of approval of the plan we have framed, and of our arrangements for carrying it into execution, that,

if need be, we shall not hesitate to double our present extensive staff of secretaries, clerks, and canvassers, fully persuaded that our efforts will be duly appreciated by that large body for whom alone we first embarked in the project—namely, the WORKING CLASSES of ENGLAND.

RECORD OF PROGRESS IN THE BUILDING.—The erection of the stalls and fittings in the building has, during the past week, been proceeding with almost marvellous rapidity. The minor fittings, such as glass cases, shelves, steps, &c., fashioned according to the almost infinite variety of tastes of the exhibitors, and such as they conceive best suited for the display of their particular goods, is a work of enormous magnitude, and which, if left in other hands than those which had constructed, within an almost incredible space of time, the vast building itself, might well cause some apprehension as to the possibility of their completion by the required time. There can be no doubt whatever but that every fitting of this kind will be completed in ample time for the reception of the goods which they are intended to display. The number of men lately employed, the great majority of whom were carpenters, was upwards of 1,700, and to these 500 painters have now been added, for the purpose of pushing on more rapidly the painting. The gradual completion of the fittings will afford opportunities for carrying on this kind of work more rapidly than hitherto. Nearly the whole of the painting of the south gallery is completed. The appearance which it presents is universally admired, and many of those who a short time since were loudest in their censures of the plan of decoration proposed by Mr. O. Jones, or who expressed grave doubts as to its success, have admitted that their censures were hastily formed, and that their misgivings have been fully and completely removed. Now that the arrangements and fittings of the building and its decorations are being carried on, the obstruction to the view and waste of ground which the numerous trees in the building caused are very generally felt and complained of, and there can be no doubt but ultimately the whole of them will be allowed to be removed. No really good purpose whatever can be served by allowing them to remain; several of them are extremely old and worthless, except for firewood, and the smaller ones might be easily replaced, should the contingency arise of their being required as ornaments to the park. It is absurd to talk of public feeling being in favour of their retention in the building; for among the thousands who have visited the building, we would venture to assert that there has scarcely been an opinion expressed on the subject which was not in favour of the removal of every tree which was calculated in the slightest degree to interfere either with the harmony and completeness of the beautiful structure, or with the comfort and convenience of exhibitors and visitors. We have invited foreign countries to compete with us in a great national undertaking, and to meet us in an edifice which is confessedly the wonder of the age, and we may imagine the feeling of surprise with which visitors of taste will gaze upon a number of stunted and worthless trees in such a position, and the astonishment with which foreigners who have heard of us as a great, a powerful, and an enlightened nation, will learn that they are allowed to remain as monuments of a petty and miserable hostility to an undertaking so vast and so noble as that of an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. We trust that the Executive will not fail to impress the importance of this subject upon whoever may chance to possess the required authority in the office of Woods and Forests. The present noble lord at the head of that department, if we are to lose his services, could not, we conceive, as his last act, perform one of greater service, or one which would render the memory of his official services more cherished, than giving his consent to the removal of these trees; or, should he refuse, no successor of the noble lord could give a more favourable augury to the country of the mode in which he would perform his functions, than, as his first official act, allowing the Commissioners, or Messrs. Fox and Henderson, to order the removal of any or all of the trees which were found to interfere with the complete success of the Great Exhibition.

A number of the foundations for the heavier articles of machinery are laid, and we were glad to observe that several arrivals of that description of goods had taken place. A large basin has been formed in the transept, from which it is intended to supply a very large and handsome fountain. Considerable progress has been made in the marking out and preparation of the fittings for the refreshment-rooms, waiting-rooms, and other accommodations. It is intended to paint the iron railings round the galleries a light blue, and to have a background of Turkey red calico. The hand-rail on the top will be formed of the same wood as that of which the steps of the staircases are formed, savacca, a Brazilian wood of great hardness and du-

rability, and of a colour similar to Honduras mahogany.

The greatest precautions are taken to prevent any accident from fire in the building. The mains are always kept charged with water, and a number of the men of the fire brigade are present during day and night. Twenty engines, the property of the Board of Ordnance, a large number of leather buckets, and a quantity of hose, have been placed at the disposal of the Commissioners, and are kept ready for immediate use, should they be required, to extinguish any fire that might occur.

Standard Life Boat. — Some time since His Grace the Duke of Northumberland offered a premium of one hundred pounds for the best model of a life boat. The competitors were numerous. From the various models sent in a few have been selected as worthy of more minute inspection and trial. Among these is one which, we have been given to understand, has extraordinary facilities, the invention of Mr. W. Dyne. It is now lying at Somerset-house for the approval of His Grace, and proper space is secured for it in the forthcoming Industrial Exhibition, together with other inventions of the same ingenious projector. Mr. Dyne was, we believe, the first person who applied gutta percha to life boats, life preservers, &c. The recommendations of the Standard Life Boat are as follow:—Economy in the construction, great strength, buoyancy, and durability. It has the power of freeing itself from all water it may have shipped; will maintain its upward position in the heaviest sea; is difficult to be turned over, and if upset will right itself immediately; it is impossible to injure it even by hard collision. It is formed of battens laid diagonally, sheathed with gutta percha. Its buoyancy is 350 cubic feet of air, capable of supporting upwards of twenty tons weight. It has in the bottom 3,600 holes, each half an inch in diameter, by which to free itself from water. It has a peculiarly-formed bottom, convexed, with three perforated fins running through the interior, which not only do not impede the progress of the boat, but greatly improve the general figure of the exterior, and contains a weight of water equal to two tons, which must be displaced before she can turn over. This latter casualty, however, appears to be impossible, the weight of the water just named being one ton more than that of the boat itself; but, as a provision against such a disaster, three water-chambers run along the interior of the boat on one side, into which the water rises to its level through small holes, consequently, when upset, the holes being the uppermost part, a weight of water equal to sixteen hundred weight is confined in the same, hanging on to the quarter of the bottom part of the boat, which will immediately draw her over into her former position. It may be remarked that when she is in her proper position this sixteen hundred weight becomes no weight whatever. When the boat lurches on either beam, the three fins will act in a way similar to that of a paddle-wheel, in steadying and keeping her in an upright position, the water passing through the perforated parts forming a reaction, and multiplying its weight to twice its amount. One interesting feature in this invention must not be omitted; in the centre of the boat is constructed a couch, which can be widened to accommodate from one to six persons, who may suffer from immersion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—Mr. Paxton's sweeping machine has been tried at the building in Hyde Park, and was found to answer exceedingly well.

M. M.—The iron castings are by Messrs. Cochrane and Co., Woodside Iron Works, and Mr. Robert Johnson, of Holly-hall Works, both near Dudley. Messrs. Tupper and Curr supplied 11,000 plates of their galvanized iron, of No. 18 Birmingham wire-gauze, which constitute the louvers or blades of the ventilators.

A Builder.—The boards for the flooring are 9 inches broad and 1½ thick, laid half an inch apart, on sleeper joists 9 inches deep and 3 inches thick, placed 4 feet apart. The galleries are laid with close boarding.

Inquirer.—The width of the main avenue of the Great Exhibition is nearly double that of the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral, its length four times as great. The walls of St. Paul's are 14 feet thick, those of the glass building but 8 inches. St. Paul's occupied thirty-five years in building, the Hyde-park Palace less than half that number of weeks.

An Amateur.—One of the most interesting of the foreign arrivals, during the last few days, is a colossal figure of a lion in bronze, which has been forwarded from Bavaria, and is the work of the sculptor F. von Miller. It is upwards of nine feet high, and will form one of the most remarkable objects in the Exhibition.

James S. (Hoxton.)—The beautiful specimen of carved work you mention is the work of Mr. Ringham, of Ipswich. When walking one day in a wheat field, and wondering what subject he should choose for his chisel, his eye was arrested by the beauty of a natural group, consisting of a poppy root, leaves, and heads, out of which sprung three fine ears of tall, fully-ripe wheat,

with several blades around it. The thought instantly struck him that he would take up the group just as it was growing, and carve it in wood! Out of a solid block of limewood the group is so delicately fashioned, that on the slightest motion the ears and blades of corn and the poppy heads shake as if they were as fragile as vegetable life.

A WORKMAN.—Each glazier at the Exhibition fixed about 200 superficial feet of glass per day. The number of men employed, the great majority of whom are carpenters, was upwards of 1,700; 500 painters were taken on last week.

ENGINEER.—Yes; the steam-engine now exhibiting in Yorkshire weighs only *three-quarters of an ounce*. It is intended for the Great Exhibition, and has been made by an ingenious workman in Saddleworth.

A CHESS-PLAYER.—A most beautiful and elaborate chessboard, with chessmen, has arrived from the Zollverein. The divisions in the board consist of alternate squares of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, and the chessmen are very richly wrought in gold and silver. The king is a portrait of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. This work of art is valued at 1,200 guineas.

J. M.—It is intended that all the stalls shall be covered with red cloth or pink calico, by which means not only will the unsightly wood-work be concealed, but a warmth of colouring will be imparted to the whole ground area of the building, which, combined with the great mass of blue overhead and the yellow stripes on the columns, will produce a most harmonious and brilliant effect.

CURIOUS FACTS.—OLD PROVERBS.—OLD CUSTOMS.

APSLEY-HOUSE.—George the Second, being an early riser, and fond of riding along the green lanes which then flourished where we now find Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, one morning met an old soldier who had served under him at the battle of Dettingen. The king accosted him, and, inquiring as to his means of living, found that he supported himself, his wife, and their son, by selling apples in a small hut, to which he pointed while relating his simple tale. "What can I do for you?" asked the king. "Please your Majesty," said the veteran, "give me a grant of the bit of ground my hut stands on, and I shall be happy." "Then, be happy," replied the monarch, "I accede to your request." Years rolled by; the king, the appleman, and the good wife died, but the son lived, and became a prosperous attorney. The hut fell, and as the heir seemed to disregard his possession, the Chancellor conceived that the Crown had a right to it; and accordingly he granted the lease of the site of the apple-stall to a nobleman, who soon raised on it a stately mansion. The young attorney anxiously watched the progress of the building, and as soon as it was completed, put in his claims. They were considered unjust, yet could not, in law, be disputed. A small sum was offered as a compromise, but he refused to accept of less than four hundred and fifty pounds ground rent, which, after some further negociation, was agreed upon.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Near the beginning of the last century, an eminent German obëist, named Kaitch, came to England, where his performance was for a long time in great request; but being of improvident habits, he died in great poverty, leaving his family destitute. Soon afterwards, Festing, the famous violin player of that day, with Wiedmann and Vincent, also celebrated musicians, happened to observe two interesting little boys driving milch asses down the Haymarket, and, on questioning them, they found that they were orphan sons of their old companion, Kaitch. Filled with pity, they instantly raised amongst themselves a small sum for the relief of the young sufferers; and being afterwards led to a further consideration of their destitute circumstances, the necessity forcibly presented itself of establishing a fund for the future benefit of the families of indigent musicians. The thought was a happy one, and these humane men, by their example and unwearied exertions, succeeded in carrying it out, and "The Royal Society of Musicians" was founded by them in the year of our Lord 1738.

TO GO THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.—Many people use this familiar problem who do not know its origin, which is this: When trials by ordeal were allowed in this country, those of "fire" and "water" were more frequently resorted to than any others. Both, however, could be performed by deputy, but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporal pain, sometimes for hire, but more generally for friendship; hence the old saying: "I would go through fire and water to serve you." The trial by fire was thus conducted. The person accused, or his deputy, was blindfolded, and led to a place where nine red-hot ploughshares were arranged at irregular distances. If the culprit succeeded in walking through them unharmed, he was declared innocent; but if he burned himself, he was pronounced guilty. In the trial by water, the victim was bound hand and foot and thrown into a pond or river. If he swam, he saved his

life and redeemed his character, but if he was drowned, it was considered that he had only met with the reward of his crimes.

"TENTERDEN STEEPLE IS THE CAUSE OF GOODWIN'S-SANDS"—From old legends we learn that these quicksands were once firm land, and in the possession of Earl Goodwin, who employed a certain revenue in maintaining banks, which prevented the encroachments of the sea At one period this revenue was intrusted to the Bishop of Rochester, who, instead of expending it in the manner intended, built and endowed the church of Tenterden, which was no sooner completed, than the sea burst through the ill-kept banks, overwhelmed the church, and spread over all the fertile fields and gardens the treacherous sands now known by the name of Goodwin's. The Kentish proverb, quoted above, had its origin in this circumstance.

PIPING-HOT.—This expression was taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe or horn in the villages, to let the people know that he had just drawn his bread, and consequently that it was then "hot" and light.—*Lemon's Dictionary*, 1783.

THE OFFERINGS MADE TO CHILDREN IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—Some time since, it was the custom in Northumberland to present a child, or the nurse who carried it, on a first visit to a neighbour, with an egg, fine bread, and some salt. An egg was regarded as a sacred emblem, and cakes and salt were used from the earliest ages in religious ceremonies. In Levit. ii. 4 we read: "And if thou bring an oblation of a meat offering, baken in the oven, it shall be unleavened cakes of fine flour;" and again—"With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."—Because an egg contains in it the element of life, it was thought a proper emblem of the ark in which were preserved the rudiments of the future world; and accordingly we find that not only amongst European nations, but in almost all the kingdoms of the East, it was chosen as a favourite symbol. —The tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, in Chelsea, is surmounted with the mystic symbols of an egg and a serpent, as emblems of his knowledge and skill.—Potter, in his "Antiquities of Greece," says that salt was commonly set before strangers before they tasted the victuals provided for them; whereby was intimated, that as salt consists of aqueous and terrene particles mixed and united together, or as it is a concrete of several aqueous parts, so the stranger and the person by whom he is entertained should, from the time of their tasting salt together, maintain a constant union of love and friendship.—Other writers say that tasting salt with a stranger had reference to its purifying quality, and intimated that friendship ought to be free from all design, jealousy, and suspicion.—Homer, the ancient Greek poet, calls it "divine salt;" and other writers of the early ages term it "holy salt," because they believed that by placing it on the table a sort of blessing was conveyed to those who assembled round it. To have eaten at the same board, was esteemed an inviolable obligation to friendship; and to "transgress the salt at the table"—that is, to break the laws of hospitality, and to injure one by whom any person had been entertained—was accounted one of the blackest crimes.

THE ANNUAL DIVIDEND.

A good old French bishop, in paying his annual visit to his clergy, was very much afflicted by the representations they made of extreme poverty, which, indeed, the appearance of their houses and families corroborated. Whilst he was deploring the state of things which had reduced them to this sad condition, he arrived at the house of a curate, who, living amongst a poorer set of parishioners than any he had yet visited, would, he feared, be in a still more woful plight than the others. Contrary, however, to his expectations, he found everything about the house wore the aspect of comfort and plenty. The good bishop was amazed. "How is this, my friend?" said he; "You are the first man that I have met with a cheerful face and a plentiful board. Have you any income independent of your cure?" "Yes, sir," said the clergyman. "I have; my family would starve on the pittance I receive from the poor people that I instruct. Come with me into the garden, and I will show you the *stock* that yields me an excellent interest." On going to the garden, he showed the bishop a large range of bee-hives. "There is the bank from which I draw an annual dividend. It never stops payment." Ever after that memorable visit, when any of his clergy complained to the bishop of poverty, he would say to them, "Keep bees, keep bees."—*North American Review.*

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. V.

One of the earliest difficulties which the learner experiences in a new language is the mastering of its *idioms*. Of these the number is great in French.

An *idiom* is an expression which, taken as a whole, conveys a meaning different from what the several words, considered separately, would imply, and signifies not that which a literal interpretation would lead you to suppose, but something which usage and custom have been pleased to decide it *shall* signify.

In English, even "*how do you do?*" is an idiomatic expression; for, taken strictly, the sentence is incomplete, and a person might ask, in return, "how do I do *what?*"

So, in French, the corresponding salutation, "*comment vous portez-vous?*" meaning, literally, "how do you carry yourself?" is used just as we use the form "how do you do?"

Now, suppose a person, knowing that the French for "how do you do?" was "*comment vous portez-vous?*" were to proceed to deal literally with those words, he would first count how many English words there were, then how many French, and would consider whether they coincided in number. This would be foolish, and would show want of common thoughtfulness, for one language may express the same thing in half the number of words employed by another. Well, it so happens that in this instance the numbers *are* equal. The next step of the ignorer of idioms would be equally silly; he would take the first word in French to be the translation of the first in English, the second of the second, and so on; as if one language must needs put its words in the same order as another. Almost every language has its own order. For instance, an Englishman says, "I will follow you;" a German says, "I will you follow;" a Frenchman says, "I you will follow;" and all three phrases in those several languages mean precisely the same thing.

But let us just see what an absurd jumble this *literalness* would make of the simple French, "*comment vous portez-vous.*" In the first word our friend, by chance, would be right: *comment* means *how*, and he would so translate it. The second word, *vous*, in the place where it is there used, means *yourself;* and he would translate it *do*. The third word, *portez*, means *carry*, or *bear;* and he would translate it *you*. The fourth word, *vous*, in the manner in which it is there employed, means *you;* and he would render it *do*.

Then, again, finding that *dépêchez-vous* meant "*make haste,*" he would translate *dépêchez* as *make*, and *vous* as *haste;* whereas, the former means *hasten*, and the latter, *yourself;* "hasten yourself" being the idiom which the French usually employ in cases where we say "make haste!"

But there would hardly be an end of instances if we continued to dwell on this part of the subject. Let the learner beware of being too *literal*. Let him fix well the real meaning of the French words, then translate them so as to ascertain their meaning in conjunction, and finally employ some usual English phrase equivalent to the signification, however different in point of literal construction; for the true spirit and genius of translation consists, not in rendering a passage word for word, but in conveying its meaning and full force by means of idioms *of corresponding significance and usage* in the language into which the phrases are to be turned.

"*There is, there was, there were,*" are idioms in English; and if a Frenchman, just learning our tongue, were to attempt to master them by any close or literal rendering, he would be completely puzzled, and would pronounce them nonsense.

"*There is a man*" would make him say at once—"Stop a moment, you tell me a man is *there*. Now *where* is he? Where do you mean that the man is?"

And we would defy you to satisfy his mind, except by a full and clear discourse on the nature of *idioms*, and by showing him that his own language is full of the like expressions. It is precisely for a similar reason that now we (dealing with our English learners of French as they would have to deal with a French learner of English) think it absolutely necessary to make these remarks at large. We will even dwell a little longer on the subj ect.

Suppose such a French learner, knowing the literal meaning of our words, were to hear you say: "*I gave it to him* for his insolence." He would at first imagine that you had made a present to some one for being impertinent; and he might even ask you of what your *gift* consisted—what was it you gave?

Again, if you were to remark to him, in consequence of his mistake, that he was "*all abroad*," he would shake his head, and say that he thought, on the contrary, that he was "all in England." And if you told him he was "*still quite at sea*," he might reply that he had been "on land for some time."

If you remarked that he "did not *take* you," his answer might be, "Of course not—he was no cannibal!" the French very generally using the word "take" where we use the word "eat" and the word "drink."

"To take a man *up*," when applied to the case of somebody arrested, would, to such a learner, be very perplexing. To his mind the term would be more applicable to the two prophets who were carried heavenward: *they* were taken up.

Our friends will now appreciate the force and use of *idioms*.

The French for "*there is*" and "*there are*" is "*il y a*"—literally meaning "*it*," *or he*, *there has* (and pronounced *eel ee ah*).

"There is a man who"	....	*il y a un homme qui*
"There is a woman who"	....	*il y a une femme qui*
"There are men (or *some* men) who"	....	*il y a des hommes qui*
"There are women (or *some* women) who"	....	*il y a des femmes qui*

There was and *there were* are rendered in a similar manner, only that, of course, instead of the third person, present tense, of *avoir*, you must employ the third person, imperfect tense, thus:—

"There *was* a king who"	....	*il y* avait *un roi qui*
"There *was* a queen who"	....	*il y* avait *une reine qui*
"There *were* kings who"	....	*il y* avait *des rois qui*
"There *were* queens who"	....	*il y* avait *des reines qui*

The idiom requires that, whether you talk of one or of many objects, you must in this case equally use the third person *singular*, and not the third person *plural*, of the verb *avoir*.

The French for *of it* and for *of them* is "*en*," (pronounced *ong*.) The same word "*en*" is sometimes used to signify *in*; as "*en France*" (pronounced *ong Fraunce*) "in France;" "*en Angleterre*" (pronounced *on Onglatair*) "in England." The construction, or order in which the words are placed, will always easily show whether "*en*" means "of it," "of them" (and thus "*some*," like *du* and *de la*), or whether it means *in*. If it is immediately followed by a substantive, it means *in*. If it be followed by a verb, it generally means *of it* or *of them*. We proceed to an example. As the French for *there is* and for *there are* is *il y a*, so the French for *is there* and for *are there* is *y a-t-il*.

"Are there kings in Europe?"	....	*y a-t-il des rois en Europe?*
"*Were* there kings in Europe?"	....	*y* avait *il des rois en Europe?*
"There are some (or *of them*) in Europe"	....	*il y* en *a en Europe*
"There were some (or *of them*) in Europe"	....	*il y* en *avait en Europe*

The reader will remember what we said in a former lesson about *some* in French. For "*some* bread," the French say "*of the* bread." In like manner, in the present case, for "some of *them*," they simply say "*of them*"—"*en*." Now, looking at the examples we have just given, the reader will see that the two first are questions, and the two last the answers to the questions. In the answers, the first "*en*" coming before a verb (or part of a verb), "*a*" and "*avait*" must mean *of them* or *of it*, and cannot mean *in*; whereas, the second "*en*" coming before a substantive (*Europe*), does mean *in*. The exception to this rule is in the case of the present participle of a verb. The present participle of "to walk" is "walking." To walk is in French *marcher*; walking is *marchant* (pronounced *marshay* and *marshong*). Now, before the present participle, "*en*" may mean *in*—as "in (or by) walking"—*en marchant*—&c. &c.

We may here remark that such a phrase as "he is walking" exists not in the whole French language. They say, "he walks." As—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I walk, or am walking	*je marche*	*zhe marsh*
Thou walkest, or art walking	*tu marches*	*tu marsh*
He walks, or is walking	*il marche*	*eel marsh*
She walks, or is walking	*elle marche*	*el marsh*
We walk, or are walking	*nous marchons*	*noo marshoang*
You walk, or are walking	*vous marchez*	*voo marshay*
They walk, or are walking	*ils marchent*	*eel marsh*

These few words should be learned by heart. They constitute the present tense, indicative mood, of a verb *belonging to the first of the four regular conjugations.* One verb of each of these conjugations—that is, four verbs, together with the two auxiliary verbs, *avoir* (to have) and *être* (to be), making six in all—are nearly the only tasks with which we shall have (and that but gradually) to burden the memory of our readers. And just to show them the immense advantage they will thus gain, we may here mention that in learning each of these verbs they will, by the very act, become acquainted with thousands and thousands of other verbs conjugated in the self-same manner. For instance: every regular verb ending in *er* in the infinitive (which is the part always given in dictionaries, and corresponds to our "TO do anything," "TO speak," &c.), is exactly like that of which we have just given the present tense. Therefore, if any of our readers will look out in a dictionary the French for an English verb, should he find that it ends in *er*, he will already know the whole of its present tense, indicative mood. Take the instance of "to speak;" he looks out that word in his dictionary, and finds that the French is *parler*. He immediately knows more than the dictionary will tell him:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I speak	*je parle*	*zhe parl*

And so on, exactly as in *marcher*, changing the *er* of the infinitive into the endings of the various persons of the tense in question.

We will now resume the idiomatic samples from which we have diverged. (*Dans*, pronounced *dong*, also means *in*.)

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
fromage	cheese	*fro-māāzhe*
maison	house	*may-zoang*

Is there any (or some) cheese in the house? *Y a-t-il du* FROMAGE *dans la maison.*
There is some. *Il y* EN *a.*
There is none. *Il n'y* EN *a pas.*
Are there any (or some) kings in America? *Y a-t-il des rois en Amerique?*
There are some. *Il y* EN *a.*
There are not any (or some). *Il n'y* EN *a pas.*
Is there not any (or some) bread? *N'y a-t-il pas du* PAIN?
Is there any (or some) bread? *Y a-t-il du pain?*

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
a little	*un peu*	*ūn peu* (the last word is pronounced like the first two letters in *pun.*)
a great deal (or much)	*beaucoup*	*bokoo*

The French do not say "a little bread," or "much bread," but "a little *of* bread," "much *of* bread," &c.:—

There is a little bread. *Il y a un peu* DE *pain.*
There is a great deal of bread. *Il y a beaucoup* DE *pain.*
Is there any (or some) in the house? *Y* EN *a-t-il dans la maison?*
Is there not any (or some) in the house? *N'y* EN *a-t-il pas dans la maison?*
Was there not any (or some)? *N'y* EN *avait-il pas?*
There was some. *Il y* EN *avait.*
There was not any (or some). *Il n'y* EN *avait pas.*

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
a room	*une chambre*	*une shambre*
to let	*à louer*	*ah loo-ay*

Is there a room to let? *Y a-t-il une chambre à louer?*
Are there some (or any) rooms to let? *Y a-t-il* DES *chambres à louer?*
Yes, Sir, there are some. *Oui, Monsieur, il y* EN *a.*

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

BUT'LER, *s.* an upper servant in a gentleman's family; one usually entrusted with the plate, liquors, &c., of the family.

BUT'MENT, *s.* the support of an arch.

BUTT, *s.* a mark, an object of ridicule; *v. a.* to strike with the head.

BUT'TER-MILK, *s.* the whey of churned cream.

BUT'TERY, *s.* a place where meat, cheese, and other provisions are kept.

BUT'TRESS, *s.* a prop, a shore.

BY'-LAW, *s.* private rules in a society.

BYRE, *s.* a cow-house.

BYS'SOLITE, *s.* a rare mineral, somewhat resembling silken threads.

BYZAN'TINE, *a.* relating to Byzantium, now called Constantinople.

C

CABAL', *s.* an intrigue; a private junta.

CAB'ALA, *s.* the secret science of the Jewish rabbins; the Hebrew traditions.

CABALIS'TIC, *a.* mysterious, secret.

CAB'ARET, *s.* (French) a low tavern.

CAB'IN, *s.* an apartment in a ship; a small cottage.

CAB'INET, *s.* a set of drawers; a room in which state consultations are held, or private affairs are transacted. The members of the Executive Government in England who are responsible for public measures are, as a body, termed the *Cabinet*, and, as individuals, *Members of the Cabinet*, and their meeting for the despatch of business is called a *Cabinet Council.*

CA'BLE, *s.* a rope or chain to hold fast a ship at anchor.

CAB'LET, *s.* a tow-rope, a little cable.

CABRIOLE T, *s.* (French) a small carriage drawn by one horse.

CACH'ALOT, *s.* a fish; the spermaceti whale.

CACHEC'TICAL, *a.* of a bad habit of body.

CA'CHET *s.* (French) a sealed or private letter. "*Lettres de cachet*" were letters proceeding from and signed by the Kings of France, and countersigned by a Secretary of State.

CACHEX'Y, *s.* a disordered habit of body.

CACCHINA'TION, *s.* loud laughter, vulgarly called a "a horse laugh."

CACH OLONG, *s.* a mineral, a variety of chalcedony.

CA'COA, CO'COA, *s.* the nut from which chocolate and cocoa are manufactured.

CACOE'THES, *s.* a bad or inveterate custom. *Cacoethes scribendi* is a term applied to one who is seized with an eager desire for writing; and *cacoethes loquendi*, to an inveterate talker, one who is excessively fond of hearing himself speak.

CADAV'EROUS, *a.* appearing like a dead body; of a deadly hue.

CAD'DY, *s.* a small box in which tea, &c., is kept.

CA'DENCE. *s.* a fall of the voice in speech or music; a sound.

CADET', *s.* a student in the art of war.

CAD'GER, *s.* a retailer of small wares, a vulgar beggar.

CA'DI, *s.* a chief magistrate among the Turks.

CAD'MIA, *s.* dross of copper; brass ore.

CADU'CEUS, *s.* a wand or staff encircled by serpents, and topped with a pair of wings. This is the fabled staff of Mercury, or Hermes, which gave the god power to fly. It was said to have been given to him by Apollo, as a reward for having assisted him to invent the lyre. It was then only a winged staff; but in Arcadia, Hermes cast it among serpents, who instantly twined themselves around it, and became quiet: in consequence of this it was afterwards used as a herald of peace. On the silver coins of the Roman Emperors the caduceus was given to Mars, who holds it in the left hand and the spear in the right, to show how peace succeeds war.

CADU'CUS, *a.* (in botany) falling off before the time; (in nosology) *s.* the disease called epilepsy.

CAFEI'NE, *s.* a neutral vegetable product obtained from coffee, of a slightly bitter taste.

CÆSU'RA, *s.* a figure in poetry, by which a short syllable after a complete foot is made long.

CAIRN, *s.* a heap of stones, a rude tomb.

CAISSON', or CASSOON', *s.* (French) a box or chest filled with bombs or gunpowder; a hollow fabric of timber.

CA'JEPUT, *s.* an aromatic oil extracted from an Indian tree.

CAL'ABASH, *s.* a West Indian tree and its fruit; the gourd plant, or cucurbita.

CALAMAN'CO, *s.* a kind of woollen stuff.

CALAMIF'EROUS, *a.* having smooth and hollow stalks, knotted like the reed.

CALAMINA'RIS, or CAL'AMINE, *s.* a fossil used in making brass; ore of tin.

CAL'AMUS, *s.* a rush or reed, used anciently as a pen to write on parchment or papyrus.

CALASH', *s.* an open carriage with a hood; a hood, or head dress.

CALCA'REOUS, *s.* a species of spar, or other earthy matter containing lime, or formed wholly of it; interesting from the beauty and diversity of its crystalline forms, and from the peculiarity of several of its physical properties.

CALCI'NE, *v. a.* to bring bodies, by the action of fire, to a condition in which they may easily be reduced to powder.

CAL'CIUM, *s.* the metallic basis of lime.

CALOG'RAPHY, *s.* the art of engraving on brass.

CAL'CULOUS, *a.* stony, gravelly, hard, gritty.

CAL'CULUS, *s.* (in nosology) the disease called stone or gravel. In this description is included tartar of the teeth, salivary concretions, hard masses in the lungs, earthy deposits in the blood-vessels and heart, chalk stones, gall stones, and small stones and gritty substances found in the bladder and other parts of the human body, and the bodies of animals.

CAL'CULUS, *s.* (in mathematics) this term is commonly applied to signify any branch of mathematics which may involve or lead to *calculation*, the word "calculus" meaning a small pebble, such as was made use of in ancient times in teaching or practising calculation.

CAL'DRON, *s.* a boiler, a very large kettle.

CALEDO'NIAN, *s.* a native of Scotland, Caledonia being the name given by ancient writers to the most northern part of Britain, north of the estuaries of the Clyde and the Forth.

CALEFAC'TION, *s.* the act of heating.

CAL'ENDAR, *s.* an almanack, a yearly register; from the word *calends*, which signifies the first day of every lunar month.

CAL'ENDER, *v. a.* to glaze linen, to smooth, to hotpress.

CAL'ENTURE, *s.* a sun fever frequent at sea.

CAL'IBRE, or CAL'IBER, *s.* the bore, the inner diameter of a gun-barrel or piece of ordnance; the term is also applied to signify generally the diameter of any round substance; *figuratively*, it is used to signify the extent of intellectual or other qualities.

CAL'ICO, *s.* an Indian stuff made of cotton.

CAL'ICO-PRINTING, *v. a.* the art of dyeing woven fabrics of cotton with various forms or colours more or less permanent.

CAL'ID, *a.* very hot, burning, scorching.

CAL'IDUCT, *s.* a pipe or tube used to convey heat from a furnace to the apartments of a house.

CALIGRA'PHY, *s.* fine handwriting, or the art of penmanship.

CALIPASH', CALIPEE', *s.* terms of cookery in dressing a turtle.

CA'LIPH, *s.* the supreme ruler of the Saracenic nations.

CALISTHEN'ICS, *s.* gymnastics, or athletic exercises; exercises by the use of which the muscular powers acquire vigour and activity.

CA'LIX, *s.* a cup; (in botany) that part of a flower commonly called the cup.

CALK, *v.* to fill up the seams of a ship with tow, pitch, &c.

CAL'LIPERS, *s.* compasses having bowed shanks, intended to measure the diameter of round bodies.

CALLOS'ITY, *s.* a hard swelling without pain, common about the feet.

CAL'LOUS, *a.* hardened, brawny, insensible.

CAL'LOW, *a.* destitute of feathers, bare.

CAL'OMEL, *s.* a compound of mercury, &c., much used in medicine.

CALO'RIC, *s.* (in chemistry) the principle or causes of heat, as distinguished from the sensation.

CALORIF'IC, *a.* heating, causing heat.

CALORIME'TER, *s.* an instrument to ascertain the heat of anything.

CAL'ORIMOTER, *s.* a galvanic instrument.

CAL'UMET, *s.* an Indian pipe, a symbol of peace.

CALX, *s.* a powder made by fire, as lime, &c.

CA'LYX. *s.* (in botany) the outer covering of a flower.

CAM'EO, *s.* gems or stones cut in *relief*; that is, in which the object represented is raised above the plane of the ground, as distinguished from *Intaglio*, in which the subject is engraved or indented. Strictly speaking, it refers to such stones only as have strata, or grounds, of different colours. The same word is sometimes employed to describe a kind of painting used in representing *basso relievos*.

CAM'BIST, *s.* person skilled in foreign exchanges.

CAM'BRIC, *s.* a fine kind of linen, manufactured originally at Cambray, in France.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. V.—No. 65.—SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.]

PUBLIC MEETINGS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

England owes no small portion of its greatness to its *free discussions* and *public meetings*. Wherever the people are tongue-tied, and prohibited from meeting together to tell their grievances and adopt means for their removal, there slavery of every description prevails. Grant free discussion and public meetings to Germany, Russia, &c., and those countries would soon work out their social, political, and religious salvation. America knows that freedom of speech would emancipate her slaves, and, therefore, emancipation is a prohibited subject. The tongue is the only weapon which moral force can employ, and hence this member of the body and implement of the soul, is sometimes called a spear, an arrow, a hammer, a sword, a two-edged sword, a sting, a razor, a battle-axe, and a fire. It is said that "the *sword* of the Spirit is the *word* of God." Man is a being of considerable power. His hands and his arms have effected wonders; but his *tongue* surpasses all. The world owes all its intellectual and moral blessings to the tongue. What a poor, imbecile, pitiable thing the warrior is when compared, or rather contrasted, with the orator, especially when the latter is inspired with truth, justice, humanity, and benevolence. In "The good time coming" we sing—

"Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But *thought 's* a weapon stronger."

We are sorry to differ from the respected author of this invaluable song; still we must say that we do not believe that truth, in any one instance whatever, has been assisted by artillery or physical force of any kind. Thoughts expressed by means of the pen or the tongue have been the conquerors; and the day is not far distant when men will have such faith in their tongues, that they will abandon all other weapons, and "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

As we have often said, the whole philosophy of human conduct and character can be reduced to a very few simple ideas. Thought produces feeling; feeling, volition; volition, action; and action consists of talking and doing. All, therefore, in a human character depends upon *thought*. But the soul is born without a thought, and all moral or immoral thought is communicated, and chiefly and most effectively communicated, by means of the tongue. Here, then, in this little member you have the lever that moves the world. The lives of all men correspond with their general language; hence you can see the character of a people through their speech better than through any other medium. We read Greece and Rome in their mother tongue; and were the English, the French, and the Germans to be swept from the earth, yet, if their language remained, other nations would have a distinct idea of their science, philosophy, history, biography, politics, trade, liberty, morality, and religion. We may, therefore, assert that *talking* is everything to man. It fits him or unfits him for time and eternity. Strike him dumb, and close his ears, and you most effectually stop the progress of truth. The building of Babel, which was so well understood by all the architects, masons, carpenters, and labourers, could not go on after the confusion of tongues. Plans, spades, hammers, trowels, ladders, bricks, mortar, &c. &c., were of no use when the *speech* of the people became unintelligible. Language, then, is the most powerful agent in our world.

We might illustrate this idea by a brief reference to history, both ancient and modern. The influence of the poets and orators of antiquity is well known to all. Greece, and Rome, and other nations, were to a great extent governed by poetry and eloquence. The principles of the people were formed and fed by these. The influence of the preaching and verse of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles is felt to this day. All the world was quickened by the words of our LORD and his disciples. Peter the Hermit, by his appeals on behalf of the holy sepulchre, originated the crusades. What hosts sacrificed all, and suffered, and bled, and died in consequence of his earnest tongue. What a deal we might say of the preaching of Wycliffe, Luther, and others, who shook the heavens and the earth with their voice. Whitfield and Wesley, with their mellifluous tones and evangelic strains, aroused England and America, and through them the world. We might dwell on the pulpit, the bar, the hustings, and the senate, as proofs of the unspeakable power of language; and every example would demonstrate that there is nothing among men so stirring as the human voice.

PUBLIC MEETINGS have been our salvation. They burst the fetters of the slave, abolished the Test and Corporation Laws, carried the Reform Bill, repealed the Bread Tax, and are yet destined to emancipate our country and the world from every vestige of tyranny. It has long been a phrase among us, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*" M "The voice of the People is the voice of GOD," intimating that the tongue of a nation is all but omnipotent. Despots have always dreaded it as the most irresistible of all foes. It is, therefore, no wonder, if every effort has been put forth to counteract its influence, or to convert it into an engine of injustice. Men have been hired to put down public meetings by clamour, or to spout treason, that they might frighten the middle and higher classes. Drums have been beaten, tin kettles rattled, bells rung, music played; in fact, anything and everything to drown the human voice when denouncing oppression and demanding the rights of the people. The speakers have been pelted with every kind of missile; and clubs and brickbats have been resorted to, lest the philanthropist, the patriot, and the Christian should prevail, and banish cruelty, injustice, and irreligion from the earth. In these scenes it has been lamentable to perceive how the masses have allowed themselves to be duped. For a few pence, or a small supply of filthy liquor, poor men have sold themselves to rivet the fetters on themselves, their wives, their children, and their country; and have sometimes succeeded in putting down the meetings which had nothing so much in view as the elevation and salvation of the very persons who thus treated them with scorn. These doings, more than anything else, have degraded and sunk the people in the estimation of the other ranks of society. The men that buy the masses to do mischief adduce this bribery as a proof that our operatives are not fit to have their political rights. They boast that they are a mercenary set, which may be induced by a very trifling sum to do any kind of mischief. They tell us that they have plenty of fellows ready to make a "*row*" if they will only give them a small treat. Hence the reform and prosperity of the nation is held back by these "Sons of Belial." Hundreds of respectable men and women dread to come to a public meeting because of the disturbance which such unruly men are sure to produce. We know from the observations of many years, that clamorous meetings have done more than anything else in the country to keep back the cause of truth and liberty. As we said in a former paper, our working friends must respect *themselves* before they will be respected by *others*, and especially evince their reason, justice, patience, and good behaviour in public assemblies.

I. *They must*, AS SPEAKERS, *become decorous in their language.* There ought to be no low, vulgar, or abusive epithets. To stoop to *slander* is the best justification we can pronounce on an adversary. It shows that we are compelled to resort to falsehood and misrepresentations before we can accuse. And then *vulgarity* and abuse are never needed. To employ low and insulting language only betrays our own ill-manners and bad breeding; so that we injure no one but ourselves by its use. It is impossible to make truth appear to advantage by scurrilous expressions. And as for *abuse*, that is never needed. Even Lucifer does not require it; it is quite enough to give the Devil his due. Only tell what he is; and the more chaste your language, the more force will there be in what you say. If a man is a miscreant, or if a principle is bad, show it up in its true character, and it will require no other kind of condemnation. We have among our operatives some of the most effective speakers in the land, and it will only be for them always to avoid violence of speech, and their words will be as a sharp two-edged sword, which no one will be able to evade. We remember once at a public meeting on the Corn-laws, to have seen thousands awed to silence by the chaste and truthful eloquence of a mason's labourer; and none were more moved than the wealthy portion of the audience. But we need not argue this point. A word to the wise is enough.

II. *Public meetings should be conducted* WITHOUT CLAMOUR. The best way to help an adversary is to interrupt him with groans and hisses. We know a town in which there is a pompous, windy, flatulent nondescript, who makes a point of interrupting every good undertaking. So perverted is his mind that he has no charity towards anything, unless it be tyrannical or vicious. The whole indignation of his soul boils over at every object which is philanthropic, just, or benevolent. Well, as we may suppose, his head is as shallow as his principles are wicked; and when he ascends the platform, if left to himself, he would in a few minutes so thoroughly exhaust his whole mental store, that his predicament would be pitiable in the extreme, so much so that we have reason to believe he would soon become ashamed of himself, notwithstanding his almost utter want of any sense of propriety. But for a long time the people helped him; they groaned, they hissed, they shouted they clamoured, and thus gave him time to spin out what might have been said in ten minutes into half-an-hour or an hour's speech. All the inane vacuums and awful pauses were filled up by the interruptions of his opponents; and further, by this delay of time, there was little space given to those who might have come after and answered the little that required to be noticed. We are happy, however, to say that the people are becoming wiser; and by listening to him in silence they give him the best opportunity of confuting himself. We know that it requires a great deal of patience to listen to a twaddler, in the shape of a gentleman trying to ape the orator, touching off his provincialisms with aristocratic affectations, and yet insulting humanity and common sense in every word he utters; but still to bear with such an imbecile, until he has run himself out, is the most severe castigation that can be inflicted. We once saw the working men exercise this forbearance towards an empty-headed gentleman, and the *humming*, the *hahing*, and the repetitions were of the most laughable character. The poor fellow had soon drained his cranium of every thought, and their silence made his own voice awful, and left nothing to excite either his zeal or his spleen; and at length, after having said the same thing over three or four times, down he sat from sheer exhaustion and chagrin. This was a heavy punishment; and was one of the finest

displays of self-government and moral power in a crowd that we have ever witnessed. Had they shouted or hissed, or thrown in a number of interjections, the orator would have been greatly aided in his lame attack upon truth and philanthropy; but they left him to his own resources, they gave him cord and he soon suspended himself.

It should be remembered that *clamour is not argument*—that sound is not sense. In many instances these arise from violent passions and tyrannical motives, and are in fact a species of physical force. It is probable that the men who would put down a public meeting by bellowing would go a little further but for the police. They are despots at heart, and cannot bear to hear a word contrary to their own opinions. They exclaim against the tyrants who fetter the press, prohibit public meetings, and refuse civil and religious liberty; and yet they are treading in their steps. They are the Marys, the Bonners, the Popes, and Louis Philippes of England. They say in effect to every speaker, "You shall speak as I like, or you shall not speak at all. I am an infallible Solomon; my will is law; no one shall utter a sentiment here contrary to mine, without being clamoured down. It is true I cannot answer his argument, but I can roar like a lion, bellow like an ox, or bray like an ass, and with these brutish gifts I would silence an archangel if he spoke what disagreed with my own peculiar views." Now, it makes little difference whether our voices are prohibited by an Act of Parliament, stopped by the police, or drowned by the shoutings of a mob; the effect is the same, only that it is rather annoying to find men who demand freedom of speech refusing to their brethren what they ask for themselves. So long as we have this tyranny exercised over our public meetings, a strong argument will be drawn from it against the investiture of the people with their full share of political liberty. It will be argued that the masses are not fit to be trusted with their rights, and that if they had power, they would be more despotic than the worst of Neros that have ever lived.

Every one should be allowed to speak out. If he has right on his side it will prevail in spite of us; and, on the other hand, if his sentiments are erroneous, the best confutation will be to allow him to utter them. Everything that is wrong is of necessity absurd, and its advocates confer a boon upon the truth by proclaiming, and consequently expesing, their heresies. Let all men speak freely. It is true that the object which a meeting has in view should not be unreasonably interrupted, nor without the permission of the chairman; but when an adverse party is permitted to speak, he should be allowed to do so without being insulted or assailed with hisses, or any other species of irrational annoyance.

We have made these remarks because we know the invaluable benefits that public meetings are destined to confer upon the country and the world, and that the chief thing that prevents their efficiency is the noise and confusion with which they are often disturbed. Thousands of our most influential friends never attend for fear of an uproar; and some of our best speakers are, from the same cause, deterred from the platform. There is no reason why our working men and women should not be as polite as the Queen, and as orderly as angels, and render their public gatherings exhibitions of everything that is generous, noble-minded, and decorous. Were this attended to, we should soon have a new country and a new world.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. II.

It is said that when Prince Charles was informed of some of Sir John Cope's movements, he called for a glass of brandy, and, ordering whiskey for the soldiers, drank "to the health of good Mr. Cope, and may every general in the usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done." It is now generally acknowledged that the northward march of the Government general was a great blunder, but one, the entire blame of which it is not fair to lay upon Cope. The force which he commanded was not sufficient to intercept and surmount the enemy at various points, or, without fail, overwhelm them, if fairly confronted. And, save with such a force, entrance into their country was a most dangerous expedient. In fact, it gave to Charles the option of two courses, either of which could scarcely fail to forward his cause. If he stayed to receive Cope, they should meet in a country well-known to the Highlanders, and admirably adapted to the mode of warfare they practised, but as ill-fitted as possible for the action of regular troops, and a country, which, besides thus furnishing Charles with unconscious friends in its mountains and defiles, was filled with active, living, favourers of his cause, either secret or avowed, who should know well how to distract, deceive, and annoy his foes in a thousand ways. Or, he might give Sir John the slip, and leaving him and his soldiers to meditate among the bare Highland hills, proceed to take possession of the rich and valuable low country which the march of the king's troops left unprotected. By this step he should at once replenish his scantily-supplied coffers, from the prosperous and industrious lowland towns, and give such *eclat* to his arms, as should draw to his standard the timid and doubtful who wished him success, yet feared to commit themselves till they saw whether there was a chance of his attaining it.

It is singular that the Government should not have foreseen the danger of all this occurring, or bethought themselves of following the course adopted by the Duke of Argyle in the rebellion of 1715, when, by guarding the pass to the lowlands at Stirling, he succeeded in repulsing the insurgents. The object of ordering Cope at once to the Highlands, was to crush the rebellion, as it was thought he might be able to do, before it had time to gather strength. Cope advised the step, but it is not fair to burden him with the entire blame, for it was recommended by others, men of judgment and influence, chief amongst whom may be mentioned Duncan Forbes of Culloden.

Forbes, an Invernessshire man, and well acquainted with the Highlands, held the high office of President of the Court of Session at this important juncture. Firmly attached to the Hanoverian Government, from an enlightened regard to the liberties of his country, he threw himself into the struggle with intense zeal, devoting his time, labour, and property, ungrudgingly to the cause of his country, but never indulging other than compassionate and kindly feelings to his misguided countrymen engaged on the other side. For many years previous to this period, he had laboured to imbue his countrymen with enlightened political opinions. And not altogether without success. The defection of the two Skye chiefs, which so disappointed Charles on his landing, was through Forbes's means; and to his efforts may justly be ascribed much of whatever loyalty was found in the Highlands. That he supposed it greater than it really was, is certain; and hence his misapprehension of the amount of aid Cope was likely to receive in the north. This mistake, along with an earnest desire that by a speedy termination of the war, time should not be given to many of his countrymen to ruin themselves by joining the insurrection, led to the only injudicious counsel given by this great and amiable man during the whole of this trying period.

But to return to Cope. On the 20th of August he left Edinburgh, at the head of 1,400 infantry. The two regiments of dragoons were left behind as unfit for the hills. Provisions in abundance were amongst the stores of the royal army, and 1,000 stand of arms, with which to equip the recruits the general expected to receive from the loyal clans as he advanced. His destination was Fort Augustus, the central fort of the great glens. On the 25th the troops reached Dalnacardoch, and by this time the difficulties of his position began to press on the poor unfortunate general. In the first place, the loyal Highlanders for whom he had provided arms, failed to make their appearance, and 700 of the spare arms were returned to Stirling. Then he found, in many unpleasant ways, that he was in an enemy's country. His baggage-horses were stolen in the night, and the bread and biscuits which the loyal bakers of Edinburgh had pre-

pared for the loyal soldiers of Sir John Cope, were obliged to be left behind, to furnish, no doubt, a rare treat, to hungry rebels, who, however, it may safely be averred, had a higher design in stealing Cope's horses than the gratification of their own appetites. He was, moreover, tricked by all sorts of false information, till at last the poor bewildered man exclaimed in despair, that there was not a single person, high or low, on whose word he could rely.

Between Cope and Fort Augustus rose the extensive mountain of Corryarrich, across which his way lay over the military road made in traverses by Marshal Wade. It was of all places that where an advancing army could most surely be destroyed by an enemy, even greatly inferior in numbers, if they knew how to take advantage of the ground. At Dalnacardoch, Cope received the intelligence that on this very hill Charles intended to welcome his advent to the Highlands; that one corps was to be stationed above, another in the many fit places of ambush below, so that the royal army should be inclosed on both sides. This news was brought by an officer in the king's troops, Captain Sweetenham, who had been taken prisoner by the Jacobites, detained to hear the proclamation of king James, and then discharged. When he left, the rebel army amounted to 1,400. He had met many since on their way to join it, and was informed that it now numbered 3,000 (an exaggerated statement), and designed to meet Sir John on the heights of Corryarrich.

This information was sufficiently alarming; and at Dalwhinnie, Cope determined to stop and call a council of war, to consider what was to be done in this perplexing crisis. The wisdom which knows when to obey the spirit of a commander by disobeying its letter, and the moral courage which enables men to retrace steps which ought never to have been taken, are not given to all men, and certainly were not to Sir John Cope and his officers. Their orders were to march into the Highlands to suppress the rebellion against his Majesty. It was now obvious that this object could be better accomplished by returning to the Lowland frontier, and equally obvious that every step taken by them since they left that frontier had been to the detriment of his Majesty's cause; yet they determined to go on, but, instead of proceeding to Fort Augustus, to turn aside to Inverness.

In the meantime all was life, hope, and spirit in the camp of the Chevalier. They were joined daily by deserters from Sir John's army, who brought the most exact accounts of all his movements and difficulties. The rebels were prepared, as Cope had been informed, to meet him on Corryarrich; and so eager was Charles for the attack, that, on putting on a pair of Highland brogues on the morning of the 26th, he exclaimed, "Before I throw these off I shall fight with General Cope." On receiving the news of Cope's change of movement, a council of war was called, and the question of "Pursue Cope, or advance into the Lowlands?" being discussed, it was determined to advance. It was a bold resolution, but in a desperate enterprise like that of Charles Stuart, boldness may be the greatest prudence. If victory is to be gained, the onset must be rapid and fiery, carrying all before it ere there be time to prepare for resistance.

During this march, and throughout the whole of the war, Charles cheerfully shared the hardships and privations of his followers, and sought by every means to endear himself to them. He bivouacked along with them in the open field, wrapped in his plaid, a wisp of straw his pillow, and the cold ground his bed. In the day he walked by their side, listening to their clan legends and songs, and apparently entering with enthusiasm, great as their own, into all their national feelings. On the 30th of August he reached Blair, and found that the noble proprietor, the Duke of Athol, had fled at his approach. This nobleman was a younger brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine, and now enjoyed the estates forfeited by his brother's treason. The Duke was no keen partisan of the reigning family—rather the reverse; but he liked to keep his property, and judged it best, in present circumstances, to be out of the way. Accordingly the Marquis of Tullibardine found it easy to make good, in the meantime, his claim to his father's halls; and there he entertained his Prince and co-patriots for two days with great magnificence. They then proceeded onwards to Perth, which was, of course, obliged to receive them like other places, whether agreeable or not. The worthy magistrates, like the Duke of Athol, thought proper to fly, and when the Prince arrived they were nowhere to be found.

When the aspirant to the crown of the three kingdoms entered Perth, his purse contained a single guinea! The first thing to be done, then, was to improve the finances, and provide the sinews of war; so the "fair city" was taxed to the amount of £500. Here, and on his way thither, the Chevalier's party was greatly strengthened by the adherence of a considerable number of men of rank, property, and influence, amongst the most noted of whom

were Lord George Murray (a brother of the Marquis of Tullibardine, an officer of great ability), and the Duke of Perth, so called by the Jacobites—his grandfather, the Earl of Perth, having received the title of Duke from James II., at St. Germains. Both these noblemen were immediately appointed lieutenant-generals of the army.

Eight days were spent in Perth, drilling into some sort of order the motley crew who had joined the Pretender's standard, and providing money and other necessaries for carrying on their formidable undertaking. It is related that in Perth Charles met a linendraper from London, whom he desired "to inform his fellow-citizens that he expected to see them at St. James's in the course of two months."

On the 11th of September the rebel army left Perth on their march to the Scottish capital, taking a circuitous route to avoid a ferry which they had not the means to cross; and on the 16th they encamped within a few miles of Edinburgh.

And what of the good burghers of the ancient city all this time? From the moment they heard that Sir John Cope had marched to Inverness, leaving the Lowlands at the mercy of the Highland force, their alarm had been great. Two regiments of dragoons were, except the garrisons of the fortresses, the whole of King George's army in the Lowlands at this time. These were now employed to cover the capital, which had besides some bodies of local defenders, though not very efficient ones. The town guard amounted to about 120 men; the trained bands to 1,000. The former had been soldiers, but were now elderly men; the whole right of the latter to the military name consisted in the possession of a uniform, and the assembling on certain joyous occasions to discharge a set of old firelocks. It is true the opposing army was neither well-disciplined nor well-armed; but the Highlanders were accustomed to war, and of reckless courage, whereas these quiet citizens had enjoyed the fruits of peace and industry long enough to feel most reluctant to expose their precious persons to the fury of the kilted mob.

Besides these so-called military bodies, the magistrates obtained permission to raise another force, to be designated the Edinburgh Regiment. On the 9th of September, money and men for this scheme were called for. The money showered in; but, alas! for the men. The drum beat long and loud, but few were disposed to answer the summons. At length 200 men were enlisted; then a body of volunteers was formed, numbering 400; and with this force the citizens awaited in fear and trembling for the arrival of the terrible Highlanders. In fear and trembling, but not in quiet. The town was distracted by the cries of different parties as to the best mode of resistance. Some were for fortifying the city, while others urged, with justice, that such a scheme was impracticable. Sir John Cope had in the meantime sent for ships to carry his troops south, and great hopes were entertained that he might arrive in time to save the capital.

As, however, Charles drew nearer and nearer, and there were no signs of Cope's approach, the alarm of the inhabitants became extreme. It was resolved that, instead of waiting within the walls, the town guard, the Edinburgh regiment, and the volunteers should join the dragoons, and at the village of Corstorphine, three miles from Edinburgh, make a stand against the rebel army. On Sunday, the 15th, the alarm—a false one—was given that the Prince was approaching. The people were then assembled at public worship; the ministers preached with swords at their sides; and no doubt fancy suggested sounds of the wild Highland war-cry—the shrill bagpipes and the clash of broadsword and target mingled in the ears of the people with the words of spiritual instruction addressed to them—when lo! a strange sound startles all. It is the fire-bell, the understood signal for the warrior force of the city to assemble. Instantly the churches are deserted, and the streets crowded with an anxious multitude. The volunteers are already assembled in the Lawn-market, and soon after Hamilton's dragoons rode through the streets on their way to join Gardiner's, at Corstorphine. They bravely clash their swords, and the streets ring with huzzas. But, alas! for the courage of the poor volunteers. A change soon comes o'er the spirit of their dream. Scarcely have the huzzas died away, when grim death seems to stare them in the face. Their mothers, wives, and sisters weep, and implore them not to risk lives so precious to them; their fathers and brothers urge that their engagement was to defend the city, not to march out of it. Captain Drummond, one of the most zealous of their officers, seeing the turn affairs were taking, and anxious to stop the meditated defection, led off his company to the West-port, whence they were to march out of the town. Away they set, but few were destined to follow their captain even to the West-port. Lanes opened from every side, inviting desertion; and Drummond's company, growing "small by degrees and beautifully

less," had nearly vanished, when their leader looked round for them on reaching his destination. "A city wag," says Mr. Chambers, "afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at one place is a majestic river, flowing through fertile fields, but, being continually drawn off by little canals, at last becomes a small rivulet, and almost ceases to be distinguishable before reaching the ocean." Of course the idea of the volunteers going to Corstorphine was abandoned, and a detachment of the town guard and Edinburgh regiment were sent to support the dragoons there.

And much need, as the event proved, the dragoons had for support, their courage and that of the civic soldiers being much alike. A few pistol-shots, from a small party the insurgents had sent forward to reconnoitre, so frightened them, that they waited to see no more of their opponents. Without returning a shot, they wheeled about and fled. "Galloping," says Sir Walter Scott, "in the greatest confusion round the base of the Castle, by what were called the Lang Dykes, they pursued their disorderly course along the fields where the new town is now built, in full view of the city and its inhabitants, whose fears were reasonably enough raised to extremity at seeing the shameful flight of the regular soldiers, whose business it was to fight—a poor example to those who were only to take up the deadly trade as amateurs. Even at Leith—to which, as they had last encamped there, they returned by a kind of instinct—those recreant horsemen could only be halted for a few minutes. Ere their minds had recovered from their perturbation, some one raised a cry that the Highlanders were at hand; and the retreat was renewed. They halted a second time near Prestonpans; but, receiving a third alarm from one of their own men falling into a waste coal-pit, the race was renewed in the darkness of the night, and the dragoons only stopped at Dunbar, North Berwick, and other towns on the coast; none of them, at the same time, able to render a reason why they fled, or to tell by whom they were pursued."

No wonder that, after this exhibition of cowardice on the part of their defenders, the general cry of the inhabitants should be for surrender. The danger was unquestionably great, and trickery seems to have been resorted to to increase the terror of the people. A letter had been received from Charles, demanding entrance in the name of King James; and, on the afternoon of the same day, it is related, that "when the inhabitants were violently debating in the New Kirk aisle, a gentleman, whose person was not recognised by anyone, made up to the West-bow upon a grey horse, and, rushing rapidly along the Lawn-market, where the volunteers were standing, cried, with a loud voice, that he had seen the Highlanders, and they were 16,000 strong. Without stopping to be questioned, he was out of sight in a moment; but the impression he made on the faint-hearted volunteers was decisive. Four companies immediately marched up to the Castle-hill, and surrendered their arms to General Guest, from whom they had received them, and their example was speedily followed by all the different bodies of militia that had been supplied with arms from the Castle magazine. When this transaction was completed, Edinburgh might be said to have virtually resigned all hope of defence, though the trained bands still continued upon the walls, with their rusty firelocks in their hands, and the gates were still barricaded."

The magistrates, in this difficulty, sent for the law officers of the Crown, and found, to their great consternation, that they had fled. Running away seemed quite the fashion among all ranks, from dukes and magistrates down to private dragoons and citizen soldiers. Between the right of King George and the right of King James, they were certainly placed in an awkward dilemma; and, probably esteeming prudence to be the better part of valour, they resolved to cut the knot of their difficulty—how to act—by not acting at all.

To Charles's letter the authorities replied by sending first one deputation, and then another, entreating time for deliberation. The Prince, equally aware with themselves of the value of hours, reiterated his summons to surrender at once, promising in that case protection to the town. Meanwhile he determined that night it should be his by force or stratagem, if not by capitulation; and accordingly 900 picked men were despatched, under the command of Lochiel and some other officers. Approaching the walls, they endeavoured to procure entrance by stratagem. Concealed by the darkness, they planted themselves in small parties near one of the gates, and sent forward a man, disguised as a servant of an officer of dragoons, to request entrance. He was answered from within by a threat of being shot if he did not withdraw immediately. Thus disconcerted, the insurgents were about to retire, when, to their surprise, the gate opened, and, to the still greater surprise of the keepers, a party of Highlanders in an instant placed

themselves within. This ill-timed opening of the gate was to give egress to the hackney-coach which had carried the last deputation to Charles, and which, having returned and set down the gentlemen, was now proceeding to its own quarters outside the walls, to permit which the gate, contrary to orders, was opened.

That day Charles entered the ancient Metropolis of his fathers. It was a scene to touch every heart, whatever its political predilections. He seemed to come not as an enemy, but as an honoured and welcome Sovereign. No sound but that of acclamation greeted his ear. Various, indeed, were the emotions of the immense concourse who looked on; but no one ventured to express other than friendly feelings. The delight of the Jacobites was boundless, and there was much in the circumstances of the young hero to excite sympathy in the heart of a generous-minded enemy. To-day triumphant, who could tell but in a few days or weeks he might be called to pay with his life the penalty of his ambition. Perhaps his own thoughts turn that way, for no elation appears in his bearing, and, even at this proud moment, his countenance retains its habitual pensiveness. Home, a spectator of the scene, tells us that "the Jacobites were charmed with the appearance of Charles, and compared him to Robert the Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure, as in his features. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They observed that even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy—that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero and a conqueror."

THE SOOTHSAYER AND THE MUSICAL PERPORMERS.

An exceedingly ingenious automaton was seen several years ago by the writer. It was one of the many remarkable specimens of M. Maillardet's extraordinary skill. A tower appeared, in the upper part of which was a circle, suggesting to the spectator the idea of a covered dial-plate. As he stood before it, a little figure of a soothsayer was observed seated on one side, having in his left hand a book, on the perusal of which he seemed to be intent, and in his right, a wand. The automatic figure was not many inches high.

In the lower part of the tower a drawer appeared open, into which the visitor was at liberty to put a question inscribed on the enamelled face of an oval medallion, selecting one at pleasure from a number on the table, and having done so, the drawer was to be closed. Directly this was pushed in, the soothsayer rose from his seat, and carefully conning his mystic volume, struck with his wand the circle above, when instantly two folding doors opened, and exhibited on the inner surface the answer. Thus, to the question: "What is it that last deserts mankind?" the answer was, "Hope." To the query "Are there any women in heaven?" the answer was, "There could be no heaven without them." And so in the course of an hour, about fifty responses might be given, varying, of course, in their quality, to meet the diverse tastes of the visitors, but each response according with the interrogation.

It was a frequent experiment to shut the drawer without first putting in a medallion, or to put in a blank medallion. At such times the soothsayer would rise and consult his book, but, shaking his head, he would resume his seat, the folding-doors remaining shut, and the drawer being thrown out just as it was. If two medallions were put in the drawer together, the answer given was to the one placed lowest. Some medallions bore a question on each side, and they were both answered in succession with the same certainty. These varied movements could not fail to excite astonishment and admiration; the inventor declared that the automaton proceeded entirely on mechanical principles, and he sometimes expressed his surprise that the enigma it presented was not readily solved. Still, of the thousands that witnessed the feats of his soothsayer, the number must have been extremely small of those who could form any idea of the means by which they were produced.

The secret of the inventor was, however, discovered by Mr. Brockedon, who communicated it to Sir David Brewster, and who is entitled for it to the credit of

no little ingenuity. On examining the edge of the medallions, he discovered in all of them, except those which were blank, a small hole almost concealed by the milling. Mr. Brockedon was thus led to examine the receptacle for the medallions in the drawer, and he observed the edge of a pin flush with the edge of the receptacle, whence the pin was protruded by the machine into the holes in the medallion, *the depth of the hole regulating the answer*. In order to prove this, Mr. Brockedon cut a slip from a cedar pencil small enough to enter easily the holes in the medallion, if he found them to be of different depths. As the blank medallions had no hole, and produced only a shake of the soothsayer's head, Mr. Brockedon took a medallion with a question, and having plugged the hole with a bit of cedar, he cut it flush, and having placed it in the drawer, the soothsayer shook his head, and thus bore testimony, as Sir David Brewster says, to the truth of Mr. Brockedon's discovery.

We shall conclude the present paper with an account of two remarkable musical automata.

M. Vaucanson constructed a mechanical performer on the pipe and tabor. It was fixed, like the flute-player described in the last paper on the present subject, on a pedestal, attired in the dress of a dancing shepherd, and was capable of playing about twenty airs, minuets, regadoons, and country dances.

In constructing this figure, M. Vaucanson made some discoveries that he little anticipated, and amongst them, that this kind of flute is one of the most fatiguing instruments to the lungs of the performer. In order to produce the highest note of the instrument, the muscles of the chest of a living performer must make an effort equal to fifty-six pounds, for such was the weight with which M. Vaucanson found it necessary to load the pair of bellows which supplied the air for this tone in his machine. For the lowest tone a single ounce sufficed, whence may be deduced the variety of the intermediate proportions of wind that were necessary in going over the scale of the flageolet. Very different proportions of wind too, were necessary even for producing the same note, according as it comes in succession to one or another part of the scale. M. Vaucanson was astonished to find this instrument demanding so great a number of combinations, and more than once he was ready to abandon it in despair; but patience and the resources of his ingenuity enabled him at length to surmount every difficulty. The androides thus constructed is said to have excelled the most esteemed performers on the pipe and tabor. None of these are able to give the requisite articulations to a rapid succession of notes through a whole measure, and generally slur one-half of them; but the machine played complete airs, with articulations of the tongue at every note.

But this was not all. The flageolet occupies but one hand, the figure holds in the other a stick with which he beats his tabor, or tambourine, so as to make a pleasing accompaniment to the air he plays. Sometimes his strokes are single, at others they are double, and sometimes they produce a continued rolling, a kind of motion by no means easy to accomplish by machinery. In a word, the mechanical pipe and tabor player, though perhaps less generally admired than the mechanical performer on the flute, is still an effort of ingenuity of the highest order, and worthy of the extraordinary reputation acquired by its most ingenious and persevering constructor.

The latest automatic musician with which we are acquainted, is one constructed by Maelzel, to whom is ascribed the credit of several inventions. One of these is the metronome, or time-beating instrument, designed to aid pupils in learning the pianoforte. Another is the arrangement of many musical instruments so as to produce a kind of orchestral effect. In one, which M. Maelzel exhibited at Vienna, pieces of Turkish music were produced, as if played by a band of flutes, pipes, cymbols, triangle, double drum, and four trumpets. The trumpet sound is said to have been admirable. It was produced from real trumpets, blown by a blast of air within the machine. A double bellows furnished the wind, and a wheel, acted on by a weight, set the whole in motion. Inferior imitations of this machine are

sometimes seen in the streets of London. Each one is a kind of hand-organ, with a feeble resemblance of two or three other instruments.

But to describe his chief work: M. Maelzel led forth from a tent a fine manly-looking martial figure in the uniform of a trumpeter of the Austrian dragoons. After the figure had been pressed on the left shoulder, it played not only the Austrian cavalry march, and all the signals for the manœuvres of the army, but also a march, and an allegro by Weigh. After this, the dress of the figure was completely changed into that of a French trumpeter of the guard. It thus began to play the French cavalry march, also all the signals of the French cavalry manœuvres, as well as a march by Dussek, and an allegro by Pleyel. The sound of the trumpet is said to have been pure, and more agreeable than even the ablest musician could produce from that instrument, because the human breath gives the inside of the trumpet a moisture which is prejudicial to the purity of the tone.

MATTHEW MARVEL.

TRUSTING TO OURSELVES.

THERE is a duty of an important nature which we have to perform towards society: and that is, we must trust to ourselves. We have each been endowed with reason to guide us, and hands to work; why, then, unless prostrated with bodily disease, or some other infirmity, should we think of leaning upon others for support or assistance? It would not be desirable to see men shut up their hearts against each other, and each stand in the panoply of his own resolutions, determined against every friendly appeal whatsoever. It is possible, however, to be not altogether a churl, and yet to take care lest we be tempted into an exertion of benevolence dangerous to ourselves, while it is of little advantage to our friends. Notwithstanding the many ties which connect a man with society, he nevertheless bears largely imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labour for subsistence. It is found by all men of experience that, in so far as one trusts to his own exertions solely, he will be apt to flourish; and in so far as he leans and depends upon others he will be the reverse. But there are many who do not recognise this principle. They trust only partially to themselves, and are always poking about after large favours from friends. We find them asking loans of money, asking others to be surety for them, asking acquaintances to interfere to get places for them. If they ask for nothing else, they intrude upon their friends to seek advice. Neither physically nor morally do they seem able to exert themselves for their own behoof. This is so contemptible a mode of living, that it cannot be too severely reprehended. Those who depend on others can never succeed in life. In whatever manner they may be assisted, they can never become from rank men in society. We would earnestly impress upon the young the propriety of depending as little as possible upon prospects of advantages from others, all of whom have enough to do for themselves. It is obviously the duty of every one to think and act for himself, as soon as he attains manhood, and neither be burdensome on relatives nor troublesome to acquaintances. The acceptance of a trifling favour from an acquaintance always lays us under an obligation which is sometimes difficult to remove. If the acquaintance ever needs similar favours we feel bound to grant them, and perhaps he estimates the original favour so highly, that he thinks we cannot do enough to serve him. In this way hundreds of men are ruined. We should say, accept no favours, except upon a principle of common courtesy. If you employ any one to execute a piece of work, take care to pay him faithfully and promptly, and lie under no obligation to him, otherwise you may be called upon, when you least expect it, to make payment an hundredfold. Be liberal, affable, and kind; but knowing that you cannot do more injury to society than by greatly injuring yourself, exercise a just caution in giving way to the solicitations of your friends. Never be too ready to convince yourself that it is right to involve yourself largely, in order to help any person into a particular station in society; rather let him begin at the bottom, and he will be all the better fitted for his place when he reaches it, by having fought his way up through the lower stages.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS POEMS.

No American poet, not even excepting Mrs. Sigourney and Willis, Emerson and Bryant, who have each their peculiar and admiring school of adherents, has taken such deep root in the hearts of the English as Professor Longfellow. Yet his writings are not unfrequently complained of as being deficient in imagination, unpoetical, and even unreadable; and in this respect his fate resembles that of his predecessor, Wordsworth, who, to the last, was either vehemently applauded, or scornfully ridiculed. But the earnestness of purpose, the broad genial sympathy, and manly energy breathing forth in every page of Longfellow's works, appeal so forcibly and so lovingly to our consciences and our affections, that his admirers far outnumber his detractors.

Professor Longfellow was born on the 27th of February, 1807, in the city of Portland, in the United States. Of his early days little seems to be known in this country; but a brief notice affixed to one of the cheap editions of his "Voices of the Night," and which was written by Professor Griswold, a brother poet, tells us that he was entered a student at Bowdoin College when fourteen years of age, and took a bachelor's degree at the same seminary in 1825. In the year after this step had been attained, he first visited those classical shores of the Old World from which he was destined to learn so much; and after travelling through France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, he spent some months in studying at Gottingen; and crossing England on his way back to America, he reached home in 1829. Not long afterwards he was nominated to the Professorship of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and two years later was united in marriage to his first wife. But this event did not extinguish his fondness for travelling; and being again seized with a longing desire to re-visit the romantic ground of Europe, he left his native country with the determination of more accurately studying the literature of the northern nations, whose primæval simplicity and intelligence appear to have exercised a powerful influence over his imagination. The succeeding summer passed away very pleasantly in Sweden and Denmark, the two following seasons being chiefly spent in Germany; but when he arrived at Heidelberg, he sustained a severe bereavement in the sudden death of his wife. This great loss, deeply as it was felt, did not prevent him continuing his journey, and six months more glided by in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Again he returned to the United States, and resumed his duties of professor of the French and Spanish languages, only he was now appointed to hold this situation in Harvard College.

No mention is made, in the little memoir above alluded to, of the length of time which elapsed between the loss of his first wife and the commencement of his attachment to his present one; but it is pretty generally believed that the second object of his love was the young English lady whom he made known to the readers of "Hyperion" under the name of Mary Ashburton. He met her on the European continent, and it is currently reported that her refusal of his offer, which is so touchingly recorded in his principal prose work, was followed by a probation, lasting, like that of the patriarch, for seven years, after which the lady relented, and was married to him. The most affectionate men, and those who have lost the loveliest of wives, are generally those whom we oftenest see take this step, as if unable to support the desolation of their solitary existence, after having once known the bliss of heart and soul communion in wedded life.

Of Longfellow's prose works—"Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," and "Kavanagh"—it is not here our province to speak, further than to remark, that both the two last possess many beautiful passages, which could only have been written by a true poet; and "Hyperion," in particular, contains many expressions of that heart-felt sympathy with some of our bitterest, yet often most secret, trials, which so endear their author to his readers. Next to the intuitive perception which enables him to penetrate thus closely into the under-current of every-day troubles, the faculty which causes his teaching to come so peculiarly home to men's bosoms is his frank admittance that our sadness, even when apparently unaccountable, is often not the less real. He never attempts to conquer trial by denying, as so

many others do, its existence; but he meets sorrow, from whatever cause, bravely, feels for and with the sufferer, and then, gently explaining the necessity of everyone's passing through an appointed baptism of trouble, for wise and good purposes, he shows men how to endure patiently and hopefully to the end. We have heard it said that Longfellow's writings are morbid in their tendency; but they can be little understood by those who so think. His constant motto, as he himself tells us, is contained in the following verse of that sweet Psalm of Life which has aided so many struggling, bewildered minds:—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

More than one or two instances have we known where this poem has effectually raised a long-drooping heart, and, like the pole-star to benighted travellers, has afforded a far-sighted vision, which has enabled the weary pilgrim to discern the true end and aim of his existence, and given him faith so

"To act that each to-morrow
Finds him farther than to-day."

Another class, besides the desponding, who derive peculiar enjoyment from the American professor's lyrics, are the overwrought student, the worn-out editor, and the numerous circle of patient workers of every class, who, wearied by labour and excitement, and too much fatigued to enter into the sublime thoughts of the greatest minds, exclaim with the poet:—

"Not from the grand old masters—
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;"

—but

"Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

* * * *

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

And Longfellow's soothing melodies are indeed like the refreshment of soft music to these tired denizens of earth. But none love him better than children, who know not the meaning of mental weariness, and who rejoice in drinking from his fresh gushing waters, and revel in fancying how kind a friend he must be to the young and joyous-hearted. And so they would find him; for he is a true friend to his fellow-creatures, and that to an extent not commonly witnessed in one so truly a poet.

Longfellow's first metrical attempts were written when he was an undergraduate, and made their appearance in the United States *Literary Gazette*; the "Voices of the Night," and the play of "The Spanish Student," forming his introduction to the English public. This pretty little drama, without producing any vivid impression on the reader, charms him insensibly by the truthfulness of its Spanish accompaniments, and the delicacy of the heroine Preciosa's character. A peculiarly characteristic passage of our author occurs in Victorian's efforts to comfort her, when they meet after a separation occasioned by false reports to his betrothed's disadvantage, and when he entreats her thus—

"Oh let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine, and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection."

But pleasantly as this drama is composed, its delicate imagery reminding one of

"Kavanagh," it will probably never add much to his reputation; and passing by his first minor poems, which are too well known to need further comment, we must turn to his noblest production, either in prose or verse,—"Evangeline." Unfortunately for the fame of its gifted writer, the rough measure sounding positively barbarous to most English readers, deters many from attempting its perusal, and some from admiring it even when they have been induced to wade through it. To others, again, the exquisite gracefulness of the poem so reconciles them to the uncouth metre, they would not alter it if they could, and to most its merits outweigh any merely extraneous and slight defects of construction. The first part opens with two or three hundred lines, resembling a strain of the sweetest music, and you seem to be transported by their perusal into a patriarchical world, where only the finest feelings and the most genuine simplicity can find entrance. The sunny beauty of this portion of the poem appears to radiate round the heroine like a halo, and is in vivid contrast with the picture of the lowering storm of English oppression which quickly succeeds this tranquil happiness, and which, overwhelming the Acadian village like an Alpine avalanche, finally obliges the wretched inhabitants to embark in ships, which bear them far away over the blue waters to a new and distant settlement. Yet throughout these stormy scenes, the same manly tone of cheerful resignation to the Divine Will runs throughout; which, as it is an all-pervading principle in the poet's mind, so, resembling a silken clue to some fair palace through the bewildering labyrinth of life's perplexities, it is the key to all his writings. Houseless and homeless, the Acadian warriors often find themselves, when landed in Massachusets Bay, separated from those they best loved; and such is the untoward fate of Evangeline and her lover Gabriel. Lovely, indeed, are the exquisite descriptions of lake, mountain, and forest scenery, which the former is obliged to traverse in search of her betrothed; and still more lovely the poet's history of her feelings, alternating, exalted and depressed, by hope and disappointment, but which are finally so purified, by trial, that she is enabled to look up to her God with a smile, and to say, from the innermost depths of her soul, "Father, not my will, but Thine, be done." The end of the poem is touchingly melancholy, when the two, so long separated, meet in the Hospital of a great city, and Evangeline, when tending the sick, discovers Gabriel on his death-bed, who just lives to recognise and bless her, and then goes before her to the Heavenly mansions of the blest. The previous pursuit is, perhaps, needlessly and too painfully prolonged; yet you close the book with no desponding feelings, but an assured conviction that Evangeline will ere long rejoin her beloved in a world where there is no more pain to be endured, no more partings to be undergone.—We believe that it was Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law rhymer, who not long before his own departure, speculated on the delight with which one of his friends, who had recently died, would read "Evangeline" in preference to Homer. Such praise is worth much, and is fitting incense to be offered on the highly-favoured shrine of Parnassus by one great poet to another.

In all Longfellow's poems his intense love of Nature is vividly portrayed; and he woos her as one who knows that she "speaks only to listeners;" neither is this qualification found wanting in his seaside and fireside verses, a collection of which quickly appeared in this country after the publication of "Evangeline." They contain, indeed, many beautiful pieces, but are, on the whole, decidedly inferior to his other works. Their appearance was followed in this country by "Kavanagh," the last of his productions which has crossed the Atlantic. But not in vain has he laboured to teach

> "That affection never is wasted;
> If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
> Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
> Patience! Accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!
> Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike;
> Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heav'n."

Such teachings sink deep into tried hearts, who sometimes, in this bustling world, are liable to feel as if no one had leisure to extend them a helping hand—no one

time to let them weep on their bosom, or to comfort them with healing counsel. To such, Longfellow is like a welcome angel, who has drawn high, and having rescued them from the slough of despondency, sends them on their way, having "satisfied the longing soul, and filled the hungry soul with goodness."

THE SIA-FAIL; OR, STONE OF DESTINY.

As many of our readers have visited Westminster Abbey, and as, during the Industrial Exhibition, many more will visit that venerable pile, one article of great curiosity will no doubt be pointed out to them, namely, the *Coronation Chair* of our British monarchs. Beneath that chair they will see a great, rough-looking stone. That stone is the SIA-FAIL, or *Stone of Destiny;* and a few particulars respecting it may prove interesting. *Tradition* identifies this stone with the pillar on which the patriarch Jacob reposed his head when night overtook him as he was journeying towards Padan-aram, and, lying down, he dreamed, "and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of GOD ascending and descending on it." "And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place 'Bethel.'" After many years had passed, this stone was carried by the Hebrews into Egypt, and there it became the property of Gathelus, the husband of Scota, daughter to King Pharaoh. Both Gathelus and his wife respected Moses, and heard with fear, though they remained heathens, the words which the LORD commanded him to speak. Accordingly, when the Children of Israel gathered their cattle and all that they had in the field into their houses, because of the "very grievous hail," which the Lord declared he would rain upon the Land of Egypt, they also caused their servants and their cattle to flee to the houses for refuge, and were preserved alive when all that remained abroad were smitten, both man and beast, and every herb of the field, and every tree. Immediately after this awful manifestation of GOD's power, Gathelus and Scota fled from Egypt, and landed in Spain with many followers, having carried with them Jacob's Pillow; or, the Stone of Destiny.* "Here Gathelus builded a citie which he named Brigantia, and sitting upon his marble stone, after the manner of the kings of the East, he gave laws and ministered justice unto his people, thereby to mentein them in wealth and quietness."

The children of Gathelus reigned in Brigantia after his death; but being ambitious and fond of war, they were continually encroaching on the territories of their neighbours, and at length a descendant of his, named Milo, became the supreme monarch of all Spain. This king had a numerous family of sons, one of whom he loved above all the others; but as this favourite was not the eldest, he dared not make him his heir. "He shall be a king at all events," said the ambitious parent, "if not in Spain, it may be in some fairer country." On coming to this resolution, he gave his son, whose name was Simon Breck, the command of a large army, and bestowing on him the Sia-fail, sent him to "The Isles" to conquer for himself a kingdom, and to govern it.

The young adventurer met with many disasters, but at length he landed on the western coast of Ireland, and passed from that to Themor or Tarah, where he was crowned, on the Sia-fail, king of Ireland. For many centuries afterwards the descendants of Simon Breck held their court in a castle or palace which was erected on the hill of Tarah, and each, as he succeeded to the throne, used the stone as his coronation-chair. In the year of the world 3641, however, it passed from the hands of the Irish; and the Scotch, who do not readily let things slip through their fingers, gained possession of it in the following manner:—

In the year 3621, A.M., a king named Ferchard reigned in Scotland, who had married an Irish princess, called Scota, after the wife of Gathelus the Egyptian. While still young, and beautiful, this second Scota died, leaving one son, named Fergus, whom she earnestly desired might be sent to Ireland to receive an education suitable to his exalted position. Ferchard, though unwilling to be separated from his only child, complied with the desire of his lamented wife, and also changed the name of his country from Caledonia to Scotland, in order to perpetuate her memory.

Fergus (such was the name of the young prince) lived with his grandfather until twenty-one years of age, receiving instruction in all the wisdom for which the descendants of Simon Breck and his followers were then famous; at the close of that period his father's death caused his recall to Scotland, whither he returned, carrying

* Holinshed's Chronicle.

with him the stone on which his fond old relative was anxious he should be crowned. Fergus brought it to Argyleshire, and placed it in the castle of Dunstaffnage, where he was shortly afterwards crowned, in the year of the world 3641, 330 years before the birth of CHRIST. In this castle the stone was preserved with great care during the life of Fergus, and for many succeeding generations, till the reign of Kenneth II., in A.D. 840, when it was removed to the abbey of Scone. Of this event, and the circumstances which led to it, Buchanan thus writes in his "Scottish History:"—

"Kenneth II. having enlarged his kingdom, and settled wholesome laws for the good administration of the government, he further endeavoured to confirm the royal authority by mean and trivial things almost bordering on superstition itself. There was a marble chair, which Simon Breccus is reported to have brought out of Spain into Ireland, and which Fergus, the son of Ferchard, is also said to have brought over into Scotland and placed in Argyle. This stone Kenneth removed out of Argyle to Scone, by the river Tay, and placed it there enclosed in a wooden chair. The kings of Scotland were wont to receive both the regal title and insigna, sitting in that chair, till the days of Edward I., king of England."

The last king of Scotland who was crowned on the Sia-fail was John Baliol, who

"In the minister of Scone, within Scotland grond,
Sittyng upon the *regal stone* full sound,
As all the kynges there used had afore,
On Saint Andrewe's day, with al joy therefore."
Hardynge.

The internal dissentions of Scotland in the latter part of the thirteenth century were extremely favourable to the designs of Edward I., who, having formed a league with Robert Bruce against John Baliol, defeated the latter in a desperate battle near Dunbar, and following up his advantage subdued the whole nation, which he at once resolved to deprive of every vestige of independence. With that intent he caused the crown, sceptre, and inauguration stone, with all public archives, charters, jewels, and other things of value to be conveyed to London, there to remain as lasting memorials of his conquest of Scotland. An ancient chronicler thus touchingly recorded this event. "In this chair all kings of Scotland war ay crownit quhil ye tyme of kyng Robert Bruse; in quhais tyme, besyde mony othir cruelties done by kyng Edward Lang Schankis, the said chair of merbyll was taiken be Inglismen and brocht out of Scone to London, and put into Westmonister, quhare it remains to our dayis." It does not, however, appear that the king of England intended it to be used as a coronation-chair by his successors, for we find it recorded that "he ordered it to be brought to Westminster, and to be made thenceforth the chair of the officiating priests."

The famous historian, Rapin, after alluding to the determination of Edward to unite the two kingdoms, and mentioning his removal into England of the Regalia of Scotland, "together with the famous stone on which the inauguration of their kings was performed," proceeds thus: "The people of Scotland had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that whilst it remained in their country the State would be unshaken, but the moment it should be removed elsewhere, great revolutions would ensue; for this reason Edward carried it away, to create in the Scots a belief that the time of a dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty."

Until the reign of Edward III. they made no effort to regain possession of their regretted treasure; but it was then not only the subject of an express article of a treaty of peace between Edward and David II. of Scotland, but also of a political conference. There still exists a writ of Privy Seal, dated at Bordesly, July the 1st, 1328, and directed to the Abbot and Convent at Westminster, wherein king Edward III., after reciting that "his council had in Parliament, held at Northampton, agreed that the stone whereupon the kings of Scotland used to sit at the time of their coronation, and which was then in keeping of that Abbot and Convent, should be sent to Scotland, and that he had ordered the sheriffs of London to receive the same by indenture, and cause it to be delivered to the Queen Mother."

PERSEVERANCE.—A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "Time and patience will convert a mulberry leaf into silk." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of a mulberry?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The distinguished writer whose name stands at the head of this notice, has just closed a long and honoured life, and we deem it a fitting act to pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of one whose works are marked not more by great genius than by the highest healthfulness and purity of sentiment. The circumstances under which she has been removed from the world of her sympathies and her fame forbid us to cherish the grief so frequently occasioned by the death of those we have learned to love and admire; for the measure of her days was filled up, her eminent gifts had been long and worthily employed, and with a consciousness that her work was done, in peaceful and strict seclusion she had waited her summons to the reward of the just.

Joanna Baillie was one of the last surviving literary contemporaries of the age in which Johnson and Goldsmith, Burke and Reynolds flourished. Her career as a writer commenced at an early age, and she succeeded, whilst still a girl, in securing for her writings (at that time published anonymously) a high place amongst the great names which then presided in the world of letters. Her poems are partly descriptive and partly dramatic; the latter being more adapted for perusal in the family or the study, than for representation on the stage. Some of her plays, however, were illustrated by Kemble, Kean, Miss O'Neil, and other eminent actors, and, as theatrical pieces, achieved a temporary success. This, however, was all; nor must the fact of their failure to hold a permanent place in the acted drama be attributed to demerit. In character and construction they were essentially poems, and as such enjoy a reputation for grace, beauty, and true poetic inspiration, which no lapse of time will probably weaken. The *Series of plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy;* and some volumes of miscellaneous dramas, constitute this division of Miss Baillie's literary productions, which were published at intervals, ranging between 1798 and 1836. Of her other writings, the principal is the "Birthday," addressed to a maiden sister, who was her companion during the greater period of her life. This poem is enriched with beautiful pictures of the child-life of the writer, and abounds in records of the associations and affections of home. The character, indeed, of this gifted lady received its truest development in the simple and unostentatious incidents of domestic life. Though she wrote of human passions, she loved not to mingle with the great world, which was the busiest scene of their display. An extensive popularity, and an acquaintance with the most illustrious of her contemporaries failed to draw her forth from her loved seclusion. Her ear never thirsted to drink in the plaudits of society, and she knew not the little ambition of being gazed at and lionized. Observing the unobtrusive duties and charities of private life, loved by the few who personally knew her, and admired and respected by the thousands without who knew her through her writings, she lived to reach the patriarchical age of eighty-nine.

Joanna Baillie was the daughter of a Scottish clergyman, and numbered many men eminent for position and attainments amongst her family connections. Sir William Baillie, a celebrated London physician, was her brother, and Dr. Wm. Hunter her maternal uncle. The birth-place of the poetess was the Manse of Bothwell near the river Clyde. It only remains for us to add the last record—she died at Blackheath, on Sunday evening, the 23d of February.

Idleness.—Said the distinguished Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself.'"

JUVENILE CABINET.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to his demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1,024 granaries of 174,762 measures, each consisting of 2,768 grains.

Be not affronted, at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

During a war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troop to the quarter assigned him—a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage, the residence of a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged pious son of poverty made his appearance. His beard and locks were silvered by age, while his countenance bespoke that inward peace which the world cannot give nor take away. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a foraging." "I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the good old man. After leaving the valley some fifteen minutes' march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "and you shall be satisfied." They went on about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and remounted, while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble, in coming so far; the field we first came to was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the old man, "but it was not mine."

RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LONDON.

In London and suburbs there are 95 Ragged schools, attended by more than 10,000 children, taught by nearly 1,400 unpaid teachers. The majority of them are open during the week as well as on Sunday, where vagrant children are fed and partly clothed, and taught either in the day or evening. Connected with them are "industrial classes," in which young men are instructed in the trades during the evening.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind!—*Daniel Webster.*

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

May-day draws on apace; and it is positively affirmed that, in spite of the vast preparations that are yet to be made before the Industrial Show can be opened, the Commissioners will keep faith with the public, and the great event of the year without fail really come off at the appointed time. The reception and arrangement of British goods has proceeded with the utmost activity, and the part of the building allotted to these native productions continues to exhibit a scene of bustle such as we seldom behold. The arrivals from foreign parts have not been so rapid as was anticipated, but several causes have existed for this sufficient to account for it, but which we believe now are happily removed. The American contributions have reached Southampton, having been despatched by the United States Government in a magnificent specimen of naval architecture, the St. Lawrence frigate. This vessel, on its return home, is to carry back from Paris the remains of Paul Jones, a celebrated naval officer, who served in the War of Independence under the American Congress. The largest European contributor to the Exhibition is, of course, our near neighbour, France, and some serious misunderstandings on the subject of space between the French and English Governments have only recently been adjusted. The Commissioners having allotted to the French exhibitors 10,000 feet of space, that quantity was claimed irrespective of passages, &c.,—a claim which was for some time resisted, but ultimately yielded to, and the shipment of the French specimens of industry immediately proceeded again with alacrity.

Almost all the foreign Governments have pronounced favourably of the Exhibition, and afforded their subjects facilities both for visiting and competing in it. Russia especially has acted well in this matter. Our readers would find it scarcely possible to form an idea of the difficulties which lie in the way of the traveller in that country, and the east of Europe generally. Free as we are to go, like the wind, whither we list, we know nothing of the incessant surveillance exercised by the paternal care of the Czar on every movement of his subject, and if any one, how high soever his rank, conceive the daring project of visiting a foreign land—England to wit—the express permission of His Imperial Majesty must first be sought and obtained. It is, therefore, no slight homage paid by the Emperor of all the Russias to the beneficent genius of the Industrial Show, and no slight acknowledgment of its social and commercial value, that he has proclaimed full permission to as many of his lieges as may be disposed to pay a visit during the summer to the wonders of London. Some lesser potentates have shown a narrower spirit. King Ferdinand of Naples—better known amongst politicians as King Bombo—has forbidden his people to come to a country of such dangerous freedom as England, and so full of dangerous materials collected from revolutionary Europe as England may be during the season of foreign visits. We should have been glad to welcome our Neapolitan friends; but doubtless the King is right in fearing, that amidst our free institutions and habitual independence of thought and manners, they would have "learned too much" to settle down as contentedly as heretofore with the brutal despotism of that unhappy land. Naples is without doubt the worst governed and the most tyrannised-over monarchy of Europe, and in the present act of policy King Ferdinand will in all probability stand "alone in his glory."

The distribution of the limited amount of space at the disposal of the authorities has, of course, proved a delicate and difficult task. There were so many conflicting claims to be met, so many natural susceptibilities and jealousies to be considered, that very great tact, discretion, and patience became indispensable. The liberal spirit displayed by North Germany, Sweden, and the United States, have been found of very great help in smoothing the path of the Commissioners. To provide the increased space demanded by France, the countries we have named consented in a very handsome manner to give up portions that had been allotted to them, and which they fortunately found themselves in a position to dispense with. Rival claims have thus been met without any appearance of partiality or injustice.

In the original announcements of the Commissioners, there were many points on

which we animadverted, and some of them have since undergone revision. In other points, the Commissioners have adhered to their first decision. On the much-vexed question of affixing *prices* to the articles exhibited, in order to show the cost of production, the refusal to allow the practice is still persisted in, though it is understood that exhibitors will be allowed to distribute in the Building any information they please on the subject in the shape of handbills or otherwise. This permission will partly remove the objection we have repeatedly urged against the prohibition (on the ground that in common useful articles *cheapness* is a main element of excellence), but we must regard it as a clumsy mode of attaining an object which might have been much more simply secured. In connection with other matters we have adverted to—such as the terms of agreement with railway companies, &c.—we have already pointed out that the remedy for any evils that may be complained of lies with the intending visitors themselves. We must continue to urge them to look after their own interests. Let every excursion party, upon engaging a train, make an express stipulation that the carriages used shall be *covered*, and that they shall travel at a reasonable rate of speed.

Extensive preparations are progressing about town generally, as well as within the walls of the Glass Palace. Tradesmen are furbishing up their shop-fronts—various arrangements are being made for the convenience of street-folks, such as re-blacking and polishing boots in dirty weather, &c. &c.—the proprietors of the various public amusements are busy in catering for the anticipated demand—the public parks are being put in trim, their paths newly gravelled, and their entrances improved and multiplied—Buckingham Palace, with its architectural additions, is being thrown open to sight—and all bids fair to make the approaching season worthy its great event.

With respect to the subject of lodgings, we find it most difficult to chronicle in our pages the progress made in our Registration scheme, and to answer the numerous questions that continue to be put to us. This difficulty arises in great measure from the fact that our large circulation obliges us to go to press so many days before the date of publication. We must confess that as yet the response made to our proposal in connection with the *Fixed Tariff Register* has not been altogether such as we anticipated. In saying this, we must guard against being misunderstood. Sufficient has been done, and continues to be effected, in this branch of the enterprise, to leave no doubt on our minds that, what with private beds, and the great establishments that are in process of fitting up, there will be a larger amount of accommodation of this kind than many persons have at all anticipated. But we find a greater disposition than we at first expected on the part of housekeepers to fix their own terms rather than adopt our tariff, and, consequently, to avail themselves of the classified rather than the free register—*i. e.*, parties prefer paying the fee of 2s. 6d. (1s. 6d., of which, thanks to our "taxes on knowledge!" is swallowed up in advertisement duty), to avail themselves of the opportunity of describing their accommodation as they please, and announcing their own scale of charges.

In this department we are receiving a great number of inquiries of different kinds—more, in truth, than we find it possible to answer in the pages of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. In fact, as it is, some of our readers complain of the space occupied by our replies to correspondents. We fear that these friends, not needing information themselves, or having more direct means of obtaining it, are not sufficiently considerate of the necessities of others less favourably situated. However, anxious to meet all the requirements of the case, and do as much as we can to satisfy all parties, we have determined (believing that the great majority of our readers either take in the STANDARD OF FREEDOM, or see it in the public news-rooms, or, at any rate, are acquainted with some of its subscribers) to publish information upon all matters of urgency in connection with the Exhibition, and especially such points as may be inquired about, in the columns of that Journal.

The progress of the Registration we shall of course duly announce, and give the fullest information on all points connected with it. The plan we have proposed

for facilitating family accommodation, the location of religious families in religious households, &c. &c., is being taken up with much warmth. We are happy to acknowledge the co-operation of a great number of ministers of religion, who have kindly forwarded us the promise of their assistance. Amongst others from whom we have received such communications we may name the Revs. Geo. Clayton, J. Sherman, T. E. Thoresby, J. C. Harrison, R. H. Herschell, W. Forster, &c. &c.

We are happy to find that our French lessons are exciting great interest. We have received numerous thanks for their insertion, and we wish to have all the room we can secure for the supply of matter similarly interesting to all classes of readers. We shall, therefore, as we have said, make the STANDARD OF FREEDOM the medium of communication with such of our friends as may need fuller or more particular information than we are well able to afford them here; such as members of Temperance Societies, who may be interested in the progress of the great demonstration about to come off—the friends of the Peace Movement, who may be anxious about the great Congress it has been determined to hold, &c. &c. Another advantage will follow from this arrangement to our readers, viz., all the information given will be fresh from week to week, whilst the present publication will be left at more liberty to carry out the great designs for which it was established.

FURTHER AND INGENIOUS TEST OF THE STRENGTH OF THE GALLERIES.—A very ingenious mode of testing the strength of the galleries in the Crystal Palace has been put in practice, and the result, as far as it went, proved highly satisfactory. It will be remembered that some weeks ago experiments were made, with the same object, in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert; but, notwithstanding the favourable results then obtained, it was considered desirable to subject the galleries to some trial which might afford a guarantee of their sufficiency to bear such crowds of visitors as are expected to throng every part of the Exhibition. Mr. Field, of the firm of Maudslay and Field, the well-known and eminent engineers, has the merit of having suggested a very happy method of setting this *vexata questio* at rest. He recommended that a number of strong square frames should be made, in the interstices of which sixty-eight-pound shot should be placed, and that these, joined together, and forming any weight which might be considered sufficient for the object in view, should be dragged along the galleries. Accordingly, seven frames were made, each capable of holding 36 cannon balls, of the size just mentioned. In this way a pressure of 7½ tons was readily obtained, and as it was ascertained by Mr. Brunel that the greatest weight which could be obtained by packing men as closely as possible on any given space was 95 lb. to the square foot, such a test, representing 100 lb. to the square foot, was considered amply sufficient to establish the strength and security of the galleries. The pressure of an ordinary crowd, such as that in the pit of a theatre or at a meeting, does not exceed from fifty pounds to sixty pounds to the square foot, and it must be remembered that, as a great part of the gallery space will be occupied by light articles displayed on stalls, the number of spectators that can circulate there at one time must be limited. Moreover, the passages are made to run at the sides close to the pillars, where the strain is least likely to be dangerous. Bearing all these things in mind, the experiment now made with 252 sixty-eight-pounders must be considered conclusive. As in their wooden frames they were rolled along by the united strength of a large party of Sappers, the pillars and girders betrayed no sign of weakness, and the flooring of the gallery did not vibrate nearly as much as that of a drawing-room during a ball. The Executive Committee and the principal members of their staff watched the experiment with great interest. Mr. Cubitt, the engineer-in-chief of the building, was also present; and Lord Granville and Mr. Cobden represented the Royal Commission on the occasion. It is Mr. Cubitt's intention to test all the galleries in this manner; and as there is no doubt that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's workmanship will stand with great ease the trial to which it is about to be subjected, we trust that henceforward any lingering fears that may be entertained by sceptical minds as to the security of the building may be finally discarded.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Hoxton.)—All letters respecting the registration of lodgings should be addressed to the office, 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand.

C. C.—All goods which arrive later than the 1st of May will be excluded from the Exhibition.

JUVENIS.—The whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral is one hundred and forty yards in circumference. In this gallery the paintings by Sir James Thornhill are seen to the greatest advantage.

A VISITOR.—Every precaution will be taken to preserve visitors to the Exhibition from robbery. The commissioners of police have increased the efficiency of their other arrangements by the completion of a commodious station-house in Walton-street, Brompton, capable of containing thirty-five constables. A second temporary station is to be built near Princes-gate for the purpose of taking charges.

TIMID need not doubt of the stability of the building. During the last week the process of testing the galleries, by means of a great moving weight, composed of 68 lb. balls in frames, has been carried on at intervals. Not the slightest indication of any flaw or weakness has been detected. The total weight employed is 7½ tons.

CURIOUS.—The extent of the Tower within the walls is about thirteen acres. The principal offices of the Tower shown to strangers are, the *Ordnance Office* and the *Grand Storehouse*, the lower apartment of which contains an immense number of canons and other large pieces of ordnance; the *Spanish Armoury*, the *Horse Armoury*, and the *Jewel Office*.

L. S. D.—The sale of the season tickets is progressing in a most satisfactory manner; a sum nearly amounting to £15,000 has been already received for them.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. VI.

IN this chapter we shall have a little reading in French. The reader knows the first and second (present and imperfect) tenses of *être* and of *avoir*, and the present tense of *marcher*, and, through *marcher*, of the thousands of regular verbs of the first conjugation. There are no more important parts of a verb to learn early than the infinitive mood and the participles. The infinitive in English, for example, is "to walk," in the present tense; and "to have walked" in the perfect tense. ("I walk, thou walkest," &c., are the present tense of, not the infinitive, but, as it is called, the indicative mood.) Then, as to the participles, the present participle is "walking;" and the past participle is "walked." Now, in French the present infinitive is *marcher* (to walk); the perfect infinitive is *avoir marché* (to have walked); the present participle is *marchant* (walking); and the past participle is *marché* (walked). We mention all this because really it forms a most practical and available point for early acquisition. For instance, knowing that *marché* is the past participle, and means "walked;" if you want to say "I have walked," you have simply to use the French in the most obvious and natural manner possible. You know that *J'ai* means "I have;" and, therefore, *J'ai marché* must mean "I have walked." On the same principle, you would know immediately what *il a marché* meant. And so on in all the persons, and in both numbers of the two tenses already learned of *avoir*, and in those which remain to learn.

Nor let the reader suppose that he now knows no more than the participle of the one verb *marcher*. Every other regular verb, ending in *er* in its present infinitive, forms its participle and all its other branches in precisely the same way. Bearing this in mind, would it not be a pity to teach the remaining tenses of *marcher* by means of that one verb, when the reader can learn the self-same forms in instances taken from other verbs? It is clearly better that for every new tense we should take a new verb of the same conjugation, because thus the reader will make direct and practical acquaintance with many verbs, while the one form pervading the endings of them all will be equally exhibited.

Désirer (present tense, infinitive) means "to desire." Therefore, you already know its past participle, *desiré* (desired), and *désirant* (desiring) its present participle; and you also know its present tense indicative, *je désire, tu désires*, &c., exactly like *je marche, tu marche*, and the rest. The imperfect tense, indicative, is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I did desire, or was desiring	*je désirais*	*zhe dazeeray*
Thou didst desire, or wast desiring	*tu désirais*	*tu dazeeray*
He did desire, or was desiring	*il désirait*	*eel dazeeray*
She did, &c. &c.	*elle désirait*	*el dazeeray*

English.	French.	Pronunciation.
We did desire, or were desiring	*nous désirions*	*noo dazeereeoang*
You did, &c. &c.	*vous désiriez*	*voo dazeeree-yay*
They did, &c. &c.	*ils désiraient*	*eel dazeeray*

Now, we venture to expect that what the reader has acquired will prevent him from experiencing much difficulty in mastering the French sentences, to which we at once proceed :—

Hier (pronounced *hee-air*) means "yesterday," and *mais* (pronounced *may*) means "but," and *jusque*, as we shall here employ it, may be rendered "quite," or "all the way,"—it is pronounced *zheesk*.

Je desirais hier marcher jusqu' à l'Exposition; mais je n'ai pas marché.
Vous avez été à l'Exposition. Avez vous été à l'Exposition ?
Non. Je n'y ai pas été. Mais, le général y a été.

For the *y*, see Lesson IV. *Quel* means "which;" and in the feminine it is *quelle*.

Quel Général a été à l'Exposition ? Le Duc de Wellington.

Duc means "duke," and is pronounced very like our English "Dick," only not quite so curt; there is more of *u* in it, though it be a French *u*.

French.	English.	Pronunciation.
Tasse	cup	*tass*
Souper	supper	*soopay*
Manger	to eat	*monzhay*

Je désire manger mon souper. Dépèchez vous, et donnez-moi du lait. Il y a du sucre (*sugar*) dans (*in*) mon thé; mais il n'y a pas de lait dans ma tasse. Donnez-moi de la viande (*meat*).

For the use of *il y a*, in the above sentence, see Lesson V.

French.	English.	Pronunciation.
Avec	with	*avvek*
Démain	to-morrow	*damang*
Donner	to give	*dunnay*
Voulez-vous	will you, do you wish to	*voollay voo*
Déjà	already	*dazhah.*

Voulez-vous marcher avec moi démain jusqu' à l'Exposition ?
Non; J'y ai été déjà.
For *y*, when thus used, see the end of Lesson IV.
Voulez-vous me donner mon souper ? Vous l'avez mangé déjà.
For the meaning of *le*, &c., when coming, as above, immediately before a verb only, look at the third paragraph of the Fourth Lesson.
Non. Je ne l'ai pas mangé; et J'ai faim.

French.	English.	Pronunciation.
Grand (masculine)	great	*grawng*
Grande (feminine)	great	*grawnd.*

Il avait grande faim; et il a mangé un grand souper.
Désirez vous du fromage ? Non; Je ne désire pas du fromage. Donnez du lait au Général; il en désire.

French.	English.	Pronunciation.
Quand	when	*kong*
Aimer	to like, or to love	*aymay*
Sans	without	*song*
Surtout	above all	*surtoo*

Aimez vous le café sans sucre ?
Oui—Je l'aime sans sucre.

Et vous, comment aimez vous le café ? Je l'aime avec beaacoup (for the last word consult the Fifth Lesson, towards the end), de sucre, et sans lait. Mais mon père l'aime sans sucre et sans lait; surtout quand il a soif

Accompagner (pronounced akkoampan-yay) means "*to accompany;*" and therefore the reader perceives, from the ending of its present tense infinitive that it belongs to the first conjugation, and is formed in all its parts just like *marcher* (to walk), *donner* (to

give), *manger* (to eat), *prêter* (to lend), *emprunter* (to borrow), *parler* (to speak), and thousands of others. The "perfect tense indefinite" (so called because, though it refers to the past, it does not necessarily refer to any specific period of the past) runs thus, of course:—

FRENCH.	ENGLISH	PRONUNCIATION.
J'ai accompagné	I have accompanied	*zhay akkoampan-yay*
Tu as accompagné	thou hast ,,	*tu ah akkoampan-yay*
Il a accompagné	he has ,,	*eel ah akkoampan-yay*
Elle a accompagné	she has ,,	*el ah akkoampan-yay*
Nous avons accompagné	we have ,,	*noo-s avoang-s akkoampan-yay*
Vous avez accompagné	you have ,,	*voo-s avay-s akkoampan-yay*
Ils ont accompagné	they have ,,	*eel-s oant akkoampan-yay*
Elles ont accompagné	they have ,,	*el-s* ,, ,,

Amuser (to amuse) is conjugated like the other verbs we have given; therefore you already know its participles, and three whole tenses of its indicative mood. The last tense we gave was the "perfect indefinite"—here is the "perfect definite" (so called because it refers to the past at some specified time).

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
J'amusai	I amused	*zhammuzay*
Tu amusas	thou amusedst	*tu ammuzah*
Il amusa	he amused	*eel ammuzah*
Elle amusa	she amused	*el ammuzah*
Nous amusames	we amused	*noo-s ammuzāām*
Vous amusates	you amused	*voo-s ammuzāāt*
Ils amusèrent	they amused	*eels ammuzair*
Elles amusèrent	they amused	*els ammuzair*

Now we have a little exercise to recommend, the importance of which it would be impossible to overstate. You perceive we have given each tense in a different verb of the same conjugation. Proceed to transpose these—that is to say, to conjugate each verb in the tenses we have not given, and then write out on a slate your own cross-work and interchanged tenses. It will give you a more sound and thorough familiarity with all the forms of the first conjugation than the common plan of adhering to the same verb throughout. If to this exercise you add the constructing of little sentences, strictly within the range of materials we have already given, you will begin to make a more valuable and practical degree of progress than you will for some time be fully aware of. Proceed also to fill up the gaps purposely left by us in the following exercise:—

The Exhibition of the industry of all nations is in Hyde Park.
L'Exposition du (*industrie*) *tout* (mas. sing.) *nations* (fem. plural) est *Hyde Park.*
toute (fem. sing.)
tous (mas. plural)
toutes (fem. plural)

The building of the Exhibition is very large, and it is a building
Le *batiment* (mas.) du Exposition / *très* (or) *grand* (mas.) *il* (mas.)
est *bien* *grande* (fem.) *elle* (fem.)

of glass. It is the palace of the working-man, and the *temple* of all the
de vitre. *palais* (mas.) *proletaire* (mas.)

inventions of this age.
inventions (fem. plural) *ce* (mas.) *siècle* (mas.)
cette (fem.)

This hat is too large for me.
chapeau (mas.) *pour moi.*

[Want of space compels us to defer till our next Lesson the answers to certain queries which, among a great number less important, we think well worthy of attention. We hope fully to remove the difficulties of our correspondents.]